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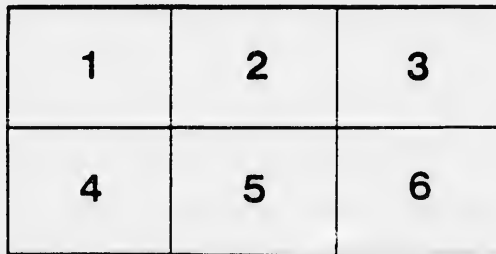
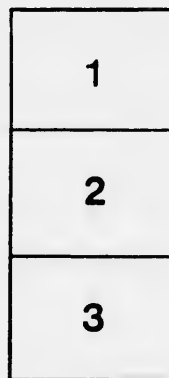
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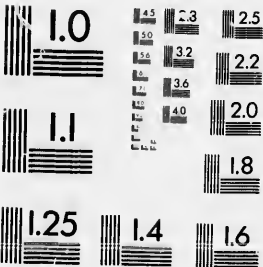
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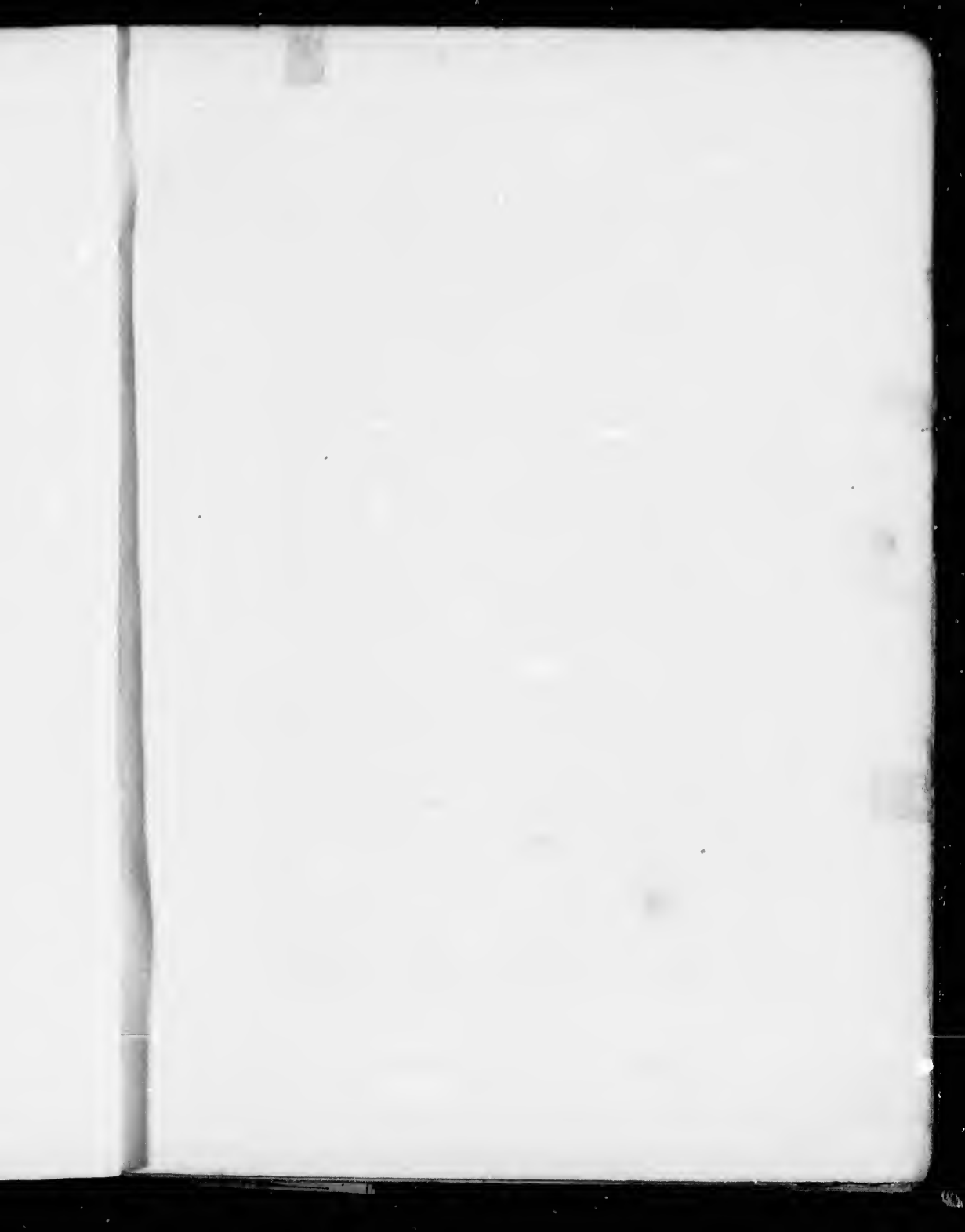
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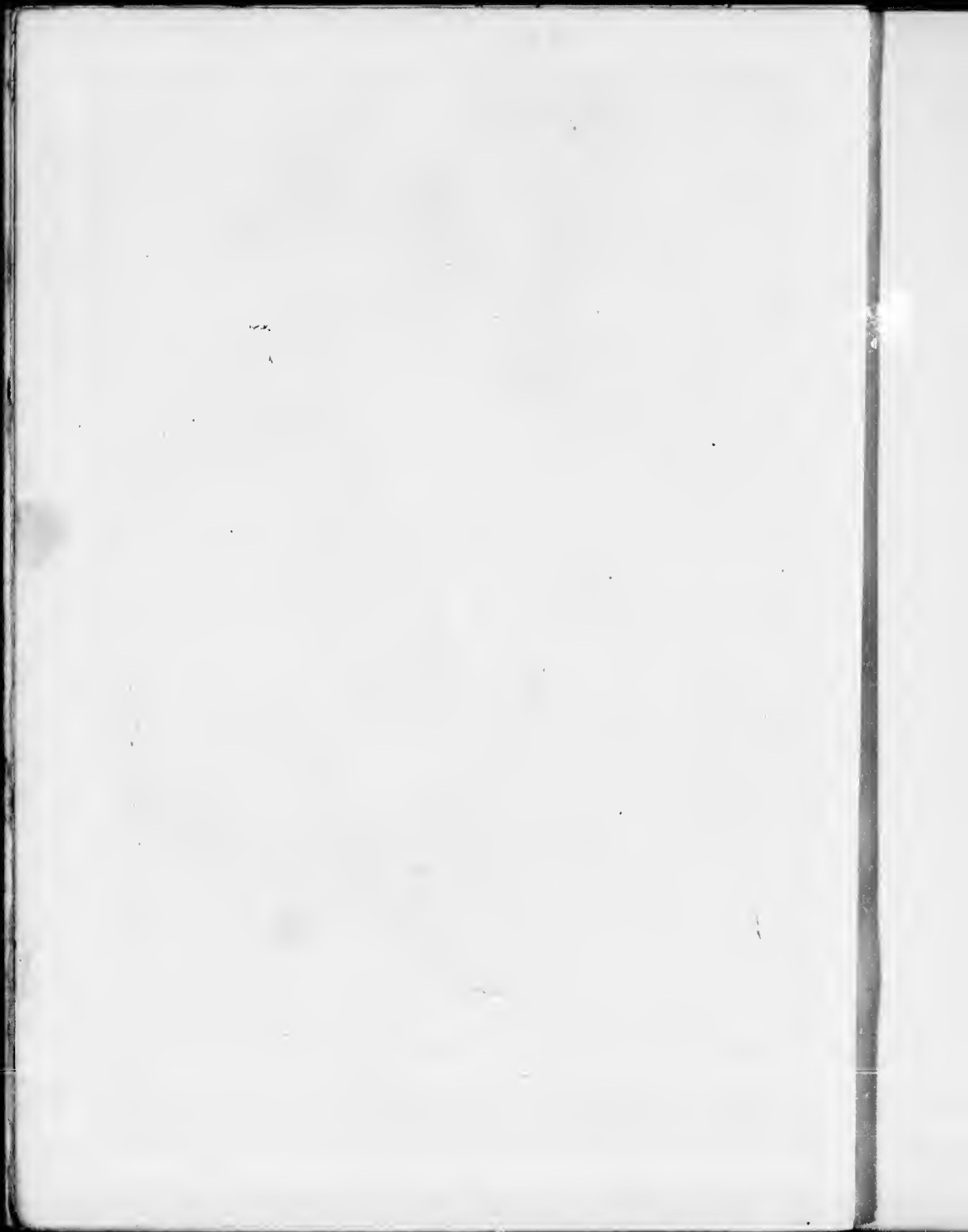


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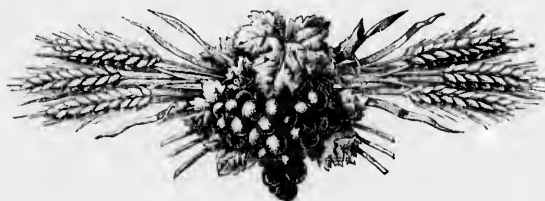
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"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM"

# BEAUTIFUL GEMS OF THOUGHT and SENTIMENT.

## The Fireside.



### THE HOLIDAYS.

ONCE again, once again,  
Christmas wreaths are twining ;  
Once again, once again,  
Mistletoe is shining.

Time is marching through the  
land,  
Decked with leaf and berry ;  
He leads the Old Year in his hand,  
But both the churls are merry.

He speaketh in the clanging bells,  
He shouts at every portal ;  
God speed the tidings that he tells—  
“ Good-will and peace to mortal.”

Gladly welcome shall he be,  
Even though he traces  
Silver threads upon our heads  
And wrinkles on our faces.

For once again, once again,  
He brings the happy meeting ;  
Whence eyrie lips may preach in vain  
That life is sad and fleeting.

Christmas logs should beacon back  
The wanderer from his roving ;  
Leave, oh ! leave the world's wide track,  
And join the loved and loving.

Spirits that have dwelt apart,  
Cold with pride and folly,  
Bring olive in your hand and heart  
To weave with Christmas holly.

ELIZA COOK.

### NO ILLS BUT WHAT WE MAKE.

HERE are no ills but what we make  
By giving shapes and names to thing  
Which is the dangerous mistake  
That causes all our sufferings.  
O fruitful grief, the world's disease !  
And vainer man, to make it so,  
Who gives his miseries increase,  
By cultivating his own woe !

We call that sickness which is health,  
That persecution which is grace,  
That poverty which is true wealth,  
And that dishonor which is praise.  
Alas ! our time is here so short,  
That in what state so'er 'tis spent,  
Of joy or woe, does not import,  
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,  
If we will take our measures right,  
And not what Heaven has done undo  
By an unruly appetite.  
The world is full of beaten roads,  
But yet so slippery withal,  
That where one walks secure 'tis odd  
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,  
Where the frequented are unsure ;  
And he comes the soonest to his rest  
Whose journey has been most secure.  
It is content alone that makes  
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here ;  
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes  
An ill commodity too dear.

CHARLES COTTON

(17)

## THE ROSE-COLORED GLOBE.

NO wasteful and too fierce the light would beat  
Against the wall, but held in mild restraint  
Within a crystal, roseate and quaint,  
Comes slanting 'cross the room in rays discreet.

It crowds the shadows in their forced retreat,  
Fantastic outlines on their track to paint;  
It hovers like the halo of a saint  
O'er time-worn brow, and kisses young lips sweet.

The ruddy globe a parlor planet seems,  
Without an orbit, but with steady glow,  
Judiciously distributing its beams,  
And flushing them with beauty as they go.

Beneath its charms dull spirits brighter grow,  
And weary thoughts give way to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER STOUT.

## CHRISTIAN NAMES.

IN Christian world Mary the garland wears!  
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew ear;  
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear,  
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.  
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!  
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round!  
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!  
Of Marthas and of Abigail's few lines  
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff  
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But e'en  
You Barbara resist, or Mariani?  
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?  
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess  
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

CHARLES LAMB.

## THE SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;  
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school; and then, the lover;  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon!  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side:  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward child, to treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## TO A GRANDMOTHER.

"Old age is dark and unlovely."—OSIAN.

OH, say not so! A bright old age is thine,  
Calm as the gentle light of summer eyes,  
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves;  
Because to thee is given, in thy decline,  
A heart that does not thanklessly repine  
At night of which the hand of God bereaves,  
Yet all he sends with gratitude receives.  
May I feel a quiet, thankful close be mine!  
And hence thy fireside chair appears to me  
A peaceful throne—which thou wert formed to fill  
Thy children ministers who do thy will;  
And those grandchildren, sporting round thy knee.  
Thy little subjects, looking up to thee  
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

BERNARD BARTON.

## GRANDPAPA.

GRANDPAPA'S hair is very white,  
And grandpapa walks but slow;  
He likes to sit still in his easy-chair,  
While the children come and go.  
"Hush!—play quietly," says mamma;  
"Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa."  
Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,  
It has worked hard all his days;  
A strong right hand, and an honest hand,  
That has won all good men's praise  
"Kiss it tenderly," says mamma;  
"Let every one honor grandpapa."  
Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim;  
They have looked on sorrow and death;  
But the love-light never went out of them  
Nor the courage and the faith.  
"You children, all of you," says mamma,  
"Have need to look up to dear grandpapa."  
Grandpapa's years are wearing few,  
But he leaves a blessing behind—  
A good life lived, and a good fight fought  
True heart and equal mind.  
"Remember, my children," says mamma,  
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spoke with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beautiful,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## JOYS OF HOME.

SWEET are the joys of home,  
And pure as sweet : for they,  
Like dews of morn and evening, come  
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,  
And its delusions, too ;  
But home to calmer bliss invites,  
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,  
But fearful in its pride ;  
While gently rolls the stream along,  
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,  
Spread smilingly afar ;  
But stars approached, become more bright  
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain  
Seeks Eden's sacred ground !  
But in home's holy joys, again  
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,  
To none on earth is given ;  
And yet a happy family  
Is but an earlier heaven.

JOHN BOWRING.

## MOTHER, COME BACK !

MOTHER, come back ! this is the cry  
When some rare pleasure fills my heart,  
When laughing joy lights up my eye,  
And impulse wakes with eager start.

I know thou wouldst exult to see  
The flush of sunshine on my track ;  
And faithful memory clings to thee,  
With yearning words, " Mother, come back !

Tidings, perchance, may reach my ear,  
Cold, false, and bitter in their tone ;  
Till the low sigh and stealing tear  
Burst from a spirit, sad and lone.  
Then do I breathe in accents wild ;  
With heartstrings stretched on feeling's rack  
"Thou who didst ever love thy child  
With changeless truth, mother, come back !"

Faint languor shades my drooping face,  
My pulses flutter, swiftly weak ;  
The fading lily takes its place,  
And hides the rose-leaf on my cheek.  
Then do I call upon thy name,  
When stranger hands support my brow ;  
My pining soul still asks the same—  
" Mother, come back, I need thee now !"

When fortune sheds her fairest beams  
Thou art the missing one I crave ;  
I ask thee—when the whole world seems  
As dark and cheerless as thy grave.  
I ask thee, with a dreamer's brain,  
For no, ah ! no, it cannot be ;  
Thou'lt never come to me again,  
But I will pray to go to thee !

ELIZA COOK.

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,  
 Across its antique portico  
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw ;  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient timepiece says to all :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

By day its voice is low and light ;  
 But in the silent dead of night  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say at each chamber-door :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful time unchanged it has stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
 His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
 The stranger feasted at his board ;  
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
 That warning timepiece never ceased :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

There groups of merry children played,  
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
 And affluence of love and time !  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
 The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
 There, in that silent room below,  
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;

And in the hush that followed the prayer  
 Was heard the old clock on the stair :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

All are scattered now and fled,  
 Some are married, some are dead ;  
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
 " Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? "  
 As in the days long since gone by,  
 The ancient timepiece makes reply :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

Never here, forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death and time shall disappear—  
 Forever there, but never here !  
 The horologe of eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly :  
 " Forever—never !  
 Never—forever ! "

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

**F**ARTIAL, the things that do attain  
 The happy life be these, I find—  
 The riches left, not got with pain ;  
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;  
 No charge of rule, nor governance ;  
 Without disease, the healthful life ;  
 The household of continuance.

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;  
 True wisdom joined with simpleness ;  
 The night discharged of all care,  
 Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate ;  
 Such sleeps as may berylize the night ;  
 Contented with thine own estate,  
 No wish for death, nor fear his night.

LORD SURREY.

## MUSIC IN THE HOME.

**M**YSTERIOUS keeper of the key  
 That opens the gates of memory,  
 Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,  
 We live o'er years of bliss again !

The sun-bright hopes of early youth,  
 Love, in its first deep hour of truth—  
 And dreams of life's delightful morn,  
 Are on thy seraph-pinnions borne !

To the enthusiast's heart thy tone  
 Breathes of the lost and lovely one,  
 And calls back moments, brief as dear,  
 When last 'twas wafted on his ear.

To gloom of sadness thou canst suit  
The chords of thy delicious lute;  
For every heart thou hast a tone,  
Canst make its pulses all thine own!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

## THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

THEY bid me strike the idle strings,  
As if my summer days  
Had shaken sunbeams from their wings  
To warm my autumn lays;  
They bring to me their painted urn,  
As if it were not time  
To lift my gauntlet and to spurn  
The lists of boyish rhyme;  
And, were it not that I have still  
Some weakness in my heart  
That clings around my stronger will  
And pleads for gentler art,  
Perchance I had not turned away  
The thoughts grown tame with toil,  
To cheat this lone and pallid ray,  
That wastes the midnight oil.

Alas! with every year I feel  
Some roses leave my brow;  
Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,  
Too old for gushings now;  
Yet while the dewy breath of spring  
Steals o'er the tingling air,  
And spreads and fans each emerald wing  
The forest soon shall wear,  
How bright the opening year would seem,  
Had I one look like thine,  
To meet me when the morning beam  
Unseals these lids of mine!  
Too long I bear this lonely lot,  
That bids my heart run wild  
To press the lips that love me not,  
To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft beyond the dashing seas,  
Amidst those royal bowers,  
Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,  
And swung the chestnut-flowers,  
I wandered like a wearied slave  
Whose morning task is done,  
To watch the little hands that gave  
Their whiteness to the sun;  
To revel in the bright young eyes,  
Whose lustre sparkled through  
The sable fringe of southern skies  
Or gleaned in Saxon blue!  
How oft I heard another's name  
Called in some truant's tone;  
Sweet accents! which I longed to claim,  
To learn and lip my own!

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed  
The ringlets of the child,  
Are folded on the faithful breast  
Where first he breathed and smiled;  
Too oft the clinging arms untwine,  
The melting lips forget,  
And darkness veils the bridal shrine  
Where wreaths and torches met;  
If Heaven but leaves a single thread  
Of hope's dissolving chain,  
Even when her parting plumes are spread  
It bids them fold again;  
The cradle rocks beside the tomb;  
The cheek now changed and chill  
Smiles on us in the morning bloom  
Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image! I have done thee wrong  
To claim this destined lay;  
The leaf that asked an idle song  
Must bear my tears away.  
Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep  
This else forgotten strain,  
Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,  
And flattery's voice is vain;  
O then, thou fledgling of the nest,  
Like the long-wandering dove,  
Thy weary heart may find for rest,  
As mine, on changeless love;  
And while these sculptured lines retrace  
The hours now dancing by,  
This vision of thy girlish grace  
May cost thee, too, a sigh.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

## FLOWERS IN A SICK-ROOM.

BEAR them not from grassy dells,  
Where wild bees have honey-cells;  
Not from where sweet water-sounds  
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds,  
Not to waste their scented breath  
On the silent room of death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,  
And the glow-worm's emerald star,  
And the bird whose song is free,  
And the many-whispering tree:  
Oh! too deep a love, and vain,  
They would win to earth again!

Spread them not before the eyes  
Closing fast on summer skies!  
Woo thou not the spirit back  
From its lone and viewless track,  
With the bright things which have birth  
Wide o'er all the colored earth!

With the violet's breath would rise  
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;

From the lily's pearl-eup shed  
 Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;  
 Dreams of youth—of spring-time eyes—  
 Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art ;  
 Calmer is her gentle heart.  
 Yes ! o'er fountain, vale and grove,  
 Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love :  
 But that passion, deep and true,  
 Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these  
 In her fragile mind she sees ;  
 Shadows of yet richer things,  
 Born beside immortal springs,  
 Into fuller glory wrought,  
 Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore, in the lily's leaf  
 She can read no word of grief ;  
 O'er the woodbine she can dwell,  
 Murmuring not—Farewell ! Farewell !  
 And her diu, yet speaking eye,  
 Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once and yet again  
 Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;  
 From her chamber take the gloom,  
 With a light and flush of bloom :  
 So should one depart who goes  
 Where no death can touch the rose.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

#### THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG.

**O** more the summer floweret charms,  
 The leaves will soon be sere,  
 And Autumn fold his jewelled arms  
 Around the dying year ;  
 So, ere the waning seasons claim  
 Our leafless groves a while,  
 With golden wine and glowing flame  
 We'll crown our lonely isle.

Once more the merry voices sound  
 Within the antlered hall,  
 And long and loud the baying hounds  
 Return the hunter's call ;  
 And through the woods, and o'er the hill,  
 And far along the bay,  
 The driver's horn is sounding shrill—  
 Up, sportsmen, and away !

No bars of steel, or walls of stone,  
 Our little empire bound,  
 But, circling with his azure zone,  
 The sea runs foaming round ;  
 The whitening wave, the purpled skies,  
 The blue and lifted shore,  
 Braided with their dim and blending dyes  
 Our wide horizon o'er.

And who will leave the grave debate  
 That shakes the smoky town,  
 To rule amid our island-state,  
 And wear our oak-leaf crown ?  
 And who will be a while content  
 To hunt our woodland game,  
 And leave the vulgar pack that scent  
 The reeking track of fauce ?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these  
 Will sigh not to prolong  
 Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,  
 Our nights of mirth and song ?  
 Then leave the dust of noisy streets,  
 Ye outlaws of the wood,  
 And follow through his green retreats  
 Your noble Robin Hood.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### A CRADLE.

**I** SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,  
 Child of my love ! I tremble to believe  
 That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue  
 The shadow of my heart will always pass ;—  
 A heart that, from its struggle with the world,  
 Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,  
 And, careless of the staining dust it brings,  
 Asks for its idol ! Strange, that flowers of earth  
 Are visited by every air that stirs,  
 And drink in sweetness only, while the child  
 That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven  
 May take a blemish from the breath of love,  
 And bear the blight forever.

I have wept  
 With gladness at the gift of this fair child !  
 My life is bound up in her. But, O God !  
 Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times  
 Bears its sweet burthen ; and if thou hast given  
 To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,  
 To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,  
 Take Thou its love, I pray Thee ! Give it light—  
 Though, following the sun, it turn from me !—  
 But, by the eord thus wrung, and by the light  
 Shining about her, draw me to my child !  
 And link us close, O God, when near to heaven !

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

#### MY OLD STRAW HAT.

**F**AREWELL, old friend—we part at last ;  
 Fruits, flowers and summer, all are past ;  
 And when the beech-leaves bid adieu,  
 My old straw hat must vanish too.  
 We've been together many an hour,  
 In grassy dell, and garden bower ;  
 And plait and riband, scorched and torn,  
 Proclaim how well thou hast been worn.  
 We've had a time, gay, bright, and long ;  
 So let me sing a grateful song—

And if one bay-leaf falls to me,  
I'll stick it firm and fast in thee,  
My old straw hat.

Thy flapping shade and flying strings  
Are worth a thousand close-tied things.  
I love thy easy-fitting crown,  
Thrust lightly back, or slouching down.  
I cannot brook a muffled ear,  
When lark and blackbird whistle near;  
And dearly like to meet and seek  
The fresh wind with unguarded cheek.  
Tossed in a tree, thou'lt bear no harm;  
Fling on the moss, thou'lt lose no charm;  
Like many a real friend on earth,  
Rough usage only proves thy worth.  
My old straw hat.

The world will stare at those who wear  
Rich, snowy pearls in raven hair;  
And diamonds flash bravely out  
In chestnut tresses wreathed about;  
The golden bands may twine and twirl,  
Like shining snakes through each fair curl;  
And soft down with imperial grace  
May bend o'er beauty's blushing face:  
But much I doubt if brows that bear  
The jewelled clasp and plumage rare,  
Or temples banded with crescent wreath,  
Are half so cool as mine beneath  
My old straw hat.

Minerva's helmet! what of that?  
Thou'rt quite as good, my old straw hat;  
For I can think, and muse, and dream,  
With poring brain and busy scheme;  
I can inform my craving soul  
How wild bees work and planets roll;  
And be all silent, grave, and grim,  
Beneath the shelter of thy brim.  
The cap of liberty, forsooth!  
Thou art the thing to me in truth;  
For slavish fashion ne'er can break  
Into the green paths where I take  
My old straw hat.

Farewell, old friend, thy work is done;  
The misty clouds shut out the sun;  
The grapes are plucked, the hops are off,  
The woods are stark, and I must doff  
My old straw hat—but "bide a wee,"  
Fair skies we've seen, yet we may see  
Skies full as fair as those of yore,  
And then we'll wander forth once more.  
Farewell, till drooping bluebells blow,  
And violets stud the warm hedgerow—  
Farewell, till daisies deck the plain—  
Farewell, till spring days come again—  
My old straw hat!

ELIZA COOK.

## DEPARTED DAYS.

YES, dear departed, cherished days,  
Could Memory's hand restore  
Your morning light, your evening rays  
From Time's gray urn once more—  
Then might this restless heart be still,  
This straining eye might close,  
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,  
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,  
We strive against the stream,  
Each moment farther from the shore  
Where life's young fountains gleam—  
Each moment fainter wave the fields,  
And wider rolls the sea;  
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—  
Day breaks—and where are we?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.  
Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come  
snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold  
wrought.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone  
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,  
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of  
foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,  
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,  
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and  
one hand!



Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife ;  
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love,  
Thou art my laubkin, my ehick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;  
I am king of the household—thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell ;  
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude ? Her heart  
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue ;  
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,  
As if to let its heavy throbbings through ;  
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,  
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore ;  
And her cheek crimson with the hue that tells  
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday ! With a sigh  
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,  
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie  
That measured out its links of golden hours !  
She feels her inmost soul within her stir  
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak ;  
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—  
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,  
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track ;  
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours !  
And yet she does not wish to wander back ;  
No ! she but loves in loneliness to think  
On pleasures past, though never more to be ;  
Hope links her to the future—but the link  
That binds her to the past is memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside.  
Though passionate worshippers before her fall ;  
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride.  
She seems to soar and beam above them all.  
Not that her heart is cold—emotions new  
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings  
knit ;  
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through  
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive  
To all that makes life beautiful and fair ;  
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their  
hive  
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.

Yet life is not to her what it hath been—  
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss ;  
And now she hovers, like a star, between  
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross !

Beneath the eaves of earth she does not bow,  
Though she hath oft-times drained its bitter cup ;  
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,  
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.  
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere  
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,  
And all the joys it found so blissful here  
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings tarill  
Soft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed ;  
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill  
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving  
void.

And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—  
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart  
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,  
Never to find its lovely counterpart !

AMELIA B. WELBY.

#### MOTHER MARGERY.

ON a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges  
Sloped the rough land to the grisly north ;  
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges  
Like a thinned banditti staggered forth—  
In a crouching, worry-timbered hamlet  
Mother Margery shivered in the cold,  
With a tattered robe of faded caulet  
On her shoulders—crooked, weak, and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure ;  
For her face was very dry and thin,  
And the records of his growing measure  
Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.  
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,  
Yet her thanks rose oftener than desired ;  
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,  
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters ;  
Winds howled piteously around her cot,  
Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters  
Moan the misery she bemoaned not.  
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,  
And hung snow-wreaths around her naked bed ;  
While the wind-flaws muttered on the einders,  
Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,  
But their dying wrung out no complaints ;  
Chill, and penury, and neglect, and nunger—  
These to Margery were guardian saints.  
When she sat, her head was, prayer-like, bending ;  
When she rose, it rose not any more ;  
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending  
Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

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MELIA B. WELBY.

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She was mother of the dead and scattered—  
 Had been mother of the brave and fair;  
 But her branches, bough by bough, were shattered,  
 Till her torn breast was left dry and bare.  
 Yet she knew, though sadly desolated,  
 When the children of the poor depart  
 Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,  
 So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted  
 Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,  
 She endured, in silence and unpitied,  
 Woes enough to mar a stonter breast.  
 Thus was born such holy trust within her,  
 That the graves of all who had been dear,  
 To a region clearer and serener,  
 Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder;  
 Angels to her were the loves and hopes  
 Which had left her purified, but sadder;  
 And they lured her to the emerald slopes  
 Of that heaven where anguish never flashes  
 Her red fire-whips—happy land, where flowers  
 Blossom over the volcanic ashes  
 Of this blighting, blighted world of ours.

All her power was a love of goodness;  
 All her wisdom was a mystic faith  
 That the rough world's jargon and rudeness  
 Turns to music at the gate of death.  
 So she walked while feeble limbs allowed her,  
 Knowing well that any stubborn grief  
 She might meet with could no more than crowd her  
 To that wall whose opening was relief.

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,  
 Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope;  
 And, when burning trials came, would borrow  
 New fire of them for the lamp of hope.  
 When at last her palsied hand, in groping,  
 Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,  
 Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,  
 And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

#### SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS.

WHEN on the barn's thatched roof is seen  
 The moss in tufts of liveliest green,  
 When Rodger to the woodpile goes  
 And as he turns his fingers blows—

When all around is cold and drear,  
 Be sure that Christmas tide is near.

When up the garden walk in vain  
 We seek for Flora's lovely train,  
 When the sweet hawthorn bower is bare  
 And bleak and cheerless is the air—  
 When all seems desolate around,  
 Christmas advances o'er the ground.

When Tom at eve comes home from plough  
 And brings the mistletoe's green bough,  
 With milk-white berries spotted o'er,  
 And shakes it the sly maid before—  
 Then hangs the trophy up on high,  
 Be sure that Christmas tide is nigh.

When Hal, the woodman, in his logs  
 Bears home the huge, unwieldy logs  
 That, hissing on the smouldering fire,  
 Flame out at last a quivering spire,  
 When in his hat the holly stands,  
 Old Christmas musters up his hands.

When clustering round the fire at night,  
 Old William talks of ghost and sprite,  
 And, as a distant out-house gate  
 Slams by the wind, they fearful wait  
 While some each shadowy nook explores,  
 Then Christmas pauses at the door.

When Dick comes shiv'ring from the yard,  
 And says the pond is frozen hard,  
 While from his hat, all white with snow,  
 The moisture trickling drops below,  
 When carols sound the night to cheer,  
 Then Christmas and his train are here.

CELIA LOGAN.

#### WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years  
 gone by,  
 Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow  
 lie,

While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood  
 and lea,  
 I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,  
 A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the  
 night;

I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descent  
 more.

And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day  
 is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,  
 There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed  
 brow;

His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;  
 He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour  
 Of human strength and action, man's courage and his  
 power.

I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the  
 golden day.

And as I look down and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws  
 A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;

A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,  
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and  
fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays !  
Oh crimson flash of morning that darkens as we gaze !  
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless  
air  
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies, we know not  
where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then  
withdrawn ;  
But still the sun shines round me ; the evening bird  
sings on,  
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,  
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant group ge  
out,  
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the  
sprightly shout,  
Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward  
strows  
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that  
blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,  
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of  
pride,  
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those  
pillars gray,  
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are  
blank with fear,  
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing  
near,  
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious  
eye  
Of Him, the sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within my  
heart,  
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart ;  
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and  
lea,

I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.  
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### TIME'S CURE.

**T**OURN, O rejoicing heart !  
The hours are flying ;  
Each one some treasure takes,  
Each one some blossom breaks,  
And leaves it dying ;  
The chill, dark night draws near—  
The sun will soon depart,  
And leave thee sighing ;  
Then mourn, rejoicing heart !  
The hours are flying !

Rejoice, O grieving heart !  
The hours fly fast—  
With each some sorrow dies,  
With each some shadow flies ;  
Until at last  
The red dawn in the east  
Bids weary night depart,  
And pain is past ;  
Rejoice then, grieving heart !  
The hours fly fast !

#### A PETITION TO TIME.

**T**OUCH us gently, time !  
Let us glide down thy stream  
Gently—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream,  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife, and children three—  
(One is lost—an angel, fled  
To the azure overhead !)

Touch us gently, time !  
We've not proud nor soaring wings,  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime ;—  
Touch us gently, gentle time !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

#### THE END OF THE PLAY.

**T**HE play is done—the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell.  
It is an irksome word and task ;  
And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends—  
Let's close it with a parting rhyme ;  
And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
As fits the merry Christmas time ;  
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts.  
That fate ere long shall bid you play ;  
Good-night !—with honest, gentle hearts  
A kindly greeting go away !

Good-night !—I'd say the griefs, the joys,  
Just hinted in this mimic page,  
The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
Are but repented in our age ;  
I'd say your woes were not less keen,  
Your hopes more vain, than those of men—  
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive  
 Not less nor more as men than boys—  
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
 As erst at twelve in corduroys ;  
 And if, in time of sacred youth,  
 We learned at home to love and pray,  
 Pray heaven that early love and truth  
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
 I'd say how fate may change and shift—  
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
 The race not always to the swift ;  
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
 The great man be a vulgar clown,  
 The knave be lifted over all,  
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?  
 Blessed be He who took and gave !  
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
 Be weeping at her darling's grave ?  
 We bow to Heaven that willed it so,  
 That darkly rules the fate of all,  
 That sends the respite or the blow,  
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—  
 Who brought him to that mirth and state ?  
 His betters, see, below him sit,  
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
 Who bade the mind from Dives' wheel  
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?  
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—  
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
 And longing passion unfulfilled.  
 Amen!—whatever fate be sent,  
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
 Although the head with cares be bent,  
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
 Let young and old accept their part,  
 And bow before the awful will,  
 And bear it with an honest heart.  
 Who misses, or who wins the prize—  
 Go, lose or conquer as you can ;  
 But if you fail, or if you rise,  
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young  
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays) !  
 The sacred chorus first was sung  
 Upon the first of Christmas days :  
 The shepherds heard it overhead—  
 The joyful angels raised it then :  
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
 And peace on earth to gentle men !

My song, save this, is little worth ;  
 I lay the weary pen aside,  
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,  
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
 Be this, good friends, our carol still :  
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
 To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

## OLD DOBBIN.

HERE'S a song for old Dobbin, whose temper  
 and worth  
 Are too rare to be spurned on the score of his  
 birth.

He's a creature of trust, and what more should we  
 heed ?  
 'Tis deeds, and not blood, make the man and the  
 steed.

He was bred in the forest, and turned on the plain,  
 Where the thistle-burs cling to his fetlocks and mane,  
 All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy  
 The spark of good-nature that dwelt in his eye.

The summer had waned, and the autumn months  
 rolled  
 Into those of stern winter, all dreary and cold ;  
 But the north wind might whistle, the snow-flake  
 might dance—  
 The colt of the common was left to his chance.

Half-starved and half-frozen, the hail-storm woul-  
 pelt ;  
 Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he felt  
 But we pitied the brute, and, though laughed at by all,  
 We filled him a manger and gave him a stall.

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became  
 The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame,  
 'Tis well that his market-price cannot be known ;  
 But we christened him Dobbin, and called him our  
 own.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo ! what a change !  
 The knowing ones said it was " mortally strange ;"  
 For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste,  
 Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact ;  
 But his paces were clever, his mould was compact ;  
 And his shaggy, thick coat now appeared with  
 gloss,  
 Shining out like the gold that's been purged of its  
 dross.

We broke him for service, and tamely he wore  
 Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thralldom he  
 bore ;  
 Each farm, it is known, must possess an " odd " steed,  
 And Dobbin was ours, for all times, and all need.

He carried the master to barter his grain,  
And ever returned with him safely again :  
There was merit in that, for deny it who may,  
When the master could *not*, Dobbin *could* find his  
way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back,  
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack.  
The team-horses jolted, the roadster played pranks ;  
So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.

We fun-loving archins would group by his side ;  
We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride :  
We might creep through his legs, we might plait his  
long tail ;

But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.  
We would brush his bright hide till 'twas free from a  
speck ;

We kissed his brown muzzle, and hugged his thick  
neck ;

Oh ! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob  
Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugged up the hill,  
With the pigs to the market, the grist to the mill ;  
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace ;  
He was stanch to his work, and content with his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the year,  
He was sent to the reapers with lunch and good cheer ;  
And none in the corn-field more welcome were seen  
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers, I ween.

Oh ! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,  
When we decked out his head with the azure rosette ;  
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,  
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there ?

He was dear to us all, aye, for many long years ;  
But, mercy ! how's this ? my eye's filling with tears.  
Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start ;  
When memory plays an old tune on the heart !

There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my  
breast ;  
But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest ;  
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen,  
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.

His best years have gone by, and the master who gave  
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the  
slave ;

So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife ;  
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

ELIZA COOK.

#### UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

**B**OYS were as blithe, and girls were as gay,  
Fifty years since as they are to-day.  
I was as chipper as most of the set  
That posed and bowed in the minuet—  
Fifty years ago.

Grandfather's house, on a Christmas night  
Fifty years since, was ablaze with light.  
Joshua caught and kissed me there,  
Asked me a question, fairly and square,  
Under the mistletoe.

Girls were as fair and fickle were they,  
Fifty years since as they are to-day.  
Fickle was I as most of the set  
Who haven't answered the question yet—  
Fifty years ago.

And gray and old as I had to grow,  
I can feel that kiss of the long ago,  
For Joshua just now kissed his wife  
For the fiftieth Christmas of his life  
Under the mistletoe.

#### THE EDEN OF REPOSE.

**B**ELOVED ! amid the earnest woes  
That crowd around my earthly path—  
(Drear path, alas ! where grows  
Not even one lonely rose)—  
My soul at least a solace hath  
In dreams of thee, and therein knows  
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus my memory is to me  
Like some enchanted far-off isle  
In some tumultuous sea—  
Some ocean throbbing far and free  
With storms—but where meanwhile  
Serenest skies continually  
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

#### LOVE'S HOME.

**I**T is not in the mountains  
Nor the palaces of pride,  
That love will fold his wings up  
And rejoicingly abide ;  
But in meek and humble manses  
His home is ever found,  
As the lark that sings in heaven  
Builds its nest upon the ground.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

#### MATERNAL LOVE.

**A**MOTHER'S love !  
If there be one thing pure,  
Where all beside is sullied ;  
That can endure,  
When all else pass away ;  
If there be aught  
Surpassing human deed, or word, or  
thought—  
It is a mother's love !

MARCHIONESS DE SPADARA.

## BRIDAL BALLAD.

**T**HE ring is on my hand,  
And the wreath is on my brow ;  
Satins and jewels grand  
Are all at my command,  
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well ;  
But, when first he breathed his vow,  
I felt my bosom swell—  
For the words rang as a knell  
And the voice seemed his who fell  
In the battle down the dell,  
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,  
And he kissed my pallid brow,  
While a reverie came o'er me,  
And to the church-yard bore me,  
And I sighed to him before me,  
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,  
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spok  
And this the plighted vow,  
And, though my faith be broken,  
And, though my heart be broken,  
Behold the golden token  
That proves me happy now !

Would God I could awaken !  
For I dream I know not how,  
And my soul is sorely shaken  
Lest an evil step be taken—  
Lest the dead who is forsaken  
May not be happy now.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

## THE FIRESIDE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

**I**N-DOORS, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place,  
Idly the farmer  
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the  
flames and the smoke-wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind  
h a,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures  
fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into  
darkness.  
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-  
chair  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates  
on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies  
the sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of  
Christmas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before  
him

Sang in their Norm an orchards and bright Burgundian  
vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline  
seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner  
behind her.  
Silent a while were its treadles, at rest was its diligent  
shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the  
drone of a bag-pipe,  
Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-  
ments together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at inter-  
vals ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest  
at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion  
the clock clicked.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

## LET THE CLOTH BE WHITE.

**G**O set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be  
white !  
The hungry city children are comin' here to-  
night ;  
The children from the city, with features pinched and  
spare,  
Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted  
air.  
They come from out the dungeons where they with want  
were chained ;  
From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow  
stained ;  
From where a thousand shadows are murdering all the  
light ;  
Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be  
white !  
They ha' not seen the daisies made for the heart's  
behoof ;  
They never heard the rain-drops upon a cottage roof ;  
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of breeze ;  
They never rambled wild an' free beneath the forest  
trees.  
The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled by other's  
greeds ;  
The very air their lungs breathed was full o' poison  
seeds ;  
The very air their souls breathed was full o' wrong and  
spite ;  
Go set the table, Mary dear, and let the cloth be  
white !  
The fragrant water-lilies ha' never smiled at them ;  
They never pick a wild-flower from off its dewy stem ,  
They never saw a greensward that they could safely  
pass  
Unless they heeded well the sign that says, "Keep  
off the grass."

christmas night  
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AR ALLEN POE.

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N BLANCHARD.

word, or

DE SPADARA.



God bless the men an' women of noble brain an'  
heart  
Who go down in the folk-swamps an' take the  
children's part.  
These hungry, cheery children that keep us in their  
debt,  
And never fail to give us more of pleasure than they  
get!

Set well the table, Mary; let naught be sent or  
small—  
The little ones are coming here; have plenty for them  
all.  
There's nothing we should furnish except the very  
best  
To those that Jesus looked upon an' called to him an'  
blessed.

WILL CARLETON.

## WOMAN'S VOICE.

Her voice was ever low,  
Gentle and soft—an excellent thing in woman.

KING LEAR.

**N**OT in the swaying of the summer trees,  
When evening breezes sing their vesper  
hymn—

Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,  
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,  
Is earth's best music; these may move a while  
High thoughts in happy hearts, and earking cares  
beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,  
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,  
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—  
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake  
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—  
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent  
To truth and love, and meekness; they who own  
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,  
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;  
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sor-  
rowed—  
By patience never tired, from their own trials bor-  
rowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness  
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,  
Smiles at its smiles, and saddens at its sadness,  
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;  
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—  
All these come ever blent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,  
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares,  
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving  
With strangest thoughts, and with unwonted fears;  
Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy  
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,  
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,  
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—  
How their two hearts are one, and she his own;  
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells  
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden  
tells!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

## DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

**A** SWEET disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction—  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Enthralls the crimson stomacher—  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbons to flow confusedly—  
A winking wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat—  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility—  
Do more bewitch me than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## BIRTHDAY VERSES.

The heart that we have laid near before our birth is the only one  
that cannot forget that it has loved us.—PHILIP SIMMONS.

**M**Y birthday! O beloved mother!  
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.  
I did not think to count another  
Before I wept upon thy knees—  
Before this scroll of absent years  
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

My own I do not care to check,  
I weep—albeit here alone—  
As if I hung upon thy neck,  
As if thy lips were on my own,  
As if this full, sad heart of mine,  
Were beating closely upon thine.

Four weary years! How looks she now?  
What light is in those tender eyes?  
What trace of time has touched the brow  
Whose look is borrowed of the skies  
That listen to her nightly prayer?  
How is she changed since he was there  
Who sleeps upon her heart away—  
Whose name upon her lips is worn—  
For whom the night seems made to pray—  
For whom she wakes to pray at morn—  
Whose sight is dim, whose heart-strings still,  
Who weeps these tears—to think of her!

I know not if my mother's eyes  
Would find me changed in slighter things  
I've wandered beneath many skies,  
And tasted of some bitter springs;

And many leaves, once fair and gay,  
From youth's full flower have dropped away—  
But, as these looser leaves depart,  
The lessened flower gets near the core,  
And, when deserted quite, the heart  
Takes closer what was dear of yore—  
And yearns to those who loved it first—  
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nursed.

Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?

Am I remembered in thy home?  
When those I love for joy are met,  
Does some one wish that I would come?  
Thou dost—I am beloved of these!

But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er  
Night after night the Pleiades  
And finds the stars he found before—  
As turns the maiden oft her token—  
As counts the miser eye his gold—  
So, till life's silver cord is broken,  
Would I of thy fond love be told.

My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—  
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer  
yet?

Oh! when the hour to meet again  
Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,  
My heart takes up its lengthened chain,  
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—  
When land is hailed, and, from the shore,  
Comes off the blessed breath of home,  
With fragrance from my mother's door  
Of flowers forgotten when I come—  
When port is gained, and slowly now,  
The old familiar paths are passed,  
And entering—unconscious how—

I gaze upon thy face at last,  
And run to thee, all faint and weak,  
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—  
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,  
The light of heaven will fairer seem;  
And I shall grow once more a boy;  
And, mother!—'twill be like a dream

That we were parted thus for years—  
And once that we have dried our tears,  
How will the days seem long and years—  
To meet thee always with the morn,  
And hear thy blessing every night—  
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born!"  
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!  
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

#### ENOCH'S RETURN.

From "ENOCH APPEAL."

**B**UT Enoch yearned to see her face again;  
"If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy!" so the thought  
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him  
forth,

At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill  
There he sat down, gazing on all below;  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeaking for sadness. By-and-by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house  
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
The latest house to landward; but behind,  
With one small gate that opened on the waste,  
Flourished a little garden square and walled;  
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it;  
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole  
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs  
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished beard  
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth;  
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;  
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,  
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand  
Laughed a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,  
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed;  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
But turning now and then to speak with him.  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man, come to life, beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love—  
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,  
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?"

O God Almighty! blessed Saviour, Thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness,  
A little longer! Aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know.

Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children, too! must I not speak with thee?  
They know me not. I should betray myself.  
Never. No father's kiss for me—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature failed a  
little,  
And he lay tranced.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THE music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,  
And one by one the waning beauties fled;  
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,  
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I, a melancholy single man,  
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.  
I slept a while; but o'er my slumbers ran  
The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love and Hymen's joys,  
Of happy moments and connubial blisses;  
And then I thought of little girls and boys,  
The mother's glances and the infant's kisses.

I saw them all in sweet perspective sitting,  
In winter's eve, around a blazing fire,  
The children playing and the mother knitting,  
Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The scene was changed. In came the baker's bill;  
I stared to see the hideous consummation  
Of pies and puddings that it took to fill  
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating; legs of mutton  
Were vanquished daily by this little host;  
To see them you'd have thought each tiny glutton  
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smoked upon the platter;  
The ponderous sirloin reared its head in vain;  
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter  
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the school bill: board and education  
So much per annum; but the extras mounted  
To nearly twice the primal stipulation;  
And every little bagatelle was counted!

To mending tuck; a new Homeri Ilias;  
A pane of glass; repairing coat and breeches;  
A slate and penel; binding old Virgilius;  
Drawing a tooth; an open draft and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,  
The social converse and the dreamy Sunday,  
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,  
And cursed again the weekly bills of Monday.

Then Kate began to scold—I stamp and swore.  
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream;  
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,  
I thanked my stars that it was but a dream.

#### THE GRANDFATHER'S STICK.

'T WAS as bonnie an ash staff as ever was seen  
In the hands of a pilgrim or paths of  
wood;  
It was tough as the bow of Ulysses I ween;  
Its polish was high, and its fibre was good.

'Twas the grandfather's stick—it was his stick alone—  
Of its forty years' service how proudly he'd tell;  
It was all very just—he might call it his own;  
But every one else seemed to claim it as well.

It was his when the seced, Sabbath chimes floated by,  
When the sun might be hot, or the mud might be  
thick;  
The church was up-hill, and the youngsters would fly  
To carry his prayer-book, and find him his stick.

It was his when they coaxed him for wickets or bat,  
Now pleading with tears, and now trusting a laugh;  
It was not half a mile to the village—and that  
He could manage right well with the help of his staff.

But often he wanted his faithful supporter,  
When as often 'twas asked for and sought for in  
vain;  
Perhaps Master Dick had it down by the water,  
Or the young ones had carried it out in the lane.

It was not a whit safer for all the close hiding,  
For corners were peeped in and cupboards explored;  
Till some urchin came shouting, careering, and riding  
On his grandfather's stick, like a tournament lord.

There were sticks in abundance, from bamboo to oak,  
But all eyes and all hands singled that from the  
rest;  
For business or fun that old staff was the one,  
For all times and all purposes that was the best.

The herl-boy, perchance, had to cross the bleak  
waste,  
When the sky had no star, and the winter blast  
wailed;  
His eye lost its light, and his red lips turned white,  
While 'twas easy to see that his rude spirit quailed.

He thought of the murdered ghost haunting that spot;  
Of the gibbet's loose beams—and the boy's heart  
turned sick;  
But half of the soul-thrilling fear was forgot  
If he might but take with him the grandfather's stick.

"Look, Susan, the flowers!" was cried in alarm;  
 "See! see! the old sow's in the garden—quick!  
 quick!"

And the very next moment found Susan's strong arm  
 Belaboring Bess with the grandfather's stick.

When the dust-laden carpets were swung on the line,  
 And brave endgels were chosen—the strong and the  
 thick.

It would not take Sibylline art to divine  
 That among them was always the grandfather's  
 stick.

But the grandfather waned from the earth, day by  
 day—

Hoards must be opened and treasures must fall;  
 No selfish heart watched o'er his "passing away,"  
 Yet that stick was the coveted relic by all.

Serenely the old man went down to his grave,  
 Looking on to a future with faith, hope and joy;  
 But, ere the flame died in the socket, he gave  
 His favorite stick to his favorite boy.

That boy was a spendthrift, all reckless and gay,  
 Keeping nought but a warm heart and fair honest  
 name;

He was wild in his home—a few years rolled away,  
 He was out in the world, but the man was the  
 same.

He parted from all—from his land and his gold;  
 But, with wealth or without, it was all one to Dick;  
 The same merry laugh lit his face when he told  
 That he'd nothing more left save his grandfather's  
 stick.

The merry laugh still echoed out, though he found  
 That friends turned their backs when his money was  
 spent;

He sang, "The world's wide, and I'll travel it  
 round"—  
 And far from his kindred the wanderer went.

He lives and yet laughs in the prodigal's part;  
 But whatever his fortune—wherever his land,  
 There's a lock of white hair hanging close to his  
 heart,  
 And an ash staff—the grandfather's stick—in his  
 hand.

ELIZA COOK.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

WHERE is in all this cold and hollow world, lo  
 found  
 Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that  
 within

A mother's heart. It is but pride wherewith  
 To his fair eye the father's eye doth turn.  
 Watching his growth. Aye, on the babe he looks,  
 The bright glad creature springing in his path,  
 But as the heir of his great name—the young

3

And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long  
 Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!  
 This is *man's* love! What marvel? *you* ne'er made  
 Your breast the pillow of his infancy;  
 While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings,  
 His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair  
 Waved softly to your breath! *You* ne'er kept watch  
 Beside him till the last pale star had set.  
 And morn, all dazling, as in triumph, broke  
 On your dim weary eye; not *yours* the face  
 Which early faded through fond care for him,  
 Hung o'er his sleep, and duly as heaven's light,  
 Was there to greet his wakening! *You* ne'er smoothed  
 His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest.  
 Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours  
 Had learnt soft utterance; pressed your lip to his,  
 When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries  
 With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!  
 No! these are woman's tasks! in these her youth,  
 And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,  
 Steal from her all unmarked.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

#### BED-TIME.

"THE fire-flies are lighting the flowers to bed,"  
 I said to our little girl-tease,  
 As romping at dusk through the garden we  
 sped;

And just then a soft little breeze  
 Bent down very gently each wee flower head,  
 And she with the gravest of airs,  
 Looked 'round at the stooped, breeze-bent flowers and  
 said:

"And now are they saying their prayers?"

S. WALTER NORRIS.

#### THE TRAVELLER AWAY FROM HOME.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
 Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,  
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian door  
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door  
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
 A weary waste expanding to the skies:  
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
 My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;  
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!  
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
 To pause from toil, and time their evening fire!  
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
 And every stranger finds a ready chair!  
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,  
 Where all the ruddy family around  
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
 And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destined such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;  
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,  
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
My future leads to traver's realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.  
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;  
And, placed on high above the storm's career,  
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;  
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,  
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?  
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?  
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
These little things are great to little man;  
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;  
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;  
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;  
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;  
For me your tributary stores combine,  
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.  
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies;  
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the sum of human bliss so small:  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find  
Some spot to real happiness consigned,  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.  
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, planting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare, or steers the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the goods 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.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call,  
With food as well the peasant is supplied  
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;  
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,  
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.  
From art more various are the blessings sent—  
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.  
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,  
That either seems destructive of the rest.  
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,  
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.  
Hence every state, to our loved blessing prone,  
Conforms and models life to that alone.  
Each to the favorite happiness attends,  
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,  
Till, carried to excess in each domain,  
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;  
Here, for a while, my proper cares resigned,  
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;  
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;  
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,  
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest:  
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground—  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;  
These here disporting o'wn the kindred soil,  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;  
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,  
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.  
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,  
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.  
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:  
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;  
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue!  
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.  
All evils here contaminate the mind,  
That opulence departed leaves behind;  
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date  
When commerce proudly flourished through the state  
At her command the palace learned to rise,  
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,  
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,

The pregnant quarry teamed with human form ;  
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;  
While naught remained, of all that riches gave,  
But towns unnam'd, and lords without a slave ;  
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,  
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;  
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind  
An easy compensation seem to find.  
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,  
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;  
Processions form'd for piety and love,  
A mistress or a saint in every grove,  
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled ;  
The sports of children satisfy the child ;  
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly wans the soul ;  
While low delights succeeding fast behind,  
In happier meanness occupy the mind.  
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,  
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;  
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,  
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them ! turn me to survey  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :  
No product here the barren hills afford  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though  
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal  
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;  
With patient angle trolls the funny deep,  
Or drives his venturesous ploughshare to the steep ;  
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
And drags the struggling savage into day.  
At night returning, every labor sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;  
Smiles by a cheerful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks that brighten to the blaze,

While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board ;  
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,  
Imprints the patriot lesson on his heart ;  
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms ;  
And as a child, when searing sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned :  
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined ;  
Yet let them only share the praises due—  
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few :  
For every want that stimulates the breast  
Becomes a source of pleasure when redressed.  
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,  
That first excites desire and then supplies ;  
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;  
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,  
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.  
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,  
Nor quenched by want, nor fanned by strong desire :  
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer  
On some high festival of once a year,  
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow—  
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;  
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son  
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run ;  
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart  
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.  
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast  
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest ;  
But all the gentler morals—such as play  
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the  
way—

These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.  
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,  
How often have I led thy sportive choir  
With tunless pipe beside the murmuring Loire !  
When shading elms along the margin grew,  
And freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew ;  
And haply, though my harsh touch fluttering still,  
But woked all tune and marred the dancer's skill—  
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,  
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

**Alike** all ages : dames of ancient days  
**Have** led their children through the mirthful maze ;  
**And** the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,  
**Has** frisked beneath the burden of three-score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,  
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away.  
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,  
 For honor forms the social temper here :  
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains,  
 • Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,  
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,  
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :  
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,  
 And all are taught an avarice of praise :  
 They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem ;  
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,  
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;  
 For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought  
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;  
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
 Pouts for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;  
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;  
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
 To boast on splendid banquet once a year ;  
 To mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies,  
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,  
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,  
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore ;  
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;  
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,  
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil  
 Impels the native to repeated toil,  
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
 And industry begets a love of gain,  
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
 Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth in-  
 parts  
 • onvenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;  
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,  
 E'en liberty itself is bartered here ;

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies  
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.  
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
 Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,  
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !  
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,  
 War in each breast and freedom on each brow ;  
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;  
 Where laws extend that seem Arcadian pride,  
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.  
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
 There gentler music melts on every spray ;  
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,  
 Extremes are only in the master's mind.

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,  
 With daring aims irregularly great,  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
 I see the lords of human kind pass by :  
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
 By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,  
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
 True to imagined right above control—  
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to sea,  
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,  
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear !  
 Too blest indeed were such without alloy ;  
 But, fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy ;  
 That independence Brivons prize too high  
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;  
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,  
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown .  
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled ;  
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,  
 Repressed ambition struggles round her shore  
 Till, overwrought, the general system feels  
 Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst : as nature's ties decay,  
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,  
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;  
 Till time may come when, stripped of all her charms,  
 The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,  
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
 Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,  
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

But think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,  
 I mean to flatter kings or court the great :



Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!  
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel  
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;  
Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun—  
Still may thy blooms the changeful climate endure!  
I only would repress them to secure.  
For just experience tells, in every soil,  
That those that think must govern those that toil;  
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach  
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.  
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,  
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires  
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!  
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
Except when fast approaching danger warns;  
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,  
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;  
When I behold a factious band agree  
To call it freedom when themselves are free,  
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,  
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,  
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam  
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home—  
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,  
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart,  
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,  
When first ambition struck at regal power;  
And thus, polluting honor in its source,  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.  
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?  
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose  
In barren, solitary pomp repose?  
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling, oft-frequented village fall?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main,  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara rums with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays  
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,  
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go.

Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind;  
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows?  
In every government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!  
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,  
Our own felicity we make or find;  
With secret course which no loud storms annoy  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,  
To men remote from power but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

#### IF OUR OLD CLOCK COULD SPEAK

It isn't a sermuptious thing to see—  
It's rather short o' paint—  
Its brows will always wrinkled be—  
Its ticks is growin' faint;  
The circulation's no ways good—  
The j'ints too stiffly play—  
It some't of 'ner than it should,  
Forgits the time o' day;  
'Twill stop an' try to recollect  
Fur somethin' like a week;  
But there'd be music, I suspect,  
If our ol' clock could speak.

In rain or shine, through peace an' war,  
It's still been, as appears,  
A member of our family for  
Some five an' fifty years;  
It's stood right there, through thick an' thin,  
An' kep' track of the sun,  
An' raked its own opinions in  
'Bout what we mortals done;  
It's hed good watch o' young an' old  
(An' looked so mild and meek!)  
Some anecdotes ther' would be told  
If our old clock could speak!

It's stood aroun' at every meal,  
Mid clash o' plate an' eep,  
An' heard us our id's reveal,  
An' size the neighbors up;  
It's traced our little bickerin's, too,  
An' seemed to sympathize,  
A squintin' softly at us through  
Them solemn key-hole eyes;  
It's unpired many a lively game  
O' social hide-an'-seek;  
'Twould score a number o' the same,  
Providin' it could speak!



How our folks drove to town one day,  
 An' lef' us chilrun free  
 With self-protectin' things to play,  
 "But let the ol' clock bo,"  
 An' though we young 'uns (never still)  
 Hadn't thought o' that before,  
 We now couldn't let it 'lone, until  
 It crashed down on the floor!  
 We tremblin' set it up again,  
 Half-runnin' with a squeak;  
 'Twas lucky for our jackets, then,  
 The critter couldn't speak!

How ol' folks went to chureh, one night,  
 An' left us all—sly elves—  
 If we'd conduct there—good an' right—  
 A meetin' by ourselves;  
 But neighbor gals an' boys in teens  
 Walked in—an' first we knew,  
 We fell to playin' "Oats peas beans,"  
 "Snap up and catch 'em," too;  
 We scattered, when, by good ear-luck,  
*She* heard the big gate creak;  
 The ol' clock frowned an' ticked an' struck,  
 But couldn't make out to speak!

Ah me! the facts 'twould just let fly,  
 Suppose it had the power!  
 Of courtin' ehaps, when, on the sly,  
 They turned it back an hour;  
 Of weddin's—holdin' tender yet,  
 The bride's last virgin grace;  
 Of fun' rals—where it peaced to get  
 A good look at the face:  
 It knows the inside-out o' folks—  
 An' nature's every freak;  
 I'd write a book if I could coax  
 That wise ol' clock to speak!

Still straight as any gun it stan's  
 Ag'in the kitchen wall;  
 An' slowly waves its solemn han's  
 Outhivin' of us all!  
 I venerate some clocks I've seen,  
 As e'en a'most sublime:  
 They form revolvin' links between  
 Eternity an' time.  
 An' when you come to take the pains  
 To strike a dreamy streak,  
 The figurative fact remains  
 That all the clocks can speak.

WILL C. TON.

## THE PRIME OF LIFE.

**J**UST as I thought I was growing old,  
 Ready to sit in my easy-chair,  
 To watch the world with a heart grown cold,  
 And smile at a folly I would not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,  
 And I am thinking that forty years  
 Isn't the age that it seems to be,  
 When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me! of life it is just the prime,  
 A fact that I hope she will understand;  
 And forty years is a perfect rhyme  
 To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see—  
 Boys are sometimes gray, I am told;  
 Rose came by with a smile for me,  
 Just as I thought I was getting old.

WALTER LEARNED.

## MY AUNT.

**M**Y aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!  
 Long years have o'er her flown;  
 Yet still she strains the aching ehasp  
 That binds her virgin zone;  
 I know it hurts her—though she looks  
 As cheerful as sho can;  
 Her waist is ampler than her life,  
 For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!  
 Her hair is almost gray;  
 Why will she train that winter curl  
 In such a spring-like way?  
 How can she lay her glasses down,  
 And say she reads as well,  
 When, through a double convex lens,  
 She just makes out to spell!

Her father—grandpapa! forgive  
 This erring lip its smiles—  
 Vowed she should make the finest girl  
 Within a hundred miles;  
 He sent her to a stylish school;  
 'Twas in her thirteenth June;  
 And with her, as the rules required,  
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,  
 To make her straight and tall;  
 They haced her up, they starved her down,  
 To make her light and suall;  
 They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,  
 They screwed it up with pins;—  
 O never mortal suffered more  
 In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,  
 My grandsire brought her back  
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth  
 Might follow on the track);  
 "Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook  
 Some powder in his pan,  
 "What could this lovely creature do  
 Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,  
 Nor bandit cavalcade,  
 Tore from the trembling father's arms  
 His all-accomplished maid.  
 For her how happy had it been!  
 And Heaven had spared to me  
 To see one sad, ungathered rose  
 On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE MONEYLESS MAN.

IS there no secret place on the face of the earth,  
 Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?  
 Where bosoms in mercy and kindness shall  
 heave,

And the poor and the wretched shall "ask and  
 receive?"

Is there no place on earth where a knock from the  
 poor

Will bring a kind angel to open the door?

Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,

There is no open door for a moneyless man!

Go, look in your hall, where the chandelier's light  
 Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,  
 Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold,  
 Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,  
 And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,  
 In long lighted vistas, the wildering view—  
 Go there in your patches, and find if you can  
 A welcoming smile for the moneyless man!

Go, look in your church of the cloud-reaching spire,  
 Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire,  
 Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,  
 And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;  
 Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,  
 In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—  
 Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can  
 Who opens a pew to a moneyless man.

Go, look on you judge in the dark flowing gown,  
 With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,  
 Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,  
 And punishes right where he justifies wrong;  
 Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,  
 To render a verdict they've already made;  
 Go, there in the court-room, and find if you can,  
 Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go, look in the banks where mammon has told  
 His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;  
 Where safe from the hand of the starving and poor,  
 Lays pile upon pile of the glittering ore;  
 Walk up to the counter—and there you may stay  
 Till your limbs grow old and your hair turns gray,  
 And you'll find at the banks no one of the clan  
 With money to loan to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hovel: no raven has fed  
 The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;

Kneel down on the pallet and kiss the death frost  
 From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;  
 Then turn in your agony upward to God,  
 And bless while it smites you, the chastening rod;  
 And you'll find at the end of your little life's span,  
 There's a welcome above for a moneyless man!

HENRY T. STANTON.

SONG OF THE DYING OLD MAN TO HIS  
 YOUNG WIFE.

KATE, there's a trembling at my heart, a cold-  
 ness on my brow,  
 My sight is dim, my breath is faint, I feel  
 I'm dying now;

But ere my vision fadeth quite, ere all of strength be  
 o'er;

Oh! let me look into thy face and press thy hand once  
 more.

I would my latest glance should fall on what I hold  
 most dear;

But, ah! thy cheek is wet again—wipe, wipe away  
 the tear.

Such tears of late have often gemmed thy drooping  
 eyelids' fringe;

Such tears of late have washed away thy young  
 cheek's ruddy tinge.

I brought thee from a simple home to be an old man's  
 bride;

Thou wert the altar where I laid affection, joy and  
 pride;

My heart's devotion, like the sun, shone forth with  
 glowing power,

And kept its brightest glory rays to mark its setting  
 hour.

I brought thee from a simple home, when early friends  
 had met;

And something filled thy farewell tone that whispered  
 of regret;

Oh! could I wonder—when you left warm spirits like  
 your own,

To dwell upon far distant earth, with age and wealth  
 alone.

I gazed with holy fondness on thy meek, retiring eye,  
 Soft in its beaming as the first fair star of evening's  
 sky,

I marked the dimpled mirth around thy sweet lips  
 when they smiled:

And while I loved thee as a bride, I blest thee as a  
 child.

But, oh! thy young and ardent soul could not respond  
 to mine;

My whitened hair seemed mocked by those rich,  
 sunny curls of thine;

And though thy gentle faith was kind as woman's  
faith can be ;  
'Twas as the spring flower clinging round the winter-  
blighted tree.

My speech is faltering and low—the world is fading  
fast—  
The sands of life are few and slow—this day will be  
my last :  
I've something for thine ear—bend close—list to my  
failing word ;  
Lay what I utter to thy soul, and start not when 'tis  
heard.

There's one who loves thee—though his love has  
never lived in speech  
He worships as a devotee the star he cannot reach ;  
He strives to mask his throbbing breast, and hide its  
burning glow—  
But I have pierced the veil and seen the struggling  
pulse below.

Nay, speak not : I alone have been the selfish and  
unwise ;  
Young hearts will nestle with young hearts, young  
eyes will meet young eyes ;  
And when I saw his earnest glance turn hopelessly  
away,  
I thanked the hand of time that gave me warning of  
decay.

I question not thy bosom, Kate—I cast upon thy  
name  
No memory of jealous fear, no lightest shade of  
blame :  
I know that he has loved thee long, with deep and  
secret truth,  
I know he is a fitting one to bless thy trusting youth.

Weep not for me with bitter grief ; I would but have  
thee tell  
That he who bribed thee to his care has cherished  
thee right well,  
I give thee to another, Kate—and may that other  
prove  
As grateful for the blessing held, as doting in his love.

Bury me in the churchyard where the dark yew-  
branches wave,  
And promise thou wilt come sometimes to weed the  
old man's grave !  
'Tis all I ask—I'm blind—I'm faint—take, take my  
parting breath—  
I die within thy arms, my Kate, and feel no sting of  
death.

ELIZA COOK.

## FILIAL AFFECTION.

**A**ND caust thou, mother, for a moment think  
That we, thy children, when old age shall  
shed  
its blanching honors on thy weary head,

Could from our best of duties ever shrink?  
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink  
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,  
To pine in solitude thy life away,  
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.  
Banish the thought! Where'er our steps may roam  
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,  
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,  
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;  
While duty bids us all thy grief assuage,  
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## DAILY TRIALS.

BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

**H**I, there are times  
When all this fret and tumult that we hear  
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's ear  
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong ! ding dong !  
The world is in a simmer like a sea  
Over a pent volcano—woe is me  
All the day long !

From crib to shroud !  
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,  
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die,  
Snuffing aloud.

At morning's call  
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,  
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by one,  
Give answer all.

When evening dim  
Draws round us, then the lonely cater-waul,  
Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall—  
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues  
Like polar needles, ever on the jar ;  
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep fountains  
are  
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums  
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass ;  
Peripatetics with a blade of grass  
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts  
Have caged some devil in their mad machine,  
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky groans  
between,  
Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill  
Thin horses of a Sunday ; men, with clams,  
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their dams  
From hill to hill.

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KIRKE WHITE.

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THE THREE FRIENDS.

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Soldiers, with guns,  
Making a nuisance of the blessed air;  
Child-crying bellmen, children in despair,  
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves!  
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your fill;  
Ye sometimes rest; men never can be still  
But in their graves.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## DREAMIN' O' HOME.

I CAN'T jes' tell what's come to her, an' yet I  
think it's clear  
That sumthin's goin' wrong o' late—to see her  
sittin' there

A-dreamin' in the doorway, with that look into her  
eyes,  
As ef they still were restin' on the ole time fields an'  
skies.

She's always dreamin', dreamin' o' the life we left be-  
hind,

The little two-roomed cottage where the mornin'  
glories twined;

The roses in the garden, the yellow sunflowers tall,  
The violets—but she herself the sweetest flower o' all.

Fo' see, she useter sit there in the doorway, so con-  
tent,

The sunflowers follerin' the sun, no matter where he  
went;

The brown bees sippin' honey and a buzzin' roun' the  
place,

The roses climbin' up to her an' smilin' in her face.

An' now she can't forget it. When I tell her: "Lit-  
tle wife,

There ain't no use in grievin' for that simple country  
life,"

She twines her arms aroun' my neck, an' smilin' sweet  
to see,

She says: "It seems so far away to where we useter  
be!"

There ain't no use in chidin', or sayin' words o' cheer;  
There's nuthin' in the city life that she was useter  
there;

Where preachin' cum but once a month an' street  
cars didn't run,

An' folks they tole the time o' day by lookin' at the  
sun.

An' larks got up at peep o' dawn an' made the med-  
ders ring;

I tell you folks, when one's thought up to jes' that  
kind o' thing,

It's hard to git away from it: old feelin's bound to  
rise.

An' make a runnin' over in a woman's tender eyes.

So there she sits a-dreamin', till I get to dreamin',  
too,  
An' when her head droops on my breast an' sleep falls  
like the dew  
An' closes them sweet eyes o' hers, once more we seem  
to be  
In the old home, where we'll rest some day together—  
her and me.

## THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

FROM THE CEBMAN.

WE sat by the fisher's cottage,  
And looked at the stormy tide;  
The evening mist euec rising,  
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house  
The lamps shone out on high;  
And far on the dim horizon  
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck—  
Of sailors, and how they live;  
Of jonrnays 'twixt sky and water,  
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,  
In regions strange and fair;  
And of the wondrous being  
And curious customs there;

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,  
Which are launched in the twilight hour  
And the dark and silent Brahmins,  
Who worship the lotus flower;

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—  
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed and small—  
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,  
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,  
Till at last we spoke no more;  
The ship like a shadow had vanished,  
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

## TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the heavens above,  
The angels, whispering to one another,  
Can find, among their burning terms of love,  
None so devotional as that of "mother."  
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—  
You who are more than mother unto me,  
And fill my heart of hearts, where death installed you,  
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.  
My mother—my own mother, who died early,  
Was but the mother of myself; but you

Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,  
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its own soul-life.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

### EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

**D**AY hath put on his jacket, and around  
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars,  
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,  
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,  
And hold communion with the things about me.  
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid  
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!  
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,  
Do make a music like to rustling satin,  
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,  
So like a cushion? Can it be an embrace?  
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,  
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I love  
thee,

Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.  
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright  
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath  
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;  
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,  
Stripped of his gandy hues and essences,  
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?  
O no, it is that other gentle bird,  
Which is the patron of our noble calling.  
I well remember, in my early years,  
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;  
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,  
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.  
My father was a tailor, and his father,  
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;  
They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom  
From some remoter tailor of our race.  
It happened I did see it on a time  
When none was near, and I did deal with it,  
And it did burn me—O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,  
And leap elastic from the level counter,  
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,  
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,  
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,  
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.  
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,  
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel  
With all around me; I can hail the flowers  
That sprig earth's mantle, and you quiet bird,  
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.  
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets.

Where Nature stows away her loveliness,  
But this unnatural posture of the legs  
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go  
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

**T**HERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have naught but the bearded grain?"  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

**O**UR bugles sang true; for the night-cloud had  
lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the  
sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers  
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!—  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

HERE was a giant in time of old,  
 A mighty one was he;  
 He had a wife, but she was a scold,  
 So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;  
 And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,  
 And the giants were choosing a king;  
 The people were not democrats then,  
 They did not talk of the rights of men,  
 And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,  
 And fastened them in the pen;  
 The children roared; couth the giant, "Be still!"  
 And Dorchester Heigets and Milton Hill  
 Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with  
 plums,  
 As big as the state-house dome;  
 Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;  
 So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,  
 And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,  
 And whittled the boughs away;  
 The boys and their mother set up a shout,  
 Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out,  
 Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune  
 As he strode the fields along;  
 'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,  
 And fell as cold as a lump of clay,  
 When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,  
 It isn't for me to show;  
 There's many a thing that's twice as queer  
 In somebody's lectures that we hear,  
 And those are true, you know.

What are those lone ones doing now,  
 The wife and the children sad?  
 O, they are in a terrible rout,  
 Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,  
 Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,  
 They flung it over the plain,  
 And all over Milton and Dorchester too  
 Great lumps of pudding the giants threw;  
 They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,  
 For ages have floated by;  
 The snet is hard as a marrow bone,  
 And every plum is turned to a stone,  
 But there the puddings lie

And, if some pleasant afternoon,  
 You'll ask me out to ride,  
 The whole of the story I will tell,  
 And you shall see where the puddings fell,  
 And pay for the punch beside.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### THE QUIET MIND.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content—  
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown;  
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—  
 The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:  
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss  
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,  
 The cottage that affords no pride or care,  
 The mean that grees with country music best,  
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,  
 Obscuréd life sets down a type of bliss:  
 A mind' content loth crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

#### THE OLD BARN.

THE barn, the old barn, oh! its dark walls were  
 rife  
 With the records most fair in my tablet of life;  
 And a rare barn it was, for, search twenty  
 miles round,  
 Such another brave building was not to be found.

'Twas large as an ark, 'twas as strong as a church,  
 'Twas the chicken's resort, 'twas the young raven's  
 perch;  
 There the bat flapped his wings, and the owlet m...  
 screech,  
 Secure in the gable-ends, far out of reach.

For many a year had the harvest-home wain  
 Creaked up to its door with the last load of grain;  
 And 'twas evident time had been playing his pranks  
 With the moss-garnished roof and the storm-beaten  
 planks.



A wee thing, they tumbled me into its mow ;  
And left me to scramble out, Heaven knows how,  
A wild, merry girl, the old barn was the spot  
Which afforded delight that is still unforget.

'Twas a birthday, one scion was walking life's stage,  
In youth's proudest of characters—just come of age ;  
Many joys were devised—but the chosen of all  
Was to clear out the old barn, and " get up a ball."

We had prayed, we had hoped that the lanes might  
be dry,  
That no cloud would come over the moon-lighted sky ;  
But, alas ! 'twas November, and fog, sleet, and gloom  
Made the night of our jubilee dark as the tomb.

But, hark !—what loud voices—what rumbling of  
wheels—

What stepping in puddles—what tragical " squeals !"  
While close-tilted wagons and mud-spattered carts  
Set down a rare cargo of happy young hearts.

What a dance was the first—with what pleasure we  
went  
Down the middle and up, till our breathing was  
spent !  
Though Mnsard might have shrugged at a bit of a  
strife  
'Twixt the notes of the fiddle and key of the fife.

Then the rat-hunt—oh, mercy ! we hear poets speak  
Of the tug of fierce battle when " Greek joins with  
Greek ;"

But war held as wild and as deadly a reign  
When the terriers met the destroyers of grain.

The smith lent his bellows—the miller his sack, —  
It was lucky that business grew suddenly slack ;  
The thatcher was there, and the thatcher's boy too,  
And somehow, the butcher had nothing to do.

The Squire lent his whip and his voice to the fray ;  
He, of course, only " chanced to be riding that way ;"  
And the master—the ploughman—the rich and the  
poor,

Stood equality's jostling about the barn door.

There was lustling old Pincher, all licenceness and  
bark ;  
And even fat Dido, as gay as a lark ;  
Suap, Vixen, and Bob, and another full score,  
For though rats might be many—the dogs were oft  
more.

The barn was the place where the beams and the rope  
Gave our mischievous families plenty of scope ;  
And when rick-bines were found, knotted, severed,  
and frayed ;  
Not a word did we breathe of the swings we had  
made.

" Hide and seek " was the game that delighted us  
most,

When we stealthily crept behind pillar and post ;  
When the law was enforced that " home " should not  
be won  
Before we'd encircled the barn in our run.

I'd a merry heart then—but I scarcely know why  
I should look into memory's page with a sigh ;  
'Tis ungrateful to turn to the past with regret,  
When we hold a fair portion of happiness yet.

My laugh in that day was a spirited shout,  
But still it is heard to ring joyously out ;  
My friends were the warmest that childhood could  
find,

But those round me still are endearingly kind.

" Long ago " has too often awakened my soul,  
Till my brow gathered shade, and the tear-drop would  
roll ;

Down, down, busy thought, for the future may be  
As bright as the time of the old barn for me.

ELIZA COOK.

#### REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,  
And the glance of his knowing eye,  
And I knew that he thought he was cutting a  
dash,

As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,

Or flourish the Stanhope gay,

And dream that he looks exceeding big

To the people that walk in the way ;

But he shall think, when the night is still,

On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,

And the ghost of many a veteran bill

Shall hover around his slumbers ;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,

And constables cluster around him.

And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep

Where their spectre eyes have found him !

Ay ! gather your reins, and crack your thong,

And bid your steed go faster ;

He does not know, as he scarambles along,

That he has a fool for his master ;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,

Nor deign from the mire to save me ;

I will paddle it stoutly at your side

With the tandem that nature gave me !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### THE FARMER'S HOUSE.

FROM " EVANGELINE."

FIRMLY built with rafters of oak, the house  
of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the  
sea ; and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreath-  
ing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and  
a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a  
penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the  
roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of  
Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well  
with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for  
the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were  
the barns and the farm-yard,  
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique  
ploughs and the harrows;  
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his  
feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with  
the self-same  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
Peter.  
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.  
In each one  
far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a  
staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous  
corn-loft.  
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno-  
cent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant  
breezes  
Numberless noisy weatherecks rattled and sang of  
mutation.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE EARLY HOME.

**H**OME of our childhood! how affection clings  
And hovers round thee with her seraph  
wings!  
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn  
brown,  
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!  
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze  
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!  
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,  
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!  
O happiest they, whose early love unchanged,  
Hopes undissolved, and friendship unstranged,  
Tired of their wanderings, still can deign to see  
Love, hopes, and friendship, centring all in thee!

And thou, my village! as again I tread  
Amidst thy living, and above thy dead:  
Though some fair playmates guard with chaster fears  
Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of years:

Though with the dust some reverend toaks may blend,  
Where life's last mile-stone marks the journey's end;  
On every bud the changing year recalls,  
The brightening glance of morning memory falls,  
Still following onward as the months unclose  
The balmy lilac or the bridal rose:  
And still shall follow, till they sink once more  
Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen shore,  
As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,  
Furled in her port her tempest-ruled sail!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE WELCOME BACK.

**S**WEET is the hour that brings us home,  
Where all will spring to meet us;  
Where hands are striving as we come,  
To be the first to greet us.  
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,  
And care been sorely pressing;  
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,  
And find a fireside blessing.  
Oh! joyfully dear is the homeward track,  
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reck on a dreary way,  
Though lonely and benighted;  
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,  
And eyes that will beam, love-lighted?  
What is the worth of your diamond ray,  
To the glance that flashes pleasure;  
When the words that welcome back betray  
We form a heart's chief treasure?  
Oh! joyfully dear is our homeward track,  
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

ELIZA COOK.

## FOR ANNIE.

**T**HANK Heaven! the crisis,  
The danger is past  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last—  
And the fever called "Living"  
Is conquered at last.

Sally, I know,  
I am shorn of my strength,  
And no muscle I move  
As I lie at full length—  
But no matter!—I feel  
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly  
Now, in my bed,  
That any beholder  
Might fancy me dead—  
Might start at beholding me,  
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,  
The sighing and sobbing,

Are quieted now,  
 With that horrible throbbing  
 At heart—ah, that horrible,  
 Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,  
 The pitiless pain,  
 Have ceased, with the fever  
 That maddened my brain—  
 With the fever called "Living"  
 That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures  
*That* torture the worst  
 Has abated—the terrible  
 Torture of thirst  
 For the naphthaline river  
 Of passion accrues!  
 I have drunk of a water  
 That quenches all thirst,

Of a water that flows,  
 With a lullaby sound,  
 From a spring but a very few  
 Feet under ground—  
 From a cavern not very far  
 Down under ground.

And ah! let it never  
 Be foolishly said  
 That my room it is gloomy  
 And narrow my bed;  
 For man never slept  
 In a different bed—  
 And, to *sleep*, you must slumber  
 In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
 Here blandly reposes,  
 Forgetting, or never  
 Regretting, its roses—  
 Its old agitations  
 Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly  
 Lying, it fancies  
 A holier odor  
 About it, of pansies—  
 A rosemary odor,  
 Commingled with pauties,  
 With rue and the beautiful  
 Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
 Bathing in many  
 A dream of the truth  
 And the beauty of Annie—  
 Drowned in a bath  
 Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,  
 She fondly caressed,

And then I fell gently  
 To sleep on her breast—  
 Deeply to sleep  
 From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,  
 She covered me warm,  
 And she prayed to the angels  
 To keep me from harm—  
 To the queen of the angels  
 To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly  
 Now in my bed,  
 (Knowing her love,  
 That you fancy me dead;—  
 And I rest so contentedly  
 Now in my bed,  
 (With her love at my breast.)  
 That you fancy me dead—  
 That you shudder to look at me,  
 Thinking me dead:

But my heart it is brighter  
 Than all of the many  
 Stars in the sky;  
 For it sparkles with Annie—  
 It glows with the light  
 Of the love of my Annie—  
 With the thought of the light  
 Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

#### THE HAIR-PIN.

WHAT is home without a hair-pin,  
 When the glove hook can't be found,  
 And the street car is approaching,  
 To the northern depots bound?

Or the paper cutter's missing,  
 As the thrilling tale she reads;  
 And the hero's planned elopement  
 On an uncut page succeeds?

What is home without a hair-pin  
 Deftly bent upon the floor;  
 When one finds it, walking barefoot—  
 Hark, was that a voice that swore,

Sending echoes through the darkness,  
 With a swift profane dispatch,  
 Till they swarmed upon a toothpick  
 And became a parlor match?

Oh! the wicked little hair-pin—  
 Treacherous wire of dual point—  
 You were better hid in tresses  
 Than in wrenching out a joint!

J. H. ALDEN.

## A GRANDSIRE'S DREAM.

I SIT within my ingle-nook,  
So old and gray, I know,  
I close my eyes and backward look :  
'Tis fifty years ago—  
Ere youth has fled, or hope is dead,  
And life's sands running low.

The Christmas bells are chiming sweet  
( 'Tis fifty years ago).  
There comes the fall of fairy feet  
Across the trackless snow ;  
And hearts beat high, to pleasures nigh,  
Just fifty years ago.

From out the ivied manor-house  
I see a golden glow,  
And merry voices welcome us  
( 'Tis fifty years ago)—  
A laughing band stand hand in hand,  
A crowd pass to and fro.

In hall and homestead, great and small  
Sing blithely as they go ;  
The smile of one is smile of all  
( 'Tis fifty years ago),  
And hearts are light and eyes are bright,  
That Christmas long ago.

A face looks out from wealth of hair,  
That waves o'er brow of snow ;  
And brown eyes droop with shyest air  
( 'Tis fifty years ago),  
And cheeks are flushed and voices hushed  
To whispers sweet and low.

A kerchief crossed a swelling breast,  
The heart that throbbed below  
Grew restless with its own unrest ;  
For, ah, how could you know  
That I loved you, so well, so true,  
Just fifty years ago ?

We trod a measure through the hall  
With stately steps and slow—  
Once more I hear your footsteps fall,  
Your bright cheeks brighter glow,  
And you are mine, by right divine,  
Of love—long years ago !

Your dainty cap, your golden hair,  
Your muslin kerchief's snow ;  
Your tiny feet that cross the stair  
Less swift than mine, I know ;  
All these I hear and see, my dear,  
As fifty years ago.

How fair you looked ! How fond I loved !  
'Twas well it should be so ;  
I gaze upon your picture now  
Till tears begin to flow ;

And all the past is held as fast  
As fifty years ago.

It is not fifty years—and time  
Has stayed for us, I know ;  
We hear the merry Christmas chime,  
We see the falling snow ;  
And hand in hand so close we stand  
My love of long ago.

The voices sweet of friends who greet  
Are close to me, I trow ;  
The fire-gleams dance in radiant heat,  
The holly-berries glow.  
I have but dreamt of days I've spent  
Since fifty years ago.

Alas, who stands demurely here,  
With eyes of tender glow,  
So like the eyes of you, my dear,  
In days of long ago ?  
She smiles, I ween, at grandsire's dream  
Of fifty years ago !

## THE BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my  
childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to  
view !

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew !  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood  
by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,  
For often at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glow'ng,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it  
As poised on the emb it inclined to my lips !  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips,  
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well !

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

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J. H. ALDEN.

# SCENES IN NATURE.

## EVENING ON THE RIVER.

FROM "EVANGELINE."



SOFTLY the evening came. The sun  
from the western horizon  
Like a magician extended his gold-  
en wand o'er the landscape;  
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky  
and water and forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and  
melted and mingled together.  
Hanging between two skies, a  
cloud with edges of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motion-  
less water.  
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible  
sweetness.  
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of  
feeling  
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters  
around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,  
wildest of singers.  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the  
water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious  
music.  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring  
to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied  
Bacchantes.  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamen-  
tation;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad  
in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the  
tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on  
the branches.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE EARLY SPRING.

THIS spring-time on the eastern hills!  
Like torrents gush the summer rills;  
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves  
The bladed grass revives and lives,  
Pushes the mouldering waste away,  
And glimpses to the April day.  
In kindly shower and sunshine bud  
The branches of the dull gray wood;  
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks;

(48)

The southwest wind is warily blowing,  
And odors from the springing grass,  
The pine-tree and the sassafras,  
Are with it on its errands going.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,  
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!  
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!  
I'll make a commotion in every place!"  
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,  
Creaking the signs, and scattering down  
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,  
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls:  
There never was heard a much lustier shout,  
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;  
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes  
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went blustering and hum-  
ming,  
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;  
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,  
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows,  
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,  
They all turned their backs and stood sulkily mute.  
So on it went, capering, and playing its pranks,  
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,  
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,  
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags  
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:  
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke  
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.  
Through the forest it roared, and cried, gayly, "Now,  
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"  
And it made them bow without more ado,  
Or cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed, like a monster, on cottage and  
farm,  
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,  
So they ran out like bees when threatened with harm.  
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their  
caps,  
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps:  
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,  
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;  
There was rearing of ladders, and legs laying on,  
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be  
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LAF WHITTIER.

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THE COMING STORM.



But the wind had swept on, and met in a lane  
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain :  
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and  
he stood

With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.  
Then away went the wind in its holiday glee !  
And now it was far on the billowy sea ;  
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,  
And the little boats darted to and fro :—  
But, lo ! night came, and it sank to rest  
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,  
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,  
How little of mischief it had done !

WILLIAM HOWITT.

## THE FIRST ROBIN.

**T**HROUGH the chill of an early April rain  
I hear the note of a sweet refrain—  
Has the robin come so soon ?  
Heavy and dull are the skies without,  
And my heart is filled with a dreary doubt,  
But the song is a song of June.

O robin, robin, you shame my faith,  
Your cheery song to my spirit saith :  
" Believe, and away with fear :  
I am not afraid, though the cold winds blow,  
I am come at the call of God, and know  
That spring is surely here.

" So I seek my mate, and I build my nest,  
And I sing my song with a keener zest,  
For the joy that is yet to be ;  
Already the fullness of joy I share,  
When my nest shall swing in the summer air  
On the bough of the maple-tree."

Sing on, brave robin, your song shall be  
An inspiration of faith to me,  
I, too, will begin to sing.  
Though my heart is chilled, and my pulse is low,  
And my hopes lie buried under the snow,  
I am sure of a coming spring.

MARIA UPHAM PRAKE.

## THE RHODORA.

By Emerson was once asked if he knew the origin of this flower.  
The following was his reply.]

**I**N May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook ;  
The purple petals fallen in the pool  
Made the black waters with their beauty gay ;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora : if the sages ask thee why  
This charn is wasted on the marsh and sky,

4

Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,  
I never thought to ask ; I never knew,  
But in my simple ignorance suppose  
The self-same Power that brought me there  
brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE VIOLET.

**O** FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet !  
Thine odor, like a key,  
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let  
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow  
Blows through that open door,  
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low  
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar from that beloved place,  
And that beloved hour,  
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,  
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass,  
The lark sings o'er my head,  
Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass !  
I would that I were dead !

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,  
From which I ever flee ?  
O vanished door ! O love, that art no more !  
Let my vexed spirit be !

O violet ! thy odor, through my brain  
Hath searched, and stung to grief  
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain  
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

## DAWN.

**T**HROW up the window ! 'Tis a morn for life  
In its most subtle luxury. The air  
Is like a breathing from a rarer world ;  
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,  
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.  
It has come over gardens, and the flowers  
That kissed it are betrayed : for as it parts  
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,

I know it has been trifling with the rose,  
And stooping to the violet. There is joy  
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves  
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing  
As if to breathe were music, and the grass  
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,  
Like the small tribute of humility.



I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,  
And light was welcome to me. I looked out  
To feel the common air, and when the breath  
Of the delicious morning met my brow,  
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun  
Shone on familiar objects, it was like  
The feeling of the captive who comes forth  
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.

Oh, could we wake from sorrow! Were it all  
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside  
Like an untimely garment with the morn!  
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled  
By a sweet breath from nature, or the gloom  
Of a bereaved affection pass away  
With looking on the lively tint of flowers,  
How lightly were the spirit reconciled  
To make this beautiful, bright world its home!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

#### IN WINTER TWILIGHT.

**B**ITTER and bleak is the closing day;  
The wind goes wailing, the sky is gray,  
And there's never a bird on bough or spray—  
Alas, how dreary!

But summer will surely come again.  
The earth needs snow and cold and rain,  
Just as our hearts need grief and pain.  
And so be cheery!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

#### RAIN ON THE ROOF.

**W**HEN the humid shadows hover  
Over all the starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
What a joy to press the pillow  
Of a cottage chamber bed,  
And to listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart;  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start;  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their bright lines into woof  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother,  
As she used to, years ago,  
To survey her darling dreamers,  
Ere she left them till the dawn;  
Oh! I see her bending o'er me,  
As I list to this refrain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,  
With her wings and waving hair,  
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,  
A serene, angelic pair!  
Glide around my wakeful pillow  
With their praise or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur  
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me  
With her eyes' delicious blue,  
And forget I, gazing on her,  
That her heart was all untrue;  
I remember but to love her  
With a rapture kin to pain;  
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate  
To the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

#### MORNING PLEASURES.

**F**ALSELY luxurions, will not man awake,  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant and the silent hour,  
To meditation due and sacred song?

For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
The fleeting moments of too short a life;  
Total extinction of the enlightened soul!  
Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams  
Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
Longer than nature craves, when every muse  
And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?  
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,  
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering  
streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!  
Of all material beings, first and best!  
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapped  
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun,  
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen,  
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?  
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
As with a chain in lissoluble bound,  
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn  
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round  
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk  
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

JAMES THOMSON

## THE BLACK CANON.

THE midday sun in this deep gorge  
Resigns his old-time splendor,  
His palace walls of dreamy gold  
The rose-hues warm and tender.  
The cleft is dark below  
Where foaming flows the sombre river,  
The wild winds sigh and blossoms shiver,  
And violet mists ascending  
Obscure the orient glow.

O! rushing river emerald-hued,  
How mad thou art and fearless,  
No frowning gates, though granite-barred,  
Can curb thy waters fearless!  
The silent gods of stone

Revoke their ancient laws of might,  
When through the gorge with wing-swift flight  
Thy wind-tossed waves are speeding,  
Each moment wilder grown.

The faint stars shine in broad midday  
Through twilight mists, gold-rifted,  
Where opal streams make dizzy leaps  
O'er jasper walls blue rifted.  
Below no naiads dream  
'Neath dim arcades; through sunless deeps  
The nomad river lonely leaps,  
Where castled crags rise skyward  
Like watch-towers o'er the stream.

On massive cliff-walls Nature's hand  
Has turned time's sun-worn pages;  
In faces carved and figures hewn  
We trace the work of ages.  
The gold-tipped spires sublime,  
That pierce the sky like shafts of light,  
But mark the measureless heavenward height  
Of Nature's own cathedral,  
Whose stern high priest is Time.

In this grand temple eons old  
Her organ notes are pealing,  
In gold-flecked arch and wave-worn aisles  
The flower-nuns are kneeling;  
Her altars echo prayer,  
And when at dusk the cold moon shines,  
O! awful are the far white shrines,  
From earth to God unpreaching  
Through spirit-flooded air.

## THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,  
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;  
The westland wind is hush and still,  
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.  
Yet not the landscape to mine eye  
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;  
Though evening, with her richest dye,  
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,  
I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
And coldly mark the holy fane  
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.  
The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—  
Are they still such as once they were?  
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,  
How can it bear the painter's dye!  
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,  
How to the minstrel's skill reply!  
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;  
And Araby's or Eden's bowers  
Were barren as this moorland hill.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about in each leafy tree;  
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,  
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,  
With its airy chambers, light and boon,  
That open to sun and stars and moon,  
That open unto the bright blue sky,  
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nest in the forest bough;  
Those homes of delight they need not now;  
And the young and the old, they wander out,  
And traverse the green world round about;  
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,  
How one to the other they lovingly call:  
"Come up, come up," they seem to say,  
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway."

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,  
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air,"  
And the birds below give back the cry:  
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about in a leafy tree;  
And away through the air what joy to go,  
And look on the bright green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!  
What joy it must be, to sail, upborne  
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,  
To meet the young sun face to face,  
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Wherever it listeth there to flee;  
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,  
Dashing adown 'mid the waterfalls,

Then wheeling about with its mate at play,  
Above and below, and among the spray,  
Hither and thither, with screams as wild  
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;  
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,  
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
That gladdens some fairy region old!  
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be.

MARY HOWITT.

#### TO A NIGHTINGALE.

**S**WEET bird! that sing'st away the earthly  
hen,  
Of winter's pain, and spring void of care,  
Well pleased with delights which present are,  
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;  
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,  
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs  
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is removed  
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,  
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?  
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise  
To airs of spheres, and, yes, to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

#### ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

**H**AIL, beautiful stranger of the grove!  
Thou messenger of spring!  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant: with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the woods,  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, the new voice of the spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,  
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!

Oh 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.

#### TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

**W**HYY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
Speak grief in you  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teened her refreshing dew?  
Alas! ye have not known that shower  
That mars a flower;  
Nor felt the unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind;  
Nor are ye worn with years,  
Or warped as we  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young  
Speaking by tears before you have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known  
The reason why  
Ye droop and weep;  
Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish hillyaby?

Or that ye have not seen as yet  
The violet?

Or brought a kiss  
From that sweetheart to this?  
No, no; this sorrow shown  
By your tears shed,  
Would have this lecture read:  
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought  
forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

#### A DROP OF DEW.

**S**EE, how the orient dew,  
Shed from the bosom of the morn  
Into the blowing roses,  
Yet careless of its mansion new,  
For the clear region where 'twas born,  
Round in itself encloses,  
And in its little globe's extent  
Frames, as it can, its native element  
How it the purple flower does slight,  
Scarce touching where it lies;  
But gazing back upon the skies,  
Shines with a mournful light,  
Like its own tear,  
Because so long divided from the sphere:

Restless it rolls, and unsecure,  
Trembling, lest it grow impure,  
Till the warm sun pities its pain,  
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,  
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
Could it within the human flower be seen,

Remembering still its former height,  
Shuns the sweet leaves, the blossoms green ;  
And recoiling its own light,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts express  
The greater heaven of a heaven less.

In how eoy a figure wound,  
Every way it turns away ;

So the world excluding round,  
Yet receiving in the day :

Dark beneath, but bright above ;  
Here disdaining, here in love.

How loose and easy hence to go ;  
How girt and ready to ascend ;

Moving but on a point below,  
It all about does upward bend.

Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,  
White and entire, although congealed and chill ;  
Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run  
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

#### WHEN DAY MEETS NIGHT.

**B**UT to the west the spent day kisses night,  
And with one parting glow of passion dies  
In gold and red ; a woman's wistful eyes

Look out across the hills, a band of light  
Plays on her parted hair, there softly dwells,  
And throws a glory o'er her girlish dream ;

The sheep slow nestle down beside the stream,  
And cattle wander with their tinkling bells.

The clouds, sun-flushed, cling 'round the day's de-  
cline ;

The woman's eyes grow tender ; shadows creep ;  
Gold turns to gray ; a sharp dividing line

Parts earth and heaven. Adown the western height  
The calm cold dark has kissed the day to sleep ;

The wistful eyes look out across the night.

CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JR.

#### THE WILLOW.

**S**EE the soft green willow springing  
Where the waters gently pass,  
Every way her free arms flinging  
O'er the moist and reedy grass.

Long ere winter blasts are fled,  
See her tipped with vernal red,  
And her kindly flower displayed  
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,  
Patiently she droops a while,

But when showers and breezes hail her,  
Wears again her willing smile.  
Thus I learn contentment's power  
From the slighted willow bower,  
Ready to give thanks and live  
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,  
Up the stony vale I wind,  
Haply half in fancy grieving  
For the shades I leave behind,  
By the dusty wayside drear,  
Nightingales with joyous cheer  
Sing, my sadness to reprove,  
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

JOHN KEBLE.

#### AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

**W**OULD 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.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

#### TWILIGHT.

**T**HE sunrise waits behind heaven's gates,  
Unclosed of lagging morning ;  
In shadows slow the world below  
Fore-greets it, self-adorning.

The sweet song-bird is rising heard,  
The cold, gray light is growing,  
To herald still on every hill  
The red sun's royal flowing.

The still dark night foresees the light  
Before her head she lends us ;  
And waning far, the dwindling star  
Its mystic message sends us.

In glowing pride of prospect wide  
The firmament unclouds;  
And wakes to bliss with scooping kiss  
The petals of the roses.

The watch-dog's sleep, serene and deep,  
Breaks on the morning's breaking,  
And pillowed head that mocked the dead  
Frou dreau to work is waking.

The sons of toil in earth's turmoil  
Come forth ere day to labor;  
And lazy wealth outsleeps his health,  
To compensate his neighbor.

The world of sound springs up around,  
In murmurs waxing ever;  
And wearied men are armed again,  
To face the long endeavor.

We know not, we, what this may be,  
The mystery of ages,  
Which day by day writes lives away  
On unremembered pages.

But calm at least, they watch the east,  
For victory or disaster,  
Who firmly hold the best the old,  
And faith alone the master.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

#### THE FOLDED LEAF.

**L**O! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed, and turning yellow  
Falls, and floats adown the air.  
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.  
All its allotted length of days,  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### LOCH KATRINE.

**T**HE summer dawn's reflected hue  
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;  
Mildly and soft the western breeze  
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,  
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;  
The mountain-shadows on her breast  
Were neither broken nor at rest;  
In bright uncertainty they lie,  
Like future joys to fancy's eye.

The water-lily to the light  
Her chalice reared of silver bright;  
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
Beguimed with dewdrops, led her fawn;  
The gray mist left the mountain side,  
The torrent showed its glistening pride;  
Invisible in flecked sky,  
The lark sent down her revelry;  
The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;  
In answer cooed the cushat-dove,  
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### AUTUMN LEAVES.

"**C**OME, little leaves," said the wind one day—  
"Come o'er the meadows with me, and  
play;  
Put on your dresses of red and gold;  
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,  
Down they came fluttering, one and all;  
O'er the brown fields they danced and flew,  
Singing the soft little songs they knew:

"Cricket, good-by; we've been friends so long!  
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—  
Say you are sorry to see us go;  
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,  
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;  
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;  
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,  
Winter had called them and they were content,  
Soon fast asleep in their earthly beds,  
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

#### STORM AT NIGHT.

**T**HE sky is changed!—and such a change! O  
night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous  
strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud.  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the fit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
And the *og* ram comes dancing to the earth !  
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way be-  
tween

Heights which appear as lovers who have parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, though broken-  
hearted ;  
Though in their souls, which thus each other  
thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then de-  
parted :—

Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years all winters—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his  
way,

The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :  
For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,  
Flashing and east around ; of all the band,  
The brightest through these parled hills hath forked  
His lightnings—as if he did understand,  
That in such gaps as desolation worked,  
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein  
lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !  
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul,  
To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll  
Of your departing voices is the knoll  
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest,  
But where of ye, oh tempest ! is the goal ?  
Are ye like those within the human breast ?  
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

LORD BYRON.

#### TO DAFFODILS.

**F**AIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon ;  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song ;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die

As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

#### THE GROVE.

**F**ALL, old patrician trees, so great and good !  
Hail, ye plebeian underwood !  
Where the poetic birds repose  
And for their quiet nests and plentiful food  
Pay with their grateful voice.

Here nature does a house for me erect,  
Nature, the wisest architect !  
Who those fond artists does despise,  
That can the fair and living trees neglect,  
Yet the dead timber prize.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

#### NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.

**W**ITH brine upon its breath the soft breeze  
floats  
Up from the gulf, across the planted  
lands

Where rice crops ripen, and the young cane stands,  
Its soft susurrus blending with the notes  
That pour from myriads of piping throats,  
Whose minstrelsy the ear of night commands ;  
While move, to deeper seas and wider strands,  
The sombre river and its silent boats.  
From hedge, and grove and tall, deep verdured trees  
The dulcet winds delicious odors comb ;  
While stars infinituple over these  
In upper silences have made their home,  
And seem like multitudes of golden bees  
Swarming in some vast temple's concave dome.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

#### SONG TO THE VIOLET.

**V**IOLET ! sweet violet !  
Thine eyes are full of tears ;  
Are they wet  
Even yet  
With the thought of other years ;  
Or with gladness are they full,  
For the night so beautiful,  
And longing for those far-off spheres ?  
Loved one of my youth thou wast,  
Of my merry youth,  
And I see  
Tearfully,  
All the fair and sunny past,  
All its openness and truth,  
Ever fresh and green in thee  
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath, with love  
Grown colored like the sky above,

On which thou lookest ever,  
Can it know  
All the woe

Of hope for what returneth never,  
All the sorrow and the longing  
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it! no foolish pining  
For the sky

Dims thine eye,

Or for the stars so calmly shining;  
Like thee, let this soul of mine

Take hue from that wherefor I long,  
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,  
Not satisfied with hoping, but divine.

Violet! dear violet!

Thy blue eyes are only wet

With joy and love of Him who sent thee,

And for the fulfilling sense

Of that glad obedience

Which made thee all that nature meant thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### THE EVENING STAR.

**L**O! in the painted oriel of the west,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
Like a fair lady at her enlacement, shines  
The evening star, the star of love and rest!

And then anon she doth herself divest

Of all her radiant garments, and reels  
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,  
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!

My morning and my evening star of love!

My best and gentlest lady! even thus,

As that fair planet in the sky above,

Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,

And from thy darkened window fades the light.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### APRIL.

**I**HAVE found violets. April hath come on.  
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain  
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.  
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve  
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,  
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in  
His beautiful, bright neck; and, from the hills,  
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea,  
Tells the release of waters, and the earth  
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves  
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know  
That nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard  
The dropping of the velvet foot of spring.  
Take of my violets! I found them where  
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank  
That leaped to running water.

There's to me  
A daintiness about these early flowers,  
That touches me like poetry. They blow  
With such a simple loveliness among  
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out  
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts  
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.  
I love to go in the capricious days  
Of April and hunt violets, when the rain  
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod  
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.  
It may be deemed too idle, but the young  
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,  
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!  
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,  
And read it, when the "fever of the world"  
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life  
Hath yet one spring unpoisoned, it will be  
Like a beguiling music to its flow,  
And you will no more wonder that I love  
To hunt for violets in the April-time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

#### AT THE BROOKSIDE.

**A**ND now my memory fondly plays  
Around the haunts of boyhood days—  
The days made up of fairy dreaming—  
The days with joy and hope full teeming;  
When nature seemed more fair by far,  
In light of sun and twinkling star;  
When every flower and shrub and tree  
Seemed made for happiness—and me!  
Oft would I rounp o'er field and hill  
That skirted round a moss-grown mill,  
Whose wheel hung listless at its side,  
Nor answered to the coaxing tide  
That played about its ragged edge  
A while, then wandered through the sedge,  
Then on to where, with breast so meek,  
It lay and kissed the lily's cheek.

Oh, wild the days, and wild the joy  
That owned and blessed that fair-haired boy!  
Oft would he tire and turn his feet  
To seek a spot—a sweet retreat  
He knew lay hidden 'mong the trees—  
And lay him down in idle ease;  
A soft, green carpet floored the nook,  
And at his feet a chattering brook  
Run ceaseless, and with soothing numbers  
Soon would it lull him into slumbers.

O, boy! O, brook! Through changeful years  
How well the picture holds and wears!  
Here on his heart, 'tis graven bold,  
Although the sunny locks of gold  
That clustered round that careless brow  
Are changed to glistening silver now.

JULIAN SHALLCROSS.



## THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE CHILD ON THE BEACH.

MARY, a beautiful, artless child,  
Came down on the beach to me,  
Where I sat, and a pensive hour beguiled  
By watching the restless sea.

I never had seen her face before,  
And mine was to her unknown ;  
But we each rejoiced on that peaceful shore  
The other to meet alone.

Her cheek was the rose's opening bud,  
Her brow of an ivory white ;  
Her eyes were bright as the stars that stud  
The sky of a cloudless night.

To reach my side as she gayly sped,  
With the step of a bounding fawn,  
The pebbles scarce moved beneath her tread,  
Ere the little light foot was gone.

With the love of a holier world than this  
Her innocent heart seemed warm ;  
While the glad young spirit looked out with bliss  
From its shrine in her sylph-like form.

Her soul seemed spreading the scene to span  
That opened before her view,  
And longing for power to look the plan  
Of the universe fairly through.

She climbed and stood on the rocky steep,  
Like a bird that would mount and fly  
Far over the waves, where the broad, blue deep  
Rolled up to the bending sky.

She placed her lips to the spiral shell,  
And breathed through every fold ;  
She looked for the depth of its pearly cell,  
As a miser would look for gold.

Her small white fingers were spread to toss  
The foam as it reached the strand :  
She ran them along in the purple moss,  
And over the sparkling sand.

The green sea-egg, by its tenant left,  
And formed to an ocean cup,  
She held by its sides, of their spears bereft,  
To fill, as the waves rolled up.

But the hour went round, and she knew the space  
Her mother's soft word assigned ;  
While she seemed to look with a saddening face  
On all she must leave behind.

She searched mid the pebbles, and finding one  
Smooth, clear, and of amber dye,  
She held it up to the morning sun,  
And over her own mild eye.

Then, " Here," said she, " I will give you this,  
That you may remember me !"  
And she sealed her gift with a parting kiss,  
And fled from beside the sea.

Mary, thy token is by me yet :  
To me 'tis a dearer gem  
Than ever was brought from the mine, or set  
In the loftiest diadem.

It carries me back to the far-off deep,  
And places me on the shore,  
Where theauteous child, who bade me keep  
Her pebble, I meet once more.

And all that is lovely, pure, and bright,  
In a soul that is young, and free  
From the stain of guile, and the deadly blight  
Of sorrow, I find in thee.

I wonder if ever thy tender heart  
In memory meets me there,  
Where thy soft, quick sigh, as we had to part,  
Was caught by the ocean air.

Blest one ! over time's rude shore on thee  
May an angel guard attend,  
And " a white stone bearing a new name " be  
Thy passport when time shall end !

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

## THE HUNTER'S SONG.

RISE ! Sleep no more ! 'Tis a noble morn.  
The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,  
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten  
hound,

Under the steaming, steaming ground.  
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,  
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky !  
Our horses are ready and steady—So, ho  
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.



Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn  
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?  
The horn—the horn!

The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,  
And over the stream at a mighty bound,  
And over the high lands, and over the low,  
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!  
Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,  
So flieeth the hunter, away—away!

From the burst at the cover till set of sun,  
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done.  
Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?  
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:  
The horn—the horn!

The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good  
What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?  
Right o'er he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,  
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.  
Oh, what delight can a mortal lack,  
When he once is firm on his horse's back,  
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,  
And the blast of the horn for his morning song?  
Hark, hark!—Now, home! and dream till morn  
Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!  
The horn—the horn!

Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

#### IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

**T**HE sun is bright, the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue-bird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight!  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest;  
For time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE LIFE-BOAT.

**T**IS sweet to behold, when the billow<sup>s</sup> are  
sleeping,  
Some gay-colored bark moving gracefully by:  
No damp on her deck but the even-tide's  
weeping,  
No breath in her sails but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet who would not turn, with a fonder emotion,  
To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and worn,  
Which often hath watted, o'er hills of the ocean,  
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn!

Oh! grant that of those who in life's sunny slumber  
Around us like summer-barks idly have played,  
When storms are abroad we may find in the number  
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.

THOMAS MOORE

#### MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

WRITTEN AT WEST POINT.

**I**'M not romantic, but, upon my word,  
There are some moments when one can't help  
feeling  
As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirred  
By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing  
A little music in his soul still lingers,  
Whene'er its keys are touched by nature's fingers.

And even here, upon this settee lying,  
With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing,  
Thoughts waru and wild are through my bosom flyin,  
Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing:  
For who can look on mountain, sky, and river,  
Like these, and then be cold and calm as ever?

Bright Dian, who, Camilla-like, dost skim yon  
Azure fields—thou who, once earthward bending,  
Didst loose thy virgin zone to young Endymion,  
On dewy Latmos to his arms descending—  
Thou whom the world of old on every shore,  
Type of thy sex, Triformis, did adore:

Tell me—where'er thy silver bark be steering,  
By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,  
Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,  
Whose pearl-charged waves dissolve on coral  
strands;

Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,  
A lovelier stream than this the wide world over?

Both Achelöus or Araxes, flowing  
Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er-meeting broth-  
ers—

Doth Tagus, o'er his golden pavement glowing,  
Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of  
mothers,

The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquiver—  
Match they in beauty my own glorious river?

What though no cloister gray nor ivied column  
 Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?  
 What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn  
 Of despots tell and superstition here—  
 What though that mouldering fort's fast-erumbling  
 walls  
 Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls—

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud  
 An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal—  
 As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd  
 As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,  
 When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day  
 Called forth chivalric host to battle fray:

For here amid these woods did he keep court,  
 Before whose mighty soul the common crowd  
 Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,  
 Are like the patriarch's sheaves to Heaven's chosen  
 bowed—

He who his country's eagle taught to soar,  
 And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world has wonder-  
 dored

Within these wild ravines have had their birth;  
 Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have  
 thundered,

And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;  
 And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary  
 But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-souled memories only  
 Is every moon-kissed headland round me gleaming,  
 Each caverned glen and leafy valley lonely,  
 And silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming:  
 But such soft fancies here may breathe around,  
 As make Vancluse and Clarens hallowed ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night—  
 Thou that to love so oft has lent thy soul,  
 Since the lorn Lesbian languished 'neath thy light,  
 Or fiery Romeo to his Juliet stole—  
 Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth  
 To nurse young love in hearts like theirs to birth?

O, loiter not upon that fairy shore,  
 To watch the lazy barks in distance glide,  
 When sunset brightens on their sails no more,  
 And stern-lights twinkle in the dusky tide—  
 Loiter not there, young heart, at that soft hour,  
 What time the bird of night proclaims love's power.

Even as I gaze upon my memory's track,  
 Bright as that coil of light along the deep,  
 A scene of early youth comes dream-like back,  
 Where two stand gazing from yon tide-washed  
 steep—

A sanguine stripling, just toward manhood flushing,  
 A girl scarce yet in ripened beauty blushing.

The hour is his—and, while his hopes are soaring,  
 Doubts he that maiden will become his bride?  
 Can she resist that gush of wild adoring,  
 Fresh from a heart full-volumed as the tide?  
 Tremulous, but radiant is that peerless daughter  
 Of loveliness—as is the star-paved water!

The moist leaves glimmer as they glimmered then—  
 Alas! how oft have they been since renewed!  
 How oft the whip-poor-will from yonder glen  
 Each year has whistled to her callow brood!  
 How oft have lovers by yon star's same beam  
 Dreamed here of bliss—and wakened from their  
 dream!

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending,  
 Thy pearly ear hangs o'er yon mountain's crest,  
 And night, more nearly now each step attending,  
 As if to hide thy envied place of rest,  
 Closes at last thy very couch beside,  
 A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting:  
 While through the shadowy boughs thy glances  
 quiver,

As of the good when heavenward hence departing,  
 Shines thy last smile upon the placid river,  
 So—could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray—  
 Would I too steal from this dark world away.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

#### SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

**F**AYE, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day;  
 Wide and far be the Hempseed sown;  
 And bravely I'll stand on the autumn land,  
 When the rains have dropped and the  
 winds have blown

Man shall carefully gather me up;  
 His hand shall rule and my form shall change;  
 Not as a mate for the purple of state,  
 Nor into ought that is "rich and strange."  
 But I shall come forth all woven and spun,  
 With my fine threads enlaid in serpent length;  
 And the fire-wrought chain and the lion's thick mane  
 Shall be rivalled by me in mighty strength.  
 I have many a place in the busy world,  
 Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;  
 I carry the freeman's flag unfurled;  
 I am linked to childhood's darling toy.  
 Then scatter me wide, and huckle me wet;  
 For a varied tale can the Hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring,  
 Where the foot of the proud man cometh not;  
 Where the dolphin leaps and the sea-weed creeps  
 O'er the rifted sand and the coral grot.  
 Down, down below I merrily go  
 When the huge ship takes her rocking rest:  
 The waters may chafe, but she dwelleth as safe  
 As the young bird in its woodland nest.

I wreath the spars of that same fair ship,  
 Where the gaudy sea-hearts cling about :  
 Springing aloft with a song on the lip,  
 Putting their faith in the cordage stout,  
 I am true when the blast sways the giant mast,  
 Straining and stretched in a nor'-west gale,  
 I abide with the bark in the day and the dark,  
 Lashing the hammock and reefing the sail.  
 Oh ! the billows and I right fairly cope,  
 And the wild tide is stemmed by the cable rope.

Sons of evil, bad and bold,  
 Madly ye live and little ye reel ;  
 Till I am noosed in a coiling fold  
 Ready to hug your felon neck.  
 The yarn is smooth and the knot is sure ;  
 I will be firm to the task I take ;  
 Thinly they twine the halter line,  
 Yet when does the halter hitch or break ?  
 My leaves are light and my flowers are bright—  
 Fit for an infant hand to clasp ;  
 But what think ye of me, 'neath the gibbet tree,  
 Dangling high in the hangman's grasp ?  
 Oh ! a terrible thing does the Hempseed seem  
 'Twixt the hollow floor and stout crossbeam.

The people rejoice, the banners are spread ;  
 There is frolic and feasting in cottage and hall ;  
 The festival shout is echoing out  
 From trellised porch and Gothic wall.  
 Merry souls hie to the belfry tower,  
 Gaily they laugh when I am found ;  
 And rare music they make, till the quick peals  
 shake

The ivy that wraps the turret round,  
 The Hempseed lives with the old church bell,  
 And helpeth the holiday ding-dong-dell.

The sunshine falls on a new-made grave—  
 The funeral train is long and sad :  
 The poor man has come to the happiest home  
 And easiest pillow he ever had.  
 I shall be there to lower him down  
 Gently into his narrow bed ;  
 I shall be there, the work to share,  
 To guard his feet, and cradle his head.  
 I may be seen on the hillock green,  
 Flung aside with the bleaching skull ;  
 While the earth is thrown with worm and bone,  
 Till the sexton has done, and the grave is full.  
 Back to the gloomy vault I'm borne,  
 Leaving coffin and nail to crumble and rust ;  
 There I am laid with the mattock and spade,  
 Moistened with tears and clogged with dust.  
 Oh ! the Hempseed cometh in doleful shape  
 With the mourner's cloak and sable crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glittering wheat  
 The barn shall be opened, the stack shall be piled ;  
 Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,  
 And the berry-stained arms of the gleaner child.

Heap on, heap on, till the wagon-ribs creak,  
 Let the sheaves go towering to the sky ;  
 Up with the shock till the broad wheels rock,  
 Fear not to carry the rich freight high ;  
 For I will infold the tottering gold,  
 I will fetter the rolling load ;  
 Not an ear shall escape my binding hold,  
 On the furrowed field or jolting road.  
 Oh ! the Hempseed hath a fair place to fill,  
 With the harvest band on the corn-crowned hill.

My threads are set in the heaving net,  
 Out with the fisher-boy far at sea ;  
 While he whistles a tune to the lonely moon,  
 And trusts for his morrow's bread to me.  
 Toiling away through the dry summer-day,  
 Round and round I steadily twist ;  
 And bring from the cell of the deep old well  
 What is rarely prized, but sorely missed.  
 In the whirling swing—in the peg-top string ;  
 There am I, a worshipped slave—  
 On ocean and earth I'm a goodly thing ;  
 I serve from the playground to the grave.  
 I have many a place in the busy world,  
 Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy ;  
 I carry the freeman's flag unfurled,  
 And am linked to childhood's darling toy ;  
 Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well ;  
 And a varied tale shall the Hempseed tell.

ELIZA COOK.

#### TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

**B**URLY, dozing humble-bee !  
 Where thou art is clime for me ;  
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
 Far-off heats through seas to seek.—  
 I will follow thee alone,  
 Thou animated torrid zone !  
 Zig-zag steerer, desert chequer,  
 Let me chase thy waving lines ;  
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
 Joy of thy dominion !  
 Sailor of the atmosphere ;  
 Swimmer through the waves of air,  
 Voyager of light and noon,  
 Epicurean of June !  
 Wait, I prithee, till I come  
 Within carshot of thy hum—  
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May lays,  
 With a net of shining haze  
 Silvers the horizon wall ;  
 And, with softness touching all,  
 Tints the human countenance  
 With the color of romance :

And infusing subtle heats  
Turns the sod to violets—  
Thou in sunny solitudes,  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,  
In Indian wildernesses found;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen;  
But violets, and bilberry bells,  
Maple sap, and daffodils,  
Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern, and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,  
And brier-roses, dwelt among:  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.  
Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher,  
Seeing only what is fair,

Snipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.  
When the fierce north-western blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast—  
Thou already slumberest deep;  
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE SPANISH HERDSMAN.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

JUST where the woodlands met the flowery surf of  
the prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle  
and stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of  
deerskin.  
Broad and brown was the face that from under the  
Spanish sombrero  
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of  
its master.  
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that  
were grazing  
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory  
freshness  
That arose from the river, and spread itself over the  
landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and ex-  
panding  
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that re-  
sounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air  
of the evening.  
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the  
cattle  
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of  
ocean.  
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed  
o'er the prairie,  
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the  
distance.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary laborer free!  
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,  
That send'st it from above,  
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,  
Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,  
And songs when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,  
Parted lovers on thee muse;  
Their remembrancer in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven,  
By absence, from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPELL.

## EVENING IN THE ALPS.

COME, golden evening! in the west  
Enthroned the storm-dispealing sun,  
And let the triple rainbow rest  
O'er all the mountain-tops. 'Tis done:—  
The tempest ceases; bold and bright,  
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;  
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—  
Mont Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit;—spread  
The world of shadows at thy feet;  
And mark how calmly, overhead,  
The stars, like saints in glory, meet.  
While hid in solitude sublime,  
Methinks I muse on nature's tomb,  
And hear the passing foot of time  
Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,  
From precipice to precipice  
An avalanche's ruins dash  
Down to the nethermost abyss,  
Invisible: the ear alone  
Pursues the uproar till it dies;  
Echo to echo, groan for groan,  
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,  
Darkness that may be felt;—but soon  
The silver-clouded east reveals  
The midnight spectre of the moon.  
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,  
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme  
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,  
With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights  
Unreal mockeries appear;  
With blacker shadows, glastlier lights,  
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;  
A crowd of apparitions pale!  
I hold my breath in chill suspense—  
They seem so exquisitely frail—  
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;  
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,  
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,  
As beautiful as Dian's face:  
Pride of the land that gave me birth!  
All that thy waves reflect I love,  
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,  
Looks fairer than above.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!  
Buildings of God, not made with hands,  
Whose word performs whate'er he wills,  
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;  
Can there be eyes that look on you,  
Till tears of rapture make them dim,  
Nor in his works the Maker view,  
Then lose his works in him?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

#### THE DOVE.

**S**TOOP to my window, thou beautiful dove!  
Thy daily visits have touched my love.  
I watch thy coming, and list the note  
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,  
And my joy is high  
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,  
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?  
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,  
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?  
How canst thou bear  
This noise of pecking—this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feathered race  
Dost look unscared on the human face;  
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,  
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;  
And the "gentle dove"  
Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!  
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word!  
Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild  
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child;  
And thy glossy wings  
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance, Thou art set apart,  
Wisely by him who has tamed thy heart,  
To stir the love for the bright and fair  
That else were sealed in this crowded air;  
I sometimes dream  
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves  
The page I read, to my humble eaves,  
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,  
And murmur thy low sweet music out!  
I hear and see  
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLS.

#### THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

**W**OULDST thou view the lion's den?  
Search afar from haunts of men—  
Where the reed-encircled rill  
Oozes from the rocky hill,  
By its verdure far described  
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedge brim,  
Couchant, lurks the lion grim;  
Watching till the close of day  
Brings the death-devoted prey.  
Heedless at the ambushed brink  
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink.

Upon him straight, the savage springs  
With cruel joy. The desert rings  
With clanging sound of desperate strife—  
The prey is strong, and he strives for life.  
Plunging off with frantic bound  
To shake the tyrant to the ground.  
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,  
With glaring eye and headlong haste  
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize  
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.  
For life—the victim's utmost speed  
Is mustered in this hour of need.

For life—for life—his giant might  
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;  
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,  
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.  
'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking  
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking:

The victor's fangs are in his veins—  
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains;  
His panting breast in foam and gore  
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.  
He falls—and, with convulsive throes,  
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!—  
And lo! ere quivering life is fled,  
The vultures, wheeling overhead,  
Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,  
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

THOMAS FRINGLE.

## MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF OCEAN.

And the people of this place say, that, at certain seasons, beautiful sounds are heard from the ocean

MAVOR'S VOYAGES.

LONELY and wild it rose,  
That strain of solemn music from the sea,  
As though the bright air trembled to disclose  
An ocean mystery.

Again a low, sweet tone,  
Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,  
Just bade the excited thought its presence own,  
Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,  
Struggling and swelling from the heaving plain,  
Thrilled a rich peal triumphantly around,  
And fled again.

O, boundless deep! we know  
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom concealed,  
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow  
Sunlight is sealed.

And an eternal spring  
Shows her rich colors with unsparing hand,  
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling  
O'er golden sand.

But tell, O, restless main!  
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,  
That thus the watery realm cannot contain  
The joy they breathe?

Emblem of glorious might!  
Are thy wild children like thyself arrayed,  
Strong in immortal and unchecked delight,  
Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,  
Toiling with woe, and passion's fiery sting,  
Like their own home, where storms or peace preside,  
As the winds bring!

Alas for human thought!  
How does it flee existence, worn and old,  
To win companionship with beings wrought  
Of finer mould!

'Tis vain—the reckless waves  
Join with loud revel the dim ages flown,  
But keep each secret of their hidden caves  
Dark and unknown.

F. S. ECKARD.

## LAKE ERIE.

THESE lovely shores! how lone and still  
A hundred years ago,  
The unbroken forest stood above,  
The waters dashed below:  
The waters of a lonely sea,  
Where never sail was furled,  
Embosomed in a wilderness,  
Which was itself a world.

A hundred years! go back; and lo!  
Where, closing in the view,  
Juts out the shore, with rapid oar  
Darts round a frail canoe.  
'Tis a white voyager, and see,  
His prow is westward set  
O'er the calm wave: hail to thy boat,  
World-seeking bark, Marquette!

The lonely bird, that picks his food  
Where rise the waves, and sink,  
At their strange coming, with shrill scream,  
Starts from the sandy brink;  
The fishhawk, hanging in mid sky,  
Floats o'er on level wing,  
And the savage from his covert looks,  
With arrow on the string.

A hundred years are past and gone,  
And all the rocky coast  
Is turreted with shining towns,  
An empire's noble boast.  
And the old wilderness is changed  
To cultured vale and hill;  
And the circuit of its mountains  
An empire's numbers fill.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.

## THE BIRTH OF THUNDER.

LOOK, white man, well on all around,  
These hoary oaks, those boundless plains;  
Tread lightly; this is holy ground:  
Here Thunder, awful spirit! reigns.  
Look on those waters far below,  
So deep beneath the prairie sleeping,  
The summer sun's meridian glow  
Scarce warms the sands their waves are heaping;  
And scarce the bitter blast can blow  
In winter on their icy cover;  
The wind sprite may not stoop so low,  
But bows his head and passes over.

Perched on the top of yonder pine,  
 The heron's billow-searching eye  
 Can scarce his finny prey desery,  
 Glad leaping where their colors shine.  
 Those lakes, whose shores but now we trod,  
 Sears deeply on earth's bosom dinted,  
 Are the strong impress of a god,  
 By Thunder's giant foot imprinted.  
 Nay, stranger, as I live, 'tis truth !  
 The lips of those who never lied  
 Repeat it daily to our youth.  
 Famed heroes, erst my nation's pride,  
 Beheld the wonder ; and our sages  
 Gave down the tale to after ages.  
 Dost not believe ? though blooming fair  
 The flowerets court the breezes coy,  
 Though now the sweet-grass scents the air,  
 And sunny nature basks in joy,  
 It is not ever so.

Come when the lightning flashes,  
 Come when the forest crashes,  
 When shrieks of pain and woe  
 Break on thine ear-drum thick and fast,  
 From ghosts that shiver in the blast ;  
 Then shalt thou know and bend the knee  
 Before the angry deity.

W. J. SNELLING.

## THE ANGLER.

**O**H! the gallant fisher's life,  
 It is the best of any :  
 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
 And 'tis beloved by many ;  
 Other joys  
 Are but toys ;  
 Only this  
 Lawful is :  
 For our skill  
 Breeds no ill,  
 But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,  
 Ere Aurora's peeping ;  
 Drink a cup to wash our eyes,  
 Leave the sluggard sleeping ;  
 Then we go,  
 To and fro,  
 With our knacks  
 At our backs.  
 To such streamas  
 As the Thames ;  
 If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad  
 For our recreation :  
 In the fields is our abode,  
 Full of delectation.  
 Where, in a brook,  
 With a hook—

Or a lake,  
 Fish we take ;  
 There we sit,  
 For a bit,  
 Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,  
 We have paste and worms too ;  
 We can watch both night and morn,  
 Suffer rain and storms too ;  
 None do here  
 Use to swear,  
 Oaths do fray  
 Fish away ;  
 We sit still,  
 Watch our quill :  
 Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat  
 Make our bodies swelter,  
 To an osier hedge we get,  
 For a friendly shelter,  
 Where—in a dyke,  
 Perch or pike,  
 Roach or daice,  
 We do chase,  
 Bleak or gudgeon,  
 Without grudging ;  
 We are still contented.

Or, we sometimes pass an hour  
 Under a green willow,  
 That defends us from a shower,  
 Making earth our pillow ;  
 Where we may  
 Think and pray,  
 Before death  
 Stops our breath ;  
 Other joys  
 Are but toys,  
 And to be lamented.

JOHN CHALKHILL

## THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

**S**ING, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !  
 Meet the morn upon the lea ;  
 Are the emeralds of the spring  
 On the angler's trysting-tree ?  
 Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me !  
 Are there buds on our willow-tree ?  
 Buds and birds on our trysting-tree ?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !  
 Have you met the honey-bee,  
 Circling upon rapid wing,  
 Round the angler's trysting-tree ?  
 Up, sweet thrushes, up and see !  
 Are there bees at our willow-tree ?  
 Birds and bees at the trysting-tree.



Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !  
 Are the fountains gushing free?  
 Is the south wind wandering  
 Through the angler's trysting-tree?  
 Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me !  
 Is there wind up our willow-tree?  
 Wind or calm at our trysting-tree ?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !  
 Wile us with a me. glee ;  
 To the flowery haunts of spring—  
 To the angler's trysting-tree.  
 Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me !  
 Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?  
 Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree ?

THOMAS TON STODDART.

## AFAR IN THE DESERT.

**A** FAR in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,  
 And, sick of the present, I cling to the past ;  
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,  
 From the fond recollections of former years ;  
 And shadows of things that have long since fled  
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead :  
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon ;  
 Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon ;  
 Attachments by fate or falsehood left ;  
 Companions of early days lost or left—  
 And my native land—whose magical name  
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;  
 The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;  
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time  
 When the feelings were young, and the world was new,  
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;  
 All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone !  
 And I—a lone exile remembered of none—  
 My high aims abandoned—my good aets undone—  
 Aweary of all that is under the sun—  
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may  
 see,  
 I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—  
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear—  
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—  
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,  
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;  
 When my bosom is full and my thoughts are high,  
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—  
 Oh ! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,  
 Afar in the desert alone to ride !  
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,  
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,  
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—  
 The only law of the Desert Land !

5

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
 Away—away from the dwellings of men,  
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;  
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,  
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the harté-beest graze,  
 And the kudu and eland un hunted recline  
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine ;  
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,  
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,  
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
 O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry  
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;  
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh  
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;  
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;  
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,  
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,  
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,  
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view  
 In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
 Away—away—in the wilderness vast  
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,  
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan  
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan :  
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;  
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;  
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,  
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;  
 And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,  
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink ;  
 A region of drought, where no river glides,  
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;  
 Where sedey pool, nor bubbling fount,  
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,  
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye ;  
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,  
 And the blank horizon, round and round,  
 Spread—void of living sight or sound.  
 And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,  
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky.  
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,  
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,  
 "A still small voice" comes through the wild  
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),  
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,  
 Saying : Man is distant, but God is near !

THOMAS PRINGLE.



## THE SONG OF THE PRAIRIE.

**F**LY to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me,  
'Tis as green and as wide and as wild as the  
sea :

O'er its soft silken bosom the summer winds  
glide,  
And wave the wild grass in its billowy pride.

The city's a prison too narrow for thee—  
Then away to the prairies so boundless and free :  
Where the sight is not checked till the prairie and  
skies,  
In harmony blending, commingle their dyes.

The fawns in the meadow-fields fearlessly play—  
Away to the chase, lovely maiden, away !  
Bound, bound to thy courser, the bison is near,  
And list to the tramp of the light-footed deer.

Let England exult in her dogs and her chase—  
O! what's a king's park to this limitless space !  
No fences to leap and no thickets to turn,  
No owners to injure, no furrows to spurn.

But, softly as thine on the carpeted hall,  
Is heard the light foot of the courser to fall ;  
And close-matted grass no impression receives.  
As ironless hoofs bound aloft from the leaves.

O, fly to the prairie! the eagle is there :  
He gracefully wheels in the cloud-speckled air ;  
And, timidly hiding her delicate young,  
The prairie-hen hushes her beautiful song.

O, fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me !  
The vine and the prairie-rose blossom for thee ;  
And, hailing the moon in the prairie-propped sky,  
The mocking-bird echoes the katydid's cry.

Let Mexicans boast of their herds and their steeds,  
The free prairie-hunter no shepherd-boy needs ;  
The bison, like clouds, overshadow the place,  
And the wild, spotted coursers invite to the chase.

The farmer may boast of his grass and his grain—  
He sows them in labor, and reaps them in pain ;  
But here the deep soil no exertion requires,  
Enriched by the ashes, and cleared by the fires.

The woodman delights in his trees and his shades ;  
But see! there's no sun on the cheek of his maid ;  
His flowers are faded, his blossoms are pale,  
And mildew is riding his vaporous gale.

Then fly to the prairie! in wonder there gaze,  
As sweeps o'er the grass the magnificent blaze,  
The land is o'erwhelmed in an ocean of light,  
Whose flame-surges break in the breeze of the night.

Sublime from the north comes the wind in his wrath,  
And scatters the reeds in his desolate path ;  
Or, loaded with incense, steals in from the west,  
As bees from the prairie-rose fly to their nest.

O, fly to the prairie! for freedom is there !  
Love lights not that home with the torch of despair !  
No wretch to entreat, and no lord to deny,  
No gossips to slander, no neighbor to pry.

But, struggling not there the heart's impulse to hide,  
Love leaps like the fount from the crystal-rock side.  
And strong as its adamant, pure as its spring,  
Waves wildly in sunbeams his rose-colored wing.

I. K. NUTCHELL.

## TO THE MAGNOLIA.

**W**HEN roaming o'er the marshy field,  
Through tangled brako and treacherous  
slough,

We start, that spot so foul should yield,  
Chaste blossom! such a balm as thou.  
Such lavish fragrancee there we meet,  
That all the dismal waste is sweet.

So, in the dreary path of life,  
Through clogging toil and thorny care,  
Love rears his blossom o'er the strife.  
Like thine, to cheer the wanderer there :  
Which pours such incense round the spot,  
His pains, his cares, are all forgot.

THOMAS WAIRD.

## TO THE FIRE-FLY.

**A**T morning, when the earth-and sky  
Aro glowing with the light of spring,  
And, timidly hiding her delicate young,  
We see thee not, thou humble fly!  
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,  
And sunny lights no longer play,  
O then we see and bless thee too  
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let me hope, when lost to me  
The lights that now my life illumine,  
Some milder joys may come, like thee,  
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom.

THOMAS MOORE.

## THE FARMER'S HERDS.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

**D**AY with its burden and heat had departed, an  
twilight descending  
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and  
the herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks  
on each other,  
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the fresh-  
ness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,  
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the meadside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog.

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the meadows,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meekly and yielded their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; with loud and in regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Loving of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sunk into stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors.

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE GREEN LINNET.

**B**ENEATH these fruit-tree boughs, that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
With brightest sunshine round me spread,  
Of spring's unclouded weather—  
In this sequestered nook, how sweet  
To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
In all this covert of the blest;  
Hail to thee, far above the rest  
In joy of voice and pinion!  
Thou, linnet! in thy green array,  
Presiding spirit here to-day,

Dost lead the revels of the May,  
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers  
Make all one band of puranours.  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
Art sole in thy employment;  
A life, a presence like the air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair—  
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel-trees,  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
Yet seeming still to hover;  
There I where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—  
A brother of the dancing leaves—  
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves  
Pours forth a song in gushes;  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mocked, and treated with disdain  
The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
While fluttering in the bushes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### THE IVY.

**P**USHING the clods of earth aside,  
Leaving the dark where foul things hide,  
Spreading its leaves to the summer sun,  
Bondage ended, freedom won;  
So, my soul, like the ivy be,  
Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

Climbing up as the seasons go,  
Looking down upon things below,  
Twining itself in the branches high,  
As if the frail thing owned the sky;  
So, my soul, like the ivy be,  
Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee.

Wrapping itself round the giant oak,  
Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke;  
Strong and brave is the fragile thing,  
For it knows one secret, how to cling;  
So, my soul, there's strength for thee,  
Hear the Mighty One, "Lean on Me!"

Green are its leaves when the world is white,  
For the ivy sings through the frosty night;  
Keeping the hearts of oak awake,  
Till the flowers shall bloom and the spring shall break;  
So, my soul, through the winter's rain,  
Sing the sunshine back again.



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Opening its green and fluttering breast,  
 Giving the timid birds a nest ;  
 Coming out from the winter wild,  
 To make a wreath for the Holy Child ;  
 So let my life like the ivy be,  
 A help to man and a wreath for Thee !

HENRY BURTON.

## WOODLAND STREAMS.

**Y**OUR murmurs bring the pleasant breath  
 Of many a sylvan scene ;  
 They tell of sweet and sunny vales,  
 And woodlands wildly green ;  
 Ye cheer the lonely heart of age,  
 Ye fill the exile's dreams  
 With hope, and home, and memory,  
 Ye unforgotten streams.

The bards, the ancient bards, who sang  
 When thought and song were new,  
 O mighty waters ! did they learn  
 Their minstrelsy from you ?  
 For still, methinks, your voices blend  
 With all their glorious themes,  
 That flow forever fresh and free  
 As the eternal streams.

Well might the sainted seer of old,  
 Who trod the tearless shore,  
 Like many waters deem the voice  
 The angel hosts adore !  
 For still, where deep the rivers roll,  
 Afar the torrent gleams,  
 Our spirits hear the voice of God,  
 Amid the rush of streams.

FRANCES BROWN.

## THE RAIN.

**L**IKE a gentle joy descending,  
 To the earth a glory lending,  
 Comes the pleasant rain ;  
 Fairer now the flowers are growing,  
 Fresher now the winds are blowing,  
 Gladder waves the grain ;  
 Grove and forest, field and mountain,  
 Bathing in the crystal fountain,  
 Drinking in the inspiration,  
 Offer up a glad oblation ;  
 All around, about, above us,  
 Things we love, the things that love us,  
 Bless the gentle rain.

Beautiful, and still, and holy,  
 Like the spirit of the lowly,  
 Comes the quiet rain ;  
 'Tis a fount of joy distilling,  
 And the lyre of earth is trilling,  
 Swelling to a strain ;  
 Nature opens wide her bosom,  
 Bursting buds begin to blossom ;

To her very soul 'tis stealing,  
 All the springs of life unsealing ;  
 Singing stream and rushing river  
 Drink it in, and praise the Giver  
 Of the blessed rain.

LAURA A. BOIES.

## THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

**F**AIR dweller by the dusty way,  
 Bright saint within a mossy shrine,  
 The tribute of a heart to-day,  
 Weary and worn is thine.

The earliest blossoms of the year—  
 The sweet-brier and the violet,  
 The pious hand of spring has here  
 Upon thine altar set.

And not alone to thee is given  
 The homage of the pilgrim's knee,  
 But oft the sweetest birds of heaven  
 Glide down and sing to thee.

Here daily from his beechen cell  
 The hermit squirrel steals to drink,  
 And flocks, which cluster to their bell,  
 Recline along thy brink.

And here the wagoner blocks his wheels,  
 To quaff the cooling, generous boon ;  
 Here, from the sultry harvest-fields,  
 The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar, masked with tan,  
 With rusty garments gray with dust,  
 Here sits and dips his little can,  
 And breaks his scanty crust.

And lulled beside thy whispering stream,  
 Off drops to slumber unawares,  
 And sees the angels of his dream  
 Upon celestial stairs.

Dear dweller by the dusty way,  
 Thou saint within a mossy shrine,  
 The tribute of a heart to-day  
 Weary and worn is thine.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

## FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL.

**S**PEAK naught, move not, but listen : the sky  
 is full of gold ;  
 No ripple on the river, no stir in field or fold ;  
 All gleams, but naught doth glisten, save the  
 far-off unseen sea.

Forget days past, heart-broken, put all thy memory  
 by !  
 No grief on the green hill-side, no pity in the sky ;  
 Joy that may not be spoken fills mead and flower and  
 tree ;

Look not, they will not heed thee; speak not, they  
will not hear;  
Pray not, they have no bounty; curse not, they may  
not fear;  
Cower down, they will not heed thee; long-lived the  
world shall be.

Hang down thine head and hearken, for the bright  
eye mocks thee still;  
Night trippeth on the twilight, but the summer hath  
no will  
For woes of thine to darken, and the moon hath left  
the sea.

## PASSING THE ICEBERGS.

**A** FEARLESS shape of brave device,  
Our vessel drives through mist and rain,  
Between the floating fleets of ice,  
The navies of the northern main.

These arctic ventures, blindly hurled,  
The proofs of nature's olden force,  
Like fragments of a crystal world  
Long shattered from its skyeey course,

These are the buccaneers that fright  
The middle sea with dreams of wrecks,  
And freeze the southwinds in their flight,  
And chain the Gulf-stream to their decks.

At every dragon prow and helm,  
There stands some Viking as of yore;  
Grim heroes from the boreal realm,  
Where Odin rules the spectral shore.

And oft beneath the sun or moon,  
Their swift and eager fashions glow;  
While, like a storm-vexed wind, the rune  
Comes chafing through some beard of snow.

And when the far north flashes up  
With fires of mingled red and gold,  
They know that many a blazing cup  
Is brimming to the absent bold.

Up signal then, and let us hail  
You looming phantom as we pass  
Note all her fashion, hull and sail,  
Within the compass of your glass.

And speak her well; for she might say,  
If from her heart the words could thaw,  
Great news from some far frozen bay,  
Or the remotest Esquimaux;

Might tell of channels yet untold,  
That sweep the pole from sea to sea;  
Of lands which God designs to hold  
A mighty people yet to be;

Of wonders which alone prevail  
Where day and darkness dimly meet,

Of all which spreads the arctic sail;  
Of Franklin and his venturous fleet;

How, haply, at some glorious goal,  
His anchor holds, his sails are furled;  
That fame has named him on her scroll,  
"Columbus of the Polar World;"

Or how his plunging barques wedge on,  
Through splintering fields, with battered shares,  
Lit only by that spectral dawn,  
The mask that mocking darkness wears;

Or how, o'er embers black and few,  
The last of shivered masts and spars,  
He sits amid his frozen crew,  
In council with the norland stars.

No answer but the sullen flow  
Of ocean heaving long and vast;  
An argosy of ice and snow,  
The voiceless north swings proudly past.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

## APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

**R**OLL 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, unconfined, and un  
known.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yest of waves which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves, play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Ieing 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 wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;  
 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.

#### SONG OF THE SEA-WEED.

I AM born in crystal bower  
 Where the despot hath no power  
 To trail and turn the oozy fern,  
 Or trample down the fair sea-flower.  
 I am born where human skill  
 Cannot bend me to its will;  
 None can delve about my root,  
 And nurse me for my bloom and fruit  
 I am left to spread and grow  
 In my rifted bed below,  
 Till I break my slender hold,  
 As the porpoise tumbleth o'er me;  
 And on I go—now high—now low—  
 With the ocean world before me.

I am nigh the stately ship  
 Where she loiters in the calm;  
 While the south, like love's own lip,  
 Breathes a sweet and peaceful balm.  
 Plashing soft with gentle grace,  
 Round the hull I keep my place;  
 While the sailor, through the day,  
 Leaneth o'er her side,  
 And idly watches me at play  
 Upon the drowsy tide.  
 She is stanch and she is stout,  
 With chain and cable girt about;

But I'll match my tender: fine  
 With her shrouds and halyard mine.

Now the red flash breaks,  
 The thunder volley shakes,  
 And billows boil with hissing coil,  
 Like huge snow-crested snakes.  
 The mad winds roar,  
 The rain sheets pour,  
 And screaming loud 'mid wave and cloud  
 The white gulls soar.  
 Diving deep and tossing high,  
 Round that same ship, there am I;  
 Till at last I mount the mast,  
 In the tight reef hanging fast;  
 While the fierce and plunging sea  
 Boweth down the stout cross-tree;  
 Till the sharp and straining creak  
 Echoeth the tempest shriek.

Another peal! another flash!  
 Top-gallants start with snapping crash.  
 "Quick! quick! All hands!" one mighty sweep  
 And giant guns are in the deep.  
 Hark! the heavy axe below  
 Whirls and rings with blow on blow,  
 And I feel the timber quiver,  
 Like a bulrush on a river.  
 Still I twine about the pine,  
 Till a wild and bursting cry  
 Tells the fearful work is done;  
 —The ship leaps up—the mast is gone,  
 And away with it go I.

Now I dance and dash again,  
 Headlong through the howling main;  
 While the lightning groweth stronger,  
 And the thunder rolleth longer.  
 Now I feel a hard hand clutch me,  
 With a blindly snatching hold;  
 Who is he that dares to touch me,  
 With a grip so strong and bold?  
 'Tis the sailor, young and brave,  
 Struggling o'er his yawning grave.  
 Does he think that he can cling  
 To the sea-weed's mazy string?  
 Does he dream, with frenzied hope,  
 Of floating saving rope?  
 He does, he d at billows meet,  
 And form his close-wrapped winding-sheet;  
 While I mingle wit' the wreath  
 Of white foam gurgling through his teeth,  
 And twist and tangle in his locks;  
 As the mountain waters lift him,  
 And the frothy breakers drift him,  
 On the gray and iron rocks.

Again I mount my ocean steed,  
 Rolling on with curbless pace;  
 Who will follow where I lead?  
 Who will ride in such a race?

On I rush by raft and wreck,  
By sinking keel and parting deck ;  
Now the life-boat's side I'm lashing ;  
Now against the torn plank dashing ;  
Up I go—the flood is swelling  
With whiter foam and fiercer yelling—  
My courser rears, and I am thrown  
Upon the light-house topmost stone.  
Rave on, ye waters—here I'll stay  
Till storm and strife have passed away !

Now I have taken my course to the shore,  
Where yellow sand covers the crystal and amber ;  
Serenely I dwell with the rosy-mouthed shell,  
Where limpets are thick and the tiny crabs clamber.

A young child is roving, and soon he espies  
My rich curling threads as they mount in the spray ;  
He steps 'mid the green stones, and eagerly cries,  
" Oh, that beautiful sea-weed, I'll bear it away ! "

All earnestly gazing, he stretches to reach,  
But a swift-spreading wave has rolled over the beach ;  
It hath carried me back from the sun-lighted strand,  
And the young child beholds me, far, far, from the land.

He runs through the ebb-surf, but vain the endeavor ;  
I am gone, my fair boy, I am gone, and forever ;  
Thou wilt covet full many bright things—but take heed

They elude not you: grasp like the pretty sea-weed.

Now I am met in my wide career  
By the ice-pile driving fast ;  
A broad and sailless boat rides near,  
And a lithe rope runneth past.

Hark that plunge ! who cometh here,  
With long and purple trail ?  
'Tis the sea-king pierced with the jagged spear—  
The cleaving and furious whale.

He huggeth me tight in his downward flight ;  
On his wreathing fin I go :  
While his blood pours out with torrent spout,  
And he gasps with snorting blow.

Weltering in his ocean halls,  
He dyeth the coral deeper,  
And wallows against the mossy walls  
With the lunge of a frantic sleeper.

He hurls me off with floundering pang  
I am caught on a glittering shrub ;  
And there I merrily dangle and hang  
O'er the head of a grampus' eub.

The star-fish comes with his quenchless light,  
And a cheerful guest is he ;  
For he shineth by day and he shineth by night,  
In the darkest and deepest sea.

I wind in his arms, and on we glide,  
Leagues and leagues afar ;  
Till we rest again where the dolphins hide,  
In the caverns roofed with spar.

Gems of all hues for a king to choose,  
With coins and coffers are round ;  
The wealth and weight of an eastern freight  
In the sea-wood's home are found.

Here are pearls for maiden's curls—  
Here is gold for man ;  
But the wave is a true and right safe bar,  
And it murmurs a dreaded ban.

I revel and rove 'mid jewelled sheen,  
Till the nautilus travels by ;  
And off with him I gaily swim,  
To look at the torrid sky.

I rise where the bark is standing still,  
In the face of a full, red sun ;  
While out of her seams, and over her beams,  
The trickling pitch-drops run.

Oh ! worse is the groan that breaketh there  
Than the burst of a drowning cry ;  
They have bread in store, and flesh to spare ;  
But the water-casks are dry.

Many a lip is gaping for drink,  
And madly calling for rain ;  
And some hot brains are beginning to think  
Of a messmate's open vein.

Nautilus, nautilus, let us be gone ;  
For I like not this to look upon.

Now about the island bay,  
I am quietly at play :  
Now the fisher's skiff I'm round ;  
Now I lave the rocky mound ;  
Now I swiftly float aground,  
Where the surge and pebbles rustle ;  
Where young, naked feet tread o'er  
My dripping branches, to explore  
For spotted egg and purple mussel.

The tide recedes—the wave comes not  
To bear me from this barren spot.  
Here I lie for many a day.  
Crisped and shrivelled in the ray ;  
Till I wither, shrink, and crack ;  
And my green stem turneth black.

See ! there cometh sturdy men,  
But they wear no sailor blue ;  
No kerechief decks their tawny necks ;  
They form no smart and gallant crew,  
Hark ! there cometh merry strains,  
'Tis not music that I know :



It does not tel' of anchor chains,  
Blending with the "Yo, heave ho!"  
'Tis my death-dirge they are singing,  
And thus the lightsome troll is ringing.

The weed! the weed! oh! the weed shall be  
The theme of our chanting mirth;  
For we come to gather the grass of the sea,  
To quicken the grain of the earth.  
That grass it groweth where no man moweth;  
All thick, and rich, and strong:  
And it meeteth our hand on the desolate strand.  
Ready for rake and prong.  
So gather and carry; for oft we need  
The nurturing help of the good sea-weed.

The weed! the weed! come, take a farewell  
Of your boundless and billowy home;  
No more will you dive in the fathomless cell,  
Or leap in the sparkling foam.  
Far from the petrel, the gannet, and grebe,  
Thou shalt be scattered abroad;  
And carefully strewn on the mountain glebe,  
To add to the harvest hoard.  
The land must be tilled, the tiller must feed;  
And the corn must be helped by the good sea-weed.

The weed! the weed! pile it on to the fire,  
Let it crackle and smoke in the wind;  
And a smouldering heap of treasure we'll keep  
In the ashes it leaveth behind.  
On to the furrow, on to the field;  
"Dust to dust" is the claim;  
'Tis what the prince and the pilgrim yield,  
And the sea-weed giveth the same.  
The land must be tilled, the tiller must feed;  
But he'll mingle at last with the good sea-weed.

ELIZA COOK.

## THE DECAYING YEAR.

**W**ITH what a glory comes and goes the year!  
The birds of spring, those beautiful har-  
bingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;  
And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,

Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-eriuosoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## MORNING IN LONDON.

**E**ARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
In his first splendour, valley, rook, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will;  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## NORTHERN LIGHTS.

**H**ELL'S gates swing open wide!  
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!  
The deep doth redden  
With flags of armies marching through the  
night,  
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight  
At Armageddon.

Peers and princes mark I,  
Captains and Chilarchi;  
Thee, burning angel of the pit, Abaddon!  
Charioteers from hades, land of gloom,  
Gigantic thrones, and heathen troopers, whom  
The thunder of the far-off fight doth madden;

! night's barbaric Khans,  
Lo! the waste gulf's wild clans

Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles!  
Lo! flaming Sultans. Lo! infernal Czars,  
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing ears  
Of Lucifer and Ammon, towering idols.

See yonder red platoons!  
See! see the swift dragons

Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!  
See the tall regiments whose spears incline  
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign,  
Which to the streams of ocean never leaneth.

Whose yonder dragon-crest?  
Whose that red-shielded breast?  
Chieftain Satanas! Emp'ror of the furnace!  
His bright centurions, his blazing earls;  
In mail of lightning-dealing gems and pearls,  
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness.

All shades and spectral hosts,  
All forms and gloomy ghosts,  
All frowning phantoms from the gulf's dim gorges  
Follow the kings in wav'ring multitudes;  
While savage giants of the night's old brood,  
In pagan mirth, toss high their crackling torches.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones,  
Ruling earth's southern zones,  
Mark ye the wrathful arches of Gehenna;  
How gleam, affrighted Lords of Europe's crowns,  
Their blood-red arrows o'er your bastioned towns,  
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna?  
Go bid your prophets watch the troubled skies!  
"Why through the vault cleave those infernal  
glances,

Why, ye pale wizards, do those portents rise,  
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?"

Still o'er the silent pole,  
Numberless armies roll,  
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery;  
Still girdled nobles cross the snowy fields  
In flashing chariots, and their crimsoned shields  
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordillera!

On, lords of dark despair!  
Prince of the powers of air,  
Bear your broad banners through the constellations.

Wave, all ye Stygian hordes,  
Through the black sky your swords;  
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations,  
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep:  
Far shine the battlements on heaven's steep.  
Bare ye again, fierce thrones and scarlet powers,  
Assail with hell's wild host those crystal towers?  
Tempt ye again the angels' shining blades,  
Ihriel's spear and Michael's circling truncheon,  
The seraph-cavaliers, whose winged brigades  
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the Night's vast  
dungeon?

GUY HUMPHREY M'MASTER.

## A FAREWELL.

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
Thy tribute wave deliver:  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet then a river:  
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,  
Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,  
And here thine aspen shiver;  
And here by thee will hum the bee,  
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
Forever and forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

OH! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,  
How oft I dream of thee,  
And of those days when, by thy shore,  
I wandered young and free.  
Full many a path I've tried, since then,  
Through pleasure's flowery maze,  
But ne'er could find the bliss again  
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs  
At sunny noon I've stood,  
With heart as bounding as the skiffs  
That danced along thy flood;  
Or, when the western wave grew bright  
With daylight's parting wing,  
Have sought that Eden in its light  
Which dreaming poets sing.

That Eden where th' immortal brave  
Dwell in a land serene—  
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,  
At sunset, oft are seen.  
Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!  
Those mansions o'er the main  
Are like the hopes I built in youth—  
As sunny and as vain.

THOMAS MOORE.

## WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, O SEA.

WITH husky-haughty lips, O Sea!  
Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat  
shore,  
Imaging to my sense thy varied strange  
suggestions,  
Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,  
Thy ample, smiling face, dashed with the sparkling  
dimples of the sun,

Thy broodings sewl and murk—thy unloosed harri-  
cane,  
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wilfulness :  
Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a  
lack from all eternity in thy content  
(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats,  
could make thee greatest—no less could make  
thee),  
Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and  
seek'st, yet never gain'st,  
Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge  
monotonous rage, of freedom-lover pent,  
Some vast heart, like a planet's chained and chafing in  
those breakers,  
By lengthened swell, and spasm, and panting breath,  
And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,  
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,  
And undertones of distant lion roar  
(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—but now,  
rappert for once,  
A phantom in the night thy confidant for once),  
The first and last confession of the globe,  
Outsurgng, muttering from thy soul's abyssms,  
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,  
Thou tellest to a kindred soul.

WALT WHITMAN.

## ÆOLIAN HARP.

WHAT saith the river to the rushes gray,  
Rushes sadly bending,  
River slowly wending?  
Who can tell the whispered things they say?  
Youth, and prime, and life, and time,  
Forever, ever fled away!

Drop your withered garlands in the stream,  
Low autumnal branches,  
Round the skiff that launches,  
Wavering downward through the lands of dreams.  
Ever, ever fled away!  
This is the burden, this the theme.

What saith the river to the rushes gray,  
Rushes sadly bending,  
River slowly wending?  
It is near the closing of the day.  
Near the night. Life and light  
Forever, ever fled away!

Draw him tideward down; but not in haste.  
Mouldering daylight lingers;  
Night with her cold fingers  
Sprinkles moonbeams on the dim sea-waste.  
Ever, ever fled away!  
Vainly cherished! vainly chased!

What saith the river to the rushes gray,  
Rushes sadly bending,  
River slowly wending?

Where in darkest glooms his bed we lay,  
Up the cave moans the wave,  
Forever, ever, ever, fled away?

WILLIAM ALLINORAM.

## THE PLEASURE BOAT.

COME, hoist the sail, the fast let go!  
They're seated side by side;  
Wave chases wave in pleasant flow  
The bay: fair and wide.

The ripples lightly tap the boat.  
Loose! Give her to the wind!  
She shoots ahead; they're all afloat;  
The strand is far behind.

The sunlight falling on her sheet,  
It glitters like the drift,  
Sparkling, in scorn of summer's heat,  
High up some mountain rift.

The winds are fresh; she's driving fast  
Upon the bending tide;  
The crinkling sail, and crinkling mast,  
Go with her side by side.

The parting sun sends out a glow  
Across the placid bay,  
Touching with glory all the show—  
A breeze! Up helm! Away!

Careening to the wind, they reach,  
With laugh and call, the shore.  
They've left their footprints on the beach,  
But them I hear no more.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

## WINDLESS RAIN.

THE rain, the desolate rain!  
Ceaseless and solemn and chill!  
How it drips on the misty pane,  
How it drenches the darkened sill!  
O scene of sorrow and death!  
I would that the wind awaking  
To a fierce and gusty birth  
Might vary this dull refrain  
Of the rain, the desolate rain;  
For the heart of the heavens seems breaking;  
In tears o'er the fallen earth,  
And again, again, again,  
We list to the sombre strain—  
The faint, cold monotone  
Whose soul is a mystic moan  
Of the rain, the mournful rain,  
The soft, despairing rain.  
The rain, the mournful rain!  
Weary, passionless, slow;  
'Tis the rhythm of settled sorrow,  
The sobbing of ceaseless woe!

And all the tragic of life,  
 The pathos of long ago,  
 Comes back on the sad refrain  
 Of the rain, the dreary rain;  
 Till the graves in my heart unclose,  
 And the dead who are buried there  
 From a solemn and a weird repose  
 Awake, and with eyes that glare  
 And voices that melt in pain  
 On the tide of the plaintive rain,  
 The yearning, hopeless rain,  
 The long, low, whispering rain!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

**A** 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 courtier 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!

## TROUT FISHING.

**W**HEN, with his lively ray, the potent sun  
 Has pierced the streams, and roused the  
 finny race,  
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair.  
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.  
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills  
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;  
 The next, pursue their rocky-channeled maze,  
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
 Their little naiads love to sport at large.  
 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 undulated 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 barbéd 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 haunts, beneath the tangled root  
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook  
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
 Long time he, following cautions, scans the fly  
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
 The dimpled water speaks 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 gaily drag your unresisting prize.

JAMES THOMSON.

## DESERTED.

**H**IGH in the pear tree's branches  
 A nest swings to and fro,  
 And the winds about it moaning  
 Fill it with drifting snow;  
 And a lone bird softly twitters  
 When wanes the ghostly day,  
 "Oh, where are the red-breast love,  
 That lingered here in May?"

On the hill-top stands a ruin,  
 Beyond the dreary plain,  
 And the wind sends the wild snow flying  
 Through every broken pane,  
 While moans on the hearth forsaken  
 An owl of orders gray,  
 "Oh, where are the happy lovers  
 Who lingered here in May?"

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

**G**REEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June—  
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon  
 When even the bees lag at the summoning  
 brass;  
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
 With those who think the candles come too soon.  
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
 Niek the glad silent moments as they pass!

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
 Both have your sunshine: both, though small, are  
     strong  
 At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth  
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—  
 In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

## THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

**H**ERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
 By the dusty roadside,  
 On the sunny hillside,  
 Close by the noisy brook,  
 In every shady nook,  
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;  
 All round the open door,  
 Where sit the aged poor;  
 Here where the children play,  
 In the bright and merry May,  
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
 In the noisy city street  
 My pleasant face you'll meet,  
 Cheering the sick at heart  
 Toiling his busy part—  
 Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
 You cannot see me coming,  
 Nor hear my low sweet humming;  
 For in the starry night,  
 And the glad morning light,  
 I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
 More welcome than the flowers  
 In summer's pleasant hours;  
 The gentle cow is glad,  
 And the merry bird not sad,  
 To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
 When you're numbered with the dead  
 In your still and narrow bed,  
 In the happy spring I'll come  
 And deck your silent home—  
 Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
 My humble song of praise  
 Most joyfully I raise  
 To Him at whose command  
 I beautify the land,  
 Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

## SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

**I** STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide avens  
 Was glorious with the sun's returning march  
 And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
 Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
 The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,  
 They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,  
 And, in their fading glory, shone  
 Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
 As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
 Through the gray mist thrust up, its shattered lance,  
 And rocking on the cliff was left  
 The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
 The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
 Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
 Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
 Or glistened in the white cascade;  
 Where upward, in the mellow blush of day  
 The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
 I saw the current whirl and flash—  
 And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
 The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
 Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
 The music of the village bell  
 Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;  
 And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
 Was ringing to the merry shout,  
 That faint and far the glen sent out,  
 Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke  
 Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke

If thou art worn and heart beset  
 With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
 If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
 Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
 Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE EARLY BLUEBIRD.

**B**LUEBIRD! on yon leafless tree  
 Dost thou carol thus to me:  
 "Spring is coming! Spring is here!"  
 Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?  
 What is that, in misty shroud,  
 Stealing from the darkened cloud?  
 Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound  
 Settles o'er the whitened ground,  
 Yet thou singest, blithe and clear:  
 "Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?  
 Winds are piping o'er the plain;  
 Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky  
 With a black and threatening eye:  
 Urchins, by the frozen rill,  
 Wrap their mantles closer still;

Yon poor man, with doublet old,  
Doth he shiver at the cold?  
Hath he not a nose of blue?  
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,  
Rosy wreaths and revelry;  
Hast thou wooed some wingéd love  
To a nest in verdant grove?  
Sung to her of greenwood bower,  
Sunny skies that never lower?  
Lured her with thy promise fair  
Of a lot that knows no care?  
Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,  
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,  
She can sing a cheerful song?  
When the rude winds rock the tree,  
If she'll closer cling to thee?  
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,  
Unappalled shall pass thee by;  
Though thy curtained chamber show  
Siftings of untimely snow,  
Warm and glad thy heart shall be;  
Love shall make it spring for thee.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

#### GAYETY OF NATURE.

THE sun is careering in glory and might,  
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets  
white;

The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,  
And the summer breezes go lightly by;  
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,  
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;  
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;  
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,  
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee;  
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,  
And why should not I be as merry as they?

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

#### A SOOTHING SONG.

IT'S sweet to hear the merry lark,  
That bids a blithe good-morrow,  
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,  
To the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh! nightingale, what does she ail?  
And is she sad or jolly?  
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth  
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,  
No worldly thought o'ertakes him,  
He sings aloud to the calm blue sky,  
And the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,  
The nightingale is trilling,  
With feeling bliss, no less than his,  
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet, ever and anon, a sigh  
Peers through her lavish mirth;  
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,  
And hers is of the earth.

By night and day she tunes her lay,  
To drive away all sorrow;  
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,  
And woe may come to-morrow!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

#### THE TIGER.

TIGER! tiger! burning bright,  
In the forest of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil! What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,  
In the forest of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

#### SONNET ON NIGHT.

It is a singular circumstance in literary history, that what many consider the finest sonnet in the English language should be one written by a Spaniard.—Robert Chambers.

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent  
knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy  
name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,



Hesperus with the host of heaven came ;  
 And lo! Creation widened in man's view !  
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
 Within thy beams, O sun ? or who could find,  
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?  
 Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife ?  
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

#### SUNSET.

**S**UNSET is burning like the seal of God  
 Upon the close of day. This very hour  
 Night mounts her chariot in the eastern  
 glooms,

To chase the flying sun, whose flight has left  
 Foot-prints of glory in the clouded west :  
 Swift is she hailed by winged swimming steeds,  
 Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,  
 And dews are drizzling from her chariot-wheels  
 Brainful of dreams, as summer lives with bees.  
 And round her, in the pale and spectral light,  
 Flock bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings.  
 The flying sun goes down the burning west,  
 Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,  
 And so the eternal chase goes round the world.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

#### SUMMER NIGHT-FALL.

**W**ITHIN the twilight came forth tender  
 snatches  
 Of birds' songs, from beneath their dark-  
 ened eaves ;

But now a noise of poor ground-dwellers matches  
 This dimness ; neither loves, nor joys, nor grieves.  
 A piping, slight and shrill,  
 And coarse, dull chirpings, fill  
 The ear, that all day's stronger, finer music leaves.

From this smooth hill we see the vale below, there,  
 And how the mists along the stream-course draw ;  
 By day, great trees from other ages grow there,  
 A white lake now, that daylight never saw.

It hugs in ghostly shape  
 The old deep's shore and cape,  
 As when, where night-hawks skim, swam fish with  
 yawning maw.

All grows more cool, though night comes slowly over,  
 And slowly stars stand out within the sky ;  
 The trampling market-herd and way-sore drover  
 Crowd past with seldom cries, their halt now nigh.  
 From out some lower dark

Comes up a dog's short bark ;  
 There food and welcome rest, there cool soft  
 meadows lie.

The children, watching by the roadside wicket,  
 Now houseward troop, for blind-man's-buff, or tag ;

Here chasing, sidelong, fireflies to the thicket,  
 There shouting, with a grass-tuft reared for flag,  
 They claim this hour from night,  
 But with a sure, still sleight,  
 The sleep-time clogs their feet, and one by one they  
 lag.

And now the still stars make all heaven sightly.  
 One, in the low west, like the sky ablaze ;  
 The Swan that with her shining Cross floats nightly,  
 And Bears that slowly walk along their ways ;  
 There is the golden Lyre,  
 And there the Crown of fire.

Thank God for nights so fair to these bright days.

ROBERT LOWELL.

#### MORNING.

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

**J**UL. It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree :  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east ;  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops ;  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### TO ME THE WORLD'S AN OPEN BOOK.

**T**O me the world's an open book  
 Of sweet and pleasant poetry ;  
 I read it in the running brook  
 That sings its way toward the sea ;  
 It whispers in the leaves of trees,  
 The swelling grain, the waving grass,  
 And in the cool, fresh evening breeze,  
 That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below, the stars above,  
 In all their bloom and brightness given,  
 Are, like the attributes of love,  
 The poetry of earth and heaven.  
 Thus, nature's volume, read aright,  
 Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,  
 Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,  
 And all the world with poetry.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

#### NIGHT AT SEA.

**T**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?

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 wherein power has 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?

LETITIA LONDON MACLEAN.

## THE GRAY NUN.

**W**HERE comes, each dying day to bless,  
A little while before the night,  
A gentle nun in convent dress  
Of clinging robes all gray and white.

She lays her cool hand on my face,  
And smooths the lines of care away,  
Her tender touch with magic grace  
Dispels the worry of the day.

She folds the mystic curtain by  
That hides from view the shadowy throng,  
And gives me those for whom I sigh,  
The vanished friends for whom I long.

Sometimes she brings a perfumed spray  
Of flowers that bloomed long years ago,  
The breath of summer laid away  
'Neath many a winter's drifted snow.

No other guest gives such delight,  
Nor can of peace bestow the same,  
As she who comes 'twixt day and night,  
And Twilight is the gray nun's name.

VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

## THE DYING SWAN.

**W**HE plain was grassy, wild and bare,  
Wide, wild, and open to the air,  
Which had built up everywhere  
An under-roof of doleful gray.  
With an inner voice the river ran,  
Adown it floated a dying swan,  
And loudly did lament.  
It was the middle of the day,  
Ever the weary wind went on,  
And took the reed-tops as it went.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,  
And white against the cold-white sky,

Showed out their crowning snows.  
One willow over the river wept,  
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;  
Above in the wind was the swallow,  
Chasing itself at its own wild will,  
And far through the marsh green and still  
The tangled water-courses slept,  
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul  
Of that waste place with joy  
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear  
The warble was low, and full and clear;  
And floating about the under-sky,  
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole  
Sometimes afar, and sometimes near;  
But anon her awful jubilant voice,  
With a music strange and manifold,  
Flowed forth on a carol free and bold;  
As when a mighty people rejoice  
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,  
And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled  
Through the open gates of the city afar,  
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.  
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,  
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,  
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,  
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,  
And the silvery marsh-flowers that throng  
The desolate creeks and pools among,  
Were flooded over with eddying song.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## NIGHT.

**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,  
Voluntarily pour thy pompous train.  
Thy gloomy grandeur nature's most august,  
Inspiring aspect! claim a graceful verse,  
And like a sable curtain starred with gold,  
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall close the scene.

EDWARD YOUNG.

## WHAT IS SOLITUDE?

**N**OT in the shadowy wood,  
Not in the crag-hung glen,  
Not where the echoes brood  
In caves untrod by men;  
Not by the bleak sea-shore,  
Where loitering surges break,  
Not on the mountain hoar,  
Not by the breezeless lake,



Not on the desert plain,  
Where man hath never stood,  
Whether on isle or main—  
Not there is solitude!

Birds are in woodland bowers,  
Voices in lonely dells,  
Streams to the listening hours  
Talk in earth's secret cells;  
Over the gray-ribbed sand  
Breathe ocean's frothing lips;  
Over the still lake's strand  
The flower toward it dips;  
Plunging the mountain's crest,  
Life tosses in its pines;  
Coursing the desert's breast,  
Life in the steed's mane shines.

Leave—if thou wouldst be lonely—  
Leave nature for the crowd;  
Seek there for one—one only—  
With kindred mind endowed!  
There—as with nature erst  
Closely thou wouldst commune—  
The deep soul-music, nursed  
In either heart, attune!  
Heart-wearied, thou wilt own,  
Vainly that phantom wooed,  
That thou at last hast known  
What is true solitude!

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

#### TO A SHOWER.

THE pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!  
By fits it plashing falls  
On twangling leaf and dimpling pool—  
How sweet its warning calls!  
They know it—all the bosomy vales,  
High slopes, and verdant meads;  
The queenly elms and princely oaks  
Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,  
And drooping shrubs look gay;  
'The bubbly brook, with gadlier song,  
Hies on its endless way;  
All things of earth—the grateful things!  
Put on their robes of cheer,  
They hear the sound of the warning burst,  
And know the rain is near.

It comes! it comes! the pleasant rain!  
I drink its cooler breath;  
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers,  
And roses' fragrant death;  
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,  
The beds where violets die,  
And it bears their life on its living wings—  
I feel it wandering by.

And yet it comes! the lightning's flash  
Hath torn the lowering cloud,  
With a distant roar, and a nearer crash,  
Out bursts the chunder loud.  
It comes with the rush of a god's descent  
On the hushed and trembling earth,  
To visit the shrines of the hallowed groves  
Where a poet's soul had birth.

With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,  
Is the mighty god's descent;  
Beneath the weight of his passing tread,  
The conscious groves are bent.  
His heavy tread—it is lighter now—  
And yet it passeth on;  
And now it is up, with a sudden lift—  
The pleasant rain hath gone.

The pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!  
It hath passed above the earth,  
I see the smile of the opening cloud,  
Like the parted lips of mirth.  
The golden joy is spreading wide  
Along the blushing west,  
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,  
Like the glow of a grateful breast.

As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,  
That knoweth all its need,  
So came the good of the pleasant rain,  
O'er hill and verdant mead.  
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,  
In hall and cotter's home,  
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven,  
The pleasant rain hath come.

JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

#### THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,  
And gentle odors led my steps astray,  
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring  
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
Daisies, those pearly Areturi of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets;  
Faint oxlips; tender blue bells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wet-  
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
Green cow-bind, and the moonlit-colored May,  
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;  
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with  
white,

And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;  
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers  
Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
Kept these imprisoned children of the hours  
Within my hand—and then, elate and gay,  
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it!—oh! to whom?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### THE OWL.

WHEN eats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaid tick the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay:  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

#### SECOND SONG—TO THE SAME.

Thy tuwhits are lalled, I wot,  
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,  
Which, upon the dark afloat,  
So took echo with delight,  
So took echo with delight,  
That her voice, untuneful grown,  
Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chaunt anew  
But I cannot mimie it ;  
Not a whit of thy tuwhoos,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
With a lengthened loud halloo,  
Tuwhoos, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoos-o-o.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### ON THE BILLOWS.

WHAT sky of clouds is not the sky  
To light a lover to the pillow  
Of her he loves—  
The swell of yonder foaming billow  
Resembles not the happy sigh  
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far  
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,  
In this dark hour,  
That when, in passion's young emotion,  
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,  
To Julia's bower.

O, there's a holy calm profound  
In awe like this, that ne'er was given  
To pleasure's thrill ;  
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,  
And the soul, listening to the sound,  
Lies mute and still.

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,  
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow  
In the cold deep,  
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow  
No more shall wake the heart or eye,  
But all must sleep.

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,  
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure ;  
O, most to him,  
Whose lip hath drained life's cup of pleasure,  
Nor left one honey drop to shed  
Round sorrow's brim.

Yes—he can smile serene at death ;  
Kind Heaven, do thou but chase the weeping  
Of friends who love him ;  
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping  
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath  
No more shall move him.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### ARBUTUS.

IF spring has maids of honor—  
And why should not the spring,  
With all her dainty service,  
Have thought of some such thing?

If spring has maids of honor,  
Arbutus leads the train ;  
A lovelier, a fairer  
The spring would seek in vain.

For sweet and subtle fragrance,  
For pink, and pink and white,  
For utmost grace and motion,  
Of vines and vine's delight,

For joy and love of lovers,  
For joy of young and old,  
No blossom like arbutus  
In all that spring-times hold.

The noble maids of honor,  
Who earthly queens obey,  
And courtly serviee render  
By weary night and day,

Among their royal duties,  
Bouquets of blossoms bring  
Each evening to the banquet,  
And hand them to the king.

If spring has maids of honor,  
And a king that is not seen,  
His choicest spring-time favor  
Is arbutus from his queen!

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (H. H.).

#### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

**G**LOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the  
mighty Omawhaws;  
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose  
name thou hast taken!

Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through  
the city's

Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of  
rivers

Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only  
their footprints.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race  
but the footprints?

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod  
the green turf of the prairies?

How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed  
the sweet air of the mountains?

Ah! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou  
dost challenge

Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls  
and these pavements,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-  
trodden millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its  
caverns that they, too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its  
division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of  
the Wabash!

There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the  
leaves of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in  
summer

Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous  
breath of their branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of  
horses!

There thou chasest the stately stag on the wooded  
banks of the Elk-horn,

Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the  
Omawhaw  
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a  
brave of the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those  
mountainous deserts?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty  
Behemoth,

Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts  
of the thunder,

And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the  
red man?

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows  
and the Foxes,

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of  
Behemoth,

Lo! the big thunder-earr, that steadily breasts the  
Missouri's

Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies,  
the camp-fires

Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in  
the gray of the daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's  
dexterous horse-race;

It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the  
Comanches!

Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like  
the blast of the east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy  
wigwams!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

**I**N eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and  
cares;

Each blossom that blooms in their garden  
bowers,

On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love,  
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;  
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove  
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,  
Pure as the light in its native heaven;  
Fame's bright star and glory's swell  
In the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart  
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes,  
And the tender soul that cannot part  
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes

The cypress that daily shades the grave,  
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot.

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And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speaks in thy blue leaves, forget-me-not.  
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

### SENSITIVE PLANT.

**A** SENSITIVE plant in the garden grew ;  
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,  
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,  
And the spirit of love felt everywhere ;  
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast  
Rose from the dream of its wintery rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss  
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,  
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
And their breath was mixed with sweet odor, sent  
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,  
The narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal awc  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odor within the sense ;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addressed,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wind-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom  
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,  
With gold and green light slanting through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glided by,  
And around them the soft stream did glide and glance  
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,  
Which led through the garden and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowers which, drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled paradise,  
The flowers, as an infant's awakening eyes,  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last unust awaken it,

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and odor its neighbor shed,  
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the sensitive plant, which could give small fruit  
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,  
Received more than all, loved more than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the sensitive plant has no bright flower,  
Radiance and odor are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like love, its deep heart full,  
It desires what it has not, the beautiful ;

The light winds which from unsustaining wings  
Shed the music of many murmurings,  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects swift and free,  
Like golden boats on the sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odor, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unscen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers, till the sun rides high.  
Then wander like spirits among the spheres  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,  
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,  
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,  
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were  
For the sensitive plant sweet joy to bear,  
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,  
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were  
drowned

In an ocean of dreams without a sound,  
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress  
The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

Only overhead, the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as day might fail,  
And snatches of his Elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the sensitive plant.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### LILIES OF THE FIELD.

**S**WEET nurslings of the vernal skies,  
Bathed with soft airs, and fed with dew,  
What more than magic in you lies,  
To fill the heart's fond view ?  
In childhood's sports, companions gay ;  
In sorrow, on life's downward way,  
How soothing in our last decay,  
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics are ye of Eden's bowers,  
As pure, as fragrant and as fair  
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours  
Of happy wanderers there.  
Fallen all beside ! the world of life,  
How it is stained with fear and strife !  
In reason's world what storms are rife  
What passions rage and glare !

But cheerful and unchanged the while,  
Your first and perfect form ye show ;  
The same that won Eve's matron smile  
In the world's opening glow ;  
The stars of heaven a course are taught  
Too high above our human thought ;  
Ye may be found if ye are sought,  
And as we gaze, we know.

JOHN KEBLE.

#### SONG OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE GREEK.

**I**F Zeus chose us a king of the flowers in his mirth,  
He would call to the rose, and would royally  
crown it ;  
For the rose, ho ! the rose is the grace of the  
earth,  
Is the light of the plants that are growing upon it !  
For the rose, ho ! the rose is the eye of the flowers,  
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves  
fair,  
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the  
bowers  
On pale lovers that sit in the glow unaware.

Ho, the rose breathes of love ! ho, the rose lifts the  
eup

To the red lips of Cyprus invoked for a guest !

Ho, the rose having curled

Its sweet leaves for the world,

Takes delight in the motion its petals keep up,  
As they laugh to the wind as it laughs from the  
west.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

**G**RAVE of waters gone to rest !  
Jewel, dazzling all the main !  
Father of the silver crest !  
Wandering on the trackless plain,  
Sleeping mid the wavy roar,  
Sailing mid the angry storm,  
Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,  
Piling to the clouds thy form !

Wandering monument of rain,  
Prisoned by the sullen north !  
But to melt thy hated chain,  
Is it that thou comest forth ?  
Wend thee to the sunny south,  
To the glassy summer sea,  
And the breathings of her mouth  
Shall unchain and gladden thee !

Roamer in the hidden path,  
'Neath the green and elouded wave !  
Trampling in thy reckless wrath,  
On the lost, but cherished brave ;  
Parting love's death-linked embrace—  
Crushing beauty's skeleton—  
Tell us what the hidden race  
With our mourned lost have done !

Floating isle, which in the sun  
Art an icy coronal ;  
And beneath the viewless dun,  
Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall ;  
Shining death upon the sea !  
Wend thee to the southern main ;  
Warm skies wait to welcome thee !  
Mingle with the wave again !

J. C. ROCKWELL.

#### THE CRICKET.

**L**ITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,  
Wheresoe'er be thine abode  
Always harbinger of good,  
Pay me for thy warm retreat  
With a song more soft and sweet ;  
In return thou shalt receive  
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,  
Inoffensive, welcome guest !

While the rat is on the scout,  
And the mouse with curious snout,  
With what vermin else infest  
Every dish, and spoil the best;  
Frisking thus before the fire,  
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be  
Formed as if akin to thee,  
Thou surpassest, happier far,  
Happiest grasshoppers that are;  
Theirs is but a summer's song—  
Thine endures the winter long,  
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,  
Melody throughout the year.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

**A**ND is the swallow gone?  
Who beheld it?  
Which way sailed it?  
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—  
But who doth hear  
Its summer cheer  
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!  
From its surrounding clay  
It steals away  
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?  
'Tis all unknown;  
We feel alone  
That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

## A DOUBTING HEART.

**W**HERE are the swallows fled?  
Frozen and dead  
Perehance upon some bleak and stormy  
shore.

O doubting heart!  
Far over purple seas,  
They wait, in sunny ease,  
The balmy southern breeze  
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?  
Prisoned they lie  
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
O doubting heart!  
They only sleep below  
The soft white ermine snow  
While winter winds shall blow,  
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays  
These many days;  
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?  
O doubting heart!  
The stormy clouds on high  
Veil the same sunny sky  
That soon, for spring is nigh,  
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light  
Is quenched in night;  
What sound can break the silence of despair?  
O doubting heart!  
The sky is overcast,  
Yet stars shall rise at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## TO A MOSQUITO.

**T**HOU little siren, when the nymphs of yore  
Charmed with their songs till men forgot to dine,  
And starved, though music-fed, upon their  
shore,

Their voices breathed no softer lays than thine.  
They sang but to entice, and thou dost sing  
As if to lull our senses to repose,  
That thou mayst use, unharmed, thy little sting,  
The very moment we begin to doze;  
Thou worse than siren, thirsty, fierce blood-sipper,  
Thou living vampire, and thou gallinipper!

Nature is full of music, sweetly sings  
The bard, (and thou dost sing most sweetly too.)  
Through the wide circuit of created things,  
Thou art the living proof the bard sings true.  
Nature is full of thee; on every shore,  
'Neath the hot sky of Congo's dusky child,  
From warm Peru to icy Labrador,  
The world's free citizen, thou roamest wild.  
Wherever "mountains rise or oceans roll,"  
Thy voice is heard, from "Indus to the Pole."

The incarnation of Queen Mab art thou,  
"The furies' midwife;"—thou dost nightly sip,  
With amorous proboscis bending low,  
The honey-dew from many a lady's lip—  
(Though that they "straight on kisses dream." I  
doubt—)

On smiling faces, and on eyes that weep,  
Thou lightest, and oft with "sympathetic snout"  
"Ticklest men's noses as they lie asleep;"  
And sometimes dwellest, if I rightly scan,  
"On the forefinger of an alderman."

Yet thou canst glory in a noble birth,  
As rose the sea-born Venus from the wave,  
So didst thou rise to life; the teeming earth,  
The living water and the fresh air gave

A portion of their elements to create  
 Thy little form, though beauty dwells not there.  
 So lean and gaunt, the economic fate  
 Meant thee to feed on music or on air.  
 Our vein's pure juices were not made for thee,  
 Thou living, singing, stinging atomy.

The hues of dying sunset are most fair,  
 And twilight's tints just fading into night,  
 Most dusky soft, and so thy soft notes are  
 By far the sweetest when thou takest thy flight.  
 The swan's last note is sweetest, so is thine ;  
 Sweet are the wind-harp's tones at distance heard ;  
 'Tis sweet at distance, at the day's decline,  
 To hear the opening song of evening's bird  
 But notes of harp or bird at distance float  
 Less sweetly on the ear than thy last note.

The autumn winds are wailing : 'tis thy dirge ;  
 Its leaves are scar, prophetic of thy doom.  
 Soon the cold rain will whelm thee, as the surge  
 Whelms the tossed mariner in its watery tomb ;  
 Then soar and sing thy little life away !  
 Albeit thy voice is somewhat husky now.  
 'Tis well to end in music life's last day,  
 Of one so gleeful and so blithe as thou :  
 For thou wilt soon live through thy joyous hours,  
 And pass away with autumn's dying flowers.

EDWARD SANFORD.

#### A GIRL LEADING HER BLIND MOTHER THROUGH THE WOOD.

THE green leaves as we pass  
 Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,  
 And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,  
 And the low forest-grass  
 Grows green and silken where the wood-paths wind—  
 Alas ! for thee, sweet mother ! thou art blind !

And nature is all bright ;  
 And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,  
 Like folded curtains from the day are drawn,  
 And evening's purple light  
 Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—  
 Alas ! sweet mother ! for thy clouded eye !

The moon's new silver shell  
 Trembles above thee, and the stars float up  
 In the blue air, and the rich tulip's eye  
 Is pencilled passing well,  
 And the sweet birds on glorious pinions flee—  
 Alas ! sweet mother ! that thou canst not see !

And the kind looks of friends  
 Peruse the sad expression in thy face,  
 And the child stops amid the bounding race  
 And the tall stripling bends  
 Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—  
 Alas ! sweet mother ! that thou seest them not !

But thou canst hear ! and love  
 May richly on a human tone be poured,  
 And the least cadence of a whispered word  
 A daughter's love may prove—  
 And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,  
 Albeit thou canst not see my face the while !

Yes, thou canst hear ! and He  
 Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,  
 To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung  
 Heaven and earth and sea !  
 And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know—  
 With but one sense the soul may overflow.

NATHANIEL PARKER WIGGLES.

#### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the night  
 Sweep through her marble halls !  
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
 From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of night,  
 Stoop o'er me from above ;  
 The calm, majestic presence of the night,  
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
 The manifold soft chimes,  
 That fill the haunted chambers of the night,  
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool eisterns of the midnight air  
 My spirit drank repose ;  
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—  
 From those deep eisterns flows.

O holy night ! from thee I learn to bear  
 What man has borne before !  
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,  
 And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !  
 Descend with broad-winged flight,  
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
 The best-beloved night !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### A WAVE.

LIST ! thou child of wind and sea,  
 Tell me of the far-off deep,  
 Where the tempest's breath is free,  
 And the waters never sleep !  
 Thou perchance the storm hast aided  
 In its work of stern despair,  
 Or perchance thy hand hath braided,  
 In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave ! now on the golden sands,  
 Silent as thou art, and broken.  
 Bear'st thou not from distant strands  
 To my heart some pleasant token ?



Tales of mountains of the south,  
Spangles of the ore of silver;  
Which, with playful singing mouth,  
Thou hast leaped on high to pilfer?

Mournful wave! I deemed thy song  
Was telling of a floating prison,  
Which, when tempests swept along,  
And the mighty winds were risen,  
Foundered in the ocean's grasp.  
While the brave and fair were dying,  
Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp  
In thy folds, as thou wert flying?

Hast thou seen the hallowed rock  
Where the pride of kings reposes,  
Crowned with many a misty loek,  
Wreathed with sapphire, green, and roses?  
Or with joyous, playful leap.  
Hast thou been a tribute flinging,  
Up that bold and jutty steep,  
Pearls upon the south wind stringing?

Faded wave! a joy to thee,  
Now thy flight and toil are over!  
O, may my departure be  
Calm as thine, thou ocean-rover!  
When this soul's last pain or mirth  
On the shore of time is driven,  
Be its lot like thine on earth,  
To be lost away in heaven!

J. C. ROCKWELL.

## WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,  
Nor who the counsel gave;  
But I must hasten downward,  
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?  
Whither, O brooklet, say!  
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?  
That can no murmur be;  
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing  
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,  
And wander merrily near;  
The wheels of a mill are going  
In every brooklet clear.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## SUMMER EVENING.

THE moonbeams lay upon the hill,  
The shadows in the vale,  
And here and there a leaping rill  
Was laughing on the gale.  
One fleecy cloud upon the air  
Was all that met my eyes;  
It floated like an angel there,  
Between me and the skies.

The twilight hours like birds flew by,  
As lightly and as free;  
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand in the sea;  
For every wave with dimpled face  
That leaped into the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it trembling there.

The young moon, too, with upturned sides,  
Her mirrored beauty gave,  
And as a bark at anchor rides,  
She rode upon the wave.  
The sea was like the heaven above,  
As perfect and as whole,  
Save that it seemed to thrill with love,  
As thrills the immortal soul.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

## RAIN IN SUMMER.

HOW beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout  
Across the window pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars--  
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain



From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these  
The poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled,  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold,  
That have not yet been wholly told,—  
Have not been wholly snug nor said,  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;

And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### SPRING IS COMING.

**S**PRING is coming, spring is coming,  
Birds are chirping, insects humming ;  
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,  
Streams escaped from winter's keeping,  
In delighted freedom rushing,  
Dance along in music gushing.  
Scenes of late in deadness saddened,  
Smile in animation gladdened ;  
All is beauty, all is mirth,  
All is glory upon earth.  
Shout we then with nature's voice,  
Welcome spring ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Spring is coming ; come, my brother,  
Let us rove with one another,  
To our well-remembered wild-wood,  
Flourishing in nature's childhood ;  
Where a thousand flowers are springing,  
And a thousand birds are singing ;  
Where the golden sunbeams quiver  
On the verdure-girdled river ;  
Let our youth of feeling out,  
To the youth of nature shout,  
While the waves repeat our voice.  
Welcome spring ! rejoice ! rejoice !

JAMES NACB

#### AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

**T**HE day is ending,  
The night is descending,  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead ;

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows,  
That glimmer red.

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AMES NACD

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LOST ON THE ALPS.

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Out  
Beho  
Sheddi  
Flowe

The snow recommences,  
The barbed fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing,  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### AUTUMN.

WITH shy brown eyes she comes again,  
With hair a sunny, silken skein,  
As full of light as golden rod ;  
Love in her voice, love in her nod,  
She treads so softly no one knows  
The time she comes, the time she goes.

The grass is brown, the leaves begin  
Their gold and crimson dyes to win,  
Each cricket sings as loud as ten  
To drown the noisy locust, when  
You come, O maid, to bid us ery  
To summer sweet a long good-bye.

And when you go the leaves are gone ;  
The aster's farewell scent is flown ;  
Poor Cupid puts away his wings,  
And close to cosy corners elings ;  
The rude winds usher, with a shout,  
The winter in, the autumn out.

There's sadness in her shy brown eyes,  
Though gay her gown with tawny dyes ;  
Love's in her voice—but telling most  
Of one who's loved, but loved and lost,  
She treads so softly no one knows  
The time she comes, the time she goes.

#### THE SEASONS.

WHILE blasts of autumn drive the winged seeds  
Over the earth ; next come the snows, and  
rain,  
And frost, and storms, which dreary winter  
leads  
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train.  
Behold ! spring sweeps over the world again,  
Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings ;  
Flowers on the mountain, fruits over the plain.

And music on the waves and woods she flings,  
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

O spring ! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,  
Wind-winged emblem ! brightest, best and fairest !  
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sad-  
ness,

The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest ?  
Sister of joy ! thou art the child who wearest  
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet ;  
Thy mother autumn, for whose grave thou bearest  
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,  
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding sheet.

Virtue, and hope, and love, like light and heaven,  
Surround the world ; we are their chosen slaves.  
Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven  
Truth's deathless germs to thought's remotest caves ?  
Lo, winter comes ! the grief of many graves,  
The frost of death, the tempest of the sword,  
The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves  
Stagnate like ice at faith, the enchanter's word,  
And bind all human hearts in its repose abhorred.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN 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-on 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 from the pleasant woods, and colored wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching 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.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

**W**ELCOME, wild north-easter!  
Shame it is to see  
Odes to every zephyr;  
Ne'er a verse to thee.  
Welcome, black north-easter!  
O'er the German foam;  
O'er the Danish moorlands,  
From thy frozen home.  
Tired we are of summer,  
Tired of gaudy glare,  
Showers soft and steaming,  
Hot and breathless air,  
Tired of listless dreaming,  
Through the lazy day:  
Jovial wind of winter  
Turns us out to play!  
Sweep the golden reed-beds;  
Crisp the lazy dyke:  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike.  
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;  
Fill the marsh with snipe;  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely eurlaws pipe.

Through the black fir-forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,  
Shattering down the snow-flakes  
Off the curdled sky.  
Hark! the brave north-easter!  
Breast-high lies the scent,  
On byholt and headland,  
Over heath and bent.  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Through the sleet and snow.  
Who can override you?  
Let the horses go!  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast.  
You shall see a fox die  
Ere an hour be past.

Go! and rest to-morrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,  
While our skates are ringing  
O'er the frozen streams.  
Let the luscious south-wind  
Breathe in lover's sighs,  
While the lazy gallants  
Bask in ladies' eyes.  
What does he but soften  
Heart alike and pen?

'Tis the hard gray weather  
Breeds hard English men.  
What's the soft south-wester?  
'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Bringing home their true-loves  
Out of all the seas;  
But the black north-easter,  
Through the snowstorm hurled,  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
Seaward round the world.

Come, as came our fathers,  
Heralded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
Lords by land and sea.  
Come; and strong within us  
Stir the Vikings' blood;  
Bracing brain and sinew;  
Blow, thou wind of God!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH.

**G**ENTLE spring! in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display!  
For winter maketh the light heart sad,  
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.  
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,  
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;  
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,  
Their beards of icicles and snow;  
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,  
We must cover over the eubers low;  
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,  
Mope like birds that are changing feather.  
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky  
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;  
But Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;  
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,  
And the earth looks bright, and winter surly,  
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,  
Is banished afar by the new-born year,  
When thy merry step draws near.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CLOUD-SHIP.

**L**O! over ether's glorious realm  
A cloud-ship sails with favoring breeze;  
A bright form stands beside the helm,  
And guides it o'er the ethereal seas.

Far streams on air its banner white,  
Its swallow-like pinions kiss the gale,  
And now a beam of heaven's light  
With glory gems the snowy sail.

Perchance, bright bark, your snowy breast  
And silver-tissued plinions wide,  
Bear onward to some isle of rest  
Pure spirits in life's furnace tried.

Oh! could we stay each swelling sail  
Of spotless radiance o'er thee hung,  
And lift the bright, mysterious veil  
O'er forms of seraph beauty flung—

How would our spirits long to mourn:  
And float along the ethereal way,  
To drink of life's unfailing fount,  
And bathe in heaven's resplendent day!

But lo! the gold-tiaraed west  
Unfolds her sapphire gates of light;  
While day's proud monarch bows his crest,  
And bids the sighing world good-night.

And now the cloud-ship flies along,  
Her wings with gorgeous colors dressed,  
And fancy hears triumphant song  
Swell from her light-encircled breast—

As to the wide-unfolded gate,  
The brilliant portal of the skies,  
She bears her bright, immortal freight,  
The glorious soul that never dies!

SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER.

#### AUTUMN.

**W**HOU comest, autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant  
fanned,

Brighter than brightest silks of Samareand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### EARLY SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

**C**OME ye so early,  
Days of delight?  
Making the hillside  
Blithesome and bright?

Merrily, merrily,  
Little brooks rush,  
Down by the meadow,  
Under the bush.

Welkin and hilltop,  
Azure and cool;  
Fishes are sporting  
In streamlet and pool.

Birds of gay feather  
Flit through the grove,  
Singing together,  
Ditties of love.

Buzzily coming  
From moss-covered bowers,  
Brown bees are humming,  
Questing for flowers.

Lightsome emotion,  
Life everywhere;  
Faint wafts of fragrance  
Scenting the air.

Now comes there sounding  
A song of the breeze—  
Shakes through the thicket,  
Sinks in the trees:

Sinks, but returning,  
It ruffles my hair;  
Aid me this rapture,  
Muses, to bear!

Know ye the passion  
That stirs in me here?  
Yest're'en at gloaming  
Was I with my dear!

W. EDMONDSTOUNE TYOON.

#### INDIAN SUMMER.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

**N**OW had the season returned when the nights  
grow colder and longer,  
And the retreating sun the sign of Scor-  
pion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from  
the ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical  
islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of  
September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with  
the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded  
their honey  
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters  
asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the  
foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that  
beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of  
All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;  
 and the landscape  
 Lay as if new created in all the freshness of child-  
 hood.  
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless  
 heart of the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in  
 harmony blended.  
 Voices of children at play, the erowing of coeks in the  
 farm-yards,  
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of  
 pigeons,  
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and  
 the great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors  
 around him;  
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and  
 yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree  
 of the forest  
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with  
 mantles and jewels.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## TO THE MOON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

**F**LOODED are the brakes and dell  
 With thy phantom light,  
 And my soul receives the spell  
 Of thy mystic might.

To the meadow dost thou send  
 Something of thy grace,  
 Like the kind eye of a friend,  
 Beaming on my face.

Echoes of departed times  
 Vibrate on mine ear,  
 Joyous, sad, like spirit chimes,  
 As I wander here.

Flow, flow on, thou little brook;  
 Ever onward go!  
 Trusted heart, and tender look,  
 Left even me so.

Richer treasure earth has none  
 Than I once possessed—  
 Ah, so rich, that when 'twas gone,  
 Worthless was the rest.

Little brook! adown the vale,  
 Rush, and take my song;  
 Give it passion, give it wail,  
 As thou leap'st along.

Somd it in the winter night,  
 When thy streams are full;  
 Murmur it when skies are bright,  
 Mirrored in the pool.

Happiest he of all created,  
 Who the world can shun,  
 Not in hate, and yet unliated;  
 Sharing thought with none,

Save one faithful friend; revealing,  
 To his kindly ear,  
 Thoughts like these, which, o'er me stealing,  
 Make the night so drear.

W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

## THE END OF THE DROUTH.

**T**HE rain's come at last!  
 And 'tis pouring as fast  
 As if it would pay the arrears of the past;  
 While the clouds on the wind  
 Press on thicker and thicker,  
 As if they'd a mind  
 To disgorge all their liquor.

Let them patter away—  
 There's a toper to-day  
 That will take their whole tonnage to moisten his clay;  
 Yea, though they keep up  
 For a fortnight their dropping,  
 He won't flinch a cup,  
 Nor require any mopping.

Yea, earth that was cursed  
 With a vehement thirst,  
 Is drinking so eager you'd fancy he'd burst;  
 And his hot ehappy lips—  
 How he snaeks them together  
 As he gulps, tastes, and sips  
 The delicious wet weather!

See the beautiful flowers,  
 How they soak in the showers  
 That plash on the meadows or splash through the  
 bowers!  
 Leaves, blossoms, and shoots  
 Quaff with succulent mouth;  
 And the fibres and roots  
 Are imbibing the south.

The farmer's nice ear  
 Distinctly can hear  
 The growth of his crops through their bacchanal  
 eheer;  
 And the boozey potatoes  
 Cry out, under cover,  
 "With elbow room treat us,  
 Arrah! neighbors, lie over."

The horses and cows,  
 Neglecting to browse,  
 Stand still when they give their parched hides a  
 carouse!

And the indolent sheep  
Their frieze jackets mutton,  
While with rain-drops they steep  
Their half-roasted mutton.

The birds of the air  
Seem little to care,  
If the summer should never again dry up fair;  
For they're dabbling, like snipes,  
And rejoicing together,  
While the quail tunes his pipes  
To *wet-weather!* *wet-weather!*

The ducks and the drakes  
Spread their feathers in flakes,  
And dabble their bellies in stable-yard lakes;  
And nothing on earth  
Can be half so absurd  
As the bibulous mirth  
Of the pond-loving bird.

In brief, to sum up—  
All things seem to sup  
New vigor from nature's most bountiful cup;  
While the sky dropping rain,  
And the sun, shining southerly,  
Make the country again  
Look good-natured and motherly.

## THE SWISS ALP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

**Y**ESTERDAY thy head was brown, as are the  
flowing locks of love,  
In the bright blue sky I watched thee tower-  
ing, giant-like, above.  
Now thy summit, white and hoary, glitters all with  
silver snow.  
Which the stormy night hath shaken from its robes  
upon thy brow;  
And I know that youth and age are bound with such  
mysterious meaning,  
As the days are linked together, one short dream but  
intervening.

W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

## TO THE RAINBOW.

**T**RIONPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky,  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art;

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight  
A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight,  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold  
Thy form to please me so,

As when I dreamed of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang,  
On earth delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshened fields,  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## HOSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

**O** THOU that rollest above,  
Round as the shield of my fathers!  
Whence are thy beams, O sun!  
Thy everlasting light?  
Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty;  
The stars hide themselves in the sky;  
The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave  
But thou thyself movest alone.  
Who can be companion of thy course?  
The oaks of the mountains fall;  
The mountains themselves decay with years;  
The ocean shrinks and grows again;



The moon herself is lost in heaven,  
 But thou art forever the same,  
 Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.  
 When the world is dark with tempests,  
 When thunder rolls and lightning flashes,  
 Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds  
 And laughest at the storm.  
 But to Ossian thou lookest in vain,  
 For he beholds thy beams no more.  
 Whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds,  
 Or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.  
 But thou art perhaps like me for a season ;  
 Thy years will have an end.  
 Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,  
 Careless of the voice of the morning.  
 Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth !

JAMES MACPHERSON.

#### LOWLY PLEASURES.

**W**ETHINKS I love all common things,  
 The common air, the common flower,  
 The dear, kind, common thought that  
 springs

From hearts that have no other dower,  
 No other wealth, no other power,  
 Save love ; and will not that repay  
 For all else fortune tears away ?

What good are fancies rare, that rack  
 With painful thought the poet's brain ?  
 Alas ! they cannot bear us back  
 Unto happy years again !  
 But the white rose without stain  
 Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,  
 When youth was bounteous as the hours.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

#### THE FROST.

**W**HIE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,  
 And he said, " Now I shall be out of sight ;  
 So through the valley and over the height  
 In silence I'll take my way,

I will not go like that blustering train,  
 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain ;  
 But I'll be as busy as they ! "

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,  
 He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed  
 With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast  
 Of the quivering lake he spread  
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
 The downward point of many a spear  
 That he hung on its margin, far and near,  
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
 And over each pane like a fairy crept ;  
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,  
 By the light of the moon were seen  
 Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,  
 There were beves of birds and swarms of bees,

There were cities, thrones, temples and towers, and  
 these  
 All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—  
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there  
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare—

" Now just to set them a-thinking,  
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he ;  
 " This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,  
 And the glass of water they've left for me  
 Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

#### FALLING SNOW.

**L**OOK how the snow falls and falls  
 On the bare hedge-row and the cold, gray  
 walls ;  
 Till every bush on the road for miles  
 With a soft, white cushion it piles and piles ;

Till every willow upon the green  
 On a plump, white pillow its head can lean ;  
 And the children cry to the flakes that are whirled  
 From the wintry sky o'er the wintry world :

" Oh ! tell us whether, as we have heard,  
 You are each the feather of some fat bird,  
 That old Mother Goose, when she kills her ducks  
 For old Father Christmas, plucks and plucks ;

" Or are you wee pieces of wool that drop,  
 When they clip the cloud fleeces on Cloudland Top ?  
 Or snow, dear snow, are your flakes the flowers  
 That flutter below to this earth of ours

" From the glittering garlands the angels weave  
 In Silver Starland from morn to eve ?"  
 The snow kisses, in answer, the nursery pane,  
 Then darts—a dancer in air again.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAY.

#### AUTUMN'S SIGHING.

**A**UTUMN'S sighing,  
 Moaning, dying ;  
 Clouds are flying  
 On like steeds ;  
 While their shadows  
 O'er the meadows  
 Walk like widows  
 Deeked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,  
 Fall unfailing,  
 Dropping, sailing,  
 From the wood,  
 That, unpliant,  
 Stands defiant,  
 Like a giant  
 Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling  
Round our dwelling,  
All day telling  
Us their woe ;  
And at vesper  
Frosts grow crispier,  
As they whisper  
Of the snow.

From th' unseen land  
Frozen inland,  
Down from Greenland  
Winter glides,  
Shedding lightness  
Like the brightness  
When moon-whiteness  
Fills the tides.

Now bright pleasure's  
Sparkling measures  
With rare treasures  
Overflow !  
With this gladness  
Comes what sadness !  
Oh, what madness !  
Oh, what woe !

Even merit  
May inherit  
Some bare garret,  
(Or the ground ;  
Or, a worse ill,  
Beg a morsel  
At some door-sill,  
Like a hound !

Storms are trailing,  
Winds are wailing,  
Howling, railing,  
At each door.  
'Midst this trailing,  
Howling, railing,  
List the wailing  
Of the poor !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

## OCTOBER.

SEE how the great old forest vies  
With all the glory of the skies,  
In streaks without a name ;  
And leagues on leagues of scarlet spires,  
And temples lit with crimson fires,  
And palaces of flame !  
And domes on domes that gleam afar,  
Through many a gold and crimson bar,  
With azure overhead ;  
While forts, with towers on towers arise,  
As if they meant to scale the skies.  
With banner bloody red !

Here, orange groves that seem asleep  
There, stately avenues that sweep  
To where the land declines ;  
There, starting up in proud array,  
With helmets flashing to the day,  
Troop upon troop of pines !  
Here, evergreens that have withdrawn,  
And hang around the open lawn,  
With shadows creeping back ;  
While yonder, girdled hemlocks run  
Like fiery serpents to the sun,  
Upon their gleaming track !

And, in the distance far apart,  
As if to shame man's proudest art,  
Cathedral arches spread ;  
While yonder ancient elm has caught  
A glory, 'yond the reach of thought,  
Upon his hoary head.  
But every object, far and wide—  
The very air is glorified—  
A perfect dream of bliss !  
Earth's greatest painters never could,  
Nor poet in inspired mood,  
Imagine aught like this.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

## AUTUMN-TIME.

RICH, purple smoke of incense ceaseless rises  
From earth's full urn, and curls along the  
hills

And veils the pathway of the lispings rills.  
For ripened gifts I read her gratitude  
Written in blushing lines on field and wood.  
Her paths are full of lure and sweet surprises :  
Quick transformation-scenes by day and night  
Till beauty's self doth seem unveiled in sight,  
And glowing heights like burning altars stand,  
Whose prototype is that foreshadowed land  
Where fount of beauty, fount of being surges ;  
All colors teeming, yet all colors blent—  
A universal halo throneward bent—  
Where thoughts are flowers, and feelings glowing  
leaves,  
And deeds, more potent, rise as crowning sheaves.  
Their beauty brief in beauty factless merges.

LAURA ROGERS M'CANTRY

## CALL US NOT WEEDS.

OH, call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea,  
For lovely and bright and gay-tinted are we ;  
Our blush is as deep as the rose of thy bowers :  
Then call us not weeds ; we are ocean's gay  
flowers.

Not nursed like the plants of a summer parterre,  
Whose gales are but sighs of an evening air ;  
Our exquisite, fragile, and beautiful forms  
Are nursed by the ocean and rocked by the storms.

# NARRATIVES IN SONG.



## THE DOG OF THE ALPS.

HE hero lives on in the pages of story,

Though blood-drops may sully the words that record :

His bust shall be crowned with the chaplet of glory ;

The hand shall be honored that rests on the sword.

But there's one whose good deeds are scarce noted by any ;

The field of his valor, the ice-covered sealsp ;  
'Tis the dumb and the faithful, the saviour of many,  
The brave and the beautiful dog of the Alps.

With his mission of mercy, right onward he'll hurry ;  
No wild, howling storm burst shall turn him aside :  
Though the tottering avalanche threaten to bury,  
And the arrowy sleet-shower bristle his hide.

We drink health to the bold one, whose strong arm has wrested

The perishing form from the billowy grave :  
But a laurel is due to the dog who has breasted  
The winding-sheet found in the snow-drifted wave.

Through the fearful ravine, when the thick flakes are falling

O'er peaks, while the cutting wind eurdles his breath ;

He wends his lone way with the wallet-strap galling,  
To seek the lost pilgrim, and snatch him from death.

Where the traveller lies, with his parting breath sighing

Some name that he loves in a tremulous prayer ;  
The dog of the Alps comes with life to the dying ;  
With warmth to the frozen, and hope to despair.

It is not ambition that leads him to danger,  
He toils for no trophy, he seeks for no fame ;

He faces all peril and succors the stranger ;

But asks not the wide world to blazon his name.

'Twould be well if the great ones, who boast of their reason,

Would copy his work on the winter-bound sealsp ;  
And cherish the helpless in sorrow's bleak season,  
Like the brave and the beautiful dog of the Alps.

ELIZA COOK.

## ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN-A-DALE.

COME, listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All you that love mirth for to hear,  
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

(96)

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
All under the greenwood tree,  
There he was aware of a brave young man,  
As fine as fine might be.  
The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,  
In scarlet fine and gay ;  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did he espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way,  
The scarlet he wore the day before  
It was clean cast away ;

And at every step he fetched a sigh—  
"Alack, and a well-a-day !"  
Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
And Midge, the miller's son,  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
When as he saw them come.

"Stand off, stand off !" the young man said ;  
"What is your will with me ?"

"You must come before our master straight ;"  
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin asked him courteously,

"Oh, hast thou any money to spare  
For my merry men and me ?"

"I have no money," the young man said,  
"But five shillings and a ring ;

And that I have kept this seven long years,  
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But she soon from me was ta'en.

And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name ?" then said Robin Hood ;  
"Come, tell me without any fail."

"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,

"My name it is Allin-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,

"In ready gold or fee,

To help thee to thy true love again,  
And deliver her unto thee ?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,

"No ready gold nor fee ;

But I will swear upon a book

Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love ?

Come, tell me without guile."

"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,

"It is but five little mile."  
Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor bin,  
Until he came unto the church  
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said;  
"I prithee now tell unto me."  
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,  
"And the best in the north countree."  
"O welcome, O welcome!" the bishop he said,  
"That musie best pleaseth me."  
"You shall have no musie," quoth Robin Hood,  
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."  
With that came in a wealthy knight,  
Which was both grave and old;  
And after him a finikin lass  
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,  
"That you do seem to make here;  
For since we are come into the church,  
The bride shall choose her own dear."  
Then Robin Hood put his horr. to his mouth,  
And blew blasts two or three,  
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold  
Came leaping o'er the lea.  
And when they came into the church-yard,  
Marching all in a row,  
The very first man was Allin-a-Dale  
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,  
"Young Allin, as I hear say;  
And you shall be married at this same time,  
Before we depart away."  
"That shall not be," the bishop he said,  
"For thy word shall not stand;  
They shall be three times asked in the church,  
As the law is of our land."  
Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,  
And put it on Little John:  
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,  
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire  
The people began to laugh;  
He asked them seven times in the church,  
Lest three times should not be enough.  
"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John.  
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;  
And he that takes her from Allin-a-Dale,  
Full dearly he shall her buy."  
And thus having end of this merry wedding,  
The bride looked like a queen;  
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,  
Amongst the leaves so green.

THE SPARROW AT SEA.

AGAINST the baffling winds, with slow advance,  
One drear December day,  
Up the vexed Channel, toward the coast of  
France,  
Our vessel urged her way.

Around the dim horizon's listy slopes  
The storm its banners hung;  
And pulling bravely at the heavy ropes,  
The dripping sailors sung.

A little land-bird, from its home-nest warm,  
Bewildered, driven, and lost,  
With wearied wings, came drifting on the storm,  
From the far English coast.

Blown blindly onward, with a headlong speed  
It could not guide or cheek,  
Seeking some shelter in its utter need,  
It dropped upon the deck.

Forgetting all its dread of human foes,  
Desiring only rest,  
It folded its weak wings, and nestled close  
And gladly to my breast.

Wherefore, I said, this little flickering life  
Which now all panting lies,  
Shall yet forget its peril and its strife,  
And soar in sunny skies.

To-morrow, gaining England's shore again,  
Its wings shall find their rest;  
And soon, among the leaves of some green fan,  
Brood o'er a summer nest.

And when, amid my future wanderings,  
My far and devious quest,  
I hear a warbling bird, whose earl rings  
More sweetly than the rest—

Then I shall say, with heart awake and warm,  
And sudden sympathy,  
"It is the bird I sheltered in the storm,  
The life I saved at sea!"

But when the morning fell across the ship,  
And storm and cloud were fled,  
The golden beak no longer sought my lip—  
The wearied bird was dead.

The bitter cold, the driving wind and rain,  
Were borne too many hours;  
My pity came too late and all in vain,  
Sunshine on frozen flowers.

Thus many a heart which dwells in grief and tears,  
Braving and suffering much,  
Bears patiently the wrong and pain of years,  
But breaks at love's first touch!

## THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WHO rides so late through the grisly night?  
 'Tis a father and child, and he grasps him  
 tight;  
 He wraps him close in his mantle's fold,  
 And shelters the boy from the piercing cold.

"My son, why thus to my arm dost cling?"  
 "Father, dost thou not see the Erlie-king?  
 The king with his crown and his long black train!"  
 "My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain!"

"Come hither, thou darling! come, go with me!  
 Fine games know I that I'll play with thee;  
 Flowers many and bright do my kingdom hold,  
 My mother has many a robe of gold."

"Oh, father, dear father! and dost thou not hear  
 What the Erlie-king whispers so low in mine ear?"  
 "Calm, calm thee, my boy, it is only the breeze,  
 As it rustles the wither'd leaves under the trees!"

"Wilt thou go, bonny boy! wilt thou go with me?  
 My daughters shall wait on thee daintily;  
 My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,  
 And rock thee, and kiss thee, and sing thee to sleep!"

"Oh, father, dear father! and dost thou not mark  
 Erlie-king's daughters move by in the dark?"  
 "I see it, my child; but it is not they,  
 'Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray!"

"I love thee! thy beauty, it charms me so!  
 And I'll take thee by force, if thou wilt not go!"  
 "Oh, father, dear father! he's grasping me—  
 My heart is as cold as cold can be!"

The father rides swiftly—with terror he gasps—  
 The sobbing child in his arms he clasps;  
 He reaches the castle with spurring and dread;  
 But, alack! in his arms the child lay dead!

THEODORE MARTIN.

## THE GREAT WEST.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where  
 the mountains  
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and  
 luminous summits.  
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge,  
 like a gateway,  
 Opens a passing rude to the wheels of the emigrant's  
 wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and  
 Owyhee.  
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Windriver  
 Mountains,  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the  
 Nebraska;

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the  
 Spanish sierras,  
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind  
 of the desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to  
 the ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn  
 vibrations.  
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,  
 beautiful prairies,  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun-  
 shine,  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple  
 anemones.  
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and  
 the roebuck;  
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds of rider-  
 less horses;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary  
 with travel;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's  
 children,  
 Staining the desert with blood; and above their ter-  
 rible war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
 Like the implacable soul of a elieftain slaughtered in  
 battle,  
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these  
 savage marauders;  
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-  
 running rivers;  
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of  
 the desert,  
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the  
 brook-side,  
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
 heaven,  
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.  
 Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark  
 Mountains,  
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers be-  
 hind him.  
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden  
 and Basil  
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to  
 o'ertake him.  
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke  
 of his camp-fire  
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at  
 nightfall,  
 When they had reached the place, they found only  
 embers and ashes.  
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and their  
 bodies were weary,  
 Hope still guided them on, as the Magic Fata Mor-  
 gana  
 Showed them her lakes of light that retreated and  
 vanished before them.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

**R**ICH and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

\* Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?  
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
No son of Erin will offer me harm:—  
For though they love woman and golden store,  
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green isle;  
And blest forever is she who relied  
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride.

THOMAS MOORE.

DOROTHY.

**O**h! it was a sight fearsome, fit to curdle the  
blood of the stoutest—  
That little craft caught in the teeth of the  
hungry, mad-foaming breakers  
That crunched it, and tore it, and broke it, now on  
the jagged rocks flinging.

Then catching it back, as tigers sport with their prey,  
then devour it;

And the six men up in the rigging, clinging, and pray-  
ing, and shuddering,

As one would shudder that looked down into his own  
grave open!

All the fisher-folk were away, six leagues away, to the  
northward,

Where the night before they had sailed, fast locked  
by the south gale in the harbor;

Only on the sands there were three old men, peering  
and moaning:

"Ah! if we were young as we once were, who knows  
but that we might save them?"

And the women were wringing their hands, with  
quavering, shrill cries, pitiful.

Among them, poised on her bare feet, like a bird  
pluming for flying

Over the foam, her brown hair out on the wind stream-  
ing and tossing.

Her cheeks flushing and paling, but her eyes clear,  
stood lass Dorothy.

Straight, strong-limbed and sunbrowned was she,  
modest, withal, and winsome.

"Will the vessel break up in an hour? If I thowt so  
lang she would ling there,

I'd awa' for the lifeboat," cried she. "Nay, nay, lass,"  
answered old Donald,

"Could you gang the four miles, you could na cross  
the burn swollen to bursting."

"I'll awa'," spake Dorothy, nothing more; and swiftly  
she darted

Off to the moor, as from the strained bow the arrow  
goes leaping.

For a mile the fierce gale she battled; then down to  
the sands forced to scramble

Where the huge waves were rolling, and through the  
hollow rocks booming their thunder,

Sped on, through the foam plashing knee-deep, ever  
fighting for footing,

Till she came to the burn white with wrath, as if with  
the mad sea leaguing

In vengeance against the foe who, for its prey, with it  
would wrestle.

What though her heart sank? in she plunged—for.  
Oh, the men that were drowning!

Waist-deep, then overhead sinking, seized by a swirl-  
ing eddy,

Struggling up to her feet, on pressing again, till once  
more on the moorland,

She breasted the gale, flinging to it the wet garments  
that hindered.

So reached she at last the house where lived the cox-  
swain of the lifeboat,

And sank at the threshold, swooning, but gasping with  
wan lips: "The schooner

On the letch—norrud!" Well knew the coxswain the  
need that had sent her.

"Look after the lass, gude wife!" he shouted, and  
ran for the lifeboat.

The blessed lifeboat! how it shot out into the surges,  
bounding

Away and away—around the Point—close up to the  
wreck, undaunted!

And lo! the six men dropped into it, saved, as  
solemnly joyful

As if into heaven they had come, out of death, with  
its chrism on their foreheads.

Only a simple lass still is Dorothy, never dreaming  
That she has done aught heroic. Yet, sometimes, o'

nights, when the stormwind  
Is out, she smiles as she lays her head on its rude  
straw pillow,

To think of the six men, somewhere safe, living and  
loving.

Because she dared through the gale and the foam to  
run for the lifeboat.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

**W**AS Pentecost, the feast of gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all sadness  
Thus began the king and spake:  
"So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,  
A luxuriant spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly.  
From balcony the king looked on ;  
In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable knight.  
"Sir knight! your name and scutcheon, say!"  
"Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear;  
I'm a prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,  
And the castle 'gan to rock.  
At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls glances  
Waves a mighty shadow in;  
With a manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin;

Danced in sable iron sark  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around.  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every knight and every dame.  
"Twixt son and daughter all distraught,  
With mournful mind  
The ancient king reclined,  
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took;  
"Golden wine will make you whole!"  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank;  
"O that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,  
Son and daughter: and their faces  
Colorless grew utterly.  
Whichever way  
Looks their fear-struck father gray.  
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both  
Takest thou in the joy of youth?  
Take me, too, the joyless father!"  
Spake the grim guest,  
From his hollow, cavernous breast:  
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE FISHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THE water rushed and bubbled by—  
An angler near it lay,  
And watched his quill, with tranquil eye  
Upon the current play,  
And as he sits in wasteful dream,  
He sees the flood unclose,  
And from the middle of the stream  
A river-maiden rose.

She sang to him with witching wile:  
"My brood why wilt thou snare,  
With human craft and human guile,  
To die in scorching air?  
Ah! didst thou know how happy we,  
Who dwell in waters clear,  
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,  
And rest forever here.

"The sun and lady-moon they lave  
Their tresses in the main,  
And, breathing freshness from the wave,  
Come doubly bright again.  
The deep-blue sky, so moist and clear,  
Hath it for thee no lure?  
Does thine own face not woo thee down  
Unto our waters pure?"

The water rushed and bubbled by—  
It lapped his naked feet;  
He thrilled as though he felt the touch  
Of maiden kisses sweet.  
She spoke to him, she sang to him—  
Resistless was her strain—  
Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave,  
And ne'er was seen again.

THEODORE MARTIN.

### THE CITY IN THE SEA.

LO! Death hath reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim west,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst and  
the best

Have gone to their eternal rest.  
There shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down:  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently—  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—  
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—



Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—  
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—  
Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
Whose wreathéd friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,  
While, from a proud tower in the town,  
Death looks giganticly down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves,  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye—  
Not the gayly-jewelled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed ;  
For no ripples curl, alas !  
Along that wilderness of glass—  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea—  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On scenes less hideously serene.

But low ! a stir is in the air !  
The wave—there is a movement there !  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—  
As if their tops had feebly given  
A void within the filmy heaven.  
The waves have now a redder glow,  
The hours are breathing faint and low—  
And when, amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads  
The rigid and rolling waves,  
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,  
She bows her surly slaves !  
With foam before and fire behind,  
She rends the clinging sea,  
That flies before the roaring wind,  
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flow  
With heaped and glistening bells,  
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,  
With every wave that swells ;  
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,  
In lurid fringes thrown,  
The living gems of ocean sweep  
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,  
And smoking torch on high,  
When winds are loud, and billows reel,  
She thunders foaming by !  
When seas are silent and serene,  
With even beam she glides,  
The sunshine glimmering through the green  
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart  
She veils her shadowy form,  
The beating of her restless heart  
Still sounding through the storm ;  
Now answers, like a courtly dame,  
The reddening surges o'er,  
With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night you pilot shall not sleep,  
Who trims his narrowed sail ;  
To-night you frigate scarce shall keep  
Her broad breast to the gale ;  
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,  
Shall break from yard and stay,  
Before this smoky wreath has stained  
The rising mist of day.

Hark ! hark ! I hear you whistling shroud,  
I see you quivering mast ;  
The black throat of the hunted cloud  
Is panting forth the blast !  
An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,  
The giant surge shall fling  
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,  
White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;  
Nor wind nor wave shall tire  
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap  
With floods of living fire ;  
Sleep on—and when the morning light  
Streams o'er the shining bay,  
O, think of those for whom the night  
Shall never wake in day !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE SPANISH MAID.

FIVE weary months sweet Inez numbered  
From that un fading bitter day  
When last she heard the trumpet brag  
That called her Isidor away—  
That never to her heart has shumbered ;

She hears it now, and sees, far bending  
Along the mountain's misty side,  
His plumed troop, that, waving wide,  
Seems like a rippling, feathery tide,  
Now bright, now with the dim shore blending ;



She hears the cannon's deadly rattle—  
 And fancy hurries on to strife,  
 And hears the drum and screaming file  
 Mix with the last sad cry of life.  
 O, should he—should he fall in battle!

Yet still his name would live in story,  
 And every gallant bard in Spain  
 Would fight his battles o'er again;  
 And would not she for such a strain  
 Resign him to his country's glory?

Thus Inez thought, and plucked the flower  
 That grew upon the very bank  
 Where first her ear bewildered drank  
 The plighted vow—where last she sank  
 In that too bitter parting hour.

But now the sun is westward sinking;  
 And soon amid the purple haze,  
 That showers from his slanting rays,  
 A thousand loves there meet her gaze,  
 To change her high heroic thinking.

Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies,  
 Before her flits and fills the air;  
 And, decked in victory's glorious gear,  
 In vision Isidor is there.

Then how her heart mid sadness dances!

Yet little thought she, thus forestalling  
 The coming joy, that in that hour  
 The future, like the colored shower  
 That seems to arch the ocean o'er,  
 Was in the living present falling.

The foe is slain. His sable charger  
 All flecked with foam comes bounding on,  
 The wild Morona rings anon,  
 And on its brow the gallant Don  
 And gallant steed grow larger, larger;

And now he nears the mountain-hollow,  
 The flowery bank and little lake  
 Now on his startled vision break—  
 And Inez there—He's not awake—  
 Ah, what a day this dream will follow?

But no—he surely is not dreaming.  
 Another minute makes it clear.  
 A scream, a rush, a burning tear  
 From Inez's cheek, dispel the fear  
 That bliss like his is only seeming.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

#### OLD IRONSIDES.

**A**YE, tear her tattered ensign down!  
 Long has it waved on high,  
 And many an eye has danced to see  
 That banner in the sky;  
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout  
 And burst the cannon's roar;

The meteor of the ocean air  
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
 And waves were white below,  
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
 Or know the conquered knee;  
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
 The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave;  
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
 And there should be her grave;  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms—  
 The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### THE LADY SAINT.

**T**ELL us a story, Grandpa, do—  
 Jenn says you've always something new  
 For Christmas time, and that's because  
 You know so well old Santa Claus;  
 To-day we saw him in a store,  
 On Chestnut street, and at the door  
 He bowed, and asked us girls and boys  
 To walk right in and see his toys,  
 And shake his hand—*hey!* how we stared!  
 So said the Pet called "Golden Haired."

"I saw him too," Grandpa replied,  
 "And was a pigmy by his side,  
 But if he put you in a fright  
 We'll think of something else to-night.  
 How would you like, my little dear,  
 About a lady saint to hear?  
 Yes, there are many such, and yet  
 You'll live to see they seldom get  
 The hearty welcomes and applause  
 Bestowed on grim Old Santa Claus!

They live among us everywhere;  
 While for our praise they little care,  
 The thanks of sorrow's children bless,  
 And fill their hearts with happiness;  
 For these good lady saints proceed  
 To help and comfort those in need,  
 And poor and sick, and weak and lame,  
 Know them at sight, if not by name,  
 For deeds of mercy through the year,  
 As well as for their Christmas cheer.

Now, many, many years ago,  
 Among New Hampshire's hills of snow,  
 A pleasant village snugly lay,  
 Where on a dawning Christmas Day,

Fast stopping down the street was seen,  
 One of these lady saints—St. Jean :  
 This title, everybody said,  
 Was due her for the life she led,  
 Whose gentle deeds with day began,  
 And through its course benignly ran.

Near to an old, half-ruined mill,  
 With burrs and wheel disused and still,  
 A widow lived, but young in years,  
 Yet worn by trouble and by tears ;  
 For on the dreadful April day  
 The furious flood, that swept away  
 The mill's stone dam, had from her heart  
 Torn him she loved and rent apart  
 The tender, living ties that bless  
 The humblest home with happiness !

To lighten up the widow's woe,  
 St. Jean was walking through the snow—  
 St. Jean, the fair of face and fame,  
 Who brought and left where'er she came  
 The soothing charm that woman flings  
 About our mortal sufferings.  
 Thus through the whitenel vale she went—  
 The village far behind—intent  
 On bearing comfort to the cot—  
 Some joy to bless its lonely lot.

The door was opened at her knock,  
 But while she placed her basket's stock  
 Of bon-bons, toys and pumpkin pies,  
 With other gifts, before the eyes  
 Of all within, delight's sweet spells  
 Were startled by the sound of bells,  
 And, in a moment more, there stood  
 Upon the threshold Farmer Goode,  
 With something very like the pack  
 Of Santa Claus slung on his back.

O, that was then a happy scene,  
 Where first young Goode had met St. Jean,  
 But though the first, 'twas not the last,  
 For when the winter days had passed,  
 He wedded her, and still as wife,  
 She kept her ways and former life,  
 And grew more beautiful to see,  
 Till death came by—alas ! for me,  
 And my dear lady saint was laid  
 To rest beneath the willow's shade !”

D. BRAINERD WILLIAMSON.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

WHY is that graceful female here  
 With yon red hunter of the deer ?  
 Of gentle mien and shape, she seems  
 For evil halls designed,  
 Yet with the stat'ly savage walks,  
 As she were of his kind.

Look on her leafy diadem,  
 Enriched with many a floral gem :  
 Those simple ornaments about  
 Her candid brow, disclose  
 The loosing spring's last violet,  
 And summer's earliest rose ;  
 But not a flower lies scorching there  
 Sweet as herself, or that so fair,  
 Exchanging lustre with the sun,  
 A part of day she strays—  
 A glancing, living, human smile  
 On nature's face she plays.  
 Can none instruct me what are these  
 Companions of the lofty trees ?

Intent to blend her with his lot,  
 Fate formed her all that he was not ;  
 And, as by mere likeness, thoughts  
 Associate we see,  
 Their hearts, from very difference, caught  
 A perfect sympathy.  
 The household goddess here to be  
 Of that one dusky votary,  
 She left her pallid countrymen,  
 An earthing most divine,  
 And sought in this sequestered wood  
 A solitary shrine.  
 Behold them roaming hand in hand,  
 Like night and sleep, along the land ;  
 Observe their movements :—he for her  
 Restrains his active stride,  
 While she assumes a bolder gait  
 To ramble at his side ;  
 Thus, even as the steps they frame,  
 Their souls fast alter to the same.  
 The one forsakes ferocity,  
 And momentarily grows mild ;  
 The other tempers more and more  
 The artful with the wild.  
 She humanizes him, and he  
 Educates her to liberty.

O, say not they must soon be old—  
 Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold !  
 Yet envy I that sylvan pair  
 More than my words express—  
 The singular beauty of their lot,  
 And seeming happiness.  
 They have not been reduced to share  
 The painful pleasures of despair ;  
 Their sun declines not in the sky,  
 Nor are their wishes east,  
 Like shadows of the afternoon,  
 Repining towards the past :  
 With nought to dread or to repent,  
 The present yields them full content.  
 In solitude there is no crime ;  
 Their actions all are free,  
 And passion lends their way of life  
 The only dignity ;

And how can they have any cares?—  
Whose interest contends with theirs?

The world, for all they know of it,  
Is theirs :—for them the stars are lit ;  
For them the earth beneath is green,  
The heavens above are bright ;  
For them the moon dath wax and wane,  
And decorate the night ;  
For them the branches of those trees  
Wave music in the vernal breeze ;  
For them, upon the dancing spray,  
The free bird sits and sings,  
And glittering insects flit about  
Upon delighted wings ;  
For them that brook, the brakes among,  
Murmurs its small and drowsy song ;  
For them the many-colored clouds  
Their shapes diversify,  
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,  
The expression of the sky.  
For them, and by them, all is gay,  
And fresh and beautiful as they :  
The images their minds receive,  
Their minds assimilate  
To outward forms, imparting thus  
The glory of their state.

Could aught be painted otherwise  
Than fair, seen through her star-bright eyes?  
He, too, because she fills his sight,  
Each object falsely sees ;  
The pleasure that he has in her  
Makes all things seem to please.  
And this is love—and this the life  
They lead—that Indian and his wife.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

#### THE HAUNTED PALACE.

**I**N the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
It stood there !  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair !

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago.)  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tuned law,

Round about a throne where, sitting  
(Porphryogene !)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn !—for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate !)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time forgotten.

And travellers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever  
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

#### RODNEY'S RIDE.

**I**N that soft mid-land where the breezes bear  
The north and the south on the genia! air,  
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of state,  
Rode Caesar Rodney, the delegate.

Barly and big, and bold and bluff,  
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of stuff,  
A foe to King George and the English state  
Was Caesar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,  
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,  
It was matter grave that had brought him there,  
To the counties three upon Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,  
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.  
Give us both and the king shall not work his will ;  
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill !"

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay :  
"Hold, Rodney, ho ! you must save the day,  
For the Congress halts at a dead so great,  
And your vote alone may decide its fate !"

Answered Rodney then : " I will ride with speed ;  
It is liberty's stress ; it is freedom's need.  
Wher stands it ? " " To-night. Not a moment spare,  
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,  
And the Congress sits eighty miles away—  
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,  
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies,  
On the northward road ere the "God speed!" dies.  
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,  
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling  
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.  
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where  
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurrs into Newcastle town,  
From his panting steed he gets him down—  
'A fresh one, quick; not a moment's wait!'  
And off speeds Rodney the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western sun  
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun;  
Six; and the dust of the Chester street  
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the horse boat, broad of beam,  
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream;  
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock  
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,  
And liberty lags for the vote of one—  
When into the hall not a moment late,  
Walks Cæsar Rodney the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half-day's ride  
Forwards the world with a mighty stride—  
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight stroke  
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gambut flung;  
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies  
rang,

And the sons of the free may recall with pride  
The day of delegate Rodney's ride.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old  
and brown;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it  
watches o'er the town.

As the summer-morn was breaking, on that lofty  
tower I stood.  
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds  
of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with  
streams and vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the  
landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys  
here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished,  
ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning  
hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient  
tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows  
wild and high;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more  
distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the  
olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melan-  
choly chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the monks  
sing in the choir;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chant-  
ing of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms  
filled my brain;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the  
earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras  
de Fer,  
Lyderick du Buet and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dam-  
pierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those  
days of old;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who  
bore the "fleece of gold;"

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep laden  
argosies;  
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp  
and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the  
ground;

I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and  
hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept  
with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and the sword  
unshenthen between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and  
Juliers hold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the  
"Spurs of Gold;"

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods  
moving west,

Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the "Golden  
Dragon's" nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with  
terror smote ;  
And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's  
throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike  
of sand,  
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the  
land ! "

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awa-  
kened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their  
graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and before I  
was aware,

Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illu-  
mined square.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

RORY O'MORE.

JOVE had gathered his band—and to every one  
Gave peremptory notice of what he wished  
done ;  
And he sat on his throne with expectancy great  
As to when they'd return, and what news they'd  
relate.

He sat till his patience was nearly outworn—  
Disappointment by gods is not easily borne—  
" I am sure," he exclaimed, "'tis full two hours ago  
Since Mercury sped with that message below.

" There's Bacchus, too—he was to bring me some  
wine,

And Hebe, that teasing, young scapegrace of mine,  
She knows she should serve it, but neither is here—  
'Tis strange that not one of my minions appear.

" This neglect is atrocious—there must be some cause  
For such absolute scorn of the king and his laws ;  
I'll just walk through the court to examine and see  
Why this truly unbearable conduct should be."

He went and behold ! the whole outermost court  
Was thronged like a market of vulgar resort ;  
All idle—and seeming as much at their ease  
As though they'd no master to serve or to please.

In the midst was Apollo, with laughter-lit face,  
Bending over his harp with all passion and grace ;  
And there was the tribe of Olympus around,  
With their fettered ears eagerly drinking the sound.

There was Boreas, hoarse Boreas, attempting to sing,  
And Mars chiming in with his rude tink-a-ting ;  
For, instead of careering on red battle-field,  
He had turned into cymbals the sword and the shield.

There was Mercury beating strict time with his wings,  
And looking as though he'd fain pilfer the strings ;

The poppies had fallen from Somnus's wig,  
And his tiptoeing feet seemed inclined for a jig

Bacchus leaned on a barrel with tankard in hand,  
It was useless his trying to sit or to stand ;  
And he saw not the nectar-juice running about,  
That the tap was muffled and the spigot was out.

There was Cupid, forgetting loves, doves, hearts and  
smarts,  
Had bundled together his bow and his darts ;  
And pressed through the gods with a push and a bob,  
Just as other young archers will do in a mob.

There was Venus, who seemed half-ashamed to be  
seen,  
For a blush marked the cheek of the Paphian Queen ;  
She said she had come there to look for her son,  
Who of all children was the most troublesome one.

So mothers on earth often steal to a crowd  
Where the puppets are droll and the music is loud ;  
To seek for their " wee ones," the worrying elves,  
But, in truth, 'tis to peep and to listen themselves.

All, all were delighted, but Mercury's eye  
Saw the form of the thundering monarch draw nigh ;  
And the minstrel one stopped ere the tune was played  
out,

And the listeners looked, half in fear, half in doubt.

Jove stared with astonishment. " How's this ? " he  
cried ;

" My commands disobeyed—my displeasure defied .  
'Tis open rebellion—quick—tell me who leads ;  
Or, by Juno, I'll level a bolt at your heads.

" You, king of the battle-plain, loitering here !  
I'll make you spin petticoat fringe for a year ;  
And Boreas, I told you to get up a gale  
In the Baltic—you villain, how came you to fail ?

" And you, Miss Aurora, 'tis two hours at least  
Since I saw you set off for your place in the east ;  
Yet day's portal is closed and the night-cloud's still  
black ;

You heedless young spirit, how dare you come back ? "

He threatened them all, and he terrified each  
With his light-flashing glance and his thundering  
speech,

Till Hebe stepped forth—the rogue didn't forget  
That Jupiter often had called her his pet.

She raised her fair hand ere she ventured to speak,  
And threw back the curls from her down-covered  
cheek ;

She looked up in his face—and 'twere easy to mark,  
That the frown on his brow was a great deal less dark.

" Indeed, sire," she cried, "'tis that serpent of song  
Who has lured us from duty, and made us do wrong ;  
We all were intent on your mission and word,  
When he struck up a tune that we never had heard.

"We believe that he picked it up somewhere on earth,  
But 'tis rife with sweet melody, humor, and mirth;  
I attempted to pass, but I really could not;  
For my wings and my senses were chained to the spot.

"Just allow him to play it!" Apollo's best skill  
Was that moment exerted to charm and to thrill;  
Jove laughed with delight, as he shouted "Encore!"  
And inquired the name—it was "Rory O'More."

"'Tis well," cried the king, "here's a pardon for all,  
But mind, 'Pol, play that at our annual ball.  
And, really (while looking at Hebe askance)  
I think now we could manage a bit of a dance."

It was done, and they merrily footed a while  
In the good old Sir Roger de Coverley style;  
Till Juno appeared in all possible state,  
And looked most unlovable things at her mate.

"Come, Madam," cried Jove, "let us have no to-do,  
Here's Mars wants a partner, no doubt he'll take you."  
Juno listened a moment, then ran to her place,  
As the music went on, with a smile on her face.

"Bless me!" and "How wonderful!" whispered the  
gods,

With very significant shruggings and nods;  
"Why, her Majesty ne'er was so pleasant before,  
It must be all owing to 'Rory O'More.'"

So it was, and a glorious time they all had;  
Blithe Momus was crazy, Melpomene glad;  
They danced till the minstrel began to complain  
That his fingers were sore, and his wrists were in pain.

But 'tis noted that Jove since that musical day  
Has most graciously bowed when 'Pol comes in his  
way;

And his manners and bearing most courteously tend  
To make the god-minstrel his intimate friend;

For he knows very well that Apollo's soft lyre  
Is more than a match for his thunder and fire;  
That his slaves would revolt—all supremacy o'er—  
If led on by the quick-step of "Rory O'More."

ELIZA COOK.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE DOG.

**A** BARKING sound the shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox;  
He halts, and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks;  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a break of fern;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;  
With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry.

Nor is there any one in sight  
All round in hollow, or on height;  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear  
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps till June December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below!  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land,  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth the leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crag repeats the raven's croak  
In sympathy austere;  
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
And mists that spread the flying shroud;  
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,  
That if it could, would hurry past;  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
The shepherd stood; then makes his war  
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
As quickly as he may;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground;  
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,  
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The man had fallen, that place of fear!  
At length upon the shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear;  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell!  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This dog had been through three months' space  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since the day,  
When this ill-fated traveller died,  
The dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side;  
How nourished here through such long time,  
He knows, who gave that love sublime;  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## TEDDY O'NEALE.

I'VE come to the cabin he danced his wild jigs in,  
 As neat a mud palace as ever was seen;  
 And considering it served to keep poultry and  
 pigs in,  
 I'm sure it was always most elegant clean.  
 But now all about it seems lonely and dreary,  
 All sad and all silent, no piper, no reel;  
 Not even the sun, through the casement, is cheery,  
 Since I miss the dear, darling boy, Teddy O'Neale.

I dreamt but last night—oh! bad luck to my dream-  
 ing,  
 I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass—  
 But I dreamt, while the tears down my pillow were  
 streaming,  
 That Teddy was courting another fair lass.  
 Oh! didn't I wake with a weeping and wailing—  
 The grief of that thought was too deep to conceal;  
 My mother cried—"Norah, child, what is your ail-  
 ing?"  
 And all I could utter was—"Teddy O'Neale!"

Shall I ever forget when the big ship was ready,  
 And the moment was come when my love must  
 depart;

How I sobbed like a spalpeen, "Good-bye to you,  
 Teddy!"

With drops on my cheek and a stone at my heart,  
 He says 'tis to better his fortune he's roving.

But what would be gold to the joy I should feel,  
 If I saw him come back to me, honest and loving,  
 Still poor, but my own darling, Teddy O'Neale.

ELIZA COOK.

## NORWEGIAN LOVE-SONG.

FROM THE DANISH OF HEIBERG.

THE bright red sun in ocean slept:  
 Beneath a pine tree Gunnild wept,  
 And eyed the hills with silver crowns,  
 And listened to each little sound  
 That stirred on high.

"Thou stream," she said, "from heights above,  
 Flow softly to a woman's love!  
 As on thy azure current steering,  
 Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing  
 The sounds of love."

Ere chased the moon the night-cloud pale,  
 He sought the deer in distant dale;  
 "Farewell," he said, "when evening closes  
 Expect me where the moon reposes,  
 In yonder vale."

"Return, return, my Harold dear!  
 This wedded bosom pants with fear;

By woodland foe I deem thee dying;  
 O, come! and hear the rocks replying  
 To Gunnild's joy."

Then horns and hounds came beating wide;  
 "'Tis he! 'tis he!" fair Gunnild cried;  
 "'Ye winds, to Harold bear my cry!"  
 And rocks and mountains answered high,  
 "'Tis he! 'tis he!"

JAMES WALKER.

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said  
 spider to a fly,  
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor, sure,  
 that ever you did spy;  
 You've only got to pop your head within side of the  
 door,  
 You'll see so many curious things you never saw  
 before.  
 Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"My house is always open," says the spider to the  
 fly,  
 "I'm glad to have the company of all I see go by;"  
 "Ah! they go in, but don't come out—I've heard of  
 you before;"  
 "Oh yes, they do, I always let them out at my back  
 door.  
 Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"Will you grant me one sweet kiss, then?" says the  
 spider to the fly;  
 "To taste your charming lips, I've a cu-ri-os-i-ty!"  
 Said the fly, "If once our lips did meet, a wagger I  
 would lay,  
 Of ten to one, you would not after let them come  
 away."  
 "Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"What handsome wings you've got," says the spider  
 to the fly.  
 "If I had got such a pair, I in the air would fly;  
 'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk,  
 You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk.  
 Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"For the last time, now, I ask you, will you walk in,  
 Mr. Fly?"  
 "No; if I do, may I be shot; I'm off, so now good-  
 by."  
 Then up he springs, but both his wings were in the  
 web caught fast;  
 The spider laughed, "Ha, ha, my boy, I have you  
 safe at last.  
 Will you walk out, pretty fly?"

"And pray how are you now?" says the spider to  
 the fly;  
 "You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly  
 buy;



'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late,  
And you who into cobwebs run, surely deserve your  
fate.

Listen to me, listen to me, foolish fly."

THE TROUBADOUR.

HE raised the golden cup from the board,  
It sparkled with purple wealth,  
He kissed the brim her lip had prest,  
And drank to his lady's health.

"Lady, to-night I pledge thy name,  
To-morrow thou shalt sweetness mine :  
Ever the smile of beauty should light  
The victor's blood-red wine.

"There are some flowers of brightest bloom  
Amid thy beautiful hair ;  
Give me those roses, they shall be  
The favor I will wear.

"For ere their color is wholly gone,  
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,  
They shall be placed in thy curls again,  
But dyed of a deeper red."

The warrior rode forth in the morning light,  
And beside his snow-white plume  
Were the roses wet with the sparkling dew,  
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,  
And watched her knight depart :  
She dashed her tear aside, but her hand  
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watched the distant clouds  
Float on the distant air,  
A crucifix upon her neck,  
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came  
With her banner of pearl and gray,  
And then afar she saw a band  
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their ranks  
Were their crimson colors borne ;  
And a stranger pennon dropped beneath,  
But that was bowed and torn.

But she saw no white steed first in the ranks,  
No rider that spurred before ;  
But the evening shades were closing fast,  
And she could see no more.

She turned from her watch on the lonely tower  
In haste to reach the hall,  
And as she sprang down the winding stair,  
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,  
Then paused, as if in fear ;

The lady entered the hall, and saw  
Her true knight stretched on his bier.

LETITIA LONDON MACLEAN.

SCENE FROM "MARMION.

NOT far advanced was morning day  
When Marmion did his troop array  
To Surrey's camp to ride ;  
He had safe-conduct for his band  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
And Douglas gave a guide ;  
The ancient earl, with stately grace,  
Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
And whispered, in an undertone,  
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."  
The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—  
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,  
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your king's behest,  
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,—  
Part we in friendship from your land ;  
And, noble earl, receive my hand."  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—  
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still  
Be open, at my sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, now'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
My castles are my king's alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone ;  
The hand of Douglas is his own,  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burnt Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
And shook his very frame for ire ;  
And—"This to me !" he said,—  
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head !  
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,  
He who does England's message here,  
Although the meanest in her state,  
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate ;  
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
'E'en in thy pitch of pride,—  
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near  
(Nay, never look upon your lord,  
And lay your hands upon your sword),—  
I tell thee, thou'rt defied !  
And if thou saidst I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
"Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"  
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ereame the ashen hue of age ;  
Fierce he broke forth : "And darest thou, then,  
To beard the lion in his den,



The Douglas in his hall?  
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?  
 No; by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!—  
 Up, drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!  
 Let the portcullis fall!"

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—  
 And dashed the rowels in his steed;  
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;  
 The ponderous gate behind him rang:  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
 Just as it trembled on the rise;  
 Not lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:  
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,  
 He halts and turns with clinchéd hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours,  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## THE CAVALIER'S CHOICE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

**I**T was a gallant cavalier  
 Of honor and renown,  
 And ill to seek a lady-love  
 He rode from town to town.  
 Till at a widow-woman's door  
 He drew the rein so free;  
 For at her side the knight espied  
 Her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them,  
 For they were fair and tall;  
 Ye never have seen fairer maids,  
 In bower nor yet in hall.  
 Small marvel if the gallant's heart  
 Beat quicker in his breast:  
 'Twas hard to choose, and hard to lose—  
 How might he wale the best?

"Now, maidens, pretty maidens mine,  
 Who'll guess me riddles three?  
 And she who answers best of all  
 Shall be mine own lady!"

I ween they blushed as maidens do,  
 When such rare words they hear—  
 "Now speak thy riddles, if thou wilt,  
 Thou gay young cavalier!"

"What's longer than the longest path?  
 First tell ye that to me;  
 And tell me what is deeper yet,  
 Than is the deepest sea?  
 And tell me what is louder far,  
 Than is the loudest horn?  
 And tell me what hath sharper point,  
 Than e'en the sharpest thorn?"

"And tell me what is greener yet,  
 Than greenest grass on hill?  
 And tell me what is crueller  
 Than a wicked woman's will?"

The eldest and the second maid,  
 They mused and thought a while;  
 But the youngest she looked upward,  
 And spoke with merry smile:

"O, love is surely longer far,  
 Than the longest paths that be;  
 And hell, they say, is deeper yet,  
 Than is the deepest sea;  
 The roll of thunder is more loud,  
 Than is the loudest horn;  
 And hunger it is worse to bear  
 Than sharpest wound of thorn;

"The copper sweat is greener yet,  
 Than is the grass on hill;  
 And the foul fiend he is crueller  
 Than my woman's will!"

He leapt so lightly from his steed,  
 He took her by the hand;  
 "Sweet maid, my riddles thou hast read,  
 Be lady of my land!"

The eldest and the second maid,  
 They pondered and were dumb,  
 And there, perchance, are waiting yet  
 Till another wooer come.  
 Then, maidens, take this warning word,  
 Be neither slow nor shy,  
 But always, when a lover speaks,  
 Look kindly, and reply.

W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOON.

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

**S**PEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armor drest,  
 Comest to daunt me!  
 Wrapt not in eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms,  
 Stretched, as if asking alms,  
 Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seem to rise,  
 As when the northern skies  
 Gleam in December;  
 And, like the water's flow  
 Under December's snow,  
 Came a dull voice of woe  
 From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old  
 My deeds, though manifold,  
 No Skald in song has told,

No Saga taught thee !  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse !  
For this I sought thee.

" Far in the northern land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my ehildish hand,  
Tamed the ger-faleon ;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

" Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow ;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

" But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders,  
Wild was the life we led ;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

" Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long winter out ;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

" Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender ;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

" I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

" Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,

Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory ;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

" While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

" She was a prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded !  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded ?

" Scarcely had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me—  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen !—  
When on the white sea-strand  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

" Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast.  
When the wind failed us ;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

" And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death ! was the helmsman's hail,  
Death without quarter !  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel,  
Down her black bulk did reel  
Through the black water

" As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane  
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to lee-ward;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sun-light hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool!* to the Northland! *skool!*"  
—Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### HELVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805 a young man lost his way on the mountain Helvellyn; and three months afterward his remains were discovered, guarded by a faithful terrier dog, the companion of his rambles.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hel-  
vellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed  
misty and wide;  
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.  
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was  
bending,  
And Catechicam its left verge was defending,  
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,  
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer  
had died.

Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown mountain  
heather,  
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended;  
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,

The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was  
slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst  
thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou  
number

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?  
And oh, was it meet that, no requiem read o'er him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,  
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,  
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted  
hall;

With 'senteheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:  
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are  
gleaming;

In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beam-  
ing;

Far adown the lone aisle sacred music is streaming  
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain  
lamb,

When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in  
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam:  
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,  
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying  
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catechicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### THE GLOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BEFORE his lion-court,  
To see the grisly sport,  
Sat the king;  
Beside him grouped his princely peers,  
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,  
Wreathed round their blooming ring.  
King Francis, where he sat,  
Raised a finger; yawned the gate,  
And slow, from his repose,  
A lion goes!  
Dumbly he gazed around  
The foe-encircled ground;  
And, with a lazy gape,  
He stretched his lordly shape,  
And shook his careless mane,  
And—laid him down again.

A finger raised the king,  
And nimbly have the guard

A second gate unbarred ;  
 Forth, with a rushing spring,  
     A tiger sprung !  
 Wildly the wild one yelled,  
 When the lion he beheld ;  
 And, bristling at the look,  
 With his tail his sides he strook,  
 And rolled his rabid tongue ;  
 In many a wary ring  
 He swept round the forest king,  
 With a fell and rattling sound ;  
 And laid him on the ground,  
     Gronmelling.

The king raised his finger : then  
 Leaped two leopards from the den  
     With a bound ;  
 And boldly bounded they  
 Where the crouching tiger lay  
     'Terrible !  
 And he griped the beast in his deadly hold ;  
 In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled ;  
 Rose the lion with a roar,  
     And stood the strife before ;  
 And the wild-cats on the spot,  
 From the blood-thirst, wrath and hot,  
     Halted still.

Now from the balcony above  
 A snowy hand let fall a glove :  
 Midway between the beasts of prey,  
 Lion and tiger—there it lay,  
     The winsome lady's glove !

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,  
 To the knight Delorges, " If the love you have sworn  
 Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,  
 I might ask you to bring back that glove to me ! "

The knight left the place where the lady sat ;  
 The knight he has passed through the fearful gate ;  
 The lion and tiger he stooped above,  
 And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove !  
 All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there—  
 The noble knights and the ladies fair ;  
 But loud was the joy and the praise the while  
 He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile !

With a tender look in her softening eyes,  
 That promised reward to his warmest sighs,  
 Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace ;  
 He tossed the glove in the lady's face !  
 " Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he ;  
 And he left forever that fair lady !

LORD LYTON.

A QUAIN OLD CITY.

**I**N the ancient town of Bruges,  
 In the quaint old Flemish city,  
 As the evening shades descended,  
 Low and loud and sweetly blended,

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Low at times and loud at times,  
 Changing like a poet's rhymes,  
 Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
 From the belfry in the market  
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
 Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
 When the wrangling bells had ended  
 Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
 And, from out the silent heaven,  
 Silence on the town descended.  
 Silence, silence, everywhere,  
 On the earth and in the air,  
 Save that footsteps here and there  
 Of some burgher home returning,  
 By the street lamps faintly burning,  
 For a moment woke the echoes  
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
 Still I heard those magic numbers,  
 As they loud proclaimed the flight  
 And stolen marches of the night ;  
 Till their chimes in sweet collision  
 Mingled with each wandering vision,  
 Mingled with the fortune-telling  
 Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
 Which amid the waste expanses  
 Of the silent land of trances  
 Have their solitary dwelling.  
 All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
 In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
 Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
 All his rhymes and roundelays,  
 His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
 From the belfry of his brain,  
 Scattered downward, though in vain,  
 On the roofs and stones of cities !  
 For by night the drowsy ear  
 Under its curtains cannot hear,  
 And by day men go their ways,  
 Hearing the music as they pass,  
 But deeming it no more, alas !  
 Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
 Lodging at some humble inn  
 In the narrow lanes of life,  
 When the dusk and hush of night  
 Shut out the incessant din  
 Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
 May listen with a calm delight  
 To the poet's melodies,  
 Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
 Intermingled with the song,  
 Thoughts that he has cherished long ;

Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village, ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### A NIGHT RIDE ON THE ENGINE.

OVER THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

**B**ESIDE the engine-driver grim  
We stand, and in the twilight dim,  
Look out upon the forest wild,  
The rocky *debris* heaped and piled  
About the track where shining steel  
Outlines the way for truck and wheel.

Like flaming, never-sleeping eye  
The head-light blazes; as we fly,  
Its radiance makes the gloom more dense;  
Each heart is filled with awe intense  
That man should ever dare to try  
This road to build 'mongst mountains high,  
Through cañons weird, and gloomy pass,  
By rock-girt lake and lone morass.

On! on, until we seem to fly,  
Beneath the star-bespangled sky!  
Huge shapes loom up on either side—  
Like Titan giants typified;  
A transient gleam lights up the snow  
Which crowns each brow, and scarred seams show  
Where swept the fearful avalanche,  
Destroying trees both root and branch,  
And proving its all-potent sway  
By leaving chaos in its way.

Now some lone lake reflects our light  
An instant, ere 'tis lost to sight,  
And then our passing gaze we fix  
On river—black as fabled Styx—  
Far, far beneath us, winding through  
A cañon wild: next to our view  
A lone night-watchman holds in sight  
The flag which signals, "Track all right!"  
Then's lost in the surrounding gloom,  
As into tunnel, like a tomb,  
We swiftly plunge, and with a thrill  
Dash onward through its damp and chill.

Emerging from this cavern dark  
We see, far off, a tiny spark,  
Which broadens to the switchman's light,  
In all its blaze of colors bright,  
As fast we thunder to the town,  
Then sudden stop—the brakes hard down,

To see—although 'tis past midnight—  
Bronzed faces, 'neath a glare of light,  
Look out with curious eager stare  
The little while we linger there,  
Ere, by that almost magic wand,  
The train-conductor's waving hand,  
We're started on our westward way;  
For trains, like time and tide, ne'er stay  
For laggards. Swift the lights recede,  
And we right onward, onward speed!

Where fire has swept across the land,  
Huge trees, like ghoulish figures, stand,  
Outreaching branches leafless, bare,  
As if to breathe a voiceless prayer  
That nature'd grant them yet once more  
The emerald robes they wore of yore.

On trestled bridge we slowly go,  
O'er Stygian rivers far below,  
While thund'rous, deaf'ning dash and roar  
Tell how tumultuous waters pour  
O'er jagged rocks, in four-wreaths white,  
Half hidden by the gloom of night.

We look ahead, and with a thrill,  
See rifted crags crowd closer still  
About our track, and at their feet  
Wide-branching pine trees seem to meet  
And mingle. Still we climb the steep,  
And round wild, darksome ledges creep;  
Till, far before us, softly gray,  
Eternal hills foretell the day.  
We watch the faint rose-tint of dawn  
Broadened into the flush of morn,  
When, suddenly, each flinty spire  
A halo wears of sunrise fire!  
Up comes the sun; the mists are curled  
Back from the solitary world,  
Which lies about—behind—before!  
Our strangely-wild night ride is o'er.

EMMA SHAW

#### THE CHAMELEON.

**O**FT has it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
With eyes that hardly served at most  
To guard their master 'gainst a post;  
Yet round the world the blade has been,  
To see whatever could be seen.  
Returning from his finished tour,  
Grown ten times pertier than before—  
Whatever word you chance to drop,  
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:  
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—  
I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—  
So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,  
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,  
And on their way, in friendly chat,  
Now talked of this, and then of that,  
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,  
Of the chameleon's form and nature.  
"A stranger animal," cries one,  
"Sure never lived beneath the sun :  
A lizard's body, lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
Its foot with triple claw disjointed :  
And what a length of tail behind !  
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue !"  
"Hole here !" the other quick replies :  
" 'Tis green ; I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;  
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,  
And saw it eat the air for food "

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue.  
At leisure I the beast surveyed,  
Extended in the cooling shade."  
" 'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."—  
"Green !" cries the other, in a fury ;  
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?"—  
" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;  
"For if they always use you thus,  
You'll find them but of little use."  
So high at last the contest rose,

From words they almost came to blows :  
When luckily came by a third ;  
To him the question they referred ;  
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,  
The creature's neither one nor t'other.  
I caught the animal last night,  
And viewed it o'er by candle-light :  
I marked it well—'twas black as jet.  
You stare ; but, sirs, I've got it yet,  
And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do ;  
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."—  
"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen  
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."—  
"Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"  
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out ;  
And when before your eyes I've set him,  
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said : then full before their sight  
Produced the beast ; and lo ! 'twas white.  
Both stared : the man looked wondrous wise.  
"My children," the chameleon cries  
(Then first the creature found a tongue),  
"You all are right, and all are wrong.  
When next you talk of what you view,  
Think others see as well as you,

Nor wonder if you find that none  
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

JAMES MERRICK.

THE MASSACRE OF PENTUCKET.

1708.

HOW sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone !  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless west,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar !

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretched up and down on either hand,  
With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blackened stumps between.  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravell'd forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary laborer left his plough—  
The milkmaid carol'd by her cow—  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.  
At length the murmur died away,  
And silence on that village lay—  
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate !

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimack along his bed,  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.  
Yet on the still air crept a sound—  
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,  
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hillside beat ?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood ?—  
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb ?

No—through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,  
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear  
Swelled on the night air, far and clear—  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock—  
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—  
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain—  
Bursting through roof and window came,  
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame;  
And blended fire and moonlight glared  
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through  
The river willows, wet with dew,  
No sound of combat filled the air—  
No shout was heard—nor gunshot there:  
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;  
And on the greensward many a stain,  
And, here and there, the mangled slain,  
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,  
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,  
Still show the door of wasting oak,  
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—  
Whose hideous head, in death still feared,  
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—  
And still, within the churchyard ground,  
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
The victims of that sacrifice.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### VALKYRIUR SONG.

The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern Mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honored with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honor to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile.

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep  
Of a vision-haunted night,  
And he looked from his bark o'er the gloomy  
deep,  
And counted the streaks of light;  
For the red sun's earliest ray  
Was to rouse his bauds that day,  
To the stormy joy of fight!

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,  
And the silent stars on high,  
And there waved not the smoke of one cabin  
hearth  
Midst the quiet of the sky;  
And along the twilight bay  
In their sleep the hamlets lay,  
For they knew not the Norse was nigh!

The Sea-king looked o'er the brooding wave,  
He turned to the dusky shore,  
And there seemed, through the arch of a tide-  
worn cave,  
A gleam, as of snow, to pour;  
And forth, in watery light,  
Moved phantoms, dimly white,  
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side;  
And the form, as they grew more clear,  
Seemed each on a tall pale steed to ride,  
And a shadowy crest to rear,  
And to beckon with faint hand  
From the dark and rocky strand,  
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,  
Before th' unearthly train,  
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,  
The choosers of the slain!  
And a sudden rising breeze  
Bore across the moaning seas  
To his ear their thrilling strain:

"There are songs in Odin's Hall,  
For the brave, ere night to fall!  
Doth the great sun hide his ray?—  
He must bring a wrathful day!  
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath?—  
Swords must do the work of death!  
Regner!—Sea-king!—thou we call!  
There is joy in Odin's Hall!

"At the feast and in the song,  
Thou shalt be remembered long!  
By the green isles of the flood  
Thou hast left thy track in blood!  
On the earth and on the sea,  
There are those will speak of thee!  
'Tis enough—the war-gods call  
There is mead in Odin's Hall!

"Regner! tell thy fair-haired bride  
She must slumber at thy side!  
Tell the brother of thy breast  
Ev'n for him thy grave hath rest!  
Tell the raven-steed which bore thee,  
When the wild wolf fled before thee,  
He too with his lord must fall—  
There is room in Odin's Hall!

"Lo! the mighty sun looks forth—  
Arm! thou leader of the north!  
Lo! the mists of twilight fly—  
We must vanish, thou must die!  
By the sword and by the spear,  
By the hand that knows not fear,  
Sea-king! nobly shalt thou fall!—  
There is joy in Odin's Hall!"

There was arming heard on land and wave,  
When afar the sunlight spread,  
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave  
With the mists of morning fled.  
But at eve, the king's hand  
Of the battle-axe and brand  
Lay cold on a pile of dead!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

**I**N the hour of twilight snarrows  
The Pilgrim sire looked out;  
He thought of the "bloody Salvages"  
That lurked all round about,  
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife  
And Pecksnot's whooping shout;  
For the baby's limbs were feeble,  
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,  
Too bare for the hungry rat,  
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,  
And bald enough at that;  
The hole that served for casement  
Was glazed with an ancient hat;  
And the ice was gently thawing  
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape  
His eyes went to and fro,  
The trees all clad in icicles,  
The streams that did not flow;  
A sudden thought flashed o'er him—  
A dream of long ago—  
He smote his leathern jerkin,  
And murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,  
And sit upon my knee,  
Behold the dream unfolding,  
Whereof I spake to thee  
By the winter's hearth in Leyden  
And on the stormy sea;  
True is the dream's beginning—  
So may its ending be!

"I saw in the naked forest  
Our scattered remnant cast,  
A screen of shivering branches  
Between them and the blast;  
The snow was falling round them,  
The dying fell as fast;

I looked to see them perish,  
When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened;—  
The feeble had waxed strong,  
The babes had grown to sturdy men,  
The remnant was a throng;  
By shadowed lake and winding stream,  
And all the shores along,  
The howling demons quaked to hear  
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept—the village fathers—  
By river, lake, and shore,  
When far adown the steep of time  
The vision rose once more;  
I saw along the winter snow  
A spectral column pour,  
And high above their broken ranks  
A tattered flag they bore.

"Their leader rode before them,  
Of hearing calm and high,  
The light of Heaven's own kindling  
Throned in his awful eye;  
These were a nation's champions  
Her dread appeal to try;  
God for the right! I filtered,  
And lo, the train passed by.

"Once more—the strife is ended,  
The solemn issue tried,  
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm  
Has helped our Israel's side;  
Gray stone and grassy hillock  
Tell where our martyrs died,  
But peaceful smiles the harvest,  
And stainless flows the tide.

"A crash—as when some swollen cloud  
Cracks o'er the tangled trees!  
With side to side, and spar to spar,  
Whose smoking decks are these?  
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,  
Thou mistress of the seas—  
But what is she, whose streaming bars  
Roll out before the breeze?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,  
Whose thunders strive to quell  
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,  
That pealed the Armada's knell!  
The mist was cleared—a wreath of stars  
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,  
And, waving from its haughty peak,  
The cross of England fell!

"O trembling faith! though dark the morn,  
A heavenly torch is thine;  
While feebler races melt away,  
And paler orbs decline,



Still shall the fiery pillar's ray,  
 Along thy pathway shine,  
 To light the chosen tribe that sought  
 This Western Palestine!

"I see the living tide roll on;  
 It crowns with flaming towers  
 The icy capes of Labrador,  
 The Spaniard's 'land of flowers!'  
 It streams beyond the splintered ridge  
 That parts the northern showers;  
 From eastern rock to sunset wave  
 The continent is ours!"

He ceased—the grim old soldier-saint—  
 Then softly bent to cheer  
 The pilgrim-child, whose wasting face  
 Was meekly turned to hear;  
 And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,  
 To brush the manly tear  
 From cheeks that never changed in woe,  
 And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,  
 His resting-place unknown;  
 His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,  
 The dust was o'er him strown;  
 The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,  
 Along the sod were blown;  
 His mound has melted into earth,  
 His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,  
 The memory of the dead,  
 Long as the pale anemone  
 Springs where their tears were shed,  
 Or, raining in the summer's wind  
 In flakes of burning red,  
 The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves  
 The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks  
 That guard this holy strand  
 Have sunk beneath the trampling surge  
 In beds of sparkling sand,  
 While in the waste of ocean  
 One hoary rock shall stand,  
 Be this its latest legend—  
 Here was the Pilgrim's land!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

An incident of the terrible flood at Johnstown, Pa., May 31, 1889, caused by the breaking of the South Fork Dam.

ALL day long the river flowed,  
 Down by the winding mountain road,  
 Leaping and roaring in angry mood,  
 At stubborn rocks in its way that stood  
 Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,  
 Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;

The dripping banks on either side  
 But half-imprisoned the turbid tide,  
 By firm and village it quickly sped—  
 The weeping skies bent low overhead—  
 Foaming and rushing and tumbling down  
 Into the streets of pent Johnstown,  
 Down through the valley of Conemaugh,  
 Down from the dam of shale and straw,  
 To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,  
 Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide  
 Babbled of death on the mountain side;  
 And all day long with jest and sigh  
 They who were doomed that day to die  
 Turned deafened ears to the warning roar  
 They had heard so oft and despised before.

Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes  
 Turned oft to the lowering, woeful skies—  
 And shuddered to think what might befall  
 Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.  
 So all day long they went up and down,  
 Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom  
 Of a thrifty merchant's counting-room,  
 O'er the ledger bent with anxious care  
 Old Periton's only son and heir,  
 A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,  
 Counting debit and credit the highest truth,  
 And profit and loss a more honored game  
 Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame,  
 He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,  
 But heeded it not till his task was o'er;  
 Then saddling his horse—a black-pointed bay,  
 High-stepping, high-blooded, grandson of Dismay;  
 Raw-boned and deep-chested—his eyes full of fire;  
 The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire;  
 Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,  
 And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these;  
 The foal of a racer transformed to a cob  
 For the son of a merchant when out of a job.  
 "Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting the bay  
 "What danger there is of the dam giving way!"

A marvellous sight young Periton saw  
 When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.  
 Seventy feet the water fell  
 With a roar like the angry ocean's swell!  
 Seventy feet from the crumbling crest  
 To the rock on which the foundations rest!  
 Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow  
 Into the boiling gulf below!

Dan Periton's cheek grew paler with fear,  
 As the echoes fell on his startled ear,  
 And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide  
 That hung on the rifted mountain-side,  
 Held by that heap of stone and straw  
 O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!

The raw-boned bay with quivering ears  
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,  
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,  
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,  
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,  
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his  
head,

And down the steep valley they clattering sped,  
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close grip-  
ping knees

Set the strong shoulders working with unflagging  
ease

As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,  
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,  
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down  
With the message of warning to periled Johnstown,  
Past farm-house and village, while shrilly outrang,  
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,  
His gallant young rider's premonitory shout,  
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar  
As never had shaken those mountains before!  
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress:  
"Would be his last race, what mattered distress?  
A mile farther on and behind him he spied  
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!  
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,  
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"  
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down  
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,  
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;  
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;  
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;  
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's breath;  
The spray on his cheek was the cold of death;  
Beneath him the horse began to tremble and droop—  
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!  
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,  
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"  
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully  
down

On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,  
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;  
And the steed is immortal which carried Revere  
Through the echoing night with his message of fear:  
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,  
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away;"  
But none of these merits a nobler lay  
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay  
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,  
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,  
Roaring and rushing and tearing down  
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!

In the very track of the eygre's swoon,  
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,  
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,  
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw  
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!

The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,  
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead.

'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four  
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;

And under it all, so the searchers say,  
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,  
Stiff-fused in the drift of the Conemaugh.

A goodlier statue man never saw—  
Dan's foot on the stirrup, his hand on the rein!

So shall they live in white marble again;  
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,  
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

THE ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY.

**W**E were driving the down express—  
Will at the steam, I at the coal—  
Over the valleys and villages!  
Over the marshes and coppices!

Over the river, deep and broad!  
Through the mountain, under the road!  
Flying along, tearing along!  
Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,  
Fifty tons she was, whole and sole!

I had been promoted to the express:  
I warrant you I was proud and gay.  
It was the evening that ended May,  
And the sky was a glory of tenderness.  
We were thundering down to a midland town;  
It makes no matter about the name—  
For we never stopped there, or anywhere  
For a dozen of miles on either side:  
So it's all the same—

Just there you slide,  
With your steam shut off, and your brakes in hand,  
Down the steepest and longest grade in the land  
At a pace that I promise you is grand.  
We were just there with the express,  
When I caught sight of a muslin dress  
On the bank ahead; and as we passed—  
You have no notion of how fast—  
A girl shrank back from our baleful blast.

We were going a mile and a quarter a minute  
With vans and carriages down the incline,  
But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it,  
I looked in her eyes, and she looked in mine  
As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar.  
A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke;  
And I mused for a minute, and then awoke,  
And she was behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express  
 Leaped in her black resistlessness,  
 Evening by evening, England through.  
 Will—God rest him!—was found, a mash  
 Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash  
 He made with a Christmas train at Crewe.  
 It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,  
 Or I shouldn't now be here alive;  
 But thereafter the five-o'clock out express  
 Evening by evening I used to drive.

And I often saw her—that lady I mean,  
 That I spoke of before. She often stood  
 A-top o' the bank; it was pretty high—  
 Say twenty feet, and backed by a wood.  
 She would pick the daisies out of the green  
 To fling down at us as we went by.  
 We had got to be friends, that girl and I,  
 Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,  
 And she a lady! I'd lift my cap,  
 Evening by evening, when I'd spy  
 That she was there, in the summer air,  
 Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night:  
 Bless you! no; just now and then,  
 And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.  
 Then, one evening, I saw her again,  
 Alone, as ever, but deadly pale,  
 And down on the line, on the very rail,  
 While a light, as of hell, from our wild wheels broke,  
 Tearing down the slope with their devilish clamors  
 And deafening din, as of giant's hammers  
 That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke  
 All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.  
 Never, oh, never, had she seemed sweeter!  
 I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke  
 Down that awful incline, and signaled the guard  
 To put on his brakes at once, and hard—  
 Though we couldn't have stopped. We tattered the  
 rail  
 Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We *couldn't* stop; and she wouldn't stir,  
 Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch  
 Her arms to us—and the desperate wretch  
 I pitied, comprehending her.  
 So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,  
 Sprang down on the lady the terrible train—  
 She never flinched. We beat her down,  
 And ran on through the lighted length of the town  
 Before we could stop to see what was done.  
 Oh, I've run over more than one!  
 Dozens of 'em, to be sure, but none  
 That I pitied as I pitied her—  
 If I could have stopped, with all the spur  
 Of the train's weight on, and cannily—  
 But it wouldn't do with a lad like me  
 And she a lady—or had been—sir?  
*Who was she?* Best say no more of her!  
 The world is hard; but I'm her friend,

Stanch, sir—down to the world's end.  
 It is a curl of her sunny hair  
 Set in this locket that I wear.  
 I picked it off the big wheel there.  
 Time's up, Jack. Stand clear, sir. Yes;  
 We're going out with the express.

W. WILKINS.

#### BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by king Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "Oh! God, is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?" "Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see."—The remainder of the story will be found related in the *badia*. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark, as to Bernardo's history after this event.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed  
 his heart of fire,  
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-  
 imprisoned sire;  
 "I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my cap-  
 tive train,  
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh! break  
 my father's chain!"  
 "Rise, rise! ev'n now thy father comes, a ransomed  
 man this day;  
 Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him  
 on his way."  
 Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his  
 steed,  
 And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's  
 foamy speed.  
 And lo! from far, as on they passed, there came a  
 glittering band,  
 With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in  
 the land;  
 "Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there in very truth  
 is he,  
 The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so  
 long to see."  
 His dark eyes flashed—his proud breast heaved—his  
 cheek's hue came and went—  
 He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there  
 dismounting bent,  
 A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he  
 took—  
 What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit  
 shook?  
 That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from  
 his like lead—  
 He looked up to the face above—the face was of the  
 dead—

A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was  
fixed and white—  
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no  
sight!  
Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—but who  
could paint that gaze?  
They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror and  
amaze—  
They might have chained him as before that stony  
form he stood,  
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from  
his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept  
like childhood then—  
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of war-  
like men!  
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his  
young renown—  
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat  
down.  
Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly  
mournful brow,  
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the  
sword for now—  
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—oh!  
the worth,  
The glory, and the loveliness are passed away from  
earth.

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire!  
beside thee yet—  
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free  
soil had met—  
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee  
my fields were won,  
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou  
hadst no son!"  
Then starting from the ground once more, he seized  
the monarch's rein,  
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier-  
train;  
And with a fierce o'er-mastering grasp the rearing war-  
horse led,  
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the  
dead—

"Come I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand  
to kiss?  
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me  
what is this?  
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give  
answer, where are they?  
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life  
through this cold clay.  
Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down  
thine ire—  
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not  
my sire—

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my  
blood was shed—  
Thou canst not—and a king!—his dust be mountains  
on thy head!"

He loosed the steed, his slack hand felt—upon the  
silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned  
from that sad place—  
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial  
strain—  
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of  
Spain.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE FIRE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

**S**UDDENLY rose from the south a light, as ia  
autumn the blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and  
o'er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain  
and meadow,  
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge  
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of  
the village,  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that  
lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame  
were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the  
quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning  
thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a  
hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-  
mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore  
and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their  
anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes in the village  
of Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-  
yards.

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing  
of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs  
interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleep-  
ing encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the  
Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the  
speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the  
river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the  
herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly  
rushed o'er the meadows.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

It is related in a French Life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Sullote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into their mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.

HE stood upon the loftiest peak,  
Amidst the clear blue sky,  
A bitter smile was on her cheek,  
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines  
Dost thou see where the foeman's armor shines?  
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?  
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!  
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with  
joy?"

That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,  
Lay Suliote, sire and son;  
They had heaped high the piles of death  
Before the pass was won.

They have crossed the torrent, and on they come!  
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!  
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,  
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,  
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,  
Naught but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard  
And now the cymbal's clang,  
Till ev'n the upper air was stirred,  
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!  
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild?  
Doth it light thine eyes with so quick a fire,  
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?  
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—  
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,  
And louder swelled the horn,  
And farther yet the tambour's peal  
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?  
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,  
Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!  
He too hath blessed thee, as I have done!  
Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—  
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprang,  
And fast the fair child bore,  
A veil upon the wind was flung,  
A cry—and all was o'er!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HERMANS.

#### THE CAPTIVES FREED.

As an instance of Scipio's magnanimity, ancient authors state that after the taking of New Carthage, he restored a captive maiden to her lover, and gave them, as a marriage dowry, the money which her parents had brought to pay her ransom.

ALL silent now the clash of war, the Roman  
hosts have won;  
The knights, who held the city's gates, lie  
bleeding in the sun.

Proud Rome, in victory, will quaff the Carthaginian  
wine;  
And victors, lords and plumed knights will in the feast  
combine.

And to the conqueror will be given a captive maid so  
fair,  
There's not a single maid in Rome with beauty half so  
rare.

And Scipio, 'tis said, will be so raptured with her  
charms,  
He'll boast her love with greater pride than all his  
deeds of arms.

But lo! where yonder chariot moves, the axes all are  
hung  
With garlands, and the banners wave the laureled  
knights among.

Behold how sways the surging crowd, the victors'  
robes they know;  
And mark the rattle's noisy shout, "Make way for  
Scipio."

Before the open palace doors now prance the fretful  
steeds;  
From chariot wheels to banquet hall, a flowery path-  
way leads.

O'er arch and pillared portals hang the perfumed  
wreath and vine,  
While from within the battered arms and costly  
trophies shine.

Right haughtily the hero smiles, the laurel on his  
brow;  
To joyous sounds of revelry right proudly treads he  
now.

The curule chair he slowly mounts, with kingly air  
looks round,  
When, from the crowded doorway, comes a low, a  
murmuring sound.

With slow and faltering steps they come, the captive  
maid and knight;  
The pompous victors lead them in, to kneel in Scipio's  
sight.

What wondrous eyes, so darkly bright! How pale  
her brow and cheek!  
She cannot meet the dreaded glance, her mute lips  
dare not speak.

Through her despair, one last hope gleams; with  
white hands wildly pressed,  
She kneels, her dark dishevelled hair upon her heav-  
ing breast:

"Oh! if in chains you must take me, upon your  
Appian way,  
Give freedom to my lover knight, I plead, I kneel,  
I pray."

First looked he on the silent knight, and then upon  
the maid;  
And when the murmuring crowd was still, with  
haughty mien he said:

"Right royal maid and knight, the laws of war, by  
land and sea,  
Give to the conqueror, ye know, the spoils of victory.

"Proud Carthage knew no mercy, when on Cannæ's  
bloody plain,  
Full fifty thousand Roman knights were left among  
the slain.

"The Roman pride has long succumbed to Cartha-  
ginian power;  
Our daughters have been captives made, e'en at the  
bridal hour;

"And, though they ever knelt in vain, their prayers  
and pleading spurned,  
Though coldly have your victors from our suppliants  
ever turned;

"Yet Rome will deem the mercies, which in war her  
victor shows,  
Worth more than all the honors won in conflict from  
her foes."

And while in wonder, looking on, stood vassals, lords,  
and all,  
He freed the captive maid and knight, and led them  
from the hall.

WALTER S. KEPLINGER.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell;  
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
But which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
The tall, gray forest; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers  
He stood in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head;  
But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were hid;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed  
Beside the grave his battle steed;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh  
Arose—and, on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

FROM THE SPANISH.

KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath bid  
the trumpet sound,  
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords  
from the hills and plains around;  
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,  
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and  
twisted steel.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,  
And they have closed the spacious lists beside the Alhambra's gate;  
In gowns of black, and silver-laced, within the tented ring,  
Eight Moors, to fight the bull, are placed in presence of the king.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,  
The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious through;  
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust;  
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly; than clangs the loud tambour:  
Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw wide the door!  
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum—  
The Alcaide of Algava to fight the bull doth come!

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low,  
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the infants all a-rowe;  
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw  
A scarf from out her balcony, was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery in the sand,  
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;  
And ladies look with heaving breast and lords with anxious eye—  
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on;  
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rein;  
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,  
He blindly totters and gives back, across the sand to go.

"Furn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—"the third comes up behind;  
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;"  
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,  
'Now thinks this proud Alcaide to stun Harpado so?'

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,  
From Guadalquivir of the plain, or Barves of the hill;  
But where from out the forest burst Xarana's waters clear,  
Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil;  
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.  
His eyes are jet and they are set in crystal rings of snow;  
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,  
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;  
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,  
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,  
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;  
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,  
Harpado of Xarana stands, to bide the Alcaide's shock.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come—thrice meet, and thrice give back;  
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—  
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun:  
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!

Once more, once more—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel;  
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—  
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see thee stagger;  
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcaide's dagger!

They have slipped a noose around his feet; six horses are brought in,  
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.  
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow  
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.



THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.  
 Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,  
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
 For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
 And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!  
 And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;  
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.  
 And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.  
 And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.

WHAT are we looking at, gov'nor?  
 Well, you see those carriages there?  
 It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir;  
 And ar'n't they a beautiful pair?  
 They don't want no marrow-bone music,  
 There's the fireman's band come to play;  
 It's a fireman that's going to get married,  
 And you don't see such sights every day!  
 They're in the church now, and we're waiting  
 To give them a cheer as they come;  
 And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it  
 Deserves all his life to go dumb.  
 They won't be out for a minute,  
 So if you've got time and will stay,  
 I'll tell you right from the beginning  
 About this here wedding to-day.  
 One night I was fast getting drowsy,  
 And thinking of going to bed,

When I heard such a clattering and shouting—  
 "That sounds like an engine!" I said.

So I jumped up and opened the window:  
 "It's a fire sure enough, wife," says I;  
 For the people were running and shouting  
 And the red glare quite lit up the sky

I kicked off my old carpet slippers,  
 And on with my boots in a jiff;  
 I hung up my pipe in the corner  
 Without waiting to have the last whiff

The wife, she just grumbled a good'un,  
 But I didn't take notice of that,  
 For I on with my coat in a minute,  
 And sprang down the stairs like a cat!

I followed the crowd, and it brought me  
 In front of the house in a blaze;  
 At first I could see nothing clearly,  
 For the smoke made it all of a haze.

The firemen were shouting their loudest,  
 And unwinding great lengths of hose;  
 The "peckers" were pushing the people,  
 And treading on every one's toes.

I got pushed with some more in a corner,  
 Where I couldn't move, try as I might;  
 But little I cared for the squeezing  
 So long as I had a good sight.

Ah, sir, it was grand! but 'twas awful!  
 The flames leaped up higher and higher;  
 The wind seemed to get underneath them,  
 Till they roared like a great blacksmith's fire

I was just looking round at the people,  
 With their faces lit up by the glare,  
 When I heard some one cry, hoarse with terror  
 "Oh, look! there's a woman up there!"

I shall never forget the excitement,  
 My heart beat as loud as a clock;  
 I looked at the crowd, they were staring  
 As if turned to stone by the shock.

And there was the face at the window,  
 With its blank look of haggard despair—  
 Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,  
 And her white lips were moving in prayer.

The staircase was burnt to a cinder,  
 There wasn't a fire-escape near;  
 But a ladder was brought from the builder's,  
 And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer

The ladder was put to the window,  
 While the flames were still raging below;  
 I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,  
 To see who would offer to go!



When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,  
As a sailor would climb up a mast;  
We saw him go in at the window,  
And we cheered as though danger were past.

We saw nothing more for a moment,  
But the sparks flying round us like rain;  
And then as we breathlessly waited,  
He came to the window again.

And on his broad shoulder was lying  
The face of that poor fainting thing,  
And we gave him a cheer as we never  
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

He got on the top of the ladder—  
I can see him there now, noble lad!  
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,  
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

But just as he got to the middle,  
I could see it begin to give way,  
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir!  
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

He came but a step or two lower,  
Then sprang, with a cry, to the ground;  
And then, you would hardly believe it,  
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

I took off my old hat and waved it;  
I couldn't join in with the cheer,  
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,  
And I felt such a choking just here.

And now, sir, they're going to get married;  
I bet you, she'll make a good wife;  
And who has the most right to have her?  
Why, the fellow that saved her young life!

A beauty? ah, sir, I believe you!  
Stand back, lads! stand back! here they are!  
We'll give them the cheer that we promised,  
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!

W. A. EATON.

#### THE NORMAN BARON.

**I**N his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the doomsday book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that, from the neighboring kloster,  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused a while and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King, like David, priest like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falseness and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historie pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A MONARCH'S DEATH-BED.

The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called John the Parricide, was left to die by the way-side, and was supported in his last moments by a female peasant who happened to be passing.

A MONARCH on his death-bed lay—  
 Did censors waft perfume,  
 And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,  
 Through his proud chamber's gloom?  
 He lay upon a greensward bed,  
 Beneath a darkening sky—  
 A lone tree waving o'er his head,  
 A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fallen, as warriors fall,  
 Where spear strikes fire from spear?  
 Was there a banner for his pall,  
 A buckler for his bier?—  
 Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms  
 Had strewn the bloody sod,  
 Where he, the helpless lord of realms,  
 Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends, with words of cheer,  
 And princely vassals nigh?  
 And priests, the crucifix to rear  
 Before the fading eye?  
 A peasant girl that royal head  
 Upon her bosom laid;  
 And, shrinking not for woman's dread,  
 The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat—from hill and wood  
 Red sank the mournful sun;  
 Fast gushed the fount of noble blood,  
 Treason its worst had done!  
 With her long hair she vainly pressed  
 The wounds to staunch their tide—  
 Unknown, on that meek, humble breast,  
 Imperial Albert died!

THE MERRIMACK.

CHILD of that white-crested mountain, whose  
 springs  
 Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's  
 wings,  
 Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters  
 shine,  
 Leaping gray walls of rocks, flashing through the  
 dwarf pine;

From that cloud-entrained cradle so cold and so lone,  
 From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,  
 By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and  
 free,  
 Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the  
 sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the trees  
 stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in the  
 breeze:

No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,  
 The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall  
 Thy twin Uneanoonus rose stately and tall,  
 Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,  
 And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with corn.

But thy Pannacook valley was fairer than these,  
 And greener its grasses and taller its trees,  
 Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,  
 Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood  
 The bark-built wigwams of Pennacook stood,  
 There glided the corn-dance, the council-fire shone,  
 And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the  
 young  
 To the pike and the white-perch their baited lines  
 flung;  
 There the boy shaped his arrows, and the shy  
 maid  
 Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum  
 braid.

O Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine  
 Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,  
 Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a  
 moan

Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,  
 The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;  
 But that old voice of waters, or bird and of breeze,  
 The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE WEATHER IN VERSE.

THE undersigned desire, in a modest sort of  
 way,  
 To make the observation, which properly he  
 may,

To wit: That writing verses on the several solar  
 seasons  
 Is most uncertain business, and for these conclusive  
 reasons:

In the middle of the autumn the subscriber did com-  
 pose

A sonnet on November, showing how the spirit grows  
 Unhappy and despondent at the season of the year  
 When the skies are dull and leaden, and the days are  
 chill and drear.

Perhaps you may recall to mind that, when November  
 came,

No leaden skies nor chilly days accompanied the same;  
 But the weather was as balmy as in Florida you'd find,  
 And that sonnet on November was respectfully de-  
 lined.

With laudable ambition to prepare a worthy rhyme,  
The writer wrote a Christmas song three weeks ahead  
of time ;  
And there was frequent reference to the sharp and  
piercing air,  
And likewise to the cold white snow that covered earth  
so fair.

I scarcely need remind you that the Christmas did not  
bring  
The piercing air and cold white snow of which I chose  
to sing,  
'Twas all ethereal mildness while for icicles I yearned,  
And of course my frigid verses were with cordial  
warmth returned.

This very spring I set to work—'twas on an April day  
As warm as June—I set to work and wrote an ode on  
May ;  
The inspiration may have come in part from what I  
owed,  
But while I sang of gentle spring, why, then it up and  
snowed !

And once when dew inspired me a pastoral to spin,  
It happened, when the poem was done, a fearful  
drought set in ;  
There was no moisture in the earth, which dry and  
dryer grew,  
And the piece on dew came back to me with six cents  
postage due !

And for these conclusive reasons it is obviously plain  
That verses on the weather are precarious and vain ;  
And the undersigned would only add, so far as he can  
see,  
The trouble is not the meter, but the meteorology.

VANDYKE BROWN.

#### THE BRIDGE-KEEPER'S STORY.

**D**O we have many accidents here, sir ?  
Well, no ! but of one I could tell,  
If you wouldn't mind hearing the story.  
I have cause to remember it well !

You see how the draw-bridge swings open  
When the vessels come in from the bay ;  
When the lightning express comes along, sir,  
That bridge must be shut right away !

You see how it's worked by the windlass  
A child, sir, could manage it well ;  
My brave little chap used to do it,  
But that's part of the tale I must tell.

It is two years ago come the autumn,  
I shall never forget it, I'm sure ;  
I was sitting at work in the house here,  
And the boy played just outside the door.

You must know, that the wages I'm getting  
For the work on the line are not great,  
So I picked up a little shoemaking,  
And I manage to live at that rate.

I was pounding away on my lapstone,  
And singing as blithe as could be !  
Keeping time with the tap of my hammer  
On the work that I held at my knee.

And Willie, my golden-haired darling,  
Was tying a tail on his kite ;  
His cheeks all aglow with excitement,  
And his blue eyes lit up with delight.

When the telegraph bell at the station  
Rang out the express on its way ;  
"All right, father !" shouted my Willie,  
"Remember, I'm pointsman to-day !"

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass,  
I heard the bridge swing on its way,  
And then came a cry from my darling  
That filled my poor heart with dismay.

"Help, father ! oh, help me !" he shouted.  
I sprang through the door with a scream :  
His clothes had got caught in the windlass—  
There he hung o'er the swift, rushing stream.

And there, like a speck in the distance,  
I saw the fleet oncoming train ;  
And the bridge that I thought safely fastened  
Unclosed and swung backward again.

I rushed to my boy ; ere I reached him,  
He fell in the river below.  
I saw his bright curls on the water,  
Borne away by the current's swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river,  
But there was the onrushing train ;  
And hundreds of lives were in peril,  
Till that bridge was refastened again.

I heard a loud shriek just behind me,  
I turned, and his mother stood there,  
Looking just like a statue of marble,  
With her hands clasped in agonized prayer.

Should I leap in the swift-flowing torrent  
While the train went headlong to its fate,  
Or stop to refasten the draw-bridge,  
And go to his rescue too late ?

I looked at my wife, and she whispered,  
With choking sobs stopping her breath,  
"Do your duty, and Heaven will help you  
To save our own darling from death !"

Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass,  
And fastened the bridge with a crash :  
Then, just as the train rushed across it,  
I leaped in the stream with a splash.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water !  
 How I battled till hope almost fled !  
 But just as I thought I had lost him,  
 Up floated his bright, golden head.

How I eagerly seized on his girdle,  
 As a miser would clutch at his gold ;  
 But the snap of his belt came unfastened,  
 And the swift stream unloosened my hold.

He sank once again, but I followe'd,  
 And caught at his bright, clustering hair,  
 And, biting my lip till the blood came,  
 I swam with the strength of despair !

We had got to the bend of the river,  
 Where the water leaps down with a dash,  
 I held my boy tighter than ever,  
 And steeled all my nerves for the crash.

The foaming and thundering whirlpool  
 Engulfed us ; I struggled for breath,  
 Then caught on a crag in the current,  
 Just saved, for a moment, from death !

And there, on the bank, stood his mother,  
 And some sailors were flinging a rope ;  
 It reached us at last, and I caught it,  
 For I knew 'twas our very last hope !

And right up the steep rock they dragged us ;  
 I cannot forget, to this day,  
 How I clung to the rope, while my darling  
 In my arms like a dead baby lay.

And down on the green sward I laid him,  
 Till the color came back to his face,  
 And, oh, how my heart beat with rapture  
 As I felt his warm, loving embrace !

There, sir ! that's my story, a true one,  
 Though it's far more exciting than some,  
 It has taught me a lesson, and that is,  
 "Do your duty, whatever may come !"

W. A. EATON.

ABNER'S SECOND WIFE.

**A** NINE days' wonder had Tattlerstown,  
 Its gossips regaled on a morsel sweet,  
 And the whilom widower, Abner Brown,  
 Provided, free gratis, the luscious treat.  
 For Abner, tiring of single life,  
 And sighing again for wedded bliss,  
 Affinity found for a second wife  
 In Amanda Green, an ancient miss.

The widow Simmons made bold to state  
 (Though in neighbors' affairs she took no part !)  
 That Abner was lured to a dreadful fate  
 By deep design and a cunning art.

However, this view caused no surprise,  
 For us plain as the noonday sun 'twas seen,  
 The widow looked through the monster's eyes,  
 Whose hues are said to be emerald green.

Samantha Jones and Abigail White—  
 Two maidens born in the long ago—  
 Wouldn't think of marrying such a fright !  
 "But 'Mandy was growing old, you know !"  
 We're told at length in ancient tale  
 How Reynard roamed where the grapes hung high—  
 To both Samantha and Abigail  
 This aged legend will well apply.

Belinda Jenkins turned up her nose,  
 And scornfully sniffing the ambient air,  
 Maliciously hinted the dead wife's clothes  
 Were all the living would get to wear.  
 To which Mrs. Mopps rejoined, "I guess  
 Ab. Brown 'll be like the rest of his ilk,  
 Who keep the first in a kaliker dress  
 That the second critter may wear the silk !"

Some said Amanda would be the boss,  
 And others argued the other way ;  
 Some thought his grief for his first wife's loss  
 Was a hypocrite's pretence and play.  
 Amanda and Abner were both the theme  
 At the quilting-bee and the milliner's shop,  
 Until it really began to seem  
 The wagging tongues would never stop.

A fragment or two came Abner's way,  
 Conveyed by his bosom friend, Bill Ayer,  
 And the bridegroom had only this to say,  
 While the town was nosing in his affairs :  
 "I knowed a man onst 'way down south,  
 And houses and lauds and bonds were his,  
 And he made it all by keepin' his mouth  
 And mindin' his individuooal biz !"

P. C. FOSSETT.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

**R** UN? Now you bet you, I rather guess so.  
 But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché,  
 boy, whoa.  
 No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,  
 But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise :

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,  
 Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.  
 "Forty full miles if a foot to ride,  
 Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils  
 Of red Camanches are hot on the track  
 When once they strike it. Let the sun go down  
 Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels  
 As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back  
 Holding fast to his lasso ; then he jerked at his steed,  
 And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,  
 And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the  
 ground—

Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,  
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,  
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,  
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a  
reed—

“ Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,  
And speed, if ever for life you would speed ;  
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,  
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,  
And feet of wild horses, hard flying before,  
I hear like a sea breaking hard on the shore ;  
While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,  
Driven far by the flames, driving fast on us three  
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.”

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,  
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over  
again,  
And again drew the girth, east aside the macheer,  
Cut away tapidas, loosed the sash from its fold,  
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,  
And gold-mounted Colts, true companions for years,  
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath,  
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,  
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call  
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain  
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,  
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,  
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and  
nose,  
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind  
blows,  
Yet we spoke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,  
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,  
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang  
Stretched neck and stretched uerve till the hollow  
earth rang

And the foam from the flank and the croup and the  
neck

Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.

Twenty miles! thirty miles!—a dim distant speck—

Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight.

And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.

I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,

But Revels was gone ; I glanced by my shoulder

And saw his horse stagger ; I saw his head drooping

Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping

Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder

Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.

To right and to left the black buffalo came,

In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,

With their beards to the dust and black tails in the  
air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame

Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher,

And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,  
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full  
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire  
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud  
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud,  
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,  
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of  
his mane

Like black lances lifted and lifted again ;  
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,  
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder  
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs ;  
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair  
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes  
With a longing and love, yet look of despair,  
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,  
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair,  
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell  
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell  
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.  
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head  
With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see,  
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee  
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down  
In a race where the world came to run for the crown  
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—  
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,  
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—  
She brought me this steed to the border the night  
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight,  
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side ;  
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,  
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride  
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue  
I should surely escape without other ado

Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,  
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon

Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon

And swift she would join me, and all would be well

Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell

From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,

The last that I saw was a look of delight

That I should escape—a love—a desire—

Yet never a word, not a look of appeal—

Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay  
heel

One instant for her in my terrible flight

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,

And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—

Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,

As the passionate flame reached around them and  
wove her

Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—

Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,

As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone,

And into the Brazos I rode all alone—

All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,

And blind and bare and burnt to the skin,  
Then, just as the terrible sea came in  
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,  
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed  
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

KATE KETCHEM.

**K**ATE Ketchem, on a winter's night,  
Went to a party, dressed in white.

Her chignon, in a net of gold,  
Was about as large as they ever sold.

Gayly she went, because her "pap"  
Was supposed to be a rich old chap.

But when by chance her glances fell  
On a friend who had lately married well,

Her spirits smk, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish she wouldn't have had made known,  
To have an establishment of her own.

Tom Fudge came slowly through the throng,  
With chestnut hair, worn pretty long.

He saw Kate Ketchem in the crowd,  
And, knowing her slightly, stopped and bowed.

Then asked her to give him a single flower,  
Saying he'd think it a priceless dower.

Out from those with which she was decked  
She took the poorest she could select,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
To call attention to her gown.

"Thanks," said Fudge, and he thought how dear  
Flowers must be at this time of year.

Then several charming remarks he made,  
Asked if she sang, or danced, or played;

And being exhausted, inquired whether  
She thought it was going to be pleasant weather.

And Kate displayed her jewelry,  
And dropped her lashes becomingly;

And listened with no attempt to disguise  
The admiration in her eyes.

At last, like one who has nothing to say,  
He turned around and walked away.

Kate Ketchem smiled, and said, "You bet  
I'll catch that Fudge and his money yet.

"He's rich enough to keep me in clothes,  
And I think I could manage him if I chose.

"He could aid my father as well as not,  
And buy my brother a splendid yacht.

"My mother for money should never fret,  
And all that it cried for the baby should get;

"And after that, with what he could spare,  
I'd make a show at a charity fair."

Tom Fudge looked back as he crossed the sill,  
And saw Kate Ketchem standing still.

"A girl more suited to my mind  
It isn't an easy thing to find;

"And everything that she has to wear  
Proves her as rich as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and that I to-day  
Had the old man's cash my debts to pay;

"No creditors with a long account,  
No tradesmen waiting 'that little amount;'

"But all my scores paid up when due  
By a father as rich as any Jew!"

But he thought of her brother, not worth a straw,  
And her mother, that would be his, in law;

So, undecided, he walked along,  
And Kate was left alone in the throng.

But a lawyer smiled, whom he sought by stealth,  
To ascertain old Ketchem's wealth;

And as for Kate, she schemed and planned  
Till one of the dancers claimed her hand.

He married her for her father's cash—  
She married him to cut a dash.

But as to paying his debts, do you know,  
The father couldn't see it so;

And at hints for help Kate's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

And when Tom thought of the way he had wed,  
He longed for a single life instead,

And closed his eyes in a sulky mood,  
Regretting the days of his bachelorhood;

And said in a sort of a reckless vein,  
"I'd like to see her catch me again,

"If I were free as on that night  
I saw Kate Ketchem dressed in white!"

She wedded him to be rich and gay;  
But husband and children didn't pay.

He wasn't the prize she hoped to draw,  
And wouldn't live with his mother-in-law.

And oft when she had to coax and pout  
In order to get him to take her out,  
She thought how very attentive and bright  
He seemed at the party that winter's night.  
Of his laugh, as soft as a breeze of the south,  
('Twas now on the other side of his mouth;)  
How he praised her dress and gems in his talk,  
As he took a careful account of stock.  
Sometimes she hated the very walls—  
Hated her friends, her dinners, and calls;  
Till her weak affections, to hatred turned,  
Like a dying tallow candle burned.  
And for him who sat there, her peace to mar,  
Smoking his everlasting segar—  
He wasn't the man she thought she saw,  
And grief was duty, and hate was law.  
So she took up her burden with a groan,  
Saying only, "I might have known!"  
Alas for Kate! and alas for Fudge!  
Though I do not owe them any grudge;  
And alas for any that find to their shame  
That two can play at their little game!  
For of all hard things to bear and grin,  
The hardest is knowing you're taken in.  
Ah, well! as a general thing we fret  
About the one we didn't get;  
But I think we needn't make a fuss  
If the one we don't want didn't get us.

PHOEBE CARY.

#### OLD TIMES AND NEW.

'T WAS in my easy chair at home,  
About a week ago,  
I sat and puffed my light cigar,  
As usual, you must know.

I mused upon the Pilgrim flock,  
Whose luck it was to land  
Upon almost the only Rock  
Among the Plymouth dark.

In my mind's eye, I saw them leave  
Their weather-beaten bark—  
Before them spread the wintry wilds,  
Behind, rolled Ocean dark.

Alone that noble handful stood  
While savage foes lurked nigh—  
Their creed and watchword, "Trust in God,  
And keep your powder dry."

Imagination's pencil then  
That first stern winter painted,  
When more than half their number died  
And stoutest spirits fainted.

A tear unbidden filled one eye,  
My smoke had filled the other.  
One sees strange sights at such a time,  
Which quite the senses bother.

I knew I was alone—but lo!  
(Let him who dares, deride me;)  
I looked, and drawing up a chair,  
Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air  
Was somewhat strange and foreign;  
He civilly returned my stare,  
And said, "I am Richard Warren."

"You'll find my name among the list  
Of hero, sage and martyr,  
Who, in the Mayflower's cabin, signed  
The first New England charter.

"I could some curious facts impart—  
Perhaps some wise suggestions—  
But then I'm bent on seeing sights,  
And running o'er with questions."

"Ask on," said I; "I'll do my best  
To give you information,  
Whether of private men you ask,  
Or our renowned nation."

Says he, "First tell me what is that  
In your compartment narrow,  
Which seems to dry my eye-balls up,  
And scorch my very marrow."

His finger pointed to the grate,  
Said I, "That's Lehigh coal,  
Dug from the earth"—he shook his head—  
"It is, upon my soul!"

I then took up a bit of stick,  
One end as black as night,  
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,  
When, lo! a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,  
And strove his breath to catch;  
"What necromancy's that?" he cried,  
Quoth I, "A friction match."

Upon a pipe just overhead  
I turned a little screw,  
When forth, with instantaneous flash,  
Three streams of lightning flew.

Uprose my guest: "Now Heaven me save!  
Aloud he shouted; then,  
"Is that hell-fire?" "Tis gas," said I;  
"We call it hydrogen."



Then forth into the fields we strolled;  
A train came thundering by,  
Drawn by the soaring iron steed  
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,  
Far streamed the smoky cloud—  
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,  
The flying forest bowed.

Down on his knees, with hand upraised  
In worship, Warren fell;  
"Great is the Lord our God," cried he;  
"He doeth all things well.

"I've seen his chariots of fire,  
The horsemen, too, thereof;  
Oh may I ne'er forget his ire,  
Nor at his threatenings scoff."

"Rise up, my friend, rise up," said I,  
"Your terrors all are vain;  
That was no chariot of the sky,  
'Twas the New York mail train."

We stood within a chamber small—  
Men came the news to know  
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,  
Texas and Mexico.

It came—its way—silent and sure—  
He stared, smiled, and burst out laughing;  
"What witchcraft's that?" "It's what we call  
Magnetic telegraphing."

Once more we stepped into the street,  
Said Warren, "What is that  
Which moves along across the way  
As smoothly as a cat?"

"I mean the thing upon two legs  
With feathers on its head—  
A monstrous hump below its waist  
Large as a feather-bed.

"It has the gift of speech, I hear;  
But sure it can't be human!"  
"My amiable friend," said I,  
"That's what we call a woman!"

"A woman! no—it cannot be,"  
Sighed he, with voice that faltered;  
"I loved the women in my day,  
But oh! they're strangely altered."

I showed him then a new machine  
For turning eggs to chickens—  
A labor-saving henchery,  
That beats the very dickens!

Thereat he strongly grasped my hand,  
And said, "Tis plain to see

This world is so transmogrified,  
'Twill never do for me.

"Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,  
Your gas-lights, friction matches,  
Your hump-backed women, rocks for coal,  
Your thing which chickens hatch,

"Have turned the earth so upside down  
No peace is left within it;"  
Then, whirling round upon his heel,  
He vanished in a minute.

A. C. SPOONER.

THE FIRE-FIEND.

**I**N the deepest death of midnight, while the sad  
and solemn swell  
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the Forest  
Chapel Bell—

Fainting, faintly floating o'er the sable waves of air  
That were through the midnight rolling, chafed and  
billowy with the tolling—

In my chamber I lay dreaming by the fire-light's fitful  
gleaming,  
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart  
fore-doomed to care!

As the last long lingering echo of the midnight's  
mystic chime—  
Lifting through the sable billows to the thither shore  
of time—

Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a  
trace—  
In a quivering sigh departed, from my couch in fear  
I started:

Started to my feet in terror, for my dream's phantas-  
mal error  
Painted in the fitful fire, a frightful, fiendish, flaming  
face!

On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing  
knot of oak,  
Seemed to gibe and grin this phantom when in terror I  
awoke,

And my slumberous eyelids straining as I staggered  
to the floor,  
Still in that dread vision seeming, turned my gaze to-  
ward the gleaming

Hearth, and—there!—oh, God! I saw it! and from  
out its flaming jaw it  
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling  
stream of gore!

Speechless; struck with stony silence: frozen to the  
floor I stood,  
Till methought my brain was hissing with that hissing,  
bubbling blood:—

Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those  
humbent lips:—  
Till the demon seemed to name me:—then a wondrous  
calm o'ercame me.



And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-damp  
stiff and gluey,  
And I fell back on my pillow in apparent soul-eclipse!

Then, as in death's seeming shadow, in the icy pall of  
fear  
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to  
my ear:—  
Came a murmur like the murmur of assassins in their  
sleep:—  
Muttering, "Higher! higher! higher! I am demon  
of the fire!  
I am arch-fiend of the fire! and each blazing roof's  
my pyre,  
And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my  
victims weep!

"How I revel on the prairie! how I roar among the  
pines!  
How I laugh when from the village o'er the snow the  
red flame shines,  
And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a life in every  
breath!  
How I scream with lambent laughter as I hurl each  
crackling rafter  
Down the fell abyss of fire, until higher! higher!  
higher!  
Leap the high-priests of my altar in their merry dance  
of death!

"I am monarch of the fire! I am vassal-king of  
death!  
World-encircling, with the shadow of its doom upon  
my breath!  
With the symbol of hereafter flaming from my fatal  
face!  
I command the eternal fire! Higher! higher! higher!  
higher!  
Leap my ministering demons, like phantasmagoric  
lemans  
Hugging universal nature in their hideous embrace!"

Then a sombre silence shut me in a solemn, shrouded  
sleep,  
And I slumbered, like an infant in the "eradle of  
the deep,"  
Till the belfry in the forest quivered with the matin  
stroke.  
And the martins, from the edges of its lichen-lidded  
ledges,  
Shimmered through the russet arches where the light  
in torn files marches,  
Like a routed army struggling through the serried  
ranks of oak.

Through my ivy-fretted easement filtered in a trem-  
ulous note  
From the tall and stately linden where a robin swelled  
his throat:—  
Querulous, quaker-erected robin, calling quaintly for  
his mate!

Then I started up, unbidden, from my slumber night-  
mare ridden,  
With the memory of that dire demon in my central  
fire  
On my eye's interior mirror, like the shadow of a fate!

Ah! the fiendish fire had smouldered to a white and  
formless heap,  
And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon my  
sleep;  
But around its very centre, where the demon face had  
shone,  
Forkéd shadows seemed to linger, pointing as with  
spectral finger  
To a Bible, massive, golden, on a table carved and  
olden—  
And I bowed, and said, "All Power is of God, of God  
alone!"

C. D. GARDETTE.

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

**G**IRT round with rugged mountains the fair Lake  
Constance lies;  
In her blue heart reflected, shine back the  
starry skies;  
And watching each white cloudlet float silently and  
slow,  
You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence, enthroned in heaven,  
looks down  
Upon her own ebon mirror, upon a sleeping town:  
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,  
Has stood above Lake Constance a thousand years  
and more.

Her battlements and towers, upon their rocky steep,  
Have cast their trembling shadows of ages on the  
deep;  
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,  
Of how the town was saved one night, three hundred  
years ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol maid had  
fled,  
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread,  
And every year that fled, so silently and fast,  
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the  
past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or  
change;  
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech  
seemed no more strange;  
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,  
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz  
lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz with longing and with  
tears;  
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;

She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war or strife ;  
 Each day she rose contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would clustering  
 round her stand,  
 She sang them the old ballads of her own native  
 land ;  
 And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's  
 throne,  
 The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt : the valley more peaceful year by  
 year ;  
 When suddenly strange portents of some great deed  
 seemed near.

The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,  
 While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and  
 down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks east on  
 the ground ;  
 With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered  
 round ;  
 All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put  
 away ;  
 The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers from the  
 town,  
 Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and  
 down.

Yet now and then seemed watching a strange uncertain  
 gleam,  
 That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below  
 the stream.

At eve they all assembled, all care and doubt were  
 fled ;  
 With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly  
 spread.

The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,  
 And cried, " We drink the downfall of an accursed  
 land !

" The night is growing darker, ere one more day is  
 flown,  
 Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be  
 our own ! "

The women shrank in terror, (yet pride, too, had her  
 part.)  
 But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her  
 heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz, once more her towers  
 arose ;  
 What were the friends beside her ? Only her country's  
 foes !  
 The faces of her kinsfolk, the day of childhood flown,  
 The echoes of her mountains reclaimed her as their  
 own !

Nothing she heard around her, (though shouts rang  
 forth again,)  
 Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and  
 the plain ;  
 Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,  
 That said, " Go forth, save Bregenz, and then if  
 need be, die ! "

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless  
 step she sped ;  
 Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed ;  
 She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out  
 her hand,  
 She mounted and she turned his head toward her  
 native land.

Out—out into the darkness—faster, and still more  
 fast ;  
 The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood  
 is passed ;  
 She looks up ; clouds are heavy : Why is her steed so  
 slow ?—  
 Scarcely the wind beside them, can pass them as  
 they go.

" Faster ! " she cries, " Oh, faster ! " Eleven the  
 church-bells chime ;  
 " O God, " she cries, " help Bregenz, and bring me  
 there in time ! "

But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the rine,  
 Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the  
 Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop  
 check ?  
 The steed draws back in terror ; she leans above his  
 neck  
 To watch the flowing darkness ; the bank is high and  
 steep.

One pause—he staggers forward, and plunges in the  
 deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser throws  
 the rein ;  
 Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his  
 mane.

How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the  
 foam,  
 And see—in the far distance shine out the lights of  
 home !

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush  
 again  
 Towards the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the  
 plain.

They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the midnight  
 rings,  
 And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she  
 brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are  
manned;  
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.  
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,  
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the  
hill  
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.  
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the  
shade,  
They see the quaint old carving, the charger and the  
maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street,  
and tower,  
The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing  
hour:  
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud, and then  
(O crown of fame!)  
When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the  
maiden's name.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## THE MISER.

**A**N old man sat by a fireless hearth,  
Though the night was dark and chill,  
And mournfully over the frozen earth  
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.  
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,  
And dim, but not with tears;  
And his skeleton form had wasted away  
With penny, more than years.

A rush-light was casting its fitful glare  
O'er the damp and dingy walls,  
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,  
And the venomous spider crawls;  
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room  
Was the miser worn and bare,  
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,  
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,  
And every nook had scanned;  
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,  
With his cold and skinny hand;  
And yet he sat gazing intently round,  
And trembled with silent fear,  
And started and shuddered at every sound  
That fell on his eoward ear.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the miser: "I'm safe at last  
From this night so cold and drear.  
From the drenching rain and driving blast,  
With my gold and treasures here.  
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,  
And my health is bad, 'tis true;  
Yet if I should light that fire again,  
It would cost me a cent or two.

"But I'll take a sip of the precious wine:  
It will banish my cold and fears;  
It was given long since by a friend of mine—  
I have kept it for many years."  
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,  
And drank of its ruby tide;  
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took,  
And his bosom swelled with pride.

"Let me see; let me see!" said the miser then.  
"Tis some sixty years or more  
Since the happy hour when I began  
To heap up the glittering store;  
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,  
As my crowded chest will show:  
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,  
Or an emperor could bestow."

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,  
And cautiously raised the lid,  
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,  
With the sun in their splendor hid:  
And gem after gem, in precious store,  
Are raised with exulting smile;  
And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,  
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,  
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?  
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?  
What was there in the wine?  
He strove his lonely seat to gain:  
To crawl to his nest he tried;  
But finding his efforts all in vain,  
He eloped his gold, and—*died*.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

## THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.

**W**ILD blew the gale in Gibraltar one night  
As a soldier lay stretched in his cell;  
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's  
silver light  
On his countenance drearily fell.  
Nought could she reveal, but a man true as steel,  
That oft for his country had bled;  
And the glance of his eye might the grim king defy,  
For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow  
At a tyrant who held him in scorn;  
And his fate soon was sealed, for alas! honest Joe  
Was to die on the following morn.  
Oh! sad was the thought to a man that had fought  
'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave—  
To be shot through the breast at a coward's behest,  
And laid low in a criminal's grave!

The night call had sounded, when Joe was aroused  
By a step at the door of his cell;  
'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused,  
That now entered to bid him farewell.

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E. W. CUTLER.

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"Ah, Tom! is it you come to bid me adieu?  
 'Tis kind, my lad! give me your hand!  
 Nay—nay—don't get wild, man, and make me a  
 child!—  
 I'll be soon in a happier land!"

With hands clasped in silence, Tom mournfully said,  
 "Have you any request, Joe, to make?—  
 Remember by me 'twill be fully obeyed:  
 Can I anything do for your sake?"  
 "When it's over, to-morrow!" he said filled with  
 sorrow,  
 "Send this token to her whom I've sworn  
 All my fond love shall share!"—'twas a lock of his  
 hair,  
 And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when you  
 write home,"  
 And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—  
 "Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,  
 Like a man, and a soldier!—Good-bye!"  
 Then the serjeant on guard, at the grating appeared,  
 And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,  
 By the moon's waning light, with a husky "Good-  
 night!  
 God be with you, dear comrade!—farewell!"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull cloudy sky,  
 When the blast of a bugle resounded;  
 And Joe ever fearless, went forward to die,  
 By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.  
 "Shoulder arms" was the cry as the prisoner passed  
 by;  
 "To the right about—march!" was the word;  
 And their pale faces proved how their comrade was  
 loved,  
 And by all his brave fellows adored.

Right onward they marched to the dread field of  
 doom:  
 Sternly silent, they covered the ground;  
 Then they formed into line amid sadness and gloom,  
 While the prisoner looked calmly around.  
 Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer,  
 And faint tolled the solemn death-knell,  
 As he stood on the stand, and with uplifted hand  
 Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaimed an imperious voice:  
 "Present!"—struck a chill on each  
 mind;  
 Ere the last word was spoke Joe had cause to rejoice,  
 For "Hold!—hold!" cried a voice from behind.  
 Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,  
 As a horseman cried, "Mercy!—Forbear!"  
 With a thrilling "Hurrah!"—a free pardon!—  
 huzzah!  
 And the muskets rang loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's  
 embrace:  
 No more stood the brave soldiers dumb:  
 With a loud cheer they wheeled to the right-about-  
 face,  
 Then away at the sound of the drum!—  
 And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair  
 land,  
 Where the lovers met never to part;  
 And he gave her a token—true, warm and unbroken—  
 The gift of his own gallant heart!

JAMES SMITH.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king,  
 (Hurry!)  
 That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
 And pined for the comfort his voice would  
 bring;  
 (O! ride as though you were flying!)  
 Better he loves each golden curl  
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl  
 Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl;  
 And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed; (Hurry!)  
 Each one mounted a gallant steed  
 Which he kept for battle and days of need;  
 (O! ride as though you were flying!)  
 Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;  
 Worn-out chargers struggled and sank;  
 Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;  
 But ride as they would, the king rode first;  
 For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one; (Hurry!)  
 They have fainted, and filtered, and homeward gone;  
 His little fair page now follows alone,  
 For strength and for courage crying.  
 The king looked back at that faithful child;  
 Wan was the face that answering smiled.  
 They passed the drawbridge with clattering din;  
 Then he dropped; and the king alone rode in  
 Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn; (Silence!)  
 No answer came, but faint and forlorn,  
 An echo returned on the cold gray morn,  
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing  
 The castle portal stood grimly wide;  
 None welcomed the king from that weary ride;  
 For, dead in the light of the dawning day,  
 The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,  
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The warm steed stood with a drooping crest,  
 The king returned from her chamber of rest,  
 The thick sobs choking in his breast;  
 And, that dumb companion eying,

The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check ;  
 He bowed his head on his charger's neck ;  
 "O, steed, that every nerve didst strain,  
 Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,  
 To the halls where my love lay dying !"

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

#### THE CAVE OF SILVER.

**S**EEK me the cave of silver !  
 Find me the cave of silver !  
 Raffle the cave of silver !  
 Said Ilda to Brok the Bold :  
 So you may kiss me often ;  
 So you may ring my finger ;  
 So you may bind my true love  
 In the round hoop of gold !

Bring me no skins of foxes ;  
 Bring me no beds of eider ;  
 Boast not your fifty vessels  
 That fish in the northern sea ;  
 For I would lie upon velvet,  
 And sail in a golden galley,  
 And naught but the cave of silver  
 Will win my true love for thee.

Rena, the witch, hath told me  
 That up in the wild Lapp mountains  
 There lieth a cave of silver,  
 Down deep in a valley-side ;  
 So gather your lance and rifle,  
 And speed to the purple pastures,  
 And seek ye the cave of silver  
 As you seek me for your bride.

I go, said Brok, right proudly ;  
 I go to the purple pastures,  
 To seek for the cave of silver  
 So long as my life shall hold ;  
 But when the keen Lapp arrows  
 Are fleshed in the heart that loves you,  
 I'll leave my curse on the woman  
 Who slaughtered Brok the Bold !

But Ilda laughed as she shifted  
 The Bergen scarf on her shoulder,  
 And pointed her small white finge:  
 Right up at the mountain gate ;  
 And cried, O my gallant sailor,  
 You're brave enough to the fishes,  
 But the Lappish arrow is keener  
 Than the back of the thorny skate.

The summer passed, and the winter  
 Came down from the icy ocean ;  
 But back from the cave of silver  
 Returned not Brok the Bold ;  
 And Ilda waited and waited,  
 And sat at the door till sunset,  
 And gazed at the wild Lapp mountains  
 That blackened the skies of gold.

I want not a cave of silver !  
 I care for no caves of silver !  
 O far beyond caves of silver  
 I pine for my Brok the Bold !  
 O ye strong Norwegian gallants,  
 Go seek for my lovely lover,  
 And bring him to ring my finger  
 With the round hoop of gold !

But the brave Norwegian gallants  
 They laughed at the cruel maiden,  
 And left her sitting in sorrow,  
 Till her heart and her face grew old,  
 While she moaned of the cave of silver,  
 And moaned of the wild Lapp mountains,  
 And him who never will ring her  
 With the round hoop of gold !

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

#### GERTRUDE.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice to the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel and attended by his wife Gertrude throughout his last agonizing moments with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings and those of her unfortunate husband are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend and which was published some years ago at Haarlem in a book entitled "Gertrude Von der Wart; or, Fidelity unto Death."

**H**ER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,  
 The breeze threw back her hair ;  
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—  
 All that she loved was there.  
 The night was round her clear and cold,  
 The holy heaven above ;  
 Its pale stars watching to behold  
 The night of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,  
 "My Rudolph ! say not so !  
 This is no time to quit thy side—  
 Peace, peace ! I cannot go.  
 Hath the world aught for me to fear  
 When death is on thy brow ?  
 The world ?—what means it ?—mine is here—  
 I will not leave thee now !

"I have been with thee in thine hour  
 Of glory and of bliss,  
 Doubt not its memory's living power  
 To strengthen me through this !  
 And thou, mine honored love and true,  
 Bear on, bear nobly on !  
 We have the blessed heaven in view,  
 Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow  
 From woman's breaking heart ?  
 Through all that night of bitterest woe  
 She bore her lofty part ;  
 But oh ! with such a freezing eye,  
 With such a curdling cheek—

Love, love! of mortal agony,  
 Thou, only thou, shouldst speak!  
 The winds rose high—but with them rose  
 Her voice that he might hear;—  
 Perchance that dark hour brought repose  
 To happy bosoms near:  
 While she sat striving with despair  
 Beside his tortured form,  
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer  
 Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death damps from his brow,  
 With her pale hands and soft,  
 Whose touch upon the lute chords low  
 Had stilled his heart so oft.  
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,  
 She bathed his lips with dew,  
 And on his cheek such kisses pressed  
 As joy and hope ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, love and faith,  
 Enduring to the last!  
 She had her meed—one smile in death—  
 And his worn spirit passed,  
 While even as o'er a martyr's grave  
 She knelt on that sad spot  
 And, weeping, blessed the God who gave  
 Strength to forsake it not!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE OUTCAST.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,  
 'Twas near the twilight tide,  
 And slowly there a lady fair  
 Was walking in her pride.  
 Alone walked she, but viewlessly  
 Walked spirits at her side.  
 Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,  
 And honor charmed the air,  
 And all astir looked kind on her,  
 And called her good as fair;  
 For all God ever gave to her  
 She kept with chary care.  
 She kept with care her beauties rare  
 From lovers warm and true,  
 For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
 And the rich came not to woo:  
 But honored well are charms to sell  
 If priests the selling do.  
 Now walking there was one more fair—  
 A slight girl, hily-pale;  
 And she had unseen company  
 To make the spirit quail:  
 'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,  
 And nothing could avail.  
 No mercy now can clear her brow  
 For this world's peace to pray;

For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
 Her woman's heart gave way!—  
 But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven  
 By man is cursed away!  
 NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

IT was the wild midnight,  
 A storm was in the sky;  
 The lightning gave its light,  
 And the thunder echoed by.  
 The torrent swept the glen,  
 The ocean lashed the shore;  
 Then rose the Spartan men,  
 To make their bed in gore!  
 Swift from the deluged ground  
 Three hundred took the shield,  
 Then, silent, gathered round  
 The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word,  
 He bade no trumpet blow;  
 But the single thunder roared,  
 And they rushed upon the foe.  
 The fiery element  
 Showed, with one mighty gleam,  
 Rampart, and flag, and tent,  
 Like the spectres of a dream.  
 All up the mountain-side,  
 All down the woody vale,  
 All by the rolling tide  
 Waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas,  
 Among the slumbering band,  
 Sprang foremost from the pass,  
 Like the lightning's living brand:  
 Then double darkness fell,  
 And the forest ceased to moan;  
 But there came a clash of steel,  
 And a distant dying groan.  
 Anon a trumpet blew,  
 And a fiery sheet burst high,  
 That o'er the midnight threw  
 A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill,  
 A host glared by the bay;  
 But the Greeks rushed onward still,  
 Like leopards in their play.  
 The air was all a yell,  
 And the earth was all a flame,  
 Where the Spartans' bloody steel  
 On the silken turbans came;  
 And still the Greek rushed on,  
 Beneath the fiery field,  
 Till, like a rising sun,  
 Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.



They found a royal feast,  
 His midnight banquet, there  
 And the treasures of the East  
 Lay beneath the Doric spear.  
 Then sat to the repast  
 The bravest of the brave;  
 That feast must be their last,  
 That spot must be their grave.  
 They pledged old Sparta's name  
 In cups of Syrian wine,  
 And the warrior's deathless fame  
 Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyres  
 From eunuch and from slave,  
 And taught the languid wires  
 The sounds that freedom gave.  
 But now the morning-star  
 Crowned Oeta's twilight brow,  
 And the Persian horn of war  
 From the hill began to blow:  
 Up rose the glorious rank,  
 To Greece one cup poured high;  
 Then, hand-in-hand, they drank  
 "To immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,  
 When, like spirits from the tomb,  
 With shout and trumpet-knell,  
 He saw the warriors come;  
 But down swept all his power  
 With chariot and with charge;  
 Down poured the arrow shower,  
 'Till sank the Dorian's targe.  
 They marched within the tent,  
 With all their strength unstrung;  
 To Greece one look they sent,  
 Then on high their torches flung:

To heaven the blaze uprolled,  
 Like a mighty altar-fire;  
 And the Persians' gems and gold  
 Were the Grecians' funeral pyre.  
 Their king sat on the throne,  
 His captains by his side,  
 While the flame rushed roaring on,  
 And their pean loud replied!  
 Thus fought the Greek of old:  
 Thus will he fight again!  
 Shall not the self-same mould  
 Bring forth the self-same men?

GEORGE CROLY.

#### THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

HERE stands an ancient castle  
 On yonder mountain height,  
 Where, fenced with door and portal,  
 Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,  
 And all is hushed and still;  
 O'er ruined wall and rafter  
 I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage  
 Once lay in yonder nook;  
 Where now are the cellarer's flagons,  
 And where is his jovial look?

No more he sets the beakers  
 For the guests at the wassail feast;  
 Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask  
 For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase  
 The stoup to the thirsty squires,  
 And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift  
 Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,  
 And they hang begrimed and black  
 And stair, and hall, and chapel,  
 Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,  
 One day when the sun was bright  
 I saw my love ascending  
 The slopes of yon rocky height;

From the hush and desolation  
 Sweet fancies did unfold,  
 And it seemed as they had come back again  
 The jovial days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers  
 For noble guests were spread,  
 And out from the prime of that glorious time  
 A youth a maiden led.

And, standing in the chapel,  
 The good old priest did say,  
 "Will ye wed with one another?"  
 And we smiled and we answered "Yea!"

We sung, and our hearts they bounded  
 To the thrilling lays we sung,  
 And every note was doubled  
 By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,  
 The hush grew deep and still,  
 And the setting sun looked upward  
 On that great eastled hill;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,  
 In the radiant light we shone—  
 It sank; and again the ruins  
 Stood desolate and lone!

THEODORE MARTIN

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

WAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;  
His form was bent and his gait was slow,  
His long thin hair was as white as snow,  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;  
And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
"Let us be happy down here below;  
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
Writing, and reading, and history too;  
He took the little ones up on his knee,  
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,  
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:  
"Learn while you're young," he often said,  
"There's much to enjoy down here below;  
Life for the living and rest for the dead!"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentlest tones;  
The rod was hardly known in his school—  
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,  
And too hard work for his poor old bones;  
"Besides, it is painful," he sometimes said:  
"We should make life pleasant down here below,  
The living need charity more than the dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door;  
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there hekl reigr,  
And made him forget he was old and poor;  
"I need so little," he often said;  
"And my friends and relatives here below  
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air  
Every night when the sun went down,  
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,  
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,  
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;  
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,  
"Twas a glorious world, down here below;  
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,  
After the sun had sunk in the west,  
And the lingering beams of golden light  
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,  
While the odorous night-wind whispered, "Rest!"  
Gently, gently, he bowed his head—  
There were angels waiting for him, I know;  
He was sure of happiness, living or dead—  
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

THE drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,  
Of his cosy place in the tap-room seat;  
And the liquor gleamed on his gloating eye,  
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh  
He lifted it up with an eager glance,  
And sang as he saw the bubbles dance:  
"Aha! I am myself again!  
Here's a truce to care, and ndien to pain.  
Welcome tho cup with its crenny foam—  
Farewell to work and a moppy home—  
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,  
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a crash there came to the drunkard's side  
His angel child, who that night had died;  
With a look so gentle and sweet and fond,  
She touched his glass with her little wand;  
And oft as he raised it up to drink,  
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,  
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,  
And set the untasted goblet down.  
"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this?  
Is the covey sick? or the dram amiss?  
Cheer up, my lad—quick, the bumper quaff"  
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh

The drunkard raised his glass once more,  
And looked at its depths as so oft before;  
But started to see on its pictured foam  
The face of his dead little child at home;  
Then again the landlord at him sneered,  
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;  
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,  
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!  
The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,  
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"  
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,  
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim,  
But the wand struck harder than before;  
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor.

All around the ring the fragments lay,  
And the poisonous current rolled away.  
The drunkard woke. His dream was gone;  
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;  
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,  
A beautiful angel hovering near.  
He rose, and that seraph was nigh him still  
He checked his passions, it swayed his will:  
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl  
And victory gave to his ransomed soul.  
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed,  
Our hero has been a man redeemed,  
And this is the prayer that he prays away.  
And this is the prayer let us help him pray:  
That angels may come in every land,  
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

CHARLES W. DENISON.

"I CANNOT TURN THE KEY AND MY  
BAIRN OUTSIDE."

In the villages of the West Riding of Yorkshire there is a tender sentiment, or custom, still prevailing. When one of a family has been buried, or has gone away, the house-door is left unlocked for seven nights, lest the departed might, in some way, feel that he was locked out of his old home.

"SUSPENSE is worse than bitter grief—  
The lad will come no more;  
Why should we longer watch and wait?  
Turn the key in the door.

From weary days and lonely nights,  
The light of hope has fled;  
I say the ship is lost, good wife,  
And our bairn is dead."

"Husband, the last words that I spoko,  
Just as he left the door,  
Were, 'Come thou early, come thou late,  
Thou'lt find an open door;  
Open thy mother's heart and hand,  
Whatever else betide,'  
And so I cannot turn the key  
And my bairn outside.

"Seven years is naught to mother love,  
And seventy times the seven;  
A mother is a mother still,  
On earth or in God's heaven.  
I'll watch for him, I'll pray for him—  
Prayer as the world is wide;  
But, oh! I cannot turn the key  
And leave my bairn outside.

"When winds were loud, and snow lay white,  
And storm-clouds drifted black,  
I've heard his step—for hearts can hear;  
I know he's coming back.  
What if he came this very night,  
And he the house-door tried,  
And found that we had turned the key,  
And our bairn outside!"

The good man trimmed the candle light,  
Threw on another log,  
Then, suddenly, he said: "Good wife!  
What ails—what ails the dog?  
And what ails you? What do you hear?"  
She raised her eyes and cried:  
"Wide-open fling the house-door now,  
For my bairn's outside!"

Scarce said the words, when a glad hand  
Flung wide the house-hold door.  
"Dear mother! father! I am come!  
I need not leave you more!"

That night, the first in seven long years,  
The happy mother sighed:  
"Father, you now may turn the key,  
For my bairn's inside!"

THE WHITBY SMAEK.

"SHE ought to be in, she ought to be in,  
There's another moon begun;  
She sailed—last Friday was a week,  
And it is but a four days' run.

"I've left our sorrowing Jano at home,  
She'll not sleep nor bite, poor lass;  
Just toss her wedding clothes about,  
And stare at the falling glass.

"The banns were out last week, you see,  
And to-day—alack—alack,  
Young George has other gear to mind  
Out there, out there, in the smack.

"I bade her dry her welling tears,  
Or share them with another,  
And go down yonder court and try  
To comfort Willie's mother.

"The poor old widowed mourning soul,  
Laid helpless in her bed,  
She prays for the touch of her one son's hand,  
The sound of his cheery tread.

"She ought to be in—her timbers were stout;  
She would ride through the roughest gale;  
Well found and manned—but the hours drag on  
It was but a four days' sail."

Gravely and sadly the sailor spoke,  
Out on the great pier-head;  
Sudden a bronzed old fish-wife turned  
From the anxious group and said:

"Jenny will find her lovers anew,  
And Anne has one foot in the grave;  
We've lived together twenty year,  
Me and my poor old Dave.

"We've neither chick nor child of us,  
Our John were drowned last year;  
There is nothing on earth but Dave for me,  
Why, there's naught in the wind to fear.

"He's been out in many a coarser sea,  
I'll set the fire alight;  
We said 'Our Father' afore he went;  
The smack will be in to-night."

And just as down in the westward  
The light rose pale and thin,  
With her bulwarks stove, and her foresail gone,  
The smack came staggering in.

With one warm face at her rudder,  
And another beside her mast:  
But George, and Willie, and staunch old Dave—  
Why, ask the waves and the blast.

Ask the sea that broke aboard her,  
Just as she swung her round;

Ask the squall that swept above her,  
With death in its ominous sound.

"The master saw," the sailor said,  
"A face past the gunwale go ;  
And Jack heard 'Jane' ring shrill through the roar,  
And that is all we know."

"I can't tell; Parson says grief is wrong,  
And pining is wilful sin ;  
But I'd like to hear how those two died  
Afore the smack came in."

Well, this morning the flags fly half-mast head  
In beautiful Whithy Bay,  
That's all we shall know till the roll is read,  
On the last great muster-day.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THE Wandering Jew once said to me,  
I passed through a city in the cool of the  
year,

A man in the garden plucked fruit from a tree ;  
I asked, "How long has this city been here?"  
And he answered me, and he plucked away,  
"It has always stood where it stands to-day,  
And here it will stand forever and aye."  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I travelled the self-same road again.

No trace of a city there I found ;  
A shepherd sat blowing his pipe alone,  
His flock went quietly nibbling round,  
I asked, "How long has the city been gone?"  
And he answered me, and he piped away,  
"The new ones bloom and the old decay,  
This is my pasture-ground for aye."  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I came to a sea, and the waves did roar,  
And a fisherman threw his net out clear,  
And when heavy laden he dragged it ashore,  
I asked, "How long has the sea been here?"  
And he laughed, and he said, and he laughed away :

"As long as you billows have tossed their spray,  
They've fished and they've fished in the self-same  
way."

Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I came to a forest, vast and free,  
And a woodman stood in the thicket near ;  
His axe he laid at the foot of a tree ;  
I asked, "How long have the woods been here?"  
And he answered, "The woods are a covert for aye ;  
My ancestors dwelt here always,  
And the trees have been here since creation's day."  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I found there a city, and far and near  
Resounded the hum of toil and glee.  
And I asked, "How long has the city been here?"  
And where is the pipe, and the wood, and the sea?  
And they answered me, and they went their way,  
"Things always have stood as they stand to-day,  
And so they will stand forever and aye."  
I'll wait five hundred years, and then  
I'll travel the self-same road again.

HIS MOTHER'S COOKING.

HE sat at the dinner table there  
With a discontented frown,  
The potatoes and steak were underdone,  
And the bread was baked too brown.  
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,  
And the roast was much too fat ;  
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,  
'Twas hardly fit for the eat.

"I wish you could eat the bread and pies  
I've seen my mother make ;  
They are something like, and 'twould do you good  
Just to look at a loaf of her cake."  
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age ;  
Just now I'm but a beginner ;  
But your mother has come to visit us,  
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

# LOVE AND ROMANCE.



## THE LIGHT OF STARS.

HE night is come, but not too soon ;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars ;  
And the first watch of night is given

To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?  
The star of love and dreams ?  
O no ! from that blue tent above,  
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain ;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light  
But the cold light of stars :  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whose'er thou art,  
That redest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## A LOVER'S SPEECH.

**M**Y spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
(144)

Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of : space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

**A** TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Lanra, as  
chanted,  
"I'll build in this garden ; the thought is  
divine."

So the temple was built, and she now only wanted  
An image of Friendship, to place on the shrine.

So she flew to the sculptor, who sat down before her  
An image, the fairest his art could invent ;  
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer  
Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of enshrining  
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim ;  
But you little god upon roses reclining,  
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck ; with the little god laden,  
She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.  
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first  
maiden

Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love !  
THOMAS MOORE.

## TO ONE IN PARADISE.

**T**HOU wast all that to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine ;  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
Are wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last !

Ah, stary hope ! that didst arise  
But to be overcast !

A voice from out the future cries,  
"On ! on !"—but o'er the past  
(Dine gulf !) my spirit hovering lies,  
Mute, motionless, aghast !

For, alas ! alas ! with me

The light of life is o'er !

No more—no more—no more—

(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore).

EDGAR ALLEN POE

HOW FEW THAT LOVE US.

**T**HE very flowers that blend and meet,  
In sweetening others, grow more sweet ;  
The clouds by day, the stars by night,  
Inweave their floating locks of light ;  
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,  
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found !  
How wide the world that girls them round !  
Like mountain streams we meet and part,  
Each living in the other's heart,  
Our course unknown, our hope to be  
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But ocean coils and heaves in vain,  
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain ;  
And love and hope do but obey  
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,  
Which lights and leads the tide it charms  
To death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas ! one narrow line is drawn,  
That links our sunset with our dawn ;  
In mist and shade life's morning rose,  
And clouds are round it at its close ;  
But ah ! no twilight beam ascends  
To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh ! in the hour when I shall feel  
Those shadows round my senses steal,  
When gentle eyes are weeping o'er  
The clay that feels their tears no more,  
Then let thy spirit with me be,  
Or some sweet angel, likest thee !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

**S**HE walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meets in her aspect and her eyes :  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had hair' impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

**S**HE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn  
A dancing shape, so light and gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skil  
A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE PRIDE OF LOVE.

**I**S strange with how much power and pride  
The softness is of love allied ;  
How much of power to force the breast,  
To be in outward show at rest ;  
How much of pride that never eye  
May look upon its agony ;  
Ah ! little will the lip reveal  
Of all the burning heart can feel.  
Oh ! why should woman ever love,  
Trusting to one sole star above,  
And fling her little chance away  
Of sunshine, for its doubtful ray.

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

**S**HALL we roam, my love,  
To the twilight grove,  
Where the moon is rising bright ?  
Oh, I'll whisper then  
In the cool night air,  
What I dare not in the broad daylight.

I'll tell thee a part  
Of the thoughts that start  
To being when thou art nigh ;  
And the beauty more bright  
Than the stars' soft light,  
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam  
On tower and stream  
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,  
How I love to gaze  
As the cold ray strays  
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen.

Wilt thou roam with me  
To the restless sea,  
And linger upon the steep,  
And list to the flow  
Of the waves below  
How they toss and roar and leap ?

Those boiling waves,  
And the storm that raves  
At night o'er their foaming crest,  
Resemble the strife  
That from earliest life  
The passions have waged in my breast.

Oh, come then and rove  
To the sea or the grove,  
When the moon is shining bright,  
And I'll whisper there  
In the cold night air,  
What I dare not in the broad daylight.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### THE LOVE I BEAR.

**A**LLEXIS calls me cruel ;  
The rifted crags that hold  
The gathered ice of winter,  
He says, are not more cold :

When even the very blossoms  
Around the fountain's brim,  
And forest walks, can witness  
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter  
My feelings without shame !  
And tell him how I love him,  
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas ! to seize the moment  
When heart inclines to heart,  
And press a suit with passion,  
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather  
The roses where they stand,  
They fade among their foliage ;  
They cannot seek his hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

**M**Y heart is wasted with my woe,  
Oriana.  
There is no rest for me below,  
Oriana.

When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,  
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,  
Oriana,  
Alone I wander to and fro,  
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,  
Oriana,  
At midnight the cock was crowing,  
Oriana :  
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,  
We heard the steeds to battle going,  
Oriana :  
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,  
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,  
Oriana,  
Ere I rode into the fight,  
Oriana,  
While blissful tears blinded my sight  
By star-shine and by moonlight,  
Oriana,  
I to thee my troth did plight,  
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,  
Oriana ;  
She watched my crest among them all,  
Oriana ;  
She saw me fight, she heard me call,  
When forth there stept a foeman tall,  
Oriana,  
Atween me and the castle wall,  
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,  
Oriana ;  
The false, false arrow went aside,  
Oriana ;  
The dammed arrow glanced aside,  
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,  
Oriana !  
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,  
Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,  
Oriana.  
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's bray,  
Oriana.  
Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,  
The battle deepened in its place,  
Oriana ;  
But I was down upon my face,  
Oriana.

They should have stabbed me where I lay,  
     Oriana.  
 How could I rise and come away,  
     Oriana?  
 How could I look upon the day?  
 They should have stabbed me where I lay,  
     Oriana:  
 They should have trod me into clay,  
     Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,  
     Oriana!  
 O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,  
     Oriana!  
 Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,  
 And then the tears run down thy cheek,  
     Oriana!  
 What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,  
     Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,  
     Oriana.  
 Thou comest between me and the skies,  
     Oriana.  
 I feel the tears of blood arise  
 Up from my heart into my eyes,  
     Oriana.  
 Within thy heart my arrow lies,  
     Oriana.

O cursed hand! O cursed blow!  
     Oriana!  
 O happy thou that liest low,  
     Oriana!  
 All night the silence seems to flow  
 Beside me in my utter woe,  
     Oriana.  
 A weary, weary way I go,  
     Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,  
     Oriana,  
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,  
     Oriana.  
 Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,  
 I dare not die and come to thee,  
     Oriana.  
 I hear the roaring of the sea,  
     Oriana.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A SUMMER GIRL.

**S**HE wears a saucy hat,  
 And her feet go pit-a-pat  
     As she walks;  
 And the sweetest music slips  
 From her merry maddening lips  
     When she talks.

She fascinates the street  
 With her gaiters trim and neat,  
     Made of kid;  
 For they twinkle as they pass  
 Like the rilletts in the grass,  
     Half-way hid.

Her skin is soft and white,  
 Like magnolia buds at night  
     On the bough;  
 But for fear she'd be too fair  
 There's a freckle here and there  
     On her brow.

Dimples play at hide-and-seek  
 On her apple-blossom cheek  
     And her chin,  
 Slyly beckoning to you,  
 "Don't you think it's time to woo?  
     Pray begin."

Then her winsome, winking eyes  
 Flash like bits of summer skies  
     O'er her fan,  
 As if to say, "We've met;  
 You may go now and forget—  
     If you can."

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

EPITAPH.

**U**NDERNEATH this stone doth lie  
 As much virtue as could die,  
 Which, when alive, did vigor give  
 To as much beauty as could live.

BEN JONSON.

TELL THY LOVE NOW.

**Y**EA, tell them now, those hearts so hungry,  
     yearning  
 For e'en one meagre sign of thy felt love:  
 Why should they evermore in vain be turning  
 Askance, to meet thine eyes their hopes to prove?

Why shouldst thou be indifferent to their pleading,  
 Expressed in actions thou mightst understand  
 Their empty life thy love is sorely needing,  
 No hand can bear it to them but thine hand.

Perhaps some day,—that day may not be distant—  
 In anguished grief thou wilt the past regret.  
 Oh, tell them now, if love is now existent,  
 Or vain will it be told with lashes wet!

Now, love will meet with living, warm responses  
 And happily will glide the hours away:  
 Oh, tell them now, with spoken words make conscious,  
 Those waiting hearts, thou lovest them to-day!

BESSIE G. JORDAN



## TRUST.

SOMEWHERE alone he is waiting for me,  
 Waiting afar in the great unknown,  
 And the fates that ruthlessly keep us apart  
 Some day will have kinder grown.

When he has scaled the mountain's height,  
 Has climbed the ladder's truest round,  
 He will fondly come to claim me his own,  
 And my ideal hero will then be found.

When the fickle world lays its praise at his feet,  
 And places its laurel upon his brow,  
 I know mid the glamour and glare of this  
 He will be as true then as he is to me now.

And when he stands in the courts of men,  
 Proud and loyal he still shall be,  
 For naught of deceit will my brave knight know  
 In his words and promises made to me.

So forever trusting in faith abide,  
 We'll dream life's sweet, short dream,  
 And nothing of doubt or dark unrest  
 Shall ever come between.

## THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there  
 can be  
 One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;  
 Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young  
 hour,

As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,  
 I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray  
 But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features are.  
 There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:  
 It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear  
 Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;  
 As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,  
 Is looked up to the more, because Heaven lies there!

THOMAS MOORE.

## CATHARINA.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—  
 And meet perhaps never again;  
 The sun of that moment is set,  
 And seems to have risen in vain;  
 Catharina has fled like a dream,  
 So vanishes pleasure, alas!  
 But has left a regret and esteem  
 That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,  
 Catharina, Maria, and I,  
 Our progress was often delayed  
 By the nightingale warbling nigh.

We paused under many a tree,  
 And much she was charmed with a tone  
 Less sweet to Maria and me,  
 Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,  
 And gave them a grace so divine,  
 As only her musical tongue  
 Could infuse into numbers of mine.  
 The longer I heard, I esteemed  
 The work of my fancy the more,  
 And even to myself never seemed  
 So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed  
 In number the days of the year,  
 Catharina, did nothing impede,  
 Would feel herself happier here;  
 For the close-woven arches of lines  
 On the banks of our river, I know,  
 Are sweeter to her many times  
 Than aught that the city can show.

So it is when the mind is imbued  
 With a well-judging taste from above,  
 Then, whether embellished or rude,  
 'Tis nature alone that we love.  
 The achievements of art may amuse,  
 May even our wonder excite,  
 But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse  
 A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess  
 Catharina alone can rejoice,  
 May it still be her lot to possess  
 The scene of her sensible choice  
 To inhabit a mansion remote  
 From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,  
 And by Philomel's annual note  
 To measure the life that she leads!

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre  
 To wing all her moments at home,  
 And with scenes that new rapture inspire,  
 As oft as it suits her to roam,  
 She will have just the life she prefers,  
 With little to hope or to fear.  
 And ours would be pleasant as hers,  
 Might we view her enjoying it here.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

GO forth, for she is gone!  
 With the golden light of her wavy hair,  
 She is gone to the fields of the viewless air  
 She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath passed away!  
 It hath passed away like a summer breeze,  
 When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,  
 Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and, like her, be free!  
With thy radiant wing, and thy glowing eye;  
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,  
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?  
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?  
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,  
Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not, but she is gone!  
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,  
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng;  
She hath left her dwelling lone.

When the waves at sunset shine,  
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,  
In the scented woods of our glowing shore;  
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Even so with the loved one flown!  
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,  
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,  
Around us, but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain!  
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers  
Which the bright day rears in her eastern bowers;  
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour  
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,  
And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed;  
But it wins her back no more

FELICIA DOROTHEA HERMANS.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

IS all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us—O, and is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE TALES.

From "EVANGELINE."

ONCE, as they sat by their evening fire, there  
silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman whose  
features

Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as  
her sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her  
people,

From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Caman-  
ches,

Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois,  
had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest  
and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the  
embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his  
companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the  
deer and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where  
the quivering fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets—

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and re-  
peated

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her  
Indian accent,

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains,  
and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that  
another

Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been  
disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's  
compassion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered  
was near her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had  
ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious  
horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the  
tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded  
a maiden.

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from  
the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sun-  
shine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far  
into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a  
weird incantation,  
Told she the tale of the fair Lillan, who was wooed  
by a phantom,  
That, through the pines, o'er her father's lodge, in  
the hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love  
to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume through  
the forest,  
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her  
people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline  
listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region  
around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest  
the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling  
the woodland.  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the  
branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,  
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of  
the swallow.  
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of  
spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for  
a moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a  
phantom.  
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the  
phantom had vanished.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

**I** SEND a question to my dear  
Each morning by the lark,  
And every night the nightingale  
Brings answer ere the dark.  
The question needs no other words,  
And this is the reply—  
"I'll love thee dearest while I live,  
And bless thee if I die."

I send a message by the rose,  
It says, "Thou breathing grace,  
Thy modest virtue, like this flower,  
Spreads fragrance round thy place."

The lily brings the answer meet :  
"O thou whom I adore,  
My heart is spotless as these leaves,  
And loves thee evermore."

CHARLES MACKAY.

## HOW HAVE I THOUGHT OF THEE?

**H**OW have I thought of thee? as flies  
The dove to seek her mate,  
Trembling lest some rude hand has made  
Her sweet home desolate :  
Thus timidly I seek in thine  
The only heart that throbs with mine.

How have I thought of thee? as turns  
The flower to meet the sun,  
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,  
It be not shone upon :  
Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see  
The only light that beams for me.

How have I thought of thee? as dreams  
The mariner of home,  
When doomed o'er many a weary waste  
Of waters yet to roam :  
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,  
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

How have I thought of thee? as kneels  
The Persian at the shrine  
Of his resplendent god, to watch  
His earliest glories shine :  
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,  
My soul's own radiant deity.

EMMA C. EMERY.

## TO LADY IRWIN.

**W**HY will Delia thus retire,  
And languish life away?  
While the sighing crowd admire,  
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea ;  
All these dismal looks and fretting  
Cannot Damon's life restore,  
Long ago the worms have eat him,  
You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilet,  
In the glass your face renew,  
So much reading soon will spoil it,  
And no spring your charms renew.  
I, like you, was born a woman,  
Well I know what vapors mean :  
The disease, alas! is coming,  
Single, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they tell us  
Never cured the sorrow yet ;  
Choose among the pretty fellows  
One of humor, youth, and wit ;

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Prithee, hear him every morning  
For at least an hour or two,  
Once again at night returning,  
I believe the dose will do.

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

LADY IRWIN'S ANSWER.

THOUGH Delia oft retires,  
'Tis not from spleen or hate,  
No lovers she desires  
Nor envies others' fate.

Though her Damon's dead, 'tis true,  
Yet he lives in Delia's heart ;  
None a constancy can show,  
Where a virtue has no part.

Should she consult her toilet,  
Alas ! she'll quickly find  
Her face there's nought can spoil it,  
So she'll improve her mind.

If the morals that they tell us  
Cannot cure us of despair,  
I believe the pretty fellows  
Will bring us only double care.

'Tis our interest then to shun 'em,  
Since their practice it is such,  
They who venture boldly on 'em  
Often find one dose too much.

LADY IRWIN.

UNDER THE MILK-WHITE THORN.

HAPPY love ! where love like this is found,  
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !  
I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare—  
If Heaven a draught of heavenly 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 evening  
gale.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the  
name  
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken  
the fame  
Of a life that for thee was resigned ?  
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;  
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;  
Every thought of my reason was thine ;

In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.  
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see ;  
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

FOR aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth :  
But, either it was different in blood ;  
Or else misgraffed in respect of years ;  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
Brief as the lightning in the murky night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up ;  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown !  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone ;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the Planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,  
On a bed of daffodil sky—  
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,  
To faint in its light, and to die.

All might have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon ;  
All might has the easement jessamine stirred  
To the dancers dancing in tune—  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone ?  
She is weary of dance and play."  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day ;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine ;  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those  
For one that will never be thine !  
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,  
"Forever and ever mine !"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clashed in the hall ;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow, and on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;  
From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs,  
He sets the jewel print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me ;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen-rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,  
Come hither ! the dances are done ;  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one ;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;  
She is coming, my life, my fate !  
And the red rose cries, "She is near, she is near ;"  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late ;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear ;"  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet !  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthly bed ;  
My dust would hear her and beat.  
Had I lain for a century dead ;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## A PRUDENT CHOICE.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,  
Whose beauty was the ready penny,  
I choose her, says he, like old plate,  
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

## MY HEART IS BEATING.

MY heart is beating with all things that are,  
My blood is wild unrest ;  
With what a passion pants yon eager star  
Upon the water's breast !

Clasped in the air's soft arms the world doth sleep ;  
Asleep its moving seas, its humming lands  
With what a hungry lip the ocean deep  
Lappeth forever the white-breasted sands ;  
What love is in the moon's eternal eyes,  
Leaning unto the earth from out the midnight skies.

Thy large dark eyes are wide upon my brow,  
Filled with as tender light  
As yon low moon doth fill the heavens now,  
This mellow autumn night !  
On the late flowers I linger at thy feet,  
I tremble when I touch thy garment's rim ;  
I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—  
O kiss me into faintness sweet and dim !  
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,  
Full-juiced and mellow, leaneath to the taker's reach.

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave,  
It floods my shoulders o'er ;  
Another yet ! Oh, as a weary wave  
Subsides upon the shore,  
My hungry being, with its hopes, its fears,  
My heart like moon-charmed waters, all unrest,  
Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,  
Doth faint upon thy breast !  
I feel thy clasping arms, my cheek is wet  
With thy rich tears. One kiss, sweet, sweet. An-  
other yet !

ALEXANDER SMITH.

## CONCEALED LOVE.

SHE never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in  
thought ;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## A LADY.

A BEAUTIFUL and graceful head—  
The artist would have worshipped  
If copied into marble white—  
Nor turned by praise that's sung or said,  
Poised like a lily in the light.

Her eyes are large, of heavenly hue,  
In which are seen the image true  
Of a sweet woman's stainless heart,  
Her features captivate the view :  
Her nature triumphs over art.

Her faultless form, well-posed and fair;  
The sunlight tangled in her hair—  
A sheaf of soft and radiant gold;  
Her buoyant step is light as air;  
Her gifts and graces manifold.

Add to her sweet, attractive grace  
And loveliness of form and face  
The gifts of mind by nature given;  
Then in her life of beauty trace  
Something of earth and more of heaven.

THE FIRST.

THE first, the first! Oh, nought like it  
Our after years can bring,  
For summer hath no flowers so sweet  
As those of early spring.  
The earliest storm that strips the tree,  
Still wildest seems and worst;  
Whate'er hath been again may be,  
But never as at first.

For many a bitter blast may blow  
O'er life's uncertain wave,  
And many a thorny thicket grow  
Between us and the grave.  
But darker still the spot appears  
Where thunder-clouds have burst  
Upon our green unblighted years—  
No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy, perchance 'twas vain,  
Yet, that brief lightning o'er,  
The heart indeed may hope again,  
But can rejoice no more.  
Life hath no glory to bestow  
Like it—unfallen, uncursed;  
There may be many an after-glow,  
But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on  
Through manhood's toil and strife,  
But never can they shine as shone  
The morning stars of life.  
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,  
Though long and fondly nursed,  
Yet still they want the fearless faith  
Of those that blessed us first.

Its first love deep in memory  
The heart forever bears;  
For that was early given and free,  
Life's wheat without the tares.  
It may be death hath buried deep  
It may be fate hath cursed,  
But yet no later love can keep  
The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,  
The lights or shadows cast

Upon the dawning of our day  
Are with us to the last.  
But ah! the morning breaks no more  
On us, as once it burst;  
For future springs can ne'er restore  
The freshness of the first.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

HERE'S the garden she walked across,  
Arm in my arm such a short while since:  
Hark! now I push its wicket, the moss  
Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince  
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,  
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;  
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,  
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel walk  
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box;  
And here she paused in her gracious talk  
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.  
Roses ranged in a valiant row,  
I will never think that she passed you by!  
She loves you, noble roses, I know;  
But yonder see where the rock-plants lie!

This flower she stooped at, finger on lip—  
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;  
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
Its soft meandering Spanish name.  
What a name! was it love or praise?  
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?  
I must learn Spanish one of these days,  
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,  
I may bring her one of these days,  
To fix you fast with as fine a spell—  
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.  
But do not detain me now, for she lingers  
There, like sunshine over the ground;  
And ever I see her soft white fingers  
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard! look that you grow not.  
Stay as you are and be love forever.  
Bud, if I kiss you, 'tis that you blow not—  
Mind! the shut pink mouth opens never!  
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
Till round they turn, and down they nestle:  
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

When I find her not, beauties vanish;  
Whither I follow her, beauties flee.  
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?

Come, bud! show me the least of her traces.  
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall:  
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces—  
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

ROBERT BROWNING.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

LOVE'S no irregular device,  
No sudden start of raging pain,  
Which in a moment grows a fire,  
And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer  
That sings of darts, despair and chains,  
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear  
He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor does it centre in the beau  
Who sighs by rule, by order dies,  
Whose all consists in outward show,  
And want of art by dress supplies.

No; love is something so divine,  
Description would but make it less:  
'Tis what I feel, but can't define;  
'Tis what I know, but can't express.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## THE LAST SEPARATION.

WE shall not rest together, love!  
When death has wrenched my heart from  
thine,

The sun may smile thy grave above,  
When clouds are dark on mine.  
I know not why—since in the tomb  
No instinct fires the silent heart—  
And yet it seems a thought of gloom,  
That we should ever part;—

That, journeying through the toils once past,  
Thus hand in hand, and side by side,  
The rest we reach should at the last  
The weary ones divide;  
That the same breezes should not sigh  
The self-same funeral boughs among—  
Nor o'er some grave at daybreak die  
The night-bird's lonely song.

A foolish thought! for we are not  
The things that rest beneath the sod;  
The very shapes we wore forgot,  
When near the smile of God.  
A foolish thought—yet human, too!  
For love is not the soul's alone:  
It winds around the form we woo—  
The mortal we have known!

The eyes that speak such tender truths,  
The lips that every care assuage—  
The hand that thrills the heart in youth,  
And smooths the couch in age—

With these—the human—human love  
Will twine its thoughts and weave its doom,  
And still confound the life above  
With death beneath the tomb!

And who shall tell, in yonder skies,  
What earthlier instincts we retain—  
What link to souls released supplies  
The old material chain?  
The stars that pierced this darksome state  
May fade in that meridian shore—  
And human love, like human hate,  
Be memory, and no more.

We will not think it—for in vain  
Were all our dreams of heaven could show,  
Without the hope to love again  
What we have loved below!  
But still the heart will haunt the well  
Wherein the golden bowl lies broken—  
And treasure, in the narrow cell,  
The past's most holy token!

Or wherefore grieve above the dead?  
Why bid the rose-tree o'er them bloom?  
Why fondly deck their dismal bed,  
And sanctify the tomb?  
'Tis through the form the soul we love,  
And hence, the thought will chill the heart,  
That, though our souls may meet above,  
Our forms shall rest apart!

LORD LYTTON.

## AS PANTS THE SEA.

BEND o'er me with those starry eyes,  
Those eyelids milky white;  
Sink on my storm-impassioned heart,  
Like a peace-giving night.

Bend o'er me with thy sky-like brow,  
Which all the stars might seek;  
Bend o'er me, let thy golden hair  
Trail on my burning cheek.

My heart leaps toward thee, as the sea  
Pants at the maiden moon:  
A swimming haze comes o'er my soul,  
Like a great sultry noon.

And all my life is lined with music bars,  
Packed with sweet notes that tremble like the stars!

A. STANYAN BIGG.

## ROSALINE.

THOU look'st on me all yesternight,  
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright  
As when we murmured our trothplight  
Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline!

Thy hair was braided on thy head  
As on the day we two were wed.  
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead—  
But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline!



The deathwrench ticked behind the wall,  
The blackness rustled like a pall,  
The moaning wind did rise and fall  
Among the bleak pines, Rosaline!  
My heart beat thickly in mine ears!  
The lids may shut out fleshly fears,  
But still the spirit sees and hears,  
Its eyes are fleshless, Rosaline!

A wildness rushing suddenly,  
A knowing some ill shape is nigh,  
A wish for death, a fear to die—  
Is not this vengeance, Rosaline?  
A loneliness that is not lone,  
A love quite withered up and gone,  
A strong soul trampled from its throne—  
What wouldst thou further, Rosaline?

'Tis lone such moonless nights as these,  
Strange sounds are out upon the breeze  
And the leaves shiver in the trees,  
And then thou comest, Rosaline!  
I seem to hear the mourners go,  
With long, black garments trailing slow,  
And plumes a-nodding to and fro,  
As once I heard them, Rosaline!

Thy shroud it is of snowy white,  
And, in the middle of the night,  
Thou standest moveless and upright,  
Gazing upon me, Rosaline!  
There is no sorrow in thine eyes,  
But evermore that meek surprise—  
O, God! her gentle spirit tries  
To deem me guiltless, Rosaline!

Above thy grave the robin sings,  
And swarms of bright and happy things  
Flit all about with sunlit wings—  
But I am cheerless, Rosaline!  
The violets on the hillock toss,  
The gravestone is o'ergrown with moss,  
For Nature feels not any loss—  
But I am cheerless, Rosaline!

Ah! why wert thou so lowly bred?  
Why was my pride galled on to wed  
Her who brought lands and gold instead  
Of thy heart's treasure, Rosaline?  
Why did I fear to let thee stay  
To look on me and pass away  
Forgivingly, as in its May,  
A broken flower, Rosaline?

I thought not, when my dagger strook,  
Of thy blue eyes: I could not brook  
The past all pleading in one look  
Of utter sorrow, Rosaline!  
I did not know when thou wert dead—  
A blackbird whistling overhead  
Thrilled through my brain: I would have fled,  
But dared not leave thee, Rosaline!

A low, low moan, a light twig stirred,  
By the upspringing of a bird,  
A drip of blood—were all I heard—  
Then deathly stillness, Rosaline!  
The sun rolled down, and very soon,  
Like a great fire, the awful moon  
Rose, stained with blood, and then a swoon  
Crept chilly o'er me, Rosaline!

The stars came out; and, one by one,  
Each angel from his silver throne  
Looked down and saw what I had done:  
I dared not hide me, Rosaline!  
I crouched; I feared thy corpse would cry  
Against me to God's quiet sky,  
I thought I saw the blue lips try  
To utter something, Rosaline!

I waited with a maddened grin  
To hear that voice all icy thin  
Slide forth and tell my deadly sin  
To hell and heaven, Rosaline!  
But no voice came, and then it seemed  
That if the very corpse had screamed,  
The sound like sunshine glad had streamed  
Through that dark stillness, Rosaline!

Dreams of old quiet glimmered by,  
And faces loved in infancy  
Came and looked on me mournfully,  
Till my heart melted, Rosaline!  
I saw my mother's dying bed,  
I heard her bless me, and I shed  
Cool tears—but lo! the ghastly dead  
Stared me to madness, Rosaline!

And then, amid the silent night,  
I screamed with horrible delight,  
And in my brain an awful light  
Did seem to crackle, Rosaline!  
It is my curse! sweet memories fall  
From me like snow—and only all  
Of that one night, like cold worms crawl  
My doomed heart over, Rosaline!

Thine eyes are shut, they never more  
Will leap thy gentle words before  
To tell the secret o'er and o'er  
Thou couldst not smother, Rosaline!  
Thine eyes are shut: they will not shine  
With happy tears, or, through the vine  
That hid thy casement, beam on mine  
Sunful with gladness, Rosaline!

Thy voice I never more shall hear,  
Which in old times did seem so dear,  
That, ere it trembled in mine ear,  
My quick heart heard it, Rosaline!  
Would I might die! I were as well,  
Ay, better, at my home in hell,  
To set for aye a burning spell  
'Twixt me and memory, Rosaline!



Why wilt thou haunt me with thine eyes,  
Wherein such blessed memories,  
Such pitying forgiveness lies,

Than hate more bitter, Rosaline!  
Woe's me! I know that love so high  
As thine, true soul, could never die,  
And with mean clay in church-yard lie—  
Would God it were so, Rosaline!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### FAIREST OF CREATION.

**S**TRANGE! that one lightly-whispered tone  
Is far, far sweeter unto me,  
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
Or breathe along the sea;  
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,  
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair, blue skies,  
And naught but empty air I see;  
But when I turn me to thine eyes,  
It seemeth unto me  
Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf  
That ever western breeze hath fanned,  
But thou shalt have the tender flower,  
So I may take thy hand;  
That little hand to me doth yield  
More joy than all the broidered field.

O, lady! there be many things  
That seem right fair, below, above;  
But sure not one among them all  
Is half so sweet as love;  
Let us not pay our vows alone,  
But join two altars both in one.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### ECHO.

**H**ow sweet the answer Echo makes  
To music at night,  
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
And only then—  
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,  
Is by that one, that only dear,  
Breathed back again.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### CONSTANCY.

**S**HOULD joy our days and years illumine,  
How sweet with thee to share such doom!  
Nor, oh! less sweet, should sorrows come,  
To cherish and caress thee.  
Then while I live, then till I die,  
Oh! be thou only smiling by;  
And while I breathe, I'll fondly try  
With all my heart to bless thee.

D. M. MOIR.

#### THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

**I**N tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,  
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,  
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,  
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,  
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,  
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,  
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from  
friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),  
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;  
A twopeuny treasury, wondrous to see;  
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,  
Than the creaking old sofa that lasks by the fire;  
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get  
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;  
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;  
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn;  
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,  
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;  
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair  
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worn-eaten  
seat,

With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;  
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,  
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have passed through your withered old  
arms!

I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;  
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair

It was but a moment she sat in this place,  
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!  
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,  
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed  
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,  
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince ;  
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,  
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—  
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—  
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;  
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

CAPTIVATED.

**L**IFT up the curtains of thine eyes  
And let their light out shine !  
Let me adore the mysteries  
Of those mild orbs of thine,  
Which ever queenly calm do roll,  
Attuned to an ordered soul !

Open thy lips yet once again,  
And, while my soul doth hush  
With awe, pour forth that holy strain  
Which seemed to me to gush,  
A fount of music issuing o'er  
From thy deep spirit's inmost core !

The melody that dwells in thee  
Begets in me as well  
A spiritual harmony,  
A mild and blessed spell ;  
Far, far above earth's atmosphere  
I rise, whene'er thy voice I hear.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BEWARE !

FROM THE GERMAN.

**I** KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
Take care !  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care !  
She gives a side-glance and looks down,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
Take care !  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow,  
Take care !  
She knows how much it is best to show,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair,  
Take care !  
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A LADY ASLEEP.

**S**LEEP on, and dream of heaven a while ;  
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,  
And move and breathe delicious sighs !

Ah ! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,  
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.  
Ah ! now she murmurs, now she speaks,  
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !  
Her fair hands folded on her breast ;  
And now, how like a saint she sleeps,  
A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure. Above control,  
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee !  
And may the secret of thy soul  
Remain within its sanctuary.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

**C**OME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy  
home is still here,  
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er-  
cast,

And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
Through joy and through torment, through glory  
and shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of  
bliss,  
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this—  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to  
pursue.

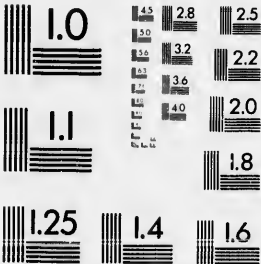
And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there  
too !

THOMAS MOORE.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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## DEATH OF GABRIEL.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

WHEN it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by  
 flocks of wild pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their  
 craws but an acorn.  
 And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of  
 September,  
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads like a lake  
 in the meadow,  
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural  
 margin,  
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of ex-  
 istence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm  
 the oppressor,  
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
 anger;  
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor at-  
 tendants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
 homeless.  
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows  
 and woodlands;  
 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway  
 and wicket,  
 Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem  
 to echo  
 Softly, the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always  
 have with you."  
 Thither, by night and day, came the Sister of Mercy.  
 The dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to be-  
 hold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
 splendor,  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and  
 apostles,  
 Or such as hang by night o'er a city seen at a dis-  
 tance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city cele-  
 stial,  
 Unto whose shining gates their spirits ere long would  
 enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-  
 serted and silent,  
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the  
 almshouse.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in  
 the garden,  
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
 among them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their splen-  
 dor and beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled  
 by the east wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the  
 bellry of Christ Church,  
 While, intermingled with these, across the meadows  
 were wafted  
 Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes at  
 their church in Wicaco.  
 Soft as descending wings fell the ealm of the hour on  
 her spirit;  
 Something within her said: "At length thy trials are  
 ended!"  
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-  
 bers of sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful at-  
 tendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and  
 in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing  
 their faces,  
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by  
 the roadside.  
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline en-  
 tered,  
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,  
 for her presence  
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of sun on the walls of a  
 prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the  
 consoler,  
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for-  
 ever.  
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night  
 time;  
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by stran-  
 gers.  
 Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of won-  
 der,  
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a  
 shudder  
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowers  
 dropped from her fingers,  
 And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of  
 the morning:  
 Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such ter-  
 rible anguish  
 That the dying heard it and started up from their pil-  
 lows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an  
 old man:  
 Long, and thin, and gray, were the locks that shade  
 his temples;  
 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a  
 moment  
 Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier  
 manhood;  
 So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are  
 dying.  
 Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the  
 fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled  
its portals,  
That the angel of death might see the sign, and pass  
over.  
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit, ex-  
hausted,  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in  
the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and  
sinking ;  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied  
reverberations,  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that  
succeeded,  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-  
like.  
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into  
silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of  
his childhood ;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among  
them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and walking  
under their shadow.  
As in the days of their youth, Evangeline rose in his  
vision.  
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his  
eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt at his  
bedside.  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents  
muttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his  
tongue would have spoken.  
Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling be-  
side him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank  
into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a  
casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the  
sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience ;  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her  
bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father,  
I thank thee!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

'TIS SUMMER ALL THE YEAR.

**A**ND now a maid in russet gown  
Trips o'er the waxy grass,  
The last lone flowers their heads hang down,  
Grief-bowed to see her pass ;  
The tresselled vines dejected swing  
In tassels brown and serene.

Yet there be joyous hearts that sing  
" 'Tis summer all the year ! "

The song birds hear the chilling " hush ! "  
And straight their carols close ;  
And blight falls on the parent bush,  
That rocked the fragrant rose ;  
The trees their gorgeous tresses fling  
To deck sweet summer's bier,  
And yet glad hearts rejoicing sing—  
" 'Tis summer all the year ! "

The autumn winds may rave and shout,  
Till hoarse their voices be,  
The frost may chill the world without,  
And reign o'er wood and sea ;  
But naught of change can seasons bring  
To love's immortal sphere,  
For in the hearts where love is king,  
" 'Tis summer all the year ! "

M. A. MAITLAND.

ENRAPTURED.

**H**E says, he loves my daughter ;  
I think so too ; for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes ; and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE IN ADVERSITY.

**T**HOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find ;  
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath painted  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine ;  
And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
As the boasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd  
To pain—it shall not be its slave,  
There is many a pang to pursue me ;  
They may crush, but they shall not condemn,  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me ;  
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
 Nor the war of the many with one :  
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
 'Twas folly not sooner to sin ;  
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
 And more than I once could foresee,  
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
 It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,  
 Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that which I most cherish'd,  
 Deserved to be dearest of all :  
 In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYRON.

## HER VOICE.

**A** HIDDEN choir of dear southern birds  
 Have made their home in her fair throat,  
 Voicing the tender passion of unspoken words  
 In many a sweet heart-stirring note.  
 Sometimes the arch and tricky mocking bird  
 Laughs in her happy, joim'd tone ;  
 Again, the yearning of the dove is heard,  
 As when she mourns her mate alone ;  
 And now the red bird with his vibrant trill  
 Showers a rain of music on the air,  
 Or the swamp robin makes the pulses thrill  
 Like some soul-burden'd choral prayer.  
 Our spirit's song, blest by her voice, will be  
 Attuned to heaven's fullest harmony !

MEL E. COLQUITT.

## WAKING SONG.

**A** WAKE thee, my Lady-Love !  
 Wake thee, and rise !  
 The sun through the bower peeps  
 Into thine eyes.

Behold how the early lark  
 Springs from the corn !  
 Hark, hark ! how the flower bird  
 Winds her wee horn !

The swallow's glad shriek is heard  
 All through the air ;  
 The stock-dove is murmuring  
 Loud as she dare.

Apollo's winged bugleman  
 Cannot contain,  
 But peals his loud trumpet-call  
 Once and again.

Then wake thee, my Lady-Love !  
 Bird of my bower !  
 The sweetest and sleepest  
 Bird at this hour.

GEORGE DARLEY.

## WHEN THOU WERT NIGH.

**W**HEN thou wert nigh, I did not heed  
 What voices blamed—what lot befel  
 For where I found a charmless weed  
 There always sprung a flower as we  
 The shades of life might come and go,  
 I thought not how—I cared not when—  
 The darkest cloud the world could show  
 Was ne'er without its rainbow then.

But now thou'rt gone, the morning ray  
 Seems dim and dull as evening's close,  
 I see the cypress on my way,  
 But cannot find the rich, red rose.  
 The cloud now comes with gloom alone,  
 The weed now springs with baneful power,  
 With secret tears my heart must own  
*Thou wert the rainbow and the flower.*

ELIZA COOK

## THEN FARE THEE WELL !

**T**HEN fare thee well, my own dear Love !  
 This world has now for us  
 No greater grief, no pain above  
 The pain of parting thus,  
 Dear Love !  
 The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met  
 Some few short hours of bliss,  
 We might in numbering them forget  
 The deep deep pain of this,  
 Dear Love !  
 The deep deep pain of this.

But no, alas ! we've never seen  
 One glimpse of pleasure's ray  
 But still there came a cloud between  
 And chased it all away,  
 Dear Love !  
 And chased it all away.

Yet even eod ! sad moments last  
 Far dearer to our heart  
 Were hours of grief together pass'd  
 Than years of mirth apart,  
 Dear Love !  
 Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears  
 And nursed 'mid vain regrets :  
 Like winter suns, it rose in tears,  
 Like them in tears it sets,  
 Dear Love !  
 Like them in tears it sets.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,  
 I feel I am alone.  
 I checked him while he spoke; yet could he  
 speak,  
 Alas! I would not check.  
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
 And wearied all my thought  
 To vex myself and him; I now would give  
 My love, could he but live  
 Who lately lived for me and, when he found  
 'Twas vain, in holy ground  
 He hid his face amid the shades of death.  
 I waste for him my breath  
 Who wasted his for me; but mine returns  
 And this lorn bosom burns  
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
 And waking me to weep  
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years  
 Wept he as bitter tears,  
 "Merciful God!"—such was his latest prayer:  
 "These may she never share!"  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
 Than daisies in the mould,  
 Where children spell athwart the churchyard-gate  
 His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls! whoe'er you be;  
 And O, pray too for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANSOR.

WAITING.

WHAT are you waiting for here? young man!  
 What are you looking for over the bridge?—  
 "A little straw hat with the streaming blue  
 ribbons  
 Is soon to come dancing over the bridge.  
 "Her heart beats the measure that keeps her feet  
 dancing,  
 Dancing along like a wave o' the sea;  
 Her heart pours the sunshine with which her eyes  
 glancing  
 Light up strange faces, in looking for me:  
 "The strange faces brighten in meeting her glances;  
 The strangers all bless her, pure, lovely, and free;  
 She fancies she walks, but her walk skips and dances,  
 Her heart makes such music in coming to me.  
 "O thousands and thousands of happy young maidens  
 Are tripping this morning their sweethearts to see;  
 But none whose heart beats to a sweeter love-cadence  
 Than hers who will brighten the sunshine for me."  
 O what are you waiting for here? young man!  
 What are you looking for over the bridge?—  
 "A little straw hat with the streaming blue ribbons."  
 —And here it comes dancing over the bridge.

JAMES THOMSON.

A DREAM.

F AIR lady, in my dream  
 Methought I was a weak and lonely bird,  
 In search of summer, wandered on the sea,  
 Toiling through mists, drenched by the ar-  
 rowy rain,  
 Struck by the heartless winds: at last, methought  
 I came upon an isle in whose sweet air  
 I dried my feathers, smoothed my ruffled breast,  
 And skimmed delight from off the waving woods.  
 Thy coming, lady, reads this dream of mine:  
 I am the swallow, thou the summer land.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

TO A LADY.

I THINK of thee when morning springs  
 From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,  
 And like a young bird lifts her wings  
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.  
 And when, at noon, the breath of love  
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,  
 And sent in music from the grove,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.  
 I think of thee, when, soft and wide,  
 The evening spreads her robes of light,  
 And like a young and timid bride,  
 Sits blushing in the arms of night.  
 And when the moon's sweet crescent springs,  
 In light, o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,  
 And stars are forth, like blessed things,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.  
 I think of thee;—that eye of flame,  
 Those tresses, falling bright and free,  
 That brow, where "Beauty writes her name."  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

"NO, THANK YOU, JOHN."

I NEVER said I loved you, John:  
 Why will you tease me day by day,  
 And wax a weariness to think upon,  
 With always "do" and "pray?"  
 You know I never loved you, John;  
 No fault of mine made me your toast:  
 Why will you haunt me with a face as wan  
 As shows an hour-old ghost?  
 I dare say Meg or Moll would take  
 Pity upon you, if you'd ask:  
 And pray don't remain single for my sake,  
 Who can't perform that task.



I have no heart? Perhaps I have not;  
But then you're mad to take offence  
That I don't give you what I have not got;  
Use your own common sense.

Let by-gones be by-gones,  
Don't call me false, who owed not to be true,  
I'd rather answer "No" to fifty Johns  
Than answer "Yes" to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more,  
Song-birds of passage, days of youth:  
Catch at to-day, forget the days before;  
I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends;  
No more, no less; and friendship's good:  
Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,  
And points not understood.

In open treaty. Rise above  
Quibbles and shuffling off and on:  
Here's friendship for you if you like: but love—  
No, thank you, John.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## SHE LOVES HIM YET.

SHE loves him yet!  
I know by the blush that rises  
Beneath the curls  
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;  
She loves him yet!

Through all love's false disguises  
In timid girls,  
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs  
Than the radiant blush of beauty,  
The maiden finds,  
Wherever his name is heard;—  
Her young heart thrills,  
Forgetting herself—her duty,  
Her dark eye fills,  
And her pulse with hope is stirred.

She loves him yet!  
The flower the false one gave her  
When last he came,  
Is still with her wild tears wet;  
She'll ne'er forget,  
Howe'er his faith may waver,  
Through grief and shame.  
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favorite songs  
She will sing—she heeds no other;  
With all her wrongs,  
Her life on his love is set.  
Oh! doubt no more!  
She never can wed another:  
Till life be o'er,  
She loves—she will love him yet!

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

## LOVE ME STILL.

WHEN 'mid the festive scene we meet,  
To joyous bosoms dear,  
Though other voices fall more sweet,  
Upon thy listening ear,  
Yet scorn not thou my ruder tone,  
Oh! think my heart is all thine own,  
And love me still.

When o'er young beauty's cheek of rose  
Thine eye delighted strays,  
Half proud to watch the blush that glows  
Beneath thine ardent gaze,  
Oh! think that but for sorrow's blight  
My faded cheek had yet been bright,  
And love me still.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

## A WEARY LOT.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid!  
A weary lot is thine:  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine.  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
No more of me you knew,  
My Love!  
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow  
The rose is budding fair;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again.  
He turned his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore;  
He gave his bridle rein a shake,—  
Said Adieu forevermore,  
My Love,  
And Adieu forevermore!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the  
billow,  
And stars in the heavens still lingering  
shone,  
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,  
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.  
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her  
soul in,  
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;  
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she looked in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,  
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,  
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,  
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.

Inraged with the insect for hiding her graces,  
 She brushed him—he fell, alas! never to rise :  
 “Ah! such,” said the girl, “is the pride of our faces,  
 “For which the soul’s innocence too often dies.”

While she stole through the garden where heart’s-  
 case was growing,

She culled some, and kissed off its night-fallen dew ;  
 And a rose, further on, looked so tempting and glow-  
 ing,

That, spite of her haste, she must gather it, too.  
 But while o’er the roses too carelessly leaning,

Her zoeu flew in two, and the heart’s-case was lost :  
 “Ah! this means,” said the girl (and she sighed at its  
 meaning),

“That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost.”

THOMAS MOORE

FROM THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

ON her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore :  
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose—  
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix’d as those ;  
 Favors to none, to all she smiles extends ;  
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike ;  
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :  
 If to her share some female errors fall,  
 Look on her face, and you’ll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind  
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck  
 With shining ringlets, the smooth, ivory neck.  
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
 With hairy network we the birds betray ;  
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;  
 Fair tresses man’s imperial race ensnare,  
 And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ADIEU.

LET time and chance combine,  
 Let time and chance combine ;  
 The fairest love from heaven above,  
 That love of yours was mine.

My dear,

That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,  
 The past is fled and gone ;  
 If nought but pain to me remain,  
 I’ll fare in memory on.

My dear,

I’ll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,  
 The saddest tears must fall ;  
 In weal or woe, in this world below,  
 I love you ever and all,

My dear,

I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,  
 A long road full of pain ;  
 One soul, one heart, sworn ne’er to part,—  
 We ne’er can meet again,

My dear,

We ne’er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,  
 Hard fate will not allow ;  
 We blessed were as the angels are,—  
 Adieu forever now,

My dear,

Adieu forever now

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE TWO PILOTS.

LOVE launched a gallant little craft,  
 Complete with every rope ;  
 In golden words was painted aft,  
 “The Cupid, Captain Hope!”

Pleasure was rated second mate,  
 And Passion handed to steer,  
 The guns were handed o’er to Fate,  
 To Impulse sailing gear.

Merrily rowed the thoughtless crew,  
 Amid the billow’s strife ;  
 But soon a sail bore down—all knew  
 ’Twas Captain Reason’s “Life.”

And Pleasure left, though Passion said  
 He’d guard her safe through harms ;  
 ’Twas vain, for Fate rammed home the lead,  
 While Love prepared small arms.

A storm arose ; the canvas now  
 Escaped from Impulse’s hand,  
 When headstrong Passion dashed the prow  
 Right on a rocky strand.

“All’s lost!” each trembling sailor cried,  
 “Bid Captain Hope adieu ;”  
 But in her life-boat Reason hid,  
 To save the silly crew.

Impulse the torrents overwhelm,  
 But Pleasure ‘scaped from wreck ;  
 Love, bidding Reason take the helm,  
 Chained Passion to the deck.

“I thought you were my foe ; but now,”  
 Said Love, “we’ll sail together ;  
 Reason, henceforth, through life shalt thou  
 My pilot be forever !”

## THE HEBREW WEDDING.

**T**O the sound of timbrels sweet,  
Moving slow our solemn feet,  
We have borne thee on the road,  
To the virgin's blest ahodo ;  
With thy yellow torches gleaming  
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,  
And the canopy above  
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,  
And the mirth and wine have ceas'd ;  
And now we set thee down before  
The jealously-unclosing door ;  
That the favored youth admits,  
Where the veiled virgin sits  
In the bliss of maiden fear,  
Waiting our soft tread to hear,  
And the music's brisker din,  
At the bridegroom's entering in ;  
Entering in a welcome guest  
To the chamber of his rest.

## CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,  
Bride of David's kingly line ;  
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,  
And thy shrouded eye-resembleth  
Violets, when the dews of eve  
A moist and tremulous glitter leave  
On the bashful sealed lid !  
Close within the bride-veil hid,  
Motionless thou sitt'st and mute ;  
Save that at the soft salute  
Of each entering maiden friend,  
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark ! a brisker, merrier glee !  
The door unfolds—'tis he ! 'tis he !  
Thus we lift our laups to meet him,  
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him,  
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,  
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

## THE HEART IN A SNARE.

**I**S thy name Mary, maiden fair ?  
Such should, methinks, its music be ;  
The sweetest name that mortals bear,  
Were best befitting thee ;  
And she to whom it once was given,  
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,  
I look upon thy folded hair ;  
Ah ! while we dream not they beguile,  
Our hearts are in the snare ;  
And she, who chains a wild bird's wing,  
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,  
To all but thee unseen, unknown ;  
When evening shades thy silent walls,  
Then read it all alone ;  
In stillness read, in darkness seal,  
Forget, despise, but not reveal !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## BY THE RIVER.

**W**HY, Love, my love is a dragon fly  
That weaves by the beautiful river,  
Where waters flow warm, where willows  
droop by,  
Where lilies dip waveward and quiver,  
Where stars of heaven they shine for aye,  
If you take not hold of that dragon fly,  
By the musical, mystical river.

Let Love go his ways ; let the lilies grow  
By that beautiful silvery river ;  
Let tall tules nod ; let noisy reeds blow ;  
Let the lilies' lips open and quiver ;  
But when Love may come, or when love may go,  
You may guess and may guess, but you never shall  
know,  
While the silver stars ride on that river.

But this you may know : If you clasp Love's wings,  
And you hold him hard by that river,  
Why, his eyes grow green, and he turns and he stings,  
And the waters wax icy and shiver ;  
The waters wax chill and the silvery wings  
Of Love they are broken, as broken heart-strings,  
While darkness comes down on that river.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## FAITHFUL AND CONSTANT.

**H**IS words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears pure messengers sent from his  
heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## HESTER.

**W**HEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavor.

A month or more she hath been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed,  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool;  
But she was train'd in Nature's school;—  
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,—  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning—

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR'S STORY.

"TELL me a story, or sing me a song,"  
Said the curly-headed child on my knee;  
"It must not be short, and it must not be  
long."

Little Golden-Hair, what shall it be?

"Tell me a story, or sing me a song  
Of a princess, who dwelt by the sea,  
And what the waves sung to her, all the day long,  
And what to the waves answered she."

The waves, in calm weather, came trippingly, trip-  
pingly,

Ripplingly, up from the sea,—  
"The flowers at thy easement are blooming and dying,  
The smile on thy mouth, it has ended in sighing,  
As thou sittest alone by the sea;  
But the mast is of gold, and the ship is of pearl,  
And its sails take the light, like this long amber curl  
That droops from thy neck to thy knee."

Cheer up, pretty princess! the white sails are flying,  
At the ends of the world, they are shining and flying,  
That bear a fond suitor to thee!  
And she listens in fear, 'twixt a smile and a tear,  
Half-pleas'd and half-pensive is she;  
And she tosses her head, just as if she had said,  
"He may tarry forever, for me!"

But the waves, in rough weather, came roaringly,  
roaringly,

Pouringly, up from the sea,—  
And the land-echoes moan, "Wilt thou go all alone,  
To be tossed on the storm-driven sea?  
Leaving father, and mother, and sister, and brother,  
For a stranger thou never didst see?"

And loud winds arise, as she weepingly cries,  
"He may come,—but he'll never have me!  
Tho' waters are cold—not for silver and gold  
Would I trust to the treacherous sea!  
O say, only say, you won't take me away,  
Ye wild-flowing waves of the sea!"

"Ah, what a sad song!" little Golden-Hair said  
"But finish the story, I pray;  
The prince he is coming quite soon, I'm afraid,  
And then will he take her away?"

"Nay, now, little Golden-Hair, how can I tell?  
Run away, for a troublesome elf!"  
But she clapped her small hands, crying out, "Ver-  
well,

I can finish it all for myself!"

Ah, whisper, sweet Golden-Hair, close to my ear,  
Do tell me—I want so to know!

"The prince he is handsome—the prince he is dear,  
And the princess will willingly go.

"The ship is all sparkling with gold and with pearl,  
The white sails are fluttering free,  
And there, on the deck, like a little bright speck  
The pretty princess I can see.

"The prince he leans over her all the day long,  
Or plays his sweet lute at her side;  
And when the waves roar, and the wind is too strong,  
He soothes her with loverly pride."

But is she unhappy? or is she afraid?

Little Golden-Hair capered for glee;  
"She's as merry again," said this mischievous maid,  
"As she was when she sat by the sea!"

GERDA FAY.

WE'LL BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER.

"WE'LL be true to each other, though Fate has  
now parted  
Two spirits that yearn with devotion and  
love;

We will show the hard world that we both are strong  
hearted,

And the wings of the eagle shall nestle our dove.  
They say thou art young, and that I may be fickle,  
That Time will cut down all our youth-tinted  
flowers;

Let us prove that 'tis only old Death with his sickle  
Can dare to destroy such pure blossoms as ours.  
Perhaps it is well that our faith and affection  
Are tried by a cold and a lingering test;  
But if thou art mine by the soul's free election,  
We'll be true to each other, and hope for the rest.

Let us chafe not unwisely, by rudely defying  
The doubts and denials that echo in vain;  
Like the ship in the stream, on her anchor relying,  
We'll live on our truth till the tide turns again.

I'll pray for thy welfare, right firm in believing  
 'That knowledge and years will but help thee to see,  
 That my spirit, too proud for a selfish deceiving,  
 Is honest and ardent in cherishing thee.  
 We are parted, but, trust me, it is not forever,—  
 We love, and be certain our love will be blest;  
 For we'll work, and we'll wait, with Love's earnest  
 endeavor,  
 Be true to each other, and hope for the rest.

ELIZA COOK.

## THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

**I**N youth I saw but a maiden fair;  
 And finding beauty I sought no more,  
 But loved and wedded as youth will dare,  
 And little knew of the prize I bore.  
 Proud was I 'midst my fellow-men,  
 Dear to me was my young wife then.

But as life advanced and cares came thick—  
 On every side came pressing round,  
 Till my wearied heart grew faint and sick—  
 Ever her at my side I found,  
 With words of counsel wise and free;  
 Dearer still was she then to me.

Her hair is gray, and her sweet blue eyes,  
 Though loving still, are no longer bright;  
 And I list not now for her thoughts so wise;  
 But far stronger ties our hearts unite.  
 Dear through life has she ever been:  
 Dearest now at its close serene.

## THE ENTRANCING MISS O'DOWD.

**S**HE wore a wreath of roses  
 The first time that we met"—  
 (Her handsome Roman nose is  
 Most beautifully set).  
 When I was introduced to her,  
 She sweetly smiled, and bowed:  
 Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking  
 For the lovely Miss O'Dowd.

"She's all my fancy painted her,  
 She's lovely, she's divine!"—  
 (The lobster-salad wasn't bad,  
 But I couldn't stand the wine).  
 What with the pace she went at,  
 And what with the heat and crowd;  
 Oh! my head, my head was reeling,  
 As I danced with Miss O'Dowd.

"Let other lips and other hearts  
 Their tale of sorrow tell"—  
 (That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts  
 A most unpleasant smell)—  
 I'd gladly dance a thousand times  
 With her, were I allowed.  
 Oh! my heart, my heart is reeling—  
 Oh! that eldest Miss O'Dowd.

"Her mother bade her bind her hair  
 With bands of roseate hue"—  
 (I wonder she hadn't better taste  
 Than to mix 'em up with blue)  
 When on the light fantastic toe  
 We danced to the music loud,  
 Oh! my heart was palpitating  
 Next to that of Miss O'Dowd.

"Maxwellton brues are bonny,  
 And Christmas bills fill due"—  
 (I wonder has she money?  
 Is her governor a screw?)  
 Of her beauty and accomplishments  
 She's not the least bit proud—  
 Oh, my heart is shivered to little bits  
 By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

## SWEETER THAN TRUTH.

**A**S I stood by the lakelet of love, to my view,  
 'Mid the moon's fiery glow shone a soul-  
 charming scene;  
 The clouds were all silver, the skies were all  
 blue,

And the shores were all waving with woodlands of  
 green.  
 In a boat-shell of pearl sailed a maid and a youth,  
 And the song that she sang sounded sweeter than  
 truth;  
 But the youth sat all silent; and soon from my sight,  
 They sped through the gathering shadows of night.

When the sun to its woes first awakened the world,  
 What a scene! the tall forests lay prostrate and  
 bare,  
 While the love-freighted bark into fragments was  
 hurled,  
 And the youth and the maiden, alas! they were—  
 where?  
 'Gainst the tempest that raged they had struggled in  
 vain,  
 And the lake rolling wroth as the storm-stricken main;  
 Then the voice that was silent had shrieked round the  
 shore,  
 And the song that seemed sweeter than truth was no  
 more.

PHILIP JAMES BAILY.

## THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

**T**HOSE eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven  
 they are,  
 When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most  
 holy.  
 Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star  
 Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?  
 Tell me, beloved eyes!

Was it from yon lone orb, that ever by  
 The quiet moon, like hope on patience, hovers;

The star to which hath sped so many a sigh,  
 Since hies in Lesbos hallowed to lovers?  
 Was that your fount, sweet eye?

Ye sibil books, in which the truths foretold  
 Inspire the heart, your dreaming priest, with glad-  
 ness;

Bright alchemists, that turn to thoughts of gold  
 The leaden cares ye steal away from sadness  
 Teach only me, sweet eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how at length to gain  
 The cell where love, the sleeper, yet lies hidder  
 Loose not those arch lips from their rosy chain,  
 Be every answer, save your own, forbidden—  
 Feelings are words for eyes!

LOED LYTTON.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LET us love one another—  
 Not long we may stay:  
 In this bleak world of mourning  
 Some droop while 'tis day.  
 Others fade in their noon,  
 And few linger till eve:  
 Oh! there breaks not a heart  
 But leaves some one to grieve;  
 And the fondest, the purest,  
 The truest that met,  
 Have still found the need  
 To forgive and forget!  
 Then ah! though the hopes  
 That we nourished decay,  
 Let us love one another  
 As long as we stay.

There are hearts like the ivy,  
 Though all be decayed,  
 That it seemed to clasp fondly  
 In sunlight and shade;  
 As leaves droop in sadness,  
 Still gaily they thread,  
 Undimmed midst the blighted,  
 The lonely, the dead.  
 But the mistletoe clings  
 To the oak, not in part,  
 But with leaves closely round it—  
 The root in its heart;  
 Exists but to twine it—  
 Imbibe the same dew,  
 Or to fall with its loved oak,  
 And perish there too.

Thus it's love one another  
 Midst sorrows the worst,  
 Unaltered and fond,  
 As we loved at the first;  
 Though the false wing of pleasure  
 May change and forsake,  
 And the bright urn of wealth  
 Into particles break,

There are some sweet affections  
 That wealth cannot buy,  
 That cling but still closer  
 When sorrow draws nigh,  
 And remain with us yet,  
 Though all else pass away;  
 Thus let's love one another  
 As long as we stay.

CHARLES SWAIN.

LOVED ONCE.

ICLASSED and counted once  
 Earth's lamentable sounds—the well-a-day,  
 The jarring yea and nay,  
 The fall of kisses upon senseless clay.

The sobbed farewell, the greeting mournerfaller—  
 But all those accents were  
 Less bitter with the leaves of earth's despair  
 Than I thought these—"Loved once."

And who saith "I loved once?"  
 Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee;  
 Love through eternity—  
 Who by "to love," do apprehend "to be."

Not God called love his noble crown-name, casting  
 A light too broad for blasting!  
 The great God, changing not for everlasting,  
 Saith never, "I loved once."

Nor ever "I loved once."  
 Wilt thou say, O meek Christ, O victim-friend!  
 The nail and curse may rend,  
 But having loved, Thou lovest to the end.

This is *man's* saying! impotent to move  
 One spheric star above,  
 Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love  
 With his "no more," and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"  
 Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,  
 Mourners without that snow?  
 Ah, sweetest friend, and would ye wrong me so?

And would ye say of me whose heart is known,  
 Whose prayers have met your own:  
 Whose tears have fallen for you; whose smiles have  
 shown,  
 Your words—"We loved her once?"

Could ye "We loved her once"  
 Say cold of me, when dwelling out of sight?  
 When happier friends aright  
 (Not truer) stand between me and your light?

When like a flower kept too long in the shade,  
 Ye find my colors fade,  
 And all that is not love in me decayed,  
 Say ye, "We loved her once?"

Will ye "We loved her once"  
 Say after, when the bearers leave the door,  
 When having murmured o'er  
 My last "Oh, say it not," I speak no more?

Not so—not then—*least* THEN! when life is shriven,  
 And death's full joy is given—  
 Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,  
 Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, "We loved once:"  
 God is too near above, the grave below:  
 And all our moments go  
 Too quickly past our souls for saying so.

The mysteries of life and death avenge  
 Affections light of range—  
 There comes no charge to justify that change,  
 Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that word of "once"  
 Is humanly acceptive—kings have said,  
 Shaking a disrowned head,  
 "We ruled once;" "idiot tongues, "We once bested."

Cripples once danced i' the vines, and warriors proved,  
 To nurse's rocking moved:  
 But Love strikes one hour—LOVE! Those never loved  
 Who dream that they loved once.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### THE TENDER PASSION.

HERE'S not a fibre in my trembling frame  
 That does not vibrate when thy step draws  
 near;

There's not a pulse that throbs not when I  
 hear

Thy voice, thy breathing, nay, thy very name.

When thou art with me every sense seems dull,  
 And all I am, or know, or feel is thee.

My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,  
 And my bewildered spirit seems to swim  
 In eddying whirls of passion dizzily.

When thou art gone there creeps into my heart  
 A cold and bitter consciousness of pain:

The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,

And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again,

Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look and tone;

And suddenly I wake—and am alone.

FRANCIS FEMBLE BUTLER.

#### THOU ART FAIR.

COULD love impart, by nicest art,  
 To speechless rocks a tongue,  
 Their theme would be, beloved, of thee,  
 Thy beauty all their song.

And clerk-like, then, with sweet amen,

Would echo from each hollow

Reply all day; while gentle fay,

With merry whoop, would follow.

Had roses sense, on no pretence,  
 Would they their buds unroll;  
 For, could they speak, 'twas from thy cheek,  
 Their daintiest blush they stole.

Had lilies eyes with glad surprise,  
 They'd own themselves out-done,  
 When thy pure brow and neck of snow  
 Gleaned in the morning sun.

Could shining brooks, by amorous looks,  
 Be taught a voice so rare,  
 Then every sound that murmured round  
 Would whisper: "Thou art fair!"

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

#### AT THE SIGN OF THE BLIND CUPID.

WHEN blushing cheeks and downcast eyes  
 Set all the heart aflame,  
 When love within a dimple lies  
 And constancy's a name,

Since every lass is passing fair,  
 Cupid must fly and see;  
 And, lightly flitting here and there,  
 A winged boy is he.

When creeping years steal on apace  
 And youth and vigor go,  
 When time with wrinkles marks the face  
 And strews the hair with snow,  
 Ah, then no winged boy is he,  
 But strong-limbed and complete,  
 With blinded eyes that need not see,  
 Since memory guides his feet.

WALTER LEARNED.

#### THE DEAREST.

OH! that from far-away mountains  
 Over the restless waves,  
 Where bubble enchanted fountains,  
 Rising from jewelled caves,

I could call a fairy bird,  
 Who where'er thy voice was heard,  
 Should come to thee, dearest!

He should have violet pinions,

And a beak of silver white,

And should bring from the sun's dominions

Eyes that would give thee light.

Thou shouldst see that he was born

In a land of gold, and sworn

To be thy servant, dearest!

Oft should he drop on thy tresses

A pearl, or diamond stone,

And would yield to thy light caresses

Blossoms in Eden grown;

Round thy path his wings would shower,

Now a gem, and now a flower,

And dewy odors, dearest!



He should fetch from his eastern island  
The songs that the Peris sing,  
And when evening is clear and silent,  
Spells to thy ear would bring ;  
And with his mysterious strain  
Would entrance thy weary brain,  
Love's own music, dearest!

No Phoenix, alas ! will hover,  
Sent from the morning star,  
And thou must take of thy lover  
A gift not brought so far.  
Wanting bird, and gem, and song,  
Ah ! receive, and treasure long,  
A heart that loves thee, dearest !

JOHN STERLING.

PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to  
be a maid,  
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matri-  
mony paid ;  
Besides, we had our higher loves—fair science ruled  
my heart,  
And she said her young affections were all wound up  
in art

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friend-  
ship cannot live  
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something  
more to give :  
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were  
man and man ;  
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears,  
and sighs ;  
High friendship, such as ours, might well such child-  
ish arts despise ;  
We "liked" each other, that was all, quite all there  
was to say,  
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of  
way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped  
and feared,  
With common purpose sought the goal that young  
Ambition reared ;  
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright  
days to come,  
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other  
"chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,  
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the ruined  
mills  
And rustic bridges, and the like, that picture-makers  
prize  
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and sum-  
mer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,  
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the  
trees,  
And talked, in long gradation from the poets to the  
weather,  
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly  
out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale  
glance or sigh,  
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympa-  
thy.  
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of nebulae,  
And thought no more of being one than we did of  
being three.

"Well, good by, chum !" I took her hand, for the  
time had come to go.  
My going meant our parting, when to meet, we did  
not know.  
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very  
heavy heart ;  
For although we were but "friends," 'tis hard for  
honest friends to part.

"Good-by, old fellow ! don't forget your friends be-  
yond the sea,  
And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line  
or two to me."  
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob, just  
behind,  
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid  
eyes of blue,  
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups  
of dew ;  
One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never  
did before—  
Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I'm sure the  
kiss meant more.

WILLIAM W. TERRETT.

LAST LOVE.

THE first flower of the spring is not so fair  
Or bright as one the ripe midsummer brings  
The first faint note the forest warbler sings  
Is not so rich with feeling, or so rare,  
As when, full master of his art, the air  
Drowns in the liquid sea of song he flings  
Like silver spray from beak and breast and wings.  
The artist's earliest effort, wrought with care,  
The bard's first ballad, written in his tears,  
Set by his later toil seems poor and tame  
And into nothing dwindles at the test.  
So with the passions of maturer years ;  
Let those who will demand the first fond flame  
Give me the heart's last love—for that is best.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



## WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

HE.

WHAT the bee is to the floweret,  
When he looks for honey-dew,  
Through the leaves that close embower it,  
That, my love, I'll be to you.

SHE.

What the bank, with verdure glowing,  
Is to waves that wander near,  
Whispering kisses, while they're going,  
That I'll be to you, my dear.

SHE.

But they say, the bee's a rover  
Who will fly, when sweets are gone ;  
And, when once the kiss is over,  
Faithless brooks will wander on.

HE.

Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,  
If sunny banks *will* wear away,  
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks  
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

THOMAS MOORE.

## TO MEET AGAIN.

THE years they come and go, love ;  
Writ in flowers and snow, love ;  
In laughter, tears and pain.  
And each but brings us nearer  
The heart that has grown dearer,  
We part to meet again.

So life will slip away, love,  
In sunshine of the day, love,  
In shadow and in rain.  
With faith through nights of sorrow,  
In a happier to-morrow,  
We part to meet again.

## THE LOVED AND LOST.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee ;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be.  
It never through my mind had past  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again ;  
And still the thought I will not brook  
That I must look in vain.

But, when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou hast left unsaid,  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,  
All cold, and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been !  
While e'en thy chill bleak corpse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own,  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me ;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart  
In thinking too of thee ;  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore.

CHARLES WOLFE.

## LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

ARISE from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright :  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how ?  
To thy chamber window sweet !

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
The champak odors fade,  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must on thine,  
Beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !  
I die, I faint, I fail !  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
My heart beats loud and fast.  
Oh ! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero  
sleeps,  
And lovers are round her, sighing ;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and  
weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking ;  
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him ;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow ;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,  
From her own loved island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

SUMMER HEARTS.

OUR love is not a fading earthly flower,  
Its winged seed dropped down from  
Paradise,  
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and  
shower,

Doth momentarily to fresher beauty rise :  
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,  
Nor winter's rustling boughs lack lusty green,  
Our summer hearts make summer's fullness where  
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen :  
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie ;  
Love, whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,  
Whose mystic keys these cells of thou and I  
Into the infinite freedom openeth,  
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate  
The wide-flung bearer of heaven's palace gate.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PAINFUL YET SWEET.

WHY should I blush to own I love?  
'Tis love that reigns o'er the realms above.  
Why should I blush to say to all,  
That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,  
Lest love's dear secret be betrayed?  
Why the stern brow deceitful move,  
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell  
On passion that I dare not tell?  
Such weakness I would ever prove—  
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

LOVE'S ATTRACTION.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore  
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught  
That prudence must cherish what beauty has  
caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,  
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh ;  
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,  
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar—  
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar ;

How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,  
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much !

The sparrow and linnæet will feed from your hand,  
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command ;  
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed to your  
will.

Be gay and good humored, complying and kind.  
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your  
mind ;

'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,  
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

DAVID GARRICK

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET me not, when, friends and fortune  
smiling,  
'Mid sweets and flowers thy careless footsteps  
stray :

When lovers' looks and tender words beguiling  
Would steal thy thoughts from him who wanders far  
away.

If e'er, thy echangeful heart o'er plighted vows pre-  
vailing,

Thou hear'st a wretched soul deep in thy breast be-  
wailing ;

O think 'tis thine, my love, and dark despair my lot ;—  
Forget me not.

When care and pain, with phantoms dread surround-  
ing,

Appal thy trembling mind, forlorn, oppressed,  
An inward voice, in tender whisper sounding,  
Shall soothe thy boding fears, and fortify thy breast ;

And round thy weary couch a gentle spirit flying,  
Shall breathe these cheering notes in hollow murmurs  
sighing :

"Faint not, dear maid, but think thy lover shares thy  
lot ;"—

Forget me not.

When from her clay-built nest, my soul departing,  
Prepares her blissful flight to realms on high,

O! should I see one tear of anguish starting,  
To catch the falling drops I'd leave my native sky ;  
Then round thy lovely form a watch incessant keeping,  
And every sigh of love in thrilling transports steeping,  
I'll snatch thy constant soul, to share in heaven my  
lot ;—

Forget me not !

TO A FAIR YOUNG FRIEND.

COULD I bring lost youth back again,  
And be what I have been,  
I'd court you in a gallant strain,  
My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides  
Devoted rapture's glow ;

And love, that conquers all besides,  
Finds time a conquering foe.

Farewell! we're severed by our fate  
As far as night from noon;  
You came into this world so late,  
And I depart so soon!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### A FLIRTATION.

THE game of love requires two;  
So count it nothing queer  
That where one roguish flirt is found  
Another should be near.

One stands this side the iron fence,  
The other stands beyond;  
Bright looks light up each eager face,  
And eyes to eyes respond.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," it is said,  
And outwits such defenses;  
And so flirtations will go on  
In spite of iron fences.

O youthful pair! your smiling game  
Has oft been played before;  
Learn well that what begins in fun  
May end in something more.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

#### TOO LATE.

THE broken moon lay in the autumn sky,  
And I lay at thy feet;  
You bent above me; in the silence, I  
Could hear my wild heart beat.

I spoke—my soul was full of trembling fears  
At what my words would bring;  
You raised your face—your eyes were full of tears  
As the sweet eyes of spring.

You kissed me then—I worshipped at thy feet  
Upon the shadowy sod.  
O fool! I loved thee!—loved thee, lovely cheat,  
Better than fame or God!

My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss;  
What then to me were groans,  
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss—  
I seemed to walk on thrones.

And you were with me 'mong the rushing wheels;  
'Mid trade's tumultuous jars;  
And when to awe-struck wilds the night reveals  
Her hollow gulf of stars.

Before thy window, as before a shrine,  
I've knelt 'mong dew-soaked flowers,  
While distant music-bells, with voices fine,  
Measured the midnight hours.

There came a fearful moment—I was pale;  
You wept, and never spoke,  
But clung around me, as the woodbine frail  
Clings pleading round an oak.

Upon my wrong I staided up my soul,  
And flung thee from myself;  
I spurned thy love as 'twere a rich man's dole—  
It was my only wealth.

I spurned thee! I who loved thee, could have died  
That hoped to call thee "wife,"  
And bear thee gently smiling at my side  
Through all the shocks of life!

Too late, thy fatal beauty and thy tears,  
Thy vows, thy passionate breath;  
I'll meet thee not in life, nor in the spheres  
Made visible by death.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

#### THE HEART'S DEVOTION.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

Arthur Henry Hallam, a noble youth, betrothed to the sister of Alfred Tenyson, died in Vienna. The following beautiful tribute to his friend, by the poet Laureate, possesses a pathos rivalled only by the genius which gave the poem birth.

HIS truth came borne with bier and pall,  
I felt it, when I sorrowed most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

My blood an even tenor kept,  
Till on mine ear this message falls,  
That in Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touched him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair  
That range above our mortal state,  
In circle round the blessed gate,  
Received and gave him welcome there,

And led him through the blissful climes,  
And showed him in the fountain fresh  
All knowledge that the sons of flesh  
Shall gather in the eyed times.

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.

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.

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand  
Where he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were biest  
Among familiar names to rest  
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead.

And yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,  
Calling on his faithful heart,  
Would breathing through his lips impart  
The life that almost dies in me.

That dies not, but endures with pain,  
And slowly forns the firmer mind,  
Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again.

The Danube to the Severn gave  
The darkened heart that beat no more ;  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills ;  
The salt sea-water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along,  
And hushed my deepest grief of all,  
When filled with tears that cannot fall,  
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again  
Is vocal in its wooded walls :  
My deeper anguish also falls,  
And I can speak a little then.

With weary steps I loiter on,  
Though always under altered skies  
The purple from the distance dies,  
My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,  
The herald melodies of spring,  
But in the songs I love to sing  
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here  
Survive in spirits rendered free,  
Then are these songs I sing of thee  
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

Peace ; come away ; the song of woe  
Is after all an earthly song :  
Peace ; come away ; we do him wrong  
To sing so wildly : let us go.

Come ; let us go : your cheeks are pale ;  
But half my life I leave behind ;  
Methinks my friend is richly shrined ;  
But I shall pass ; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever looked with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
Eternal greetings to the dead ;  
And " Ave, Ave, Ave," said,  
" Adieu, adieu " for evermore.

In those sad words I took farewell :  
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,  
As drop by drop the water falls  
In vaults and catacombs, they fell ;

And, falling, idly broke the peace  
Of hearts that beat from day to day,  
Half-conscious of their dying clay,  
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answered : " Wherefore grieve  
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear ?  
Abide a little longer here,  
And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those that watch it more and more,  
A likeness, hardly seen before,  
Comes out—to some one of his race :

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art, and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,  
And what I see I leave unsaid,  
Nor speak it knowing Death has made  
His darkness beautiful with thee.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me :  
Whatever change the years have wrought,  
I find not yet one lonely thought,  
That cries against my wish for thee.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,  
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush ;  
Or underneath the barren bush  
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March ;

Come, wear the form by which I know  
Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;  
The hope of unaccomplished years  
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-mellowing change  
May breathe, with many roses sweet,  
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,  
That ripple round the lonely grange ;

Come : not in wathes of the night,  
But where the sunbeau broodeth warm,  
Come, beauteous in thine after form,  
And like a finer light in light.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now burgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and thick  
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drowned in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
 And milkier every milky sail  
 On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
 The happy birds, that change their sky  
 To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast  
 Spring wakens too; and my regret  
 Becomes an April violet,  
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Is it, then, regret for buried time  
 That keener in sweet April wakes,  
 And meets the year, and gives and takes  
 The colors of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,  
 The life re-orient out of dust,  
 Cry through the sense to hearten trust  
 In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine  
 Upon me, while I muse alone;  
 And that dear voice, I once have known,  
 Still speak to me of me and mine.

One writes, that "Other friends remain,"  
 That "Loss is common to the race"—  
 And common is the commonplace,  
 And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make  
 My own less bitter, rather more:  
 Too common! Never morning wore  
 To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,  
 Who pledgedst now thy gallant son:  
 A shot, ere half thy draught be done,  
 Hath stilled the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save  
 Thy sailor—while thy head is bowed,  
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud  
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought  
 At that last hour to please him well;  
 Who mused on all I had to tell,  
 And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home;  
 And ever met him on his way  
 With wishes, thinking, "here to-day,"  
 Or "here to-morrow will he come."

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,  
 That sittest ranging golden hair;  
 And glad to find thyself so fair,  
 Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows  
 In expectation of a guest;  
 And thinking "this will please him best,"  
 She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;  
 And with the thought her color burns;  
 And, having left the glass, she turns  
 Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turned, the curse  
 Had fallen, and her future lord  
 Was drowned in passing through the form,  
 Or killed in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?  
 And what to me remains of good?  
 To her, perpetual maidenhood,  
 And unto me no second friend.

The lesser griefs that may he said,  
 That breathe a thousand tender vows,  
 Are but as servants in a house  
 Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,  
 And weep the fulness from the mind:  
 "It will be hard," they say, "to find  
 Another service such as this."

My lighter moods are like to these,  
 That out of words a comfort win;  
 But there are other griefs within,  
 And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit  
 Cold in that atmosphere of death,  
 And scarce endure to draw the breath,  
 Or like to noiseless phantoms fit;

But open converse is there none,  
 So much the vital spirits sink  
 To see the vacant chair, and think,  
 "How good! how kind! and he is gone."

I envy not in any moods  
 The captive void of noble rage,  
 The linnet oorn within the cage,  
 That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes  
 His license in the field of time,  
 Unfettered by the sense of crime,  
 To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth  
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;  
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CAROLINE.

ALL bid my hyacinth to blow,  
I'll teach my grotto green to be ;  
And sing my true love all below  
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild wood scents to bring,  
The sweet south wind shall wander by ;  
And with the music of his wing,  
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,  
Thou spirit of a milder clime !  
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,  
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,  
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,  
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,  
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,  
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,  
Come to my blossom-woven shade,  
Thou wandering wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,  
Where heaven and love their Sabbath hold,  
Where pure and happy spirits smile,  
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould,

From some green Eden of the deep,  
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heard,  
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,  
Endeared, undoubting, undecieved,

From some sweet Paradise afar,  
Thy music wanders distant, lost ;  
Where nature lights her leading star,  
And love is never, never crossed.

Oh ! gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
If back thy rosy feet should roam,  
To revel with the cloudless hours,  
In nature's more propitious home—

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,  
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
A fairer form than cherub loves,  
And let the name be Caroline.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO MARY.

WELL ! thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too,  
For still my heart regards thy weal  
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blessed—and 'twill impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot :  
But let them pass—Oh ! how my heart  
Would hate him, if he loved thee not !

When late I saw thy favorite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break  
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,  
I kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it—and repressed my sighs,  
Its father in its face to see ;  
But then it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu ! I must away :  
While thou art blest I'll not repine ;  
But near thee I can never stay ;  
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride  
Had quenched at length my boyish flame ;  
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm : I knew the time  
My breast would thrill before thy look ;  
But now to tremble were a crime—  
We met—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
Yet meet with no confusion there ;  
One only feeling couldst thou trace :  
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream  
Remembrance never must awake :  
Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?  
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

LORD BYRON.

FAIR INES.

Oh ! I saw ye not fair Ines ?  
She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest ;  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright ;

And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier  
Who rode so gaily by thy side,  
And whispered thee so near!—  
Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before;  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore;—  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
—If it had been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Ines!  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,  
To her you loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before—  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore!  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more!

THOMAS HOOD.

## ENDYMION.

**T**HE rising moon has hid the stars;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When sleeping in the grove,  
She dreamed not of her love.

Like Diana's kiss, unmasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep-impassioned gaze.

It comes, the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity,  
In silence and alone,  
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the bows, whose shadows deep  
Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!  
O drooping souls whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto its own.

Responds as if, with unseen wings,  
A breath from heaven had touched its strings  
And whispers, in its song,  
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## TO A LADY.

Presented with a ring, bearing a heart with this motto—"Stop Thief."

**S**OON as I saw those beauteous eyes,  
You played a roguish part,  
You first enthralled me by surprise,  
Then robbed me of my heart.  
Since thus you now may boast of two,  
Disputing is in vain;  
Render to me your own in lieu,  
Or give me mine again.  
If not, then you're by all confessed  
The masterpiece of nature,  
I'll paint you to the world at best  
A double-hearted creature.

## TO A FACE BELOVED.

**T**HE music of the wakened lyre  
Dies not upon the quivering strings,  
Nor burns alone the minstrel's fire  
Upon the lip that trembling sings:  
Nor shines the moon in heaven unseen,  
Nor shuts the flower its fragrant cells,  
Nor sleeps the fountain's wealth, I ween,  
Forever in its sparry wells;  
The spells of the enchanter lie  
Not on his lone heart, his own rapt ear and eye.

I look upon a face as fair  
As ever made a lip of heaven  
Falter amid its music prayer!  
The first lit star of summer even

Springs not so softly on the eye,  
Nor grows with watching half so bright,  
Nor, 'mid its sisters of the sky,  
So seems of heaven the dearest light.  
Men murmur where that face is seen:  
My youth's angelic dream was of that look and mien.

Yet, though we deem the stars are blest,  
And envy in our grief the flower  
That bears but sweetness in its breast,  
And feared the enchanter for his power,  
And love the minstrel for his spell  
He winds out of his lyre so well;  
The stars are almoners of light,  
The lyrist of melodious air,  
The fountain of its waters bright,  
And everything most sweet and fair  
Of that by which it charms the ear,  
The eye of him that passes near;  
A lamp is lit in woman's eye,  
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

LOVE OMNIPRESENT.

LOVE knoweth every form of air,  
And every shape of earth,  
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,  
Like thought's mysterious birth.  
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky  
Are written with Love's words,  
And you hear his voice unceasingly,  
Like song, in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart  
From the tip of a stooping plume,  
And the scried spears, and the many men,  
May not deny him room.  
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,  
And be busy in his dream,  
And he'll float to his eye in morning light,  
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun  
And rides on the echo back,  
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,  
And flits in his woodland track.  
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,  
The cloud, and the open sky—  
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,  
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,  
And ponders the silver sea,  
For Love is under the surface lid,  
And a spell of thought has he:  
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,  
And speaks in the ripple low,  
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,  
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,  
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,  
And profanes the cell of the holy man  
In the shape of a lady fair.  
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,  
In earth, and sea, and sky,  
In every home of human thought  
Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I  
began it,  
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;  
And, until they can show me some happier  
planet,  
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.  
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,  
As before me this moment enraptured I see,  
They may say what they will of their orbs in the  
skies,  
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,  
Where sun-line and smiles must be equally rare,  
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,  
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could  
spare.  
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,  
If the harers of peace, of affection and glee,  
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,  
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

THOMAS MOORE.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose looks out-shine the sun,  
Golden tresses wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run.

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse.

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem  
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?



See'st thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove with startled eye  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares!  
Care and rage come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bow where slumbered,  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;  
Age, that bow with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a life in thy hand:  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### LOVE'S SEASONS.

THE wall-flowers to the frolic wind  
Do dance their golden aiglets,  
And elf-maids steal the hawthorn beads  
To wear for fairy amulets.

The spring is here, the spring is here—  
The love-time of the year, my dear!

All heavy hang the apple boughs,  
Weighed down by bails of yellow gold;  
The poppy cups, so fiery bright,

Me seems would burn the hearts they hold,  
The summer's here, the summer's here—  
The kiss-time of the year, my dear!

The birds are winging for the south,  
The elf-maids haste them to their bowers,  
And dandelion balls do float

Like silver ghosts of gilded flowers.  
The autumn's here, the autumn's here—  
The wife-time of the year, my dear!

Now are the heavens not more gray  
Than are the eyes of her I love;  
More dainty white than her sweet breast  
The snow lies not the earth above.  
The winter's here, the winter's here—  
But love-time lasts the year, my dear!

AMELIE RIVES CHANLER.

#### A FAIRY BANK.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;  
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### THE FLOWER OF DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben  
Lomond,  
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the  
scene,

While laely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',  
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft fauldin' blossom,  
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;  
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie—  
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o'  
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the evening!  
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;  
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!  
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;  
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie  
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dum-  
blane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

#### IN A QUANDARY.

WHICH is the maiden I love best?  
Twenty now are buzzing round me;  
Three in their milk-white arms have  
wound me,  
Gently—yet I feel no rest!

One hath showered her black locks o'er me,  
Ten kneel on the ground before me,  
Casting forth such beams of blue,  
That I'm pierced—oh, through and through!  
Hæcchus! Gods! what can I do?  
Which must I love best?

Tell me—(ah, more gently take me,  
Sweet one, in thy warm white arms!)  
Tell me—which will ne'er forsake me  
Through all life's ills and harms?  
Is it she, whose blood's recreating  
From that forehead crowned with pride?  
Is it she, whose pulse is beating  
Full against my unarmed side?  
What do all these things betide?

Strong my doubts grow—strong—and stronger:  
Quick! give answer to my call!  
If ye pause a moment longer,  
I shall love ye—all!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

FANCY FREE.

**T**HOU rememberest  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.  
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all armed: a certain air he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A VALENTINE.

[To translate the address, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name will thus appear.]

**F**OR her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous  
eyes,  
Brightly expressive as the twins of Læda,  
Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling  
lies

Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.  
Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure  
Divine—a talisman—an amulet

That must be worn at heart. Search well the meas-  
ure—

The words—the syllables! Do not forget  
The triviallest point, or you may lose your labor!  
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot  
Which one might not undo without a sabre,  
If one could merely comprehend the plot.  
Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering  
Eyes scintillating soul, there lie *pearls*  
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing  
Of poets, by poets—as the name is a poet's too.  
Its letters, although naturally lying  
Like the knight Pinco—Mendez Ferdinando—  
Still form a synonym for truth—cease trying!  
You will not read the riddle, though you do the best  
you can do.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

AH, HOW SWEET.

**A**H, how sweet it is to love!  
Ah, how gay is young desire!  
And what pleasing pains we prove  
When we first approach love's fire!  
Pains of love be sweeter far  
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown  
Do but gently heave the heart:  
E'en the tears they shed alone  
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.  
Lovers, when they lose their breath,  
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,  
Treat them like a parting friend;  
Nor the golden gifts refuse  
Which in youth sincere they send:  
For each year their price is more,  
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,  
Swells in every youthful vein;  
But each tide does less supply,  
Till they quite shrink in again.  
If a flow in age appear,  
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN

THE LOVER UP A TREE.

**W**ELL! here's a situation,  
For a young man up a tree;  
With a bull-dog standing under,  
Looking lovingly at me!

Treed! by all the darts of Cupid!  
Like a possum, or a 'coon!  
What an aspect for a lover,  
By the dim light of the moon!

Came to serenade my Julia :  
Lightly climbed the garden wall ;  
Tuned my guitar 'neath her window,  
Yonder where the shadows fall :

Got us far us " Sleep, my darling, "  
When a deep bass " low ! wow ! wow ! "  
Out of tune and time, saluted me—  
I hear its echo now.

And a snapping, close behind me,  
Warned me that a foe was near ;  
So I bent a quick retreat from there  
And found a lodgment here !

As I climbed this smooth Alanthus  
I felt a-something tear :  
Let's see : yes, here's a rent behind ;  
I know how it came there !

Plagno take the canine creature !  
Wagging his stiff bob-tail,  
As though he thought his narrative  
Would finally prevail !

But such dogmatic arguments  
Have no effect on me,  
And such waggish illustrations  
With my temper don't agree :

Yonder where the snowy curtain  
In the mellow moonlight shines,  
Unconscious of my sad mishap,  
My Julia dear reclines.

Oh ! for a bit of strychnine,  
Or some poison of some sort !  
I'd stop the wagging of that tail,  
And all this canine sport !

'Tis midnight, and I hope, if 'now  
A ghost is on the jog,  
He'll come this way, and frighten off  
This most pugnacious dog :

If fairies in the moonlight dance,  
I trust some light carouser  
Will come and " play dog " for a while,  
With this infernal Bowser !

The merry stars seem laughing  
In their places up afar,  
But I am looking downward  
On a dangerous dog-star :

When Aeteon looked on Dian,  
With her naked nymphs around,  
The angry huntress changed the bold  
Intruder to a hound :

Oh ! for the power to change this dog  
Into a strapping fellow !  
I'd mount him in a minute,  
And turn his back to bellow :

Hark ! what is that ?—an old tom cat  
Around the porch is crawling ;  
Poor Tom ! I've a fellow feline  
For your sad caterwauling !

Now Bowser hears him !—see he turns ;  
Seek ! catch him ! bite him, Bowser !  
Confound the twig ! it's fastened in  
The rent within my trowser !

He's gone ! and dog and cat are seen  
In mad and desperate chase !  
'Tis a very proper time, I think,  
For me to leave this place.

O Julia ! sleep !—sleep sound, my love !  
Oh ! do not wake just yet,  
To view the rent in my trousersloons,  
Made by your canine pet ;

And if you never wake until  
My soft guitar you hear,  
You'll slumber till old Gabriel's horn  
Shall break your sleep, my dear !

#### THE PARTING WORD.

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet !  
Months shall waste before we meet ;  
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,  
Anchors leave their ocean bed ;  
Ere this shining day grow dark,  
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark ;  
Through thy tears, O lady mine,  
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,  
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet ;  
When the morning star shall rise,  
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes ;  
When the second sun goes down,  
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,  
Taught too well that wild despair  
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first moquet week  
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek ;  
In the first month's second half  
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh ;  
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,  
Slightly puckering round the lip,  
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,  
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,  
Round thy chamber bolted fast,  
Many a youth shall fame and port,  
" Hang the girl, she's always out ! "  
While the second week goes round,  
Vainly shall they ring and pound ;  
When the third week shall begin  
" Martha, let the creature in ! "

Now once more the flattering throng  
 Round thee flock with smile and song,  
 But thy lips, unweaned as yet,  
 Lasp, "O, how can I forget!"  
 Men and devils both contrive  
 Traps for catching girls alive;  
 Eye was duped, and Helen kissed—  
 How, O how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan,  
 Trust it not to youth or man;  
 Love has filled a pirate's sail  
 Often with its perfumed gale.  
 Mind your kerchief' most of all,  
 Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;  
 Shorter ell than mercers' clip  
 Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,  
 Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;  
 All the hemp that Russia bears  
 Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;  
 Never thread was spun so fine,  
 Never spider stretched the line,  
 Would not hold the lovers true  
 That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,  
 Beating breasts in black despair;  
 Others murmur with a sigh,  
 You must melt, or they will die;  
 Painted words on empty lies,  
 Grubs with wings like butterflies;  
 Let them die, and welcome, too:  
 Pray what better could they do?

Fare thee well, if years efface  
 From thy heart love's burning trace,  
 Keep, O keep that hallowed seat  
 From the tread of vulgar feet—  
 If the blue lips of the sea  
 Wait with icy kiss for me,  
 Let not thine forget the vow,  
 Sealed how often, love, as now.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LOVE'S COMPARISON.

**F**IRST I tell thee, Georgiana,  
 Of my cousin Caroline?  
 How the pretty creature sported  
 With this wayward heart of mine?  
 Oh! her eyes were as blue as heaven, love;  
 But not so blue as thine,  
 And yet I almost idolized  
 The eyes of Caroline,  
 Her soft hair rippled to her waist  
 In waves of golden light,  
 Giving glimpses of a shoulder  
 That was exquisitely white;  
 Thine own has just that sunny fall,

But silkier far than hers,  
 And a fairer neck gleams through them  
 While the wind their beauty stirs.  
 Ah! fondly (when she'd let me)  
 Did I those tresses twine,  
 But it was not near so pleasant, love,  
 As playing thus with thine.

When I tell you she had danglers  
 By the dozen in her net;  
 For she was very beautiful,  
 Bewildering and bright,  
 And I own her pretty winning ways  
 And words bewitched me quite.  
 Ah! I even now remember  
 That sweet madness with a sigh,  
 Nay, do not draw the hand away,  
 Nor droop the doubting eye;  
 But think if I was dazzled thus  
 By careless Caroline,  
 How much more fondly I shall prize  
 So pure a heart as thine.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

A HAPPY FACE.

**T**HE lady watched her lover—and that hour  
 Of love's, and night's, and ocean's solitude,  
 O'erflowed her soul with their united power;  
 Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude  
 She and her wave-worn love had made their hower,  
 Where nought upon their passion could intrude,  
 And all the stars that crowded the blue space  
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

LORD BYRON.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK,  
 MARY.

**T**HE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,  
 As spring's rash blossoms die;  
 And sadness hath o'ershadowed now  
 Thy once bright eye;  
 But look! on me the prints of grief  
 Still deeper lie,  
 Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary;  
 Thy step is sad and slow;  
 The morn of gladness hath gone by  
 Thou erst didst know;  
 I, too, am changed like thee, and weep  
 For very woe,  
 Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday  
 We were the happiest twain,  
 When murmured sighs and joyous tears,  
 Dropping like rain,  
 Discoursed my love, and told how loved  
 I was again,  
 Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase  
We gave our passion name;  
Scorning such tedious eloquence,  
Our hearts' fond flame  
And long-imprisoned feelings fast  
In deep sobs came.  
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love  
That *merest* worldlings know,  
When *passion's* draught to our doomed lips  
Turns utter woe,  
And our poor dream of happiness  
Vanishes so!  
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes  
There's yet some touch of bliss,  
Since fate robs not our wretchedness  
Of this last kiss:  
Despair, and love, and madness meet  
In this, in this.  
Farewell!

WILLIAM NOTHERWELL.

## LEOLINE.

**I**N the molten-golden moonlight,  
In the deep grass warm and dry,  
We watched the fire-fly rise and swim  
In floating sparkles by.  
All night the hearts of nightingales,  
Song-steeping, slumberous leaves,  
Flowed to us in the shadow there  
Below the cottage-eaves.

We sang our songs together  
Till the stars shook in the skies.  
We spoke—we spoke of common things,  
Yet the tears were in our eyes.  
And my hand—I know it trembled  
To each light warm touch of thine;  
But we were friends, and only friends,  
My sweet friend, Leoline!

How large the white moon looked, dear!  
There has not ever been,  
Since those old nights, the same great light  
In the moons which I have seen.  
I often wonder, when I think,  
If you have thought so too,  
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,  
Than it used to be to you.

And sometimes, when the warm west wind  
Comes faint across the sea,  
It seems that you have breathed on it,  
So sweet it comes to me;  
And sometimes, when the long light waves  
In one deep crimson line,  
I muse, "And does she watch it too,  
Far off, sweet Leoline?"

And often, leaning all day long  
My head upon my hands,  
My heart aches for the vanished time  
In the far fair foreign lands:  
Thinking sadly—"Is she happy?  
Has she tears for those old hours?  
And the cottage in the starlight?  
And the songs among the flowers?"

One night we sat below the porch,  
And out in that warm air,  
A fire-fly, like a dying star,  
Fell tangled in her hair;  
But I kissed him lightly off again,  
And he glittered up the vine,  
And died into the darkness  
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch  
I've a purple rose-leaf prest,  
More sweet than common rose-leaves,  
For it once lay in her breast.  
When she gave me that her eyes were wet:  
The rose was full of dew.  
The rose is withered long ago!  
The page is blistered too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,  
The bee loves more than all;  
The bee and I, we love it both,  
Though it is frail and small.  
She loved it too—long, long ago;  
Her love was less than mine,  
But still we are friends, but only friends,  
My lost love, Leoline!

ROBERT BULWER-LYTON (*Queen Meretith*).

## ADAM'S DESCRIPTION OF EVE.

**W**HEN I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuous, best,  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discomtenance, and like folly shows.  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

JOHN MILTON

## HIGHLAND MARY.

**Y**E banks and braes, and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie!

There summer first unfolds her robes,  
And there she longest tarries!  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

With morn'g'g bow, and locked embrace,  
Our parting was full tender;  
And pledging a' to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;  
But, oh! fell death's mutinous frost,  
That nipt my flower so early!  
Now green's the sad, and euid's the clay  
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips  
I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!  
And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that loved me dearly;  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

**F**AIR, sweet, and young, receive a praise  
Reserved for your virtuous eyes;  
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,  
O pity and distinguish me!  
As I, from thousand beauties more,  
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was designed,  
Your every motion charms my mind,  
Angels when you your silence break,  
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;  
But when, at once, they hear and view,  
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,  
But all are lost unless you love;  
While that sweet passion you disdain,  
Your veil and beauty are in vain:  
In pity then prevent my fate,  
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

**O**NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Was best at eve, when all the woods are still,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,  
Fill,

While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend successive love; and if Jove's will  
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now, timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hapless doom in some grove nigh;  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hast no reason why.  
Whether the muse, or love, call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

JOHN MILTON.

I DIE, DEAR LIFE.

**I**DIE, dear life! unless to me be given  
As many kisses as the spring bath flowers,  
Or there be silver drops in Iris' showers,  
Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven;  
And if displeas'd you of the match remain,  
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

**D**ISTRACTED with care  
For Phyllis so fair,  
Since nothing could move her,  
Poor Damon, her lover  
Resolves in despair  
No longer to languish  
Nor bear so much anguish;  
But, mad with his love,  
To a precipice  
Where a leap from above  
Would soon finish his woe.  
When in rage he saw there,  
Beholding how steep  
The sides did appear,  
And the bottom how deep;  
His torments forgot,  
And sadly reflecting  
That a lover forsaken  
A new love may get,  
But a neck when once broken  
Can never be set;  
And that he could die  
Whenever he would,  
But that he could live  
But as long as he could;  
How generous soever  
The torment might grow,  
He scorned to endeavor  
To finish it so.  
But bold, unconcerned,  
At thoughts of the pain  
He calmly returned  
To his cottage again.

WILLIAM WALSH.

I LOVE MY LOVE BECAUSE HE LOVES  
ME.

**W**HAN, man loves his steed,  
For its blood or its breed,  
For its odor the rose, for its honey the  
bee;  
His own haughty beauty  
From pride or from duty;  
But I love my love, because—he loves me.

Oh, my love has an eye,  
Like a star in the sky,  
And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree;  
And his heart is a treasure,  
Whose worth is past measure;  
And yet he hath given all—all to me!

It crowns me with light,  
In the dead of the night,  
It brightens my journey by land and sea;  
And thus, while I wander,  
I sigh and grow fonder,  
For my love ever grows with his love for me.

Why didst thou depart,  
Thou sweet bird of my heart?  
Oh! come back to my bosom, and never flee:  
I never will grieve thee,  
I'll never deceive thee,  
But love thee forever—as thou lovest me.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

## THAT SONG AGAIN.

**W**HAT song again! its wailing strain  
Brings back the thought of other hours,  
The forms I ne'er may see again,  
And brightens all life's faded flowers.

In mournful murmurs o'er mine ear  
Remembered echoes seem to roll,  
And sounds I never more can hear  
Make music in my lonely soul.

That swell again! now full and high  
The tide of feeling flows along,  
And many a thought that claims a sigh  
Seems mingling with thy magic song.

The forms I loved, and loved in vain;  
The hopes I nursed—to see them die;  
With fleeting brightness, through my brain  
In phantom beauty, wander by.

Then touch the lyre, my own dear love,  
My soul is like a troubled sea,  
And turns from all below—above,  
In fondness to the harp and thee.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

## A MAIDEN.

**W**HERE the golden hand of morn  
Touches light the singing fountain,  
There a maiden, lowly born,  
Guides her flock along the mountain  
Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,  
She invests the world with beauty,  
Simple grace and manners sweet  
Dignify her humble duty.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,  
Robed the fields and flowers in gladness:  
New delights too deep for mirth,  
Gentle griefs too sweet for sadness,  
Who this sudden charm hath wrought?  
Sent this flow of bright revelations?  
Mind that springs with joyous thought!  
Heart that flows with heavenly feelings!

Surely 'tis some angel strayed,  
Not a shepherd's daughter solely,  
Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,  
In a light and love so holy!  
Oh! when stars like drops of pearl  
Glimmer o'er the singing water,  
There I'll woo my mountain girl,  
Proudly wed the shepherd's daughter.

CHARLES SWAIN.

## CHERRY RIPE.

**C**HERRY ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry!  
Full and fair ones—come and buy;  
If so be you ask me where  
They do grow?—I answer, There,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile,  
There's the land, or cherry isle,  
Whose plantations fully show  
All the year where cherries grow.

ROBERT HERRICK

## UNLESS I CHANGE MY MIND.

**S**HE shook her head, and pursed her lips,  
And beat time with her fan;  
And then set forth, with emphasis,  
Her well-digested plan:  
To never, never fall in love,  
At any time of life;  
And never, never to become  
Of any one the wife!

The lover heard, in dire dismay,  
Her cruel proclamation;  
But did not know for many a day  
Her mental reservation—  
"Unless I change my mind!

I'll never fall in love, oh, no!  
I'm sure I'll never feel inclined;  
I'll never marry, that I know—  
Unless I change my mind!

He pressed her hand, he kissed her lips,  
 She never said him nay ;  
 But vowed before the minister  
 Upon her wedding day,  
 To ever, ever love but him  
 Throughout her wedded life ;  
 And ever, ever honor and  
 Obey him as his wife.

The bridegroom heard, with heart so gay,  
 Her tender proclamation :  
 But did not know for many a day  
 Her mental reservation—  
 " Unless I change my mind ! "

I'll ever love him from this day !  
 I'm sure I'll ever feel inclined ;  
 I'll ever honor and obey—  
 Unless I change my mind !

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

UPON the barren sand  
 A single captive stood,  
 Around him came, with bow and brand,  
 The red men of the wood.  
 Like him of old, his doom he hears,  
 Rock-bound on ocean's rim :  
 The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,  
 And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,  
 The savage war-club swung,  
 The frantic girl, in wild despair,  
 Her arms about him flung.  
 Then shook the warriors of the shade,  
 Like leaves on aspen limb,  
 Subdued by that heroic maid  
 Who breathed a prayer for him.

" Unbind him ? " gasped the chief,  
 " Obey your king's decree ! "  
 He kissed away her tears of grief,  
 And set the captive free.  
 'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,  
 Hope's star to man grows dim,  
 And angel kneels in woman's form  
 And breathes a prayer for him.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

OIL, fairest of the rural maids !  
 Thy birth was in the forest shades ;  
 Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky  
 Were all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,  
 Were ever in the sylvan wild ;  
 And all the beauty of the place  
 Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks  
 Is in the light shade of thy locks ;  
 Thy step is as the wind, that weaves  
 Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene  
 And silent waters heaven is seen ;  
 Their lashes are the herbs that look  
 On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot impressed,  
 Are not more silent than thy breast ;  
 The holy peace that fills the air  
 Of those calm solitudes, is there.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MARY WILL SMILE.

THE morn was fresh, and pure the gale,  
 When Mary, from her cot a rover,  
 Plucked many a wild rose of the vale  
 To bind the temples of her lover.  
 As near his little farm she strayed,  
 Where birds of love are ever pairing,  
 She saw her William in the shade,  
 The arms of ruthless war preparing.  
 " Though now," he cried, " I seek the hostile plain,  
 Mary shall smile, and all be fair again."

She seized his hand, and " Ah ! " she cried,  
 " Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,  
 Desert thy Mary's faithful side,  
 And bare thy life to every danger ?  
 Yet, go, brave youth ! to arms away !  
 My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,  
 And when the drum beats far away,  
 I'll drop a silent tear, and bless thee.  
 Returned with honor, from the hostile plain,  
 Mary will smile, and all be fair again.

" The bugles through the forest wind,  
 The woodland soldiers call to battle :  
 Be some protecting angel kind,  
 And guard thy life when cannons rattle ! "  
 She sung—and as the rose appears  
 In sunshine, when the storm is over,  
 A smile beamed sweetly through her tears—  
 The blush of promise to her lover.

Returned in triumph from the hostile plain,  
 All shall be fair, and Mary smile again.

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

THROW an apple up a hill,  
 Down the apple tumbles still ;  
 Roll it down, it never stops  
 Till within the vale it drops ;  
 So are all things prone to love,  
 All below, and all above.



Down the mountain flows the stream,  
Up ascends the lambent flame,  
Smoke and vapor mount the skies.  
All preserve their unities.  
Nought below, and nought above,  
Seem averse, but prone to love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,  
Or the orient rays of light,  
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,  
Bid the planets not incline.  
'Tis as vain below, above,  
To impede the course of love.

Metals grow within the mine,  
Luscious grapes upon the vine,  
Still the needle marks the pole,  
Parts are equal to the whole.  
'Tis a truth as clear that love  
Quickens all below, above.

Does the cedar love the mountain ?  
Or the thirsty deer the fountain ?  
Does the shepherd love his crook ?  
Or the miller court the brook ?  
Thus by nature all things move,  
Like a running stream, to love.

Is the valiant hero bold ?  
Does the miser doat on gold ?  
Seek the birds in spring to pair ?  
Breathes the rosebud scented air ?  
Should you this deny, you'll prove  
Nature is averse to love.

When young maidens courtship shun,  
When the moon outshines the sun,  
When the tigers lambs beget,  
When the snow is black as jet,  
When the planets cease to move,  
Then shall nature cease to love.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

#### NEAR THE LAKE.

**N**EAR the lake where drooped the willow,  
Long time ago !  
Where the rock threw back the billow,  
Brighter than snow ;  
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished,  
By high and low ;  
But with autumn's leaf she perished,  
Long time ago !

Rock and tree and flowing water,  
Long time ago !  
Bee and bird and blossom taught her  
Love's spell to know !  
While to my fond words she listened,  
Murmuring low,  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened  
Long time ago !

Mingled were our hearts forever !  
Long time ago !  
Can I now forget her?—Never !  
No, lost one, no !  
To her grave these tears are given,  
Ever to flow ;  
She's the star I missed from heaven,  
Long time ago !

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

#### WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

**W**E parted in sadness, but spoke not of part-  
ing ;  
We talked not of hopes that we both  
must resign ;

I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting  
Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine ;  
Each felt that the past we could never recover,  
Each felt that the future no hope could restore ;  
She shuddered at wringing the heart of her lover,  
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the spring-time smiles  
ever

As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth,  
Long years have gone by, yet that parting, O ! never  
Can it be forgotten by either on earth.  
The note of each wild bird that carols toward heaven  
Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were mine,  
And the dew that steals over each blossom at even  
Tells me of the tear-drop that wept their decline.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

#### THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

**S**EVEN long years has the desert rain  
Dropped on the clods that hide thy face ;  
Seven long years of sorrow and pain  
I have thought of thy burial place.

Thought of thy fate in the distant West,  
Dying with none that loved thee near ;  
They who flung the earth on thy breast  
Turned from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,  
Violets spring in the soft May shower ;  
There in the summer breezes wave  
Crimson phlox and noceasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there  
Feeds with her fawn the timid doe ;  
There, when the winter woods are bare,  
Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe my tears away ;  
All my task upon earth is done ;  
My poor father, old and gray,  
Slumbers beneath the church-yard stone.

In the dreams of my lonely bed,  
Ever thy form before me seems ;  
All night long I talk with the dead,  
All day long I think of my dreams.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,  
This long pain, a sleepless pain—  
When the Father my spirit takes  
I shall feel it no more again.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO ELMIRA.

(Written with French chalk on a pane of glass.)

This substance has the singular property, that what is written on glass, though easily rubbed out again, so that no trace remains visible, by being breathed on becomes immediately distinctly legible.

**O**N this frail glass, to others' view,  
No written words appear ;  
They see the prospect smiling through,  
Nor deem what secret's here.  
But shouldst thou on the tablet bright  
A single breath bestow,  
At once the record starts to sight  
Which only thou must know.

Thus, like this glass, to strangers' gaze  
My heart seemed unimpressed ;  
In vain did beauty round me blaze,  
It could not warm my breast.  
But as one breath of thine can make  
These letters plain to see,  
So in my heart did love awake  
When breathed upon by thee.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX.

**Y**OUR heart is a music-box, dearest !  
With exquisite tunes at command,  
Of melody sweetest and clearest,  
If tried by a delicate hand ;

But its workmanship, love, is so fine,  
At a single rude touch it would break ;  
Then, O ! be the magic key mine,  
Its fairy-like whispers to wake !  
And there's one little tune it can play  
That I fancy all others above—  
You learned it of Cupid one day—  
It begins with and ends with " I love ! " " I love ! " !  
It begins with and ends with " I love ! " !

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE.

**W**HERE Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands  
Winds through the hills afar,  
Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,  
Crowned with a single star !  
And there, amid the billowy swells  
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,  
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,  
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,  
The diamonds of the showers,  
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,  
The sisterhood of flowers,  
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,  
Her purity define ;  
But Ida's dearer far than these  
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades  
Of night are on my brow :  
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,  
My soul is with you now !  
I bless the star-crowned highlands where  
My Ida's footsteps roan—  
Oh ! for a falcon's wing to bear  
Me onward to my home.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

**I**S said that absence conquers love !  
But O ! believe it not ;  
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,  
But thou art not forgot.  
Lately, though fate has hid its part,  
Yet still thou art as dear,  
As fixed in this devoted heart,  
As when I elapsed thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,  
And smile to hear thy name ;  
And yet, as if I thought aloud,  
They know me still the same.  
And when the wine-cup passes round,  
I toast some other fair—  
But when I ask my heart the sound,  
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,  
And try to whisper love,  
Still will my heart to thee return,  
Like the returning dove.  
In vain ! I never can forget,  
And would not be forgot ;  
For I must bear the same regret,  
What'er may be my lot.

Even as the wounded bird will seek  
Its favorite flower to die.  
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,  
And yield my parting sigh.  
'Tis said that absence conquers love !  
But O ! believe it not ;  
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,  
But thou art not forgot.

FREDERICK W. THOMAS.

## THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

THEY say that, afar in the land of the West,  
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory  
to rest,

Mid fens where the hunter never ventured to  
tread,

A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread ;  
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,  
In distance seen dimly, the green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never ; immortal in bloom,  
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume ;  
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,  
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the East ;  
There the bright eye of nature, in mild glory hovers ;  
'Tis the land of the sunbeam—the green Isle of  
Lovers !

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss  
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss  
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair  
choirs

Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires  
The dance and the revel, 'mid forests that cover  
On high with their shade the green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,  
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,  
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,  
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile ;  
From beauty there valor and strength are not rovers,  
And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,  
In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more ;  
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,  
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue ;  
O ! who in this vain world of woe shall discover  
The home undisturbed, the green Isle of the Lover !

ROBERT C. SANDS.

## THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

AN ivy-mantled cottage smiled,  
Deep-wooded near a streamlet's side,  
Where dwelt the village pastor's child,  
In all her maiden bloom and pride.  
Proud suitors paid their court and duty  
To this romantic sylvan beauty ;  
Yet none of all the swains who sought her  
Was worthy of the pastor's daughter.

The town-gallants crossed hill and plain,  
To seek the groves of her retreat.

And many followed in her train,  
To lay their riches at her feet.

But still, for all their arts so wary,  
From home they could not lure the fairy.  
A maid without a heart, they thought her,  
And so they left the pastor's daughter.

One balmy eve in dewy spring

A bard became her father's guest ;  
He struck his harp, and every string  
To love vibrated in her breast.

With that true faith which cannot falter,  
Her hand was given at the altar,  
And faithful was the heart he brought her  
To wedlock and the pastor's daughter.

How seldom learn the worldly gay,

With all their sophistry and art,  
The sweet and gentle primrose-way

To woman's fond, devoted heart ;  
They seek, but never find the treasure,  
Although revealed in jet and azure.  
To them, like truth in wells of water,  
A fable is the pastor's daughter.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

## LOST FEELINGS.

Oh ! weep not that our beauty wears  
Beneath the wings of time,  
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares  
That once was raised sublime.

Oh ! weep not that the beamless eye  
No dumb delight can speak ;  
And fresh and fair no longer lie  
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No ! weep not that the ruin-traces  
Of wasting time is seen  
Around the form and in the face  
Where beauty's bloom has been.

But mourn the inward wreck we feel  
As hoary years depart,  
And time's effacing fingers steal  
Young feelings from the heart.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## I LOVE HIM.

I LOVE him, I dream of him,  
I sing of him by day,  
And all the night I hear him talk—  
And yet, he's far away.

There's beauty in the morning ;  
There's sweetness in the May ;  
There's music in the running stream ;  
And yet, he's far away.

I love him, I trust in him ;  
He trusteth me always ;  
And so the time flies hopefully,  
Although he's far away.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

WHEN other friends are round thee,  
 And other hearts are thine,  
 When other bays have crowned thee,  
 More fresh and green than mine,  
 Then think how sad and lonely  
 This dotting heart will be,  
 Which, while it throbs, throbs only,  
 Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,  
 I know thy truth remains;  
 I would not live without thee,  
 For all the world contains.  
 Thou art the star that guides me  
 Along life's changing sea;  
 And whate'er fate betides me,  
 This heart still turns to thee.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

THE CONFLICT IS OVER.

THE conflict is over, the struggle is past,  
 I have looked—I have loved—I have worshipped my last,  
 And now back to the world, and let fate do  
 her worst

On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed:  
 To thee its best feelings were trusted away,  
 And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign;  
 I blame not—upbraid not—one motive of thine;  
 I ask not what change has come over thy heart,  
 I reckon not what chances have doomed us to part;  
 I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,  
 And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one—O! loved but too well,

Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell—  
 Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust,  
 Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust!  
 Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,  
 I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

GIVE ME THE BOON OF LOVE.

GIVE me the boon of love!  
 Fame's trumpet-strains depart.  
 But love's sweet lute yields melody  
 That lingers in the heart.  
 And the scroll of fame will burn  
 When sea and earth consume,  
 But the rose of love in a happier sphere  
 Will live in deathless bloom.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,  
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in  
 my arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear;  
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close,

As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

THOMAS MOORE.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,  
 The cowslip loves the lea,  
 The scarlet creeper loves the elm,  
 And I love thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,  
 The stars they kiss the sea,  
 The west winds kiss the clover blooms,  
 But I kiss thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,  
 The lily's bride o' the bee,  
 Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth,  
 Shall I wed thee?

HAYWARD TAYLOR.

BRIGHT, O BRIGHT FEDALMA!

FROM THE SPANISH.

MADEN, crowned with glossy blackness,  
 Lithe as panther forest roaming,  
 Long-armed maia, when she dances,  
 On a stream of ether floating,  
 Bright, O bright Fedalma!

From all curves, like softness drifted,  
 Wave-kissed marble roundly dumpling,  
 Far-off music slowly winged,  
 Gently rising, gently sinking,  
 Bright, O bright Fedalma!

Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,  
 Cloud high-born in noon-day spotless,  
 Sudden perfect as the dew-head,  
 Gem of earth and sky begotten,  
 Bright, O bright Fedalma!

Beauty has no mortal father,  
 Holy light her form engendered  
 Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,  
 Presage sweet and joy remembered,  
 Child of light, Fedalma!

MARIAN EVANS CROSS (*George Eliot*).

#### A GLIMPSE OF LOVE.

**S**HE came as comes the summer wind,  
 A gust of beauty to my heart;  
 Then swept away; but left behind  
 Emotions which shall not depart.

Unheralded she came and went,  
 Like music in the silent night,  
 Which, when the burthened air is spent,  
 Bequeaths to memory its delight.

Or like the sudden April bow  
 That spans the violet-waking rain,  
 She bade those blessed flowers to grow  
 Which may not fall or fade again.

Far sweeter than all things most sweet,  
 And fairer than all things most fair,  
 She came and passed with footsteps fleet,  
 A shining wonder in the air.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

#### WHY NOT?

**W**HEN woman loves, and will not show it,  
 What can her lover do?  
 I asked a scholar, and a poet,  
 But neither wise fool seemed to know it;  
 So, lady, I ask you.

Were you in love (let me suppose it),  
 What should your lover do?  
 You know you love him and he knows it;  
 Oh! why not, then, to him disclose it,  
 As he his love to you?

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

#### THE DOORSTEP.

**T**HE conference meeting through at last,  
 We boys around the vestry waited,  
 To see the girls come tripping past  
 Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
 By level musket-flashes litten,  
 Than I, who stepped before them all  
 Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!  
 We let the old folks have the highway,  
 And started toward the Maple Farm  
 Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
 'Twas nothing worth a song or story,

Yet that rind path by which we sped  
 Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
 The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;  
 By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
 Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—  
 O sculptor, if you could but mould it!  
 So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
 To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—  
 'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.  
 At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
 Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,  
 And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,  
 But yet I knew she understood  
 With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
 The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
 "Come, now or never, do it!"

My lips till then had only known  
 The kiss of mother and of sister,  
 But somehow, full upon her own  
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,  
 O listless woman! weary lover!  
 To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,  
 I'd give—But who can live youth over?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

#### THE BRIDGE OF SNOW.

**T**HE night is dim with snow-flakes falling fast  
 Through the still air. The earth is grow-  
 ing white  
 Beneath their soft, pure covering: through  
 the gloom  
 I see afar a misty trail of light.

It falls from your high casement, near, yet far,  
 And straight my fancy to its trembling glow  
 Forms a white pathway of these falling flakes,  
 And crosses on the mystic bridge of snow.

The snow-flakes tap against your window pane;  
 You heed them not. Ah, love! you cannot know  
 That I have crossed to you this winter night  
 Upon a frail, white bridge of falling snow!

I stand outside—the night is dark and cold;  
 Within your room are warmth and summer glow,  
 Your smile would make a summer of the winter  
 Though white with misty flakes of falling snow.

Love, it is cold as death out here alone.  
 Look up but once, I pray you, ere I go!  
 Without one smile to light the lonely way  
 I cannot cross again this bridge of snow.

The light has vanished in the cold and gloom;  
 Your face is hidden. Now, alas, I know  
 Only my hearts deep longing formed the bridge  
 Between us and the falling snow.

SAID A SMILE TO A TEAR.

**S**AID a smile to a tear,  
 On the cheek of my dear,  
 And beamed like the sun in spring weather,  
 In sooth, lovely tear,  
 It strange must appear,  
 That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,  
 A soft balm to impart,  
 To yonder sad daughter of grief.  
 And I, said the smile,  
 That heart now beguile,  
 Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the tear,  
 Sweet smile, it is clear,  
 We are twins, and soft pity our mother:  
 And how lovely that face  
 Which together we grace,  
 For the woe and the bliss of another!

RANDOLPH KENNEY.

THE MAD LOVER.

**I**HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,  
 This many and many year;  
 And those three are plagues enough, one would  
 think,

For one poor mortal to bear.  
 'Twas drink made me fall into love,  
 'Twas love made me run into debt;  
 And though I have struggled and struggled and strove,  
 I cannot get out of them yet.

ALEXANDER BROME.

THROUGH THE MEADOW.

**T**HE summer sun was soft and bland,  
 As they went through the meadow land.

The little wind that hardly shook  
 The silver of the sleeping brook  
 Blew the gold hair about her eyes—  
 A mystery of mysteries!  
 So he must often pause, and stoop,  
 And all the wanton ringlets loop  
 Behind her dainty ear—emprise  
 Of slow event and many sighs.

Across the stream was scarce a step—  
 And yet she feared to try the leap;  
 And he, to still her sweet alarm,  
 Must lift her over on his arm.

She could not keep the narrow way,  
 For still the little feet would stray,  
 And ever must he bend t' undo  
 The tangled grasses from her shoe—  
 From dainty rosebud lips in pout,  
 Must kiss the perfect flower out!

Ah! little coquette! Fair deceit!  
 Some things are bitter that were sweet.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

SERENADE.

**A**ll, sweet, thou little knowest how  
 I wake and passionate watches keep;  
 And yet, while I address thee now,  
 Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.  
 'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,  
 That tender thought of love and thee,  
 That while the world is hushed so deep,  
 Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!  
 With golden visions for thy dower,  
 While I this midnight vigil keep,  
 And bless thee in thy silent bower;  
 To me 'tis sweeter than the power  
 Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,  
 That I alone, at this still hour,  
 In patient love outwatch the world.

THOMAS HOOD.

LOVELY TYRANTS.

**M**ARGARITA first possessed,  
 If I remember well, my breast—  
 Margarita first of all;  
 But when a while the wanton maid  
 With my restless heart had played,  
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign  
 To the beauteous Catharine;  
 Beauteous Catharine gave place  
 (Though loth and angry she to part  
 With the possession of my heart)  
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,  
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en;  
 Fundamental laws she broke,  
 And still new favorites she chose,  
 Till up in arms my passions rose,  
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began;  
Alternately they swayed;  
And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous laws impose;  
A mighty tyrant she!  
Long, alas! should I have been  
Under that iron-sceptred queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
'Twas then a golden time with me;  
But soon those pleasures fled;  
For the gracious princess died  
In her youth and beauty's pride,  
And Judith reign'd in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour  
Judith held the sovereign power;  
Wondrous beautiful her face!  
But so weak and small her wit,  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,  
Armed with a resistless flame,  
And the artillery of her eye,  
Whilst she proudly marched about,  
Greater conquests to find out,  
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed  
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,  
To whom ensued a vacancy;  
Thousand worse passions then possessed  
The interregnum of my breast;  
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,  
And a third Mary next began;  
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria;  
And then a pretty Thomasine,  
And then another Catharine,  
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate  
The strength and riches of their state;  
The powder, patches, and the pins,  
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,  
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,  
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts  
To take and keep men's hearts;  
The letters, embassies, and spies,  
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,  
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries  
(Numberless, nameless mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid  
By Machiavel the waiting-maid—  
I more voluminous should grow  
(Chiefly if I like them should tell  
All change of weathers that befall)  
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,  
Since few of them were long with me.  
A higher and a nobler strain  
My present sovereign does claim  
Helebonora, first of the name;  
Whom God grant long to reign!

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

### PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

I WISH to make my sermon brief, to shorten my oration,  
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:

I like short women—suits at law without procrastination—  
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock, he's a fool who's always grinning;

But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.

There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,

And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!

In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!  
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:

You recollect the proverb says—"A word unto the wise."

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner  
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:

Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her—  
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,  
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,

As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,  
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,  
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays—

Just so a little woman much excellence displays,  
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and  
light of wing,  
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that  
sing :  
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,  
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in  
spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrill-  
ing note,  
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat—  
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat :  
And such a little woman is, when love doth make her  
dote.

There's naught can be compared to her throughout  
the wide creation :  
She is a paradise on earth—our greatest consolation—  
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexa-  
tion :  
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,  
Then surely it is good to be from all the great re-  
leased.

"Now of two evils choose the less"—said a wise man  
of the East :  
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the  
least.

I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love ! The ground  
Not panteth so for summer rain,  
As I for one soft look of thine,  
And yet—I sigh in vain !

A hundred men are near thee now—  
Each one, perhaps, surpassing me ;  
But who doth feel a thousandth part  
Of what I feel for thee ?

They look on thee, as men will look  
Who round the wide world laugh and rove,  
I only think—how sweet 'twould be  
To die for thy sweet love.

LOOK OUT UPON THE STARS.

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,  
And shame them with thine eyes,  
On which, than on the lights above,  
There hang more destinies.

Night's beauty is the harmony  
Of blending shades and light :  
Then, lady, up—look on— and be  
A sister to the night .

Sleep not !—thine image wakes for aye  
Within my watching breast ,  
Sleep not !—from her soft sleep should fly,  
Who robs all hearts of rest.

Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,  
And make this darkness gay,  
With looks whose brightness well might make  
Of darker nights a day.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

AN IRISH MELODY.

"**A**ll, sweet Kitty Neil ! rise up from your  
wheel—  
Your neat little foot will be weary from  
spinning ;  
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree ;  
Half the parish is there, and the dance is begin-  
ning.  
The sun is gone down ; but the full harvest moon  
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;  
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things  
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,  
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glanc-  
ing ;

'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,  
So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the  
dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen—  
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;  
And Pat, without fail, lends out sweet Kitty Neil—  
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of  
refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,  
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in  
motion ;

With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—  
The maids move around just like swans on the  
ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—  
Now cozily retiring, now boldly advancing ;  
Search the world all around from the sky to the  
ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep  
blue,

Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so  
mildly—

Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—  
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throbb-  
wildly ?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,  
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet  
love ;

The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,  
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet,  
love !"

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.



## LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!  
If fifty girls were around you, I'd hardly see the rest;

Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,  
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,  
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock;

Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,  
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,  
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;  
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine—

It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before—

No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh! but she was gay;

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,

The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;

The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much praised;

But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liting what you sung;  
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue.

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind, in country or in town;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.

If some great lord should come this way and see your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in lofty palace hall  
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall;

Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,  
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress—  
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
Yet round about the spot  
Ofttimes I hover;  
And near the sacred gate,  
With longing eyes I wait,  
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
Above the city's rook,  
And noise and humming;  
They've hushed the minster bell:  
The organ 'gins to swell;  
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast,  
And hastening hither,  
With modest eyes downcast;  
She comes—she's here, she's past!  
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!  
Pour out your praise or plaint  
Meekly and duly;  
I will not enter there,  
To sully your pure prayer  
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place,  
Lingering a minute,  
Like outcast spirits, who wait,  
And see, through heaven's gate,  
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

## DEAR BETTY.

DEAR Betty, come give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter no girl ever gave;  
But why, in the midst of our blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have?  
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure;  
Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind;  
For as I love thee beyond measure,  
To numbers I'll not be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are flying,  
 Count the flowers that crown the fields,  
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are flying  
 Or the grains that each Sicily yields,  
 Count how many stars are in heaven,  
 Go reckon the sands on the shore,  
 And when so many kisses you have won,  
 I still will be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,  
 A heart that, dear Betty, is thine;  
 In my arms I'll forever enfold thee,  
 And curl round thy neck like a vine.  
 What joy can be greater than this is?  
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;  
 But those who can number their kisses  
 Will always with few be content.

CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

### THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

Oh, never talk again to me  
 Of northern climes and British ladies;  
 It has not been your lot to see  
 Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.  
 Although her eyes be not of blue,  
 Nor fair her locks, like English lasses',  
 How far its own expressive hue  
 The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole  
 The fire that through those silken lashes  
 In darkest glances seems to roll,  
 From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;  
 And as along her bosom steal  
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,  
 You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
 And curled to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,  
 And frigid even in possession;  
 And if their charms be fair to view,  
 Their lips are slow at love's confession;  
 But, born beneath a brighter sun,  
 For love ordained the Spanish maid is,  
 And who—when fondly, fairly won—  
 Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble;  
 And if she love, or if she hate,  
 Alike she knows not to dissemble.  
 Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—  
 How'er it beats, it beats sincerely;  
 And, though it will not bend to gold,  
 'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love  
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;  
 For every thought is bent to prove  
 Her passion in the hour of trial.

When throning foemen menace Spain  
 She dares the deed and shares the danger;  
 And should her lover press the plain,  
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,  
 She mingles in the gipsy bolero;  
 Or sings her attitude guitar  
 Or dances in knight's Moorish hero;  
 Or comes her beads with fairy hand  
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper;  
 Or joins devotion's choral band  
 To chant the sweet and hallowed vesper:

In each her charms the heart must move  
 Of all who venture to behold her.  
 Then let not maids less fair reprove,  
 Because her bosom is not colder;  
 Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam  
 Where many a soft and melting maid is,  
 But none abroad, and few at home,  
 May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

LORD BYRON.

### THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

YELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;  
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;  
 Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother,  
 sitting,

Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—  
 "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."  
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."  
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."  
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind  
 dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's  
 stirring;  
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"

"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."  
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your stool  
 on,

And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun?'"  
 There's a form at the easement—the form of her true  
 love—

And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for  
 you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,  
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining  
 brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's  
 stirring;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,  
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers ;  
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,  
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the  
other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round ;  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound ;  
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.  
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings ;  
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings ;  
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and mov-  
ing,

Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are  
roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

#### THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

##### THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

**C**OME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, hills, and field,  
Woods or steepy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull :  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight each May morning :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

#### THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

##### THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

**I**FF that 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.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;

And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all 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 those delights my mood might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

#### THE OLD STORY.

**H**E came across the meadow-pass,  
That summer eve of eyes—  
The sunlight streamed along the grass  
And glanced amid the leaves ;  
And from the shrubbery below,  
And from the garden trees,  
He heard the thrushes' music flow  
And humming of the bees ;  
The garden gate was swung apart—  
The space was brief between ;  
But there, for throbbing of his heart,  
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden-gate ;  
He looked, and scarce he breathed ;  
Within the little porch she sat,  
With woodbine overwreathed ;  
Her eyes upon her work were bent,  
Unconscious who was nigh ;  
But oft the needle slowly went,  
And oft did idle lie :  
And ever to her lips arose  
Sweet fragments sweetly sung,  
But ever, ere the notes could close,  
She lushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies as they come and go,  
Her pure face speaks the while ;  
For now it is a fitting glow,  
And now a breaking smile ;  
And now it is a graver shade,  
When holier thoughts are there—  
An angel's pinion might be stayed  
To see a sight so fair ;

But still they hid her looks of light,  
Those downcast eyelids pale—  
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,  
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge  
Had rested on the hill,  
And, save one thrush from out the hedge,  
Both bower and grove were still.  
The sun had almost bade farewell;  
But one reluctant ray  
Still loved within that porch to dwell,  
As charméd there to stay—  
It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,  
And through the woodbine fringe,  
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,  
And bathed her in its tinge.

"O beauty of my heart!" he said,  
"O darling, darling mine!  
Was ever light of evening shed  
On loveliness like thine?  
Why should I ever leave this spot,  
But gaze until I die?"  
A moment from that bursting thought  
She felt his footstep nigh,  
One sudden, lifted glance—but one—  
A tremor and a start—  
So gently was their greeting done  
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,  
And all his golden hail  
Had died away to lines of brown,  
In duskier hues that fail,  
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—  
No other living sound  
Accompanied the tiny rill  
That gurgled under ground—  
No other living sound, unless,  
Some spirit bent to hear  
Low words of human tenderness  
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,  
Deep in the liquid sky,  
Now forth upon the darkness burst,  
Sole kings and lights on high;  
For splendor, myriad-fold, supreme,  
No rival moonlight strove;  
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,  
Nor more majestic Jove.  
But what if hearts there beat that night  
That reeked not of the skies,  
Or only felt their imaged light  
In one another's eyes?

And if two worlds of hidden thought  
And longing passion met,  
Which, passing human language, sought  
And found an utterance yet;

And if they trembled as the flowers  
That droop across the stream,  
And muse the while the starry hours  
Wait o'er them like a dream;  
And if, when came the parting time,  
They faltered still and clung;  
What is it all?—an ancient rhyme  
Ten thousand times besung—  
That part of paradise which man  
Without the portal knows—  
Which hath been since the world began,  
And shall be till its close.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

WILL Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!  
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there  
At starry midnight charmed the silent air!  
In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep,  
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;  
In vain to soothe the solitary shade,  
Aërial notes in mingling measure played;  
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,  
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;  
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,  
And still the stranger wist not where to stray—  
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!  
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MY LOVE.

SHE is a woman—one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Goes wandering at its own will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them and between,  
And makes them fresh and fair and green—  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOUD AND CHILL WAS THE BLAST.

LOUD and chill was the blast,  
And the bright snow fell fast  
On a maiden's fair bosom who traversed the  
plain,  
And oft a sad tear,  
On her cheek, pale with fear,  
Fell in sorrow for him who in battle was slain.

Down she sunk in despair,  
While her dark flowing hair  
Wildly waved in the blast that swept over the wold,  
And more white than the snow  
Was her bosom of woe,  
And the heart in her bosom, alas! was as cold.

But the proud foe had fled,  
Where her Henry had bled;  
Still with conquest and love had he thought on her charms,  
Amidst the wild storm  
He beheld her fair form,  
And he kissed her and warmed her to life in his arms.

T. L. POCK.

## WIDOW MACHREE.

**W**IDOW Machree, it's no wonder you frown—  
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty  
black gown—  
How altered your air,  
With that close cap you wear—  
'Tis destroying your hair,  
Which should be flowing free:  
Be no longer a churl  
Of its black silken curl—  
Och hone! widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come—  
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?  
See the birds go in pairs,  
And the rabbits and hares;  
Why even the bears  
Now in couples agree;  
And the mute little fish,  
Though they can't speak, they wish—  
Och hone! widow Machree!

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in—  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
Sure the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs,  
And the kettle sings songs  
Full of family glee;  
While alone with your eup  
Like a hermit you snp,  
Och hone! widow Machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've  
touri—  
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl?  
With such sins on your head,  
Sure your peace would be fled;  
Could you sleep in your bed  
Without thinking to see  
Some ghost or some sprite  
That would wake you each night,  
Crying "Och hone! widow Machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow Machree—  
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,

You'd have me to desire  
Then to stir up the fire;  
And sure hope is no liar  
In whispering to me  
That the ghost would depart  
When you'd me near your heart—  
Och hone! widow Machree!

SAMUEL LOVEE.

## THE DOVE'S IN THE BOUGH.

**T**HE dove's in the bough, and the lark's in the  
corn,  
And folded to rest are the lilies of morn;  
In balm falls the dew, and moon's tender  
light  
Robes upland and valley—good-night, love, good-  
night!

Thy heart may it waken to peace like the dove;  
Like the lark, may it offer its gladness above;  
And lilies, that open their treasures of white,  
Resemble thy fortune—Good-night, love, good-night.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

## THE POET'S WIFE.

After Longfellow's death, which occurred in 1882, the following beautiful tribute to his wife, written in July, 1879, was found in his portfolio.]

**I**N the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—  
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head  
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
Here in this room she died, and soul more white  
Never through martyrdom of fire was led  
To its repose; nor can in books be read  
The legend of a life more benedict.  
There is a mountain in the distant West  
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes  
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE POWER OF LOVE.

**B**UT love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
But, with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power;  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound;  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped;  
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockle-bell snails;  
Love's tongue proves dainty lace-lust gross in taste;

For valor, is not love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;  
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
 Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs:  
 O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A COBBLER THERE WAS.

**A** COBBLER there was, and he lived in a stall,  
 Which served him for parlor, for kitchen and  
 all;  
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,  
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.

Contented he worked, and he thought himself happy,  
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy;  
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing, too, most  
 sweet,  
 Saying, "Just to a hair I've made both ends meet."

But love, the disturber of high and of low,  
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,  
 He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart:  
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;  
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,  
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

He sang her love songs as he sat at his work:  
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;  
 Whenever he spake, she would founce and would  
 flee,  
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
 And to make away with himself was resolved;  
 He pierced through his body instead of his sole,  
 So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

And now in good-will I advise as a friend,  
 All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end;  
 Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's  
 past,  
 That love brings us all to an end at the last.

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN-WATER.

**O**N the banks of Allan-water,  
 When the sweet spring time did fall,  
 Was the miller's lovely daughter  
 The fairest of them all.  
 For his bride a soldier sought her,  
 And a winning tongue had he,

On the banks of Allan-water,  
 None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan-water,  
 When brown autumn spreads its store;  
 Then I saw the miller's daughter,  
 But she smiled no more.  
 For the summer grief had brought her  
 And the soldier false was he;  
 On the banks of Allan-water,  
 None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan-water,  
 When the winter snow fell fast,  
 Still was seen the miller's daughter,  
 Chilling blew the blast.  
 But the miller's lovely daughter,  
 Both from cold and care was free;  
 On the banks of Allan-water,  
 There a corpse lay she.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

**S**EE 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 those kissings worth,  
 If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WHEN POLLY GOES BY.

**I**S but poorly I'm lodged in a little side street,  
 Which is seldom disturbed by the hurry of  
 feet,  
 For the flood-tide of life long ago ebbed away  
 From its homely old houses, rain-beaten and gray;  
 And I sit with my pipe in the window and sigh  
 At the buffets of fortune—till Polly goes by.

There's a flaunting of ribbons, a flurry of lace,  
 And a rose in the bonnet above a bright face,  
 A glance from two eyes so deliciously blue  
 The midsummer seas scarcely rival their hue;  
 And once in a while, if the wind's blowing high,  
 The sound of soft laughter as Polly goes by.

Then up jumps my heart and begins to beat fast.  
 "She's coming!" it whispers. "She's here! She  
 has passed!"

While I throw up the sash and lean breathlessly down  
 To catch the last glimpse of her vanishing gown,  
 Excited, delighted, yet wondering why  
 My senses desert me if Polly goes by.

Ah! she must be a witch, and the magical spell  
 She has woven about me has done its work well,  
 For the morning grows brighter, and gayer the air  
 That my landlady sings as she sweeps down the stair,  
 And my poor lonely garret, so close to the sky,  
 Seems something like heaven when Polly goes by!

## DRIED BE THAT TEAR.

**D**RIED be that tear, my gentlest love,  
 Be hushed that struggling sigh;  
 Nor seasons, day, nor fate, shall prove  
 More fixed, more true, than I.  
 Hushed be that sigh, be dried that tear,  
 Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear—  
 Dried be that tear.

Askst thou how long my love shall stay  
 When all that's new is past?  
 How long, ah! Delia, can I say,  
 How long my life shall last?  
 Dried be that tear, be hushed that sigh,  
 At least, I'll love thee till I die—  
 Hushed be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee, too,  
 The thought of Sylvio's death,  
 That he, who only breathed for you,  
 Must yield that faithful breath?  
 Hushed be that sigh, be dried that tear,  
 Nor let us lose our heaven here—  
 Dried be that tear.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

## THE MYSTIC THREAD OF LIFE.

**T**HERE is a mystic thread of life  
 So dearly wretched with mine alone,  
 That destiny's relentless knife  
 At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes  
 Have often gazed with fond delight;  
 By day that form their joys supplies,  
 And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire  
 Such thrills of rapture through my breast;  
 I would not hear a seraph choir,  
 Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell  
 Affection's tale upon the cheek;  
 But, pallid at one fond farewell,  
 Proclaims more love than words e'er speak.

There is a lip which mine hath prest,  
 And none had ever prest before;  
 It vowed to make me sweetly blest,  
 And mine—mine only—prest it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—  
 Hath pillowed oft this aching head;  
 A mouth which smiles on me alone,  
 An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill  
 In unison so closely sweet!  
 That, pulse to pulse responsive still,  
 They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow  
 In gentle streams so calmly run,  
 That when they part—they part!—ah, no!  
 They cannot part—those souls are one.  
 LORD BYRON.

## THE DILEMMA.

**N**OW, by the blessed Paphian queen,  
 Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;  
 By every name I cut on bark  
 Before my morning star grew dark;  
 By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,  
 By all that thrills the beating heart;  
 The bright black eye, the melting blue—  
 I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams;—  
 I saw a row of twenty beams;  
 From every beam a rope was hung,  
 In every rope a lover swung;  
 I asked the hue of every eye,  
 That bade each luckless lover die;  
 Ten shadowy lips said, heavenly hue,  
 And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron which she deemed  
 With fairest light of beauty beamed;  
 She answered, some thought both were fair—  
 Give her blue eyes and golden hair.  
 I might have liked her judgment well,  
 But, as she spoke, she rung the bell,  
 And all her girls, nor small nor few,  
 Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden; bask she flung  
 The locks that round her forehead hung,  
 And turned her eye, a glorious one,  
 Bright as a diamond in the sun,  
 On me, until beneath its rays  
 I felt as if my hair would blaze;  
 She liked all eyes but eyes of green;  
 She looked at me; what could she mean?

Ah! many lids love lurks between,  
 Nor heeds the coloring of his screen;  
 And when his random arrows fly,  
 The victim falls, but knows not why.  
 Gaze not upon his shield of jet,  
 The shaft upon the string is set;  
 Look not beneath his azure veil,  
 Though every limb were cased in mail.

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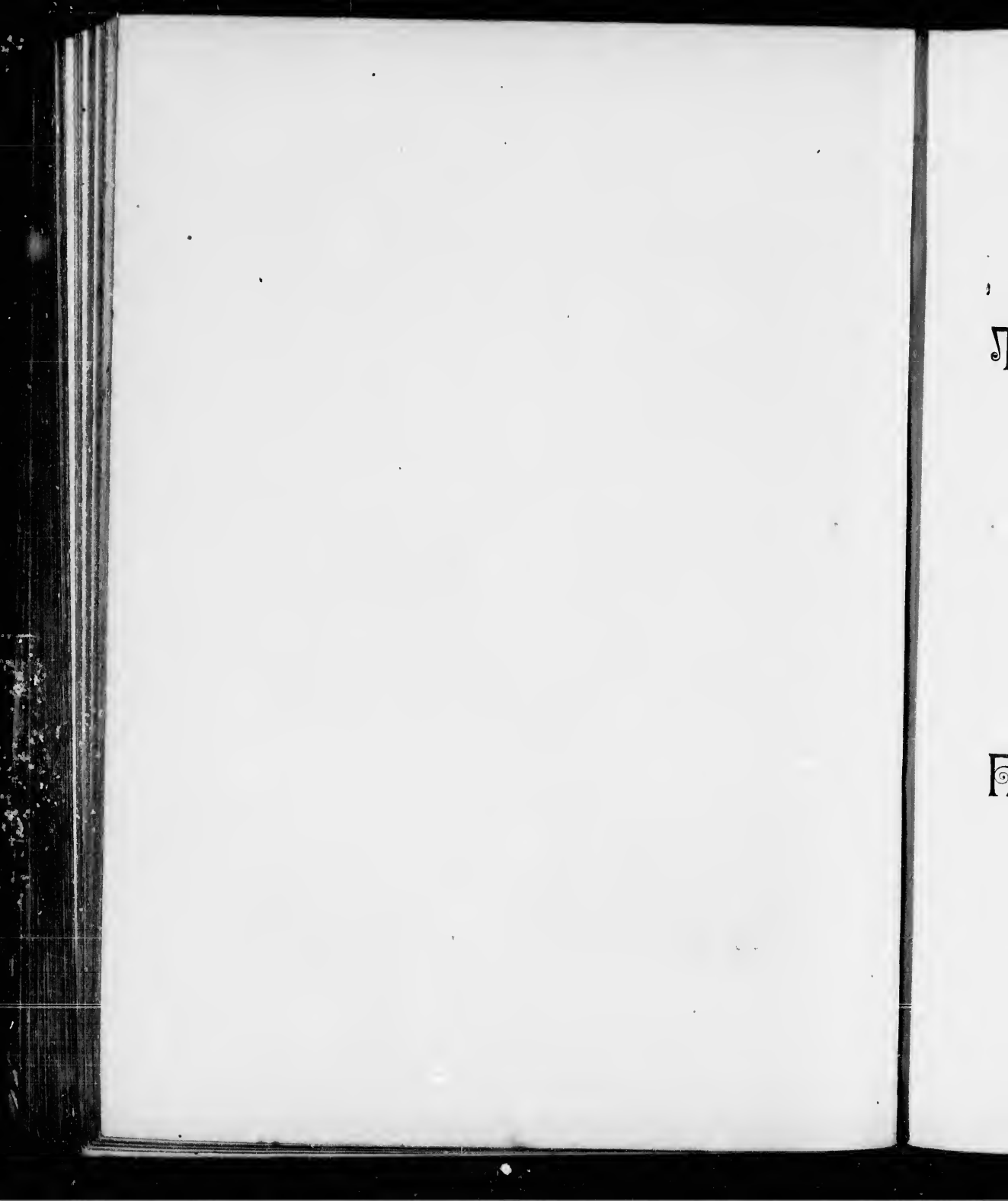
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THE SLIDE.





Well, both might make a martyr break  
The chain that bound him to the stake ;  
And both, with but a single ray,  
Can melt our very hearts away ;  
And both, when balanced, hardly seem  
To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;  
But that is dearest all the while,  
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE TALE IS OLD.

THE tale is as old as the oldest hills,  
'Twas old when the earth was young,  
The gloom of it—aye! the joy of it fills  
Love's song wherever it's sung.  
'Tis nothing but this : That a woman loves  
As a river flows down to the sea,  
And a man—see how old ocean moves!  
Man copies him faithfully.

The sea is as bold as the wind and tide  
May choose, and it shakes the shore  
As it cuts a swath in the sand so wide  
With a boastful surging roar.  
But over the bar the waves are less,  
Where old ocean salutes the river,  
And she gives her all—and he, ah, yes!  
What does old ocean give her?

The tale is as old as the oldest hills,  
'Twas old when the earth was young,  
The gloom of it—aye! the joy of it fills  
Love's song wherever it's sung.  
'Tis nothing but this : That a river flows  
As a woman lives for her lover ;  
And the sea—who watcheth the water knows  
The likeness he shall discover.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

HE woots me with those honied 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 eye 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. BURBURY.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HEMLOCK tree ! O hemlock tree ! how  
faithful are thy branches !  
Green not alone in summer time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime !  
O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are  
thy branches !

O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy  
bosom !  
To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity !  
O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy  
bosom !

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for  
thine example !  
So long as summer laughs she sings,  
But in the autumn spreads her wings.  
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for  
thine example !

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of  
thy falsehood !  
It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry again.  
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of  
thy falsehood !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LOVE MAKES A CHANGE.

"I AM sick of the world," he said ;  
"I am sick of the world and of life ;  
Of the double-faced hypocrisy,  
And the strain of the goddess's strife.

"I am sick of the fools that succeed ;  
I am sick of the sages that fail ;  
Of the pitiless laughter of wealth,  
And of poverty's pitiful wail.

"I am sick of the devils that leer  
At innocence passing by;  
I will bar my door to the world;  
I will lay me down and die."

But there came a change as he spoke,  
And the mists were burned away;  
And the midnight darkness of his despair  
Was turned to joy and day.

And the sun burst forth once more,  
Till his glories filled the skies;  
And the magical power that wrought the change  
Was one look in a woman's eyes.

MILES COPLEY.

## LINES BY A CLERK.

OH! I did love her dearly,  
And gave her toys and rings,  
And I thought she meant sincerely,  
When she took my pretty things.  
But her heart has grown as icy  
As a fountain in the fall,  
And her love, that was so spiey,  
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,  
It was filled with my own hair,  
And she put it in her pocket  
With very special care.  
But a jeweller has got it—  
He offered it to me,  
And another that is not it  
Around her neck I see.

For my cooings and my billings  
I do not . . . complain,  
But my dollars and my shillings  
Will never come again;  
They were earned with toil and sorrow,  
But I never told her that,  
And now I have to borrow,  
And want another hat.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,  
When thou shalt hear my woe,  
And know my sad dilemma,  
That thou hast made it so.  
See, see my beaver rusty,  
Look, look upon this hole,  
This coat is dim and dusty;  
O let it rend thy soul!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

LET greener lands and bluer skies,  
If such the wide earth shows,  
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,  
Match us the star and rose;  
The winds that lift the Georgian's veil,  
Or wave Cirassia's curls,

Waft to their shores the sultan's sail—  
Who buys our Yankee girls?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch  
Love's thousand chords so well;  
The dark Italian, loving much,  
But more than *one* can tell;  
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,  
Who binds her brow with pearls;—  
Ye who have seen them, can they shame  
Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court or castle vaunt  
Its children loftier born?—  
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt  
Beside the golden corn?  
They ask not for the dainty toil  
Of ribboned knights and ears,  
The daughters of the virgin soil,  
Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines  
Wave their dark arms above  
The home where some fair being shines,  
To warm the wilds with love,  
From barest rock to bleakest shore  
Where farthest sail unfurls,  
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er—  
God bless our Yankee girls!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## QUEEN MARY.

[Written by Lord Darnley, in praise of the beauty of Mary, Queen of  
Scots, before their marriage.]

YOU meaner beauties of the night,  
Which poorly satisfy our eyes,  
More by your number than your light,  
Like common people of the skies,  
What are ye when the moon doth rise?

Ye violets that first appear,  
By your purple mantles known,  
Like proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own,  
What are ye when the rose is blown?

Ye wandering chanters of the wood,  
That fill the air with nature's lays,  
Making your feelings understood  
In accents weak—what is your praise,  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

Ye glancing jewels of the East,  
Whose estimation fancies raise,  
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest  
Of glittering gems—what is your praise,  
When the bright diamond shows his rays?

But ah, poor light, gem, voice, and sound,  
What are ye if my Mary shine?

Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel, •  
Light, lustre, scent, and music fine,  
And yield to merit more divine.

The rose and lily, the whole spring,  
Unto her breath for sweetness speed ;  
The diamond darkens in the ring ;  
When she appears the moon looks dead,  
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

HENRY STUART DARNLEY.

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE ?

“**W**HYY are you wandering here, I pray ? ”  
An old man asked a maid one day.—  
“ Looking for poppies, so bright and red,  
Father,” said she, “ I’m hither led.”  
“ Fie, fie ! ” she heard him cry,  
“ Poppies ’tis known, to all who rove,  
Grow in the field, and not in the grove.”

“ Tell me,” again the old man said,  
“ Why are you loitering here, fair maid ? ”—  
“ The nightingale’s song, so sweet and clear,  
Father,” said she, “ I’m come to hear.”  
“ Fie, fie ! ” she heard him cry,  
“ Nightingales all, so people say,  
Warble by night, and not by day.”

The sage looked grave, the maiden sly,  
When Lubin jumped o’er the stile hard by ;  
The sage looked graver, the maid more glad,  
Lubin, he twiddled his finger and thumb.  
“ Fie, fie ! ” was the old man’s cry ;  
“ Poppies like these, I own, are rare,  
And o’ such nightingales’ songs beware ! ”

JAMES KENNEY.

OH, SAW YE THE LASS ?

“ **O**H, saw ye the lass wi’ the bonnie blue een ?  
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen ;  
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I  
ween ;  
She’s the loveliest lassie that trips on the  
green.

The home of my love is below in the valley,  
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee ;  
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen  
Is the dear one I love wi’ the bonnie blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,  
She’ll steal out to meet her loved Donald again ;  
And when the moon shines on yon valley so green,  
I’ll welcome the lass wi’ the bonnie blue een.

As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,  
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,  
I’ll fly from the world’s false and vanishing scene,  
To my dear one, the lass wi’ the bonnie blue een.

THE SCENTED VASE.

**F**AREWELL ! 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 grief to be happy with you,  
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain  
Of the few that have brightened the pathway of  
pain.

But he ne’er will forget the short vision that threw  
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;  
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear ;  
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !  
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled,  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE GOLD-HUNTER.

**I** GATHERED the gold I had hid in the earth,  
Hid over the door and hid under the hearth,  
Hoarded and hid, as the world went over,  
For the love of a blonde by a sun-brownec  
lover ;

And I said to myself, as I set my face  
To the east and afar from the desolate place,  
“ She has braided her tresses, and through tears  
Looked away to the west for years, the years  
That I have wrought where the sun tans brown ;

She has waked by night, she has watched by day,  
She has wept and wondered at my delay,  
Alone and in tears with her head held down,  
Where the ships sail out and the seas swirl in,  
Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.  
She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,  
She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes,  
She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,  
And down on his breast she shall hide her blushes,  
And never a care shall her true heart know,  
While the clouds are below or the clouds are above  
her.”

JOAQUIN MILLER.

TILL DEATH.

**M**AKE me no vows of constancy, dear friend—  
To love me, though I die, thy whole life  
long,  
And love no other till thy days shall end—  
Nay—it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so ;  
I would not reach out of my quiet grave  
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go—  
Love should not be a slave.

My phæid ghost I trust, will walk serene  
In clearer light than guilts these earthly morns,  
Above the jealousies and envies keen  
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy cress,  
If, after death, my soul should linger here;  
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,  
Love's presence warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully  
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe  
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,  
Bestow it ere I go.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead  
The praises which remorseful mourners give  
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—  
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head,  
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;  
Let small blooms grow there, and the grasses wave,  
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay  
Than I—but, trust me, thou canst never find  
One who will love and serve thee, night and day,  
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die: the violets  
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,  
Nor miss thy tears; ev'n nature's self forgets;  
But while I live be true.

ELIZABETH AKENS ALLEN.

#### LIKE A TALE OF OLDER TIME.

It is like a tale of olden time,  
Long, long ago;  
When the world was in its golden prime,  
And love was lord below!  
Every vein of earth was dancing  
With the spring's new wine;  
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers  
When I met you, love of mine!

Ah! some spirit sure was straying  
Out of heaven that day,  
When I met you, sweet! a-Maying  
In that merry, merry May,  
Little heart! it shyly opened  
Its red leaves' love lore,  
Like a rose that must be ripened  
To the dainty, dainty core.

But its beauties daily brightened,  
And it blooms so dear,  
Though a many winters whiten,  
I go Maying all the year,  
And my proud heart will be praying  
Blessings on the day

When I met you, sweet, a-Maying,  
In that merry, merry May.

GERALD MASSEY.

#### LOVE-LETTERS.

AS snowdrops come to a wintry world  
Like angels in the night,  
And we see not the Hand who sent us them,  
Though they give us strange delight;  
And strong as the dew to freshen the flower  
Or quicken the slumbering seed,  
Are those little things called "letters of love,"  
To hearts that comfort need.  
For alone in the world, midst toil and sin,  
These still, small voices wake music within.

They come, they come, these letters of love,  
Blessing and being blest,  
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer,  
That give to the weary rest:  
A mother looks out on the angry sea  
With a yearning heart in vain,  
And a father sits musing over the fire,  
As he heareth the wind and the rain;  
And a sister sits singing a favorite song,  
Unsung for a long, long while,  
Till it brings the thought, with a tear to her eye,  
Of a brother's vanished smile;  
And with hearts and eyes more full than all,  
Two lovers look forth for these blessings to fall!

And they come, they come, these letters of love,  
Blessing and being blest,  
To silence fear with thoughts of cheer,  
That give to the weary rest:  
Oh! never may we be so lonely in life,  
So ruined and lost to love,  
That never an olive branch comes to our ark  
Of home from some cherished dove;  
And never may we, in happiest hours,  
Or when our prayers ascend,  
Feel that our hearts have grown too cold  
For a thought on an absent friend!  
For, like summer rain to the fainting flowers,  
They are stars to the heart in its darkest hours.

ROWLAND BROWN.

#### WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,  
Then most I pine for thee;  
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,  
As stars look on the sea;  
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,  
Are stillest when they shine;  
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light,  
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep  
Familiar watch o'er men,  
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep:  
Sweet spirit, meet me then!

There is an hour when holy dreams  
Through slumber fairest glide,  
And in that mystic hour it seems  
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are  
For daylight's common beam ;  
I can but know thee as my star,  
My angel, and my dream !  
When stars are in the quiet skies,  
Then most I pine for thee ;  
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,  
As stars look on the sea.

LORD LYTTON.

## SERENADE.

LOVE wakes and weeps, while beauty sleeps !  
O for music's softest numbers,  
To prompt a theme for beauty's dream,  
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers !

Through groves of palm sigh gales of balm,  
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling ;  
While through the gloom comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live ! No dream can give  
A shadowed bliss the real excelling ;  
No longer sleep ; from lattice peep,  
And list the tale that love is telling !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## MY LETTER.

I READ it, my letter, my letter, as I sat in my rocky  
nest ;  
The waves at my feet were creaming, the wind  
blew soft from the west ;  
The sunshine on the tangle-beds was blazing fiercely  
down,  
And as they wavered to and fro, they glowed to golden  
brown.  
I heard the cry of the curlews blend with the breakers'  
roar,  
I took from my breast my letter, and read it yet once  
more.

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by the sea,  
And as I read, my fancy was flying fast and free,  
Away from the sunny seaboard, away from the purple  
down ;  
I saw the smoky, sullen streets, I saw the busy town,  
I saw the desk with its dusty load, I saw the dreary  
room,  
and I saw the dark blue eyes I knew, outshining in  
the gloom.

I read it, my letter, my letter, and I saw illumine it,  
The graceful phrase, the graphic touch, the flash of  
ready wit,

The tender lingering o'er the words, that even as he  
wrote,  
Seemed as love hovered over them, their truth and  
depth to note ;  
The sweet old words whose iterance, to those that  
yearn to hear  
But deepens ever down and down, and deepening  
grows more dear.

I read it, my letter, my letter ; then softly in fragments  
small  
I tore the precious pages, and stopped to kiss them all ;  
They were safe and sure, the golden words, rewritten  
in my heart,  
It were surely best, in a world of change, with 'their  
earthly shrine to part ;  
So I tore it, my letter, my letter, with a smile, and  
with a sigh,  
And tossed them to the sunny sea, beneath the sunny  
sky.

To what I have loved so long and well, the flashing,  
dancing wave,  
To the mighty arms of the great north sea, the thing  
I prized I gave ;  
It should die, my letter, my letter, no common mortal  
death,  
It should be rooked upon the ocean's breast, hulled by  
the ocean's breath.  
Has a monarch kinglier requiem, a chief a nobler  
shrine,  
Than that I gave my letter from that rocky nest of  
mine ?

## A LADY STUNG BY A BEE.

TO heal the wound the bee had made  
Upon my Delia's face ;  
Its honey to the wound she laid  
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleased, I obeyed, and from the wound,  
Sucked both the sweet and smart ;  
The honey on my lips I found,  
The sting went through my heart.

## KITTY MACLURE.

OF the beauties of old  
Heathen poets have told,  
But I, on the faith of a Christian, more pure  
Abjure all the lays  
Of their classical days.  
For my own Irish beauty—sweet Kitty Maclure !  
Cleopatra, the gipsy—  
Ariadne, the tipsy—  
Though bumpered by Bacchus in nectar so pure,  
Were less worthy a toast  
Than the beauty I boast,  
So, in bright mountain-dew, here's to Kitty Maclure !

Fair Helen of Greece  
 And the Roman Lucrece,  
 Compared with my swan were but geese, I am sure :  
 What poet could speak  
 Of a beauty antique,  
 Compared with my young one—sweet Kitty Maclure ?  
 Oh, sweet Kitty,  
 So pretty, so witty,  
 To melt you to pity what flames I endure ;  
 While I sigh forth your name,  
 It increases my flame,  
 Till I'm turned into cinders for Kitty Maclure !

This world below here  
 Is but darksome and drear,  
 So I set about finding for darkness a cure,  
 And I got the sweet knowledge  
 From Cupid's own college—  
 'Twas light from the eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure.  
 If all the dark pages  
 Of all the dark ages  
 Were bound in one volume, you might be secure  
 To illumine them quite,  
 With the mirth-giving light  
 That beams from the eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure !

As Cupid, one day,  
 Hide-and-seek went to play,  
 He knew where to hide himself, sly and secure ;  
 So away the roguo dashes  
 To hide 'mid the lashes  
 That fringe the bright eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure.  
 She thought 'twas a fly  
 That got into her eye,  
 So she winked—for the tickling she could not endure ;  
 But love would not fly  
 At her winking so sly,  
 And still lurks in the eye of sweet Kitty Maclure.  
 SAMUEL LOVER.

#### LOVE'S SWEET MEMORIES.

CANST thou forget, beloved, our first awaking  
 From out the shadowy calms of doubts and  
 dreams,  
 To know love's perbet sunlight round us  
 breaking,  
 Bathing our beings in its gorgeous gleams ?  
 Canst thou forget ?  
 A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing,  
 Around us was the morning breath of May ;  
 Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing,  
 Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their  
 way :  
 Canst thou forget ?  
 Canst thou forget the child-like heart-ontpouring  
 Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears ?  
 The lashes dropped to veil her eyes' adoring,  
 Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears ?  
 Canst thou forget ?

Canst thou forget, though all love's spells be broken,  
 The wild farewell, which rent our souls apart ?  
 And that last gift, affection's holiest token,  
 The severed tresses, which lay upon thy heart ?  
 Canst thou forget ?

SARAH J. LIPPINCOTT (*Grace Greenwood*).

#### WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,  
 And her breath has lost all its faint perfume,  
 And the gloss hath dropped from her golden  
 hair,  
 And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sat on her soft blue eye  
 Is struck with cold mortality ;  
 And the smile that played on her lip hath fled,  
 And every grace hath now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power,  
 But left her all in her wintery hour ;  
 And the crowds that swore for her love to die,  
 Shrank from the tone of her last sad sigh :—  
 And this is man's fidelity.

'Tis woman alone, with a firmer heart,  
 Can see all her idols of life depart,  
 And love the more ; and soothe, and bless  
 Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

EBYAN WALLER PROCTER.

#### LOVE AND DEATH.

RIGHTY ones. Love and death !  
 Ye are the strong in this world of ours,  
 Ye meet at the banquet, ye strive midst  
 the flowers :—  
 Which hath the conqueror's wreath ?

Thou art the victor, love !  
 Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free ;  
 The strength of the battle is given to thee—  
 The spirit from above.

Thou hast looked on death and smiled !  
 Thou hast buoyed up the fragile and reed-like form  
 Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the  
 storm.

On field, and flood, and wild.

Thou hast stood on the scaffold alone ;  
 Thou hast watched by the wheel through the torture  
 hour,

And girt thy soul with a martyr's power,  
 Till the conflict hath been won.

No, thou art the victor, death !  
 Thou comest—and where is that which spoke  
 From the depths of the eye, when the bright soul  
 woke ?

Gone with the fitting breath.

Thou comest, and what is left  
Of all that loved us, to say if aught  
Yet loves, yet answers the burning thought  
Of the spirit lorn and rest?

Silence is where thou art :  
Silently those dearest kindred meet ;  
No glance to cheer, no voice to greet,  
No bounding of heart to heart.

Boast not thy victory, death !  
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power ;  
It is but as the winter's leaf and flower,  
That slumber the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign  
O'er the look and the soul which he lids be still :  
But the sleepless thought and the fiery will  
Are not for him to chain.

They shall so his might above :  
And so with the rest whence affection springs,  
Though buried it is of mortal things—  
Thou art the victor, love !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

#### TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

**S**O, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me  
All alone by myself in this place,  
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,  
Oh no, if there's truth in that face,  
Though England's a beautiful city,  
Full of illigant boys, oh what then—  
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,  
You'll come back to ould Ireland again ?

Och, those English ! deceivers by nature,  
Though maybe you'd think them sincere,  
They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,  
But don't you believe them, my dear.  
No, Kathleen, my love, don't be mindin'  
The flattering speeches they'll make ;  
Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland  
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from going,  
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case—  
For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowin'  
When next I shall see your sweet face,  
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,  
None the better will I be off, then—  
You'll be spakin' such beautiful English,  
Sure, I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh, now, where's the need of this hurry—  
Don't flutter me so in this way—  
I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,  
Every word I was meanin' to say ;  
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye—  
Can I talk if ye bother me so ?

Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye,  
Ev'ry inch of the way that you go,  
HILLEN SHERIDAN DUFFERIN.

#### MY OWN SHALL COME.

**S**ERENE I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind or tide or sea,  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo ! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace ?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me,  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Or change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone ?  
I wait with joy the coming years ;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,  
The tide turns to the sea ;  
I stand serene midst nature's law  
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The dews fall on the lea ;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high  
Can keep my own away from me.

#### MY MOTHER DEAR.

**T**HERE was a place in childhood that I remem-  
ber well,  
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright  
fairy tales did tell,  
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with  
joy to me,  
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's  
knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she  
softly said,  
And kissed and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny  
bed,  
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I  
can see  
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's  
knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,  
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry time,  
When doubt and danger weighed me down—then  
pleading, all for me,  
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my  
mother's knee.

SAMUEL LOVER.



## THE GOING OF MY BRIDE.

**B**Y the brink of the river our parting was fond,  
 But I whispered the words soft and low ;  
 For a band of bright angels were waiting  
 beyond,  
 And my bride of a day was to go :

Was to go from our shore, with its headland of years,  
 On a water whose depths were untold ;  
 And the boat was to float on this river of tears,  
 Till it blent with an ocean of gold.

Our farewell was brief as the fall of a tear—  
 The minutes like winged spirits flew.  
 When my bride whispered low that a shallop drew  
 near,  
 And the beck of the boatman she knew.

Then I spoke in one kiss all the passion of years,  
 For I knew that our parting was nigh ;  
 Yet I saw not the end—I was blinded by tears,  
 And a light had gone out from the sky.

But I caught the faint gleam of an outrifting sail,  
 And the dip of a silver-tipped oar ;  
 And knew, by the low, rustling sigh of the gale,  
 That a spirit had gone from the shore.

All alone in my grief, I now sit on the sand,  
 Where so often she sat by my side ;  
 And I long for the shallop to come to the strand,  
 That again I may sit by my bride.

## MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

*Mother.*

**N**OW what are you crying for, Nelly?  
 Don't be blubberin' there, like a fool—  
 With the weight o' the grief, 'faith I tell you,  
 You'll break down the three legged stool.  
 I suppose, now, you're erying for Barney,  
 But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,  
 He tells nothin' but big lies and blarney—  
 Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate Kearney.

*Daughter.*

But, mother—

*Mother.*

Oh, bother !

*Daughter.*

But, mother, he's going away ;  
 And I dreamt th' other night,  
 Of his ghost all in white—  
 Oh, mother, he's going away !

*Mother.*

If he's goin' away all the better—  
 Blesséd hour when he's out of your sight !

There's one comfort—you can't get a letter,  
 For yiz neither can read or can write.  
 Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,  
 Since he courted fat Jinny McCray,  
 That the sight of the scump you detested—  
 With abuse, sure, your tongue never rested—

*Daughter.*

But, mother—

*Mother.*

Oh, bother !

*Daughter.*

But, mother, he's going away ;  
 And I dream of his ghost,  
 Walking round my bedpost—  
 Oh, mother, he's going away !

SAMUEL LOVER.

## A SPRING LOVE-SONG.

**T**HE earth is waking at the voice of May,  
 The new grass brightens by the trodden way,  
 The woods wave welcome to the sweet spring  
 day,

And the sea is growing summer blue ;  
 But fairer, sweeter than the smiling sky,  
 Or bashful violet with tender eye,  
 Is she whose love for me will never die—  
 I love you, darling, only you !

O, friendships falter when misfortunes frown,  
 The blossoms vanish when the leaves turn brown.  
 The shells lie stranded when the tido goes down,  
 But you, dear heart, are ever true.  
 The grass grows greenest when the rain-drops fall,  
 The vine clasps closest to the crumbling wall—  
 So love blooms sweetest under sorrow's thrall—  
 I love you, darling, only you !

The early robin may forget to sing,  
 The loving mosses may refuse to cling,  
 Or the brook to tink'le at the call of spring,  
 But you, dear heart, are ever true.  
 Let the silver mingle with your curls of gold,  
 Let the years grow dreary and the world wax old,  
 But the love I bear for you will ne'er grow cold—  
 I love you, darling, only you !

ELIZABETH AKENS ALLEN

## WATCHING.

**W**HY smile is sad, Erella,  
 Too sad for thee to wear,  
 For scarcely have we yet untwined  
 The rosebuds from thy hair !

So, dear one, hush thy sobbing,  
 And let thy tears be dried—  
 Methinks thou shouldst be happier,  
 Three little months a bride !

Hark! how the winds are heaping  
The snow-drifts cold and white—  
The clouds like spectres cross the sky—  
Oh, what a lonesome night!

The hour grows late and later,  
I hear the midnight chime:  
Thy heart's fond keeper, where is he?  
Why comes he not?—'tis time!

Here make my heart thy pillow,  
And, if the hours seem long,  
I'll while them with a legend wild,  
Or fragment of old song—

Or read, if that will soothe thee,  
Some poet's pleasant rhymes:  
Oh, I have watched and waited thus,  
I cannot tell the times!

Hush, hark! across the neighboring hills  
I hear the watchdog bay—  
Stir up the fire, and trim the lamp,  
I'm sure he's on the way!

Could that have only been the winds,  
So like a footstep near?  
No, smile, Erella, smile again,  
He's coming home—he's here!

ALICE CAREY.

NINA TO RIENZI.

LEAVE thee, Rienzi! Speak not thus.  
Why should I quit thy side?  
Say, shall I shrink with craven fear,  
Thine own, and freedom's bride?  
Whence comes the sternness on thy lip—  
Needs Nina to be tried?

I leave thee! Didst thou win and wed  
A fond, weak girl—to twine  
Her arms round thee in thy joy—  
To press thy lips to thine,  
And breathe a love born of the heart,  
But not the soul divine!

To thrill with childish awe, when'er  
Thy brow grew dark with thought,  
And when the threat'ning lightnings gleamed  
Thy dark'ning sky athwart,  
Shrink from the crash, and leave thee lone,  
Amid the wrecks it wrought!

Am I not thine—wedded to thee  
In heart, and soul, and mind—  
Thou, and free Rome, within my breast  
As on one altar shrined—  
My destiny, my very life,  
Closely with thine entwined!

Thou calledst me thine, when freemen flung  
Fame's laurel on thy brow;

And am I less thine own—my love  
Less fondly cherished now,  
When Rome dishonoring miscreants dare  
That fame to disavow!

Look in mine eyes! thou know'st thy love  
Has been to me a heaven,  
In which my soul has floated, like  
The one pure star of even—  
Proud in the lofty consciousness  
Of glory gained and given.

Nay, strive not to look coldly, love,  
Thou reckst not of the power  
With which my heart will cling to thine  
In mad misfortune's hour—  
Glowing more bright its changeless truth  
As darker storms shall lower.

And oh, Rienzi! should Heaven deem  
Thy sacred mission done,  
How glorious 'twere to die with thee,  
My own, my worshipped one—  
As, bathed in living light, the day  
Dies with the setting sun!

ANNA H. PHILLIPS

THE LOVERS.

THOU markest why so oft her eyes  
Fill with the heavy dew of tears—  
Have I not told thee that there lies  
A shadow darkly on her years?  
Life was to her one sunny whole,  
Made up of visions fancy wove,  
Till that the waters of her soul  
Were troubled by the touch of love.  
I knew when first the sudden pause  
Upon her spirit's sunshine fell—  
Ahs! I little guessed the cause,  
'Twas hidden in her heart so well:  
Our lives since early infancy  
Had flowed as rills together flow,  
And now to hide her thought from me  
Was bitterer than to tell its woe.

One night, when clouds with anguish black  
A tempest in her bosom woke,  
She crushed the bitter tear-drops back,  
And told me that her heart was broke!  
I learned it when the autumn hours  
With wailing winds around us sighed—  
'Twas summer when her love's young flowers  
Burst into glorious life, and died:  
No—now I can remember well,  
'Twas the soft month of sun and shower;  
A thousand times I've heard her tell  
The season, and the very hour:  
For now, when'er the tear-drops start,  
As if to ease its throbbing pain,  
She leans her head up, a my heart  
And tells the very tale again.

'Tis something of a moon, that beamed  
 Upon her weak and trembling form,  
 And one beside, on whom she leaned,  
 That scarce had stronger heart or arm—  
 Of souls united there until  
 Death the last ties of life shall part,  
 And a fond kiss whose rapturous thrill  
 Still vibrates softly in her heart.

It is an era strange, yet sweet,  
 Which every woman's thought has known,  
 When first her young heart learns to beat  
 To the soft music of a tone—  
 That era when she first begins  
 To know, what love alone can teach,  
 That there are hidden depths within,  
 Which friendship never yet could reach :  
 And all earth has of bitter woe,  
 Is light beside her hopeless doom,  
 Who sees love's first sweet star below  
 Fade slowly till it sets in gloom :  
 There may be heavier grief to move  
 The heart that mourns an idol dead,  
 But one who weeps a living love  
 Has surely little left to dread.

I cannot tell why love so true  
 As theirs, should only end in gloom—  
 Some mystery that I never knew  
 Was woven darkly with their doom :  
 I only know their dream was vain,  
 And that they woke to find it past,  
 And when by chance they met again,  
 It was not as they parted last.  
 His was not faith that lightly dies,  
 For truth and love as clearly shone  
 In the blue heaven of his soft eyes,  
 As the dark midnight of her own :  
 And therefore heaven alone can tell  
 What are his living visions now ;  
 But hers—the eye can read too well  
 The language written on her brow.

In the soft twilight, dim and sweet,  
 Once, watching by the lattice pane,  
 She listened for his coming feet,  
 For whom she never looked in vain :  
 Then hope shone brightly on her brow,  
 That had not learned its after fears—  
 Alas ! she cannot sit there now,  
 But that her dark eyes fill with tears !  
 And every woodland pathway dim,  
 And hower of roses cool and sweet,  
 That speak of vanished days and him,  
 Are spots forbidden to her feet.  
 No thought within her bosom stirs,  
 But wakes some feeling dark and dread  
 God keep thee from a doom like hers—  
 Of living when the hopes are dead !

PHÆBE CAREY.

#### LOVE AND FAME.

IT had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding  
 summer shower,  
 Had paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant  
 flower,  
 And while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the  
 spray,  
 Close folded to a rosebud's heart one tiny rain-drop  
 lay.

Throughout each fevered petal had the heaven-brought  
 freshness gone,  
 They had mingled dew and fragrance till their very  
 souls were one ;  
 The bud its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and  
 starry guest  
 Grew glowing as the life-hue of the lips it fondly  
 pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride  
 and fair,  
 No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell forever  
 there,  
 While ever bending wakefully, the bud a fond watch  
 kept,  
 For fear the envious zephyrs might steal him as he  
 slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds in burnished  
 armor bright,  
 The conquering sun came proudly in the glory of his  
 might,  
 And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of  
 power,  
 And shed the splendor of his smile on lake, and tree,  
 and flower.

Then, peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-  
 drop marked on high,  
 A many-hued triumphal arch span all the eastern  
 sky—  
 He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous  
 flight,  
 And stand—a glorious brotherhood—to form that bow  
 of light !

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me  
 join them, love !  
 I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above,  
 And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to iris fair,  
 'Twill deem my own dear rosebud's tint the loveliest  
 color there !"

The gentle bud released her clasp—swift as a thought  
 he flew,  
 And brightly 'mid that glorious band he soon was  
 glowing too—  
 All quivering with delight to feel that she, his rose-  
 bud bride,  
 Was gazing, with a swelling heart, on this, his hour  
 of pride !

But the shadowy night came down at last—the glittering bow was gone,  
One little hour of triumph was all the drop had won :  
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bud-love's lue,  
And he sought her sadly sorrowing—a tear-dimmed star of dew.

ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

LOVE RULES.

**I**N peace, love tames the shepherd's reed ;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,  
And men below and saints above :  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE  
OF OUR OWN.

**O** II I had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,

And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers ;

Where the sun loves to pause  
With so fond a delay,  
That the night only draws  
A thin veil o'er the day ;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,  
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time ;  
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.

With affection as free  
From decline as the bowers,  
And, with hope, like the bee,  
Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

THOMAS MOORE.

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

**O** II, I'm not myself at all,  
Molly dear, Molly dear,  
I'm not myself at all !  
Nothin' carin', nothin' knowin',  
'Tis a fter you I'm goin',  
Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growin',  
Molly dear.

And I'm not myself at all !  
Th' other day I went confessin',  
And I ask'd the father's blessin' ;  
"But," says I, "don't give me one intirely,

For I fretted so last year  
But the half o' me is here,  
So give the other half to Molly Brierly."  
Oh, I'm not myself at all !

Oh, I'm not myself at all,  
Molly dear, Molly dear,  
My appetite's so small.  
I once could pick a goose,  
But my buttons is no use,  
Faith my tightest coat is loose,  
Molly dear,

And I'm not myself at all !  
If thus it is I waste,  
You'd better, dear, make haste,  
Before your lover's gone away intirely ;  
If you don't soon change your mind,  
Not a bit of me you'll find—  
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierly ?—  
Oh, I'm not myself at all !

Oh, my shadow on the wall,  
Molly dear, Molly dear,  
Isn't like myself at all.

For I've got so very thin,  
Myself says 'tisn't him,  
But that purty girl so slim,  
Molly dear,

And I'm not myself at all !  
If thus I smaller grew,  
All fretting, dear, for you,  
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency ;  
So just let Father Taaff  
Make you my better half.  
And you will not the worse of the addition be—  
Oh, I'm not myself at all !

I'll be not myself at all,  
Molly dear, Molly dear,  
Till you my own I call !  
Since a change o'er me there came,  
Sure you might change your name—  
And 'twould just come to the same,  
Molly dear,

'Twould just come to the same :  
For, if you and I were one,  
All confusion would be gone,  
And 'twould simplify the matter intirely ;  
And 'twould save us so much bother,  
When we'd both be one another—  
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly ;  
Oh, I'm not myself at all !

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

**G**IVE us a song !" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay griu and threatening under ;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guard'sman said  
"We storm the forts to-morrow ;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon ;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;  
Forgot was Britain's glory :  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dard not speak,  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory ;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing ;  
The bravest are the tenderest—  
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

#### MY EYES! HOW I LOVE YOU!

**E**yes ! how I love you,  
You sweet little dove you !  
There's no one above you,  
Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is,  
Like a sylph's or a fairy's ;  
And your neck, I declare, is  
Exquisitely pretty.

Quite Grecian your nose is  
And your cheeks are like roses,  
So delicious—O Moses !  
Surpassingly sweet !

Not the beauty of tulips,  
Nor the taste of mint-juleps,  
Can compare with your two lips,  
Most beautiful Kate !

Not the black eyes of Juno,  
Nor Minerva's of blue, no,  
Nor Venus's, you know,  
Can equal your own !

O, how my heart prances,  
And frolics and dances,  
When its radiant glances  
Upon me are thrown !  
And now, dearest Kitty,  
It's not very pretty,  
Indeed it's a pity,  
To keep me in sorrow !

So, if you'll but chime in,  
We'll have done with our rhymin',  
Swap Cupid for Hymen,  
And be married to-morrow.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

#### THE BURIAL.

**W**E laid her in the hallowed place  
Beside the solemn deep,  
Where the old woods by Greenwood's shore  
Keep watch o'er those who sleep :

We laid her there—the young and fair,  
The guileless, cherished one—  
As if a part of life itself  
With her we loved were gone.

Like to the flowers she lived and bloomed,  
As bright and pure as they ;  
And like a flower the blight had touched,  
She early passed away.

Oh, none might know her but to love,  
Nor name her but to praise,  
Who only love for others knew  
Through life's brief vernal days.

ELIZABETH F. ELIOT

# HEROISM AND FREEDOM.



## AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing ;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—  
Land of the noble, free—  
Thy name I love ;  
I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song ;  
Let mortal tongues awake ;  
Let all that breathe partake ;  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing ;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light ;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

## PRINCE EUGENE.

PRINCE EUGENE, our noble leader,  
Made a vow in death to bleed, or  
Win the emperor back Belgrade ;  
"Launch pontoons, let all be ready  
To bear our ordnance safe and steady  
Over the Danube"—thus he said.

There was mustering on the border  
When our bridge in marching order  
Breasted first the roaring stream ;  
Then at Semlin, vengeance breathing,  
We encamped to scourge the heathen  
Back to Mahound, and fame redeem.

'Twas on August one-and-twenty,  
Scouts and glorious tidings plenty  
Galloped in, through storm and rain—  
Turks, they swore, three hundred thousand

Marched to give our prince a rouse, and  
Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head-quarters  
Met our fine old fighting Tartars,  
Generals and field marshals all ;  
Every point of war debated,  
Each in his turn the signal waited,  
Forth to march and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager  
When the word sped round our leaguer—  
"Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-night  
Then, bold hearts, sound boot and saddle,  
Stand to your arms, and on to battle,  
Every one that has hands to fight!"

Our cannoncers, those rough old heroes,  
Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,  
Firing ordnance great and small ;  
Right and left our cannon thundered,  
Till the pagans quaked, and wondered,  
And by platoons began to fall.

On the right, like a lion angered,  
Bold Eugene cheered on the bold vanguard ;  
Ludovic spurred up and down,  
Crying "On, boys : every hand to 't ;  
Brother Germans nobly stand to 't ;  
Charge them home, for our old renown!"

Gallant prince ! he spoke no more ; he  
Fell in early youth and glory,  
Struck from his horse by some curst ball  
Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,  
For a brother's love he bore him ;  
Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes ;  
Cannon peals and musket flashes  
O'er his grave due honors paid ;  
Then, the old black eagle flying,  
All the pagan powers defying,  
On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

JOHN HUGHES.

## MY NATIVE ISLE.

REMEMBER thee? yes, while there's life in  
this heart,  
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art ;  
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy  
showers,  
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest  
hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,  
 First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,  
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,  
 But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,  
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—  
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's  
 nest,  
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy  
 breast.

THOMAS MOORE.

## WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Where hath not woman stood,  
 Strong in affection's might?  
 A reed, upborne  
 By an o'er-maturing current!

**G**E'TLE and lovely form,  
 What didst thou here,  
 When the fierce battle storm  
 Bore down the spear?

Banner and shivered crest  
 Beside thee strown,  
 Tell that amidst the best  
 Thy work was done!

Low lies the stately head,  
 Earth bound the free:  
 How gave those haughty dead  
 A place to thee?

Slumberer! thine early bier  
 Friends should have crowned,  
 Many a flower and tear  
 Shedding around.

Soft voices, dear and young,  
 Mingling their swell,  
 Should o'er thy dust have sung  
 Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave  
 Of thy repose,  
 Should have bid violets wave  
 With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note  
 Savage and shrill,  
 For requiem o'er thee float,  
 Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep,  
 In full career,  
 Trampling thy place of sleep—  
 Why eamest thou here?

Why?—Ask the true heart why  
 Woman hath been  
 Ever, where brave men die,  
 Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground  
 Proud reapers came,  
 Some for that stirring sound,  
 A warrior's name;

Some for the stormy play,  
 And joy of strife,  
 And some to fling away  
 A weary life.

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,  
 With the slight frame,  
 And the rich locks, whose glow  
 Death cannot tame;

Only one thought, one power,  
 Thee could have led,  
 So through the tempest's hour  
 To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong,  
 The love, whose trust  
 Woman's deep soul too long  
 Pours on the dust.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HANS.

## MAD ANTHONY'S CHARGE.

The capture of the fort at Stony Point, on the Hudson forty-two miles above New York, by General Wayne, July 16, 1779, is justly considered one of the most brilliant exploits performed during the Revolutionary War.

**C**LOSE beside the River Hudson stood a fortress  
 large and strong;  
 But the foeman, the dread British, held that  
 fort and held it long;  
 Patriots in vain might storm it, there it stood so grim  
 and tall;  
 Piled behind the sullen breastwork lay the powder and  
 the ball.

It was in a time of trouble, and our nation was pressed  
 sore;  
 Clothed in bloodshed, through the country, stalked  
 the cruel tyrant, War,  
 Leaving many a mark of anguish, leaving many a  
 bitter trace,  
 In the pain and in the sorrow seen on every anxious  
 face.

Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers; these had  
 perished in the fight,  
 Battling for their God and country, for our freedom  
 and the right!  
 But there still were trusty patriots, who were yet  
 within the field.  
 They had shed their blood already, they would rather  
 die than yield.

There was one among the soldiers who had longed the  
 fort to gain;  
 He had never yet been vanquished—brave, headstrong  
 Anthony Wayne.

Washington, his chieftain, questioned whether he the fort could take,  
And he answered: "General, listen. I'd storm —  
for freedom's sake!"

'Twas in summer, and the broiling sun was beating fiercely down  
On the tents pitched in the meadow, on the breast-work huge and brown.  
By the ramparts of the fortress, with his rifle at his side,  
Stood the watchful English picket, and the distant tents he eyed.

With his pistols in the holster and his sword clasped in his hand,  
Seated on his veteran charger, General Wayne rang out command.  
From the huts and tents surrounding, with the rifle, pistol, sword,  
Clustering round their dauntless leader, came the ready, anxious horde.

"Fix your bayonets—empty rifles! Fire not a shot to-day;  
By the steel upon our muskets we must conquer in this fray!"  
With their bayonets fixed and steady, swords and barrels gleaming bright,  
Stood they waiting for the signal—eager to commence the fight.

Some were veterans of the army, they for years had followed war;  
Others were but just recruited, they had never fought before.  
Looking at the upturned faces, Wayne cried, "Let our motto be:  
To the one who fights for freedom, God will give the victory!"

Beheld the cannon's fire and thunder, burst the shells to left and right;  
Through the smoke and din of battle, charged the heroes in their might;  
And the groans of dying comrades heard they, yet they passed them by,  
Though their hearts grew faint within them, as they left them there to die!

Suddenly a rifle bullet, whistling from the British hold,  
Struck the General in the forehead, headlong fell the leader bold;  
From the lips grown pale so quickly issued forth a feeble moan:  
On the hill the deadly cannons boomed their answer to his groan.

With their faces stern and anxious, gathered round his trusty men;  
He, by sturdy arms supported, staggered to his feet again.

"It is nothing but a flesh wound, 'tis no time to falter now—  
Stony Point must yet be taken, or I die to keep my vow."

Forward through the din of battle, on their shoulders bore they him,  
Each man grasping tight his musket, charging still with glorious vim!  
Though the cannons roared the louder, and the bullets rattled fast,  
Not one ever stopped or faltered while their life and strength might last.

Ah! what scenes of death and suffering, and of agonizing pain;  
Ah! what lives to freedom given! for they died that she might reign.  
Patriots, falling from the bullets, left their life-blood, warm and red,  
On the soil which they had fought for, while their comrades onward sped.

British cheeks grew pale with terror, as their foemen nearer came;  
They had raised a demon in them, those were wild who once were tame.  
Right before the fearful cannon, in their fury charged our men;  
Sprung they bravely on the ramparts—backward fell the tyrants then.

Over all the fallen corpses brave old Anthony was borne,  
With his blood still downward trickling, and his clothing pierced and torn,  
High upon the trampled breastwork were the mangled bodies piled;  
Now our men were on the red coats, for despair had made them wild.

A few moments' fiercest fighting, and the bloody deed was done;  
Many patriots were dying, but the victory was won.  
Though their wounds were gaping, bleeding, yet they showed they could be free—  
"To the one who fights for freedom, God will give the victory!"

Yes, beside the River Hudson, stands that fortress there to-day,  
And its walls are as defiant as when captured in that fray.  
Since the day that it was taken, we have held it as our own,  
Though old Anthony, who took it, lies beneath the sod alone.

Honor be to those brave soldiers who gave up their lives so true,  
That the blessed light of freedom might shine all our country through.



Honor be to that brave General who through valor  
won the fray,  
At the capture of the fortress which I tell you of to-  
day.

ALEXANDER N. EASTON.

## A PAIR OF GLOVES.

"THESE gloves? I bought them for my wed-  
ding day—  
But she was false—I thought her white as  
snow;  
She wasn't worth it, though for mem'ry's sake  
I've kept them since—I couldn't let them go."

Young, yet old—a colonel of the line—  
He told the story just at break of day,  
When in the distance scattered roar and boom  
Told of the dread commencement of the fray.

"I'll wear them at my marriage yet," he laughed,  
And soldier-like, with hat off, to his lips—  
God knew his heart—he lifted them with grace,  
And kissed them as fair lady's finger-tips.

'Twas on the field of Weissenbourg. He fell  
With "Vive la France" yet trembling on his breath;  
Smiling he lay, the white gloves on his hands;  
He'd wed with honor, but his bride was death.

## AN ODE IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state?  
Not high-raised battlement or labored  
mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
No:—Men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;  
Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;  
These constitute a state;  
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:  
Smit by her sacred frown,  
The fiend, discretion, like a vapor sinks;  
And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this Heaven-loved isle,  
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!

No more shall freedom smile?  
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?  
Since all must life resign,  
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
'Tis folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

RECITATIVE.

NER Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppressed,  
Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;  
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with  
years  
Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay  
We saw the Frenchmen lay;  
Each heart was bounding then.  
We scorned the foreign yoke,  
Our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men.

Our Nelson marked them on the wave,  
Three cheers our gallant scamen gave,  
Nor thought of home and beauty.  
Along the line this signal ran:  
"England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar  
Along the affrighted shore;  
Brave Nelson led the way;  
His ship the Victory named;  
Long be that Victory famed!  
For victory crowned the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought,  
Too well the gallant hero fought  
For England, home, and beauty.  
He cried, as midst the fire he ran,  
"England shall find that every man  
This day will do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound  
Which shed dismay around,  
The hero's breast received:  
"Heav'n fights upon our side;  
The day's our own!" he cried:  
"Now long enough I've lived.

"In honor's cause my life was passed,  
In honor's cause I fall at last,  
For England, home, and beauty!"  
Thus ending life as he began;  
England confessed that every man  
That day had done his duty.

S. J. ARNOLD.

## REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

**P**OINT to the summits where the brave have  
bled,  
Where every village claims its glorious dead ;  
Say, when their bosoms met the bayonet's  
shock,

Their only corselet was the rustic frock ;  
Say, when they mustered to the gathering horn,  
The titled chieftain curled his lip in scorn,  
Yet, when their leader bade his lines advance,  
No musket wavered in the lion's glance ;  
Say, when they fainted in the forced retreat,  
They tracked the snow-drifts with their bleeding feet,  
Yet still their banners, tossing in the blast,  
Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last,  
Through storm and battle, till they waved again  
On Yorktown's hills and Saratoga's plain !

Then, if so fierce the insatiate patriot's flame,  
Truth looks too pale, and history seems too tame,  
Bid him await some new Columbiad's page,  
To gild the tablets of an iron age,  
And save his tears, which yet may fall upon  
Some fabled field, some fancied Washington !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE SILENT BRAVE.

**H**OW sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest !  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And freedom shall a while repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

## BACK FROM THE WAR.

**W**HIE spring day was all of a flutter with flags ;  
The mad chimies were beating like surf in  
the air ;  
The beggars had slunk out of sight with  
their rags ;  
And the balconies teemed with the rich and the fair.

And below, on each side, the long vistas were set  
In the framework of faeces, patient and white—  
Wives, mothers, sweethearts, with full eyes wet,  
And sick hearts longing to see the sight.

Till at length, when the evening was waning, there ran  
A stir through the crowd, and far-off, like a flame,

The setting sun burned on the helms of the van,  
And with trampling of hoofs the proud conquerors  
came.

And with every step they advanced, you might hear  
Women's voices, half-maddened with long-deferred  
joy ;

"Thank God! he is safe. See, my love, we are here!"  
See! here am I, darling; and this is our boy!"

Or, "Here am I, dearest, still faithful and true ;  
Your own love as of old!" Or an agonized cry,  
As the loved face comes not with the comrades she  
knew,

And the rough soldiers find not a word to reply.

And pitiful hands lead her softly away,  
With a loving heart rent and broken in twain ;  
And the triumph sweeps onward, in gallant array—  
The life and the hope, the despair and the pain.

Where was it? In Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome?  
Ages since, or to-day; in the old world, or new?  
Who shall tell? From all times these strange histo-  
ries come ;

And to-day, as of old, the same story is true.

And the long line sweeps past, and the dull world  
rolls on,

Though the rapture is dead and the sad tears are  
dry ;

And careless of all, till the progress be done,  
Life rides like a conqueror triumphing by.

LEWIS MORRIS.

## THE BANNER OF MURAT

**F**OREMOST among the first,  
And bravest of the brave !  
Where'er the battle's fury burst,  
Or rolled its purple wave—  
There flashed his glance, like a meteor,  
As he charged the foe afar ;  
And the snowy plume his helmet bore  
Was the banner of Murat !

Mingler on many a field  
Where rung wild victory's peal !  
That fearless spirit was like a shield—  
A panoply of steel ;  
For very joy in a glorious name  
He rushed where danger stood ;  
And that banner-plume, like a winged flag :  
Streamed o'er the field of blood !

His followers loved to gaze  
On his form with a fierce delight,  
As it towered above the battle's blaze,  
A pillar midst the fight ;  
And eyes looked up, ere they closed in death,  
Through the thick and sulphury air—

And lips shrieked out, with their parting breath,  
"The lily plume is there!"

A cloud is o'er him now—

For the peril-hour hath come—

And he stands with his high, unshaded brow,  
On the fearful spot of doom!

Away! no screen for a soldier's eye—

No fear his soul appalls:

A rattling peal, and a shuddering cry,  
And bannerless he falls!

PROSPER M. WETMORE.

#### ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

**N**OW stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,  
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;  
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife  
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;  
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed,  
Pleased with the distant spot, with quicker tread,  
Fast by his hand one hisping boy she led;  
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm  
Slept on her kerchief, eraded by her arm;  
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,  
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,  
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;  
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,  
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;  
Heard the exulting shout, "They run!—they run!"  
"He's safe!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's  
won!"

A ball now hisses through the airy tides  
(Some fury wings it, and some demon guides),  
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,  
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck:  
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,  
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.  
"Ah me!" she cried; and, sinking on the ground,  
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound:  
"Oh cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn,  
Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return!"

Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,  
The angel pity shuns the walks of war!—  
"Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!  
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"  
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,  
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.

Frou tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,  
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes:  
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
"Eliza" echoes through the canvas walls;  
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps  
tread,

O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,  
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood—  
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!

Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,  
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds.  
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand;  
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand."

Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,  
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast.  
"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake:  
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake."  
—"She'll wake no more!" the hapless mourner  
cried.

Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;  
Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,  
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;  
And then upsprung with wild, convulsive start,  
And all the father kindled in his heart;  
"Oh heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow for-  
give!"

These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"  
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,  
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

#### THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

**T**HIS is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helu and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,

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Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE SPARTAN'S MARCH.

The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle, says Thucydides, because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging-step was made to the "Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." The valor of the Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stinging or rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steel to prand for the spur.

WAS morn upon the Grecian hills,  
Where the peasants dressed the vines,  
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,  
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through the reeds and flowers,  
Euros waned by,  
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers  
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain  
To the woodland-goddess poured?  
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fanè  
Strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,  
Spears ranged in close array,  
And shields flung back a glorious beam  
To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain-echoes of the land  
Swelled through the deep-blue sky,  
While to soft strains moved forth a band  
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,  
Nor bade the horn peal out,  
And the laurel-groves, as on they passed,  
Rung with no battle-shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire  
Their souls with an impulse high;  
But the Dorian reed and Spartan lyre  
For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes, their path around,  
Sent forth Æolian breath;  
They needed not a sterner sound  
To marshal them for death!

So moved they calmly to their field,  
Thence never to return,  
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,  
Or on it proudly borne!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

#### THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

These admirable stanzas are supposed to be spoken by the young Prince Charles Edward, when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland, after his fatal defeat at Culloden.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves re-  
turning,  
The murmuring streamlet winds clear  
through the vale;  
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,  
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
While the lingering moments are numbered by care!  
No flowers gaily springing, no birds sweetly singing,  
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,  
A king or a father to place on his throne?  
His right are these hills, and his right are these val-  
leys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find  
none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;  
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:  
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,  
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

ROBERT BURNS.

#### CONCORD HYMN.

Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument, April 19, 1836

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone;

That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid time and nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"**M**OVE my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,  
In the sunshine bright and strong,  
For this world is fading, Pompey—  
Massa won't be with you long:  
And I fain would hear the south wind  
Bring once more the sound to me  
Of the wavelets softly breaking  
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur  
As they still the story tell,  
How no vessels float the banner  
That I've loved so long and well,  
I shall listen to their music,  
Dreaming that again I see  
Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop  
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old massa's waiting  
For death's last despatch to come,  
If that exiled starry banner  
Should come proudly sailing home,  
You shall greet it, slave no longer;  
Voice and hand shall both be free  
That shout and point to union colors  
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey,  
But ole darkey's happy here,  
Where he's tended eorn and cotton  
For dese many a long-gone year.  
Over yonder missis' sleeping—  
No one tends her grave like me:  
Mebbe she would miss the flowers  
She used to love in Tennessee.

"Pears like she was watching massa;  
If Pompey should beside him stay,  
Mebbe she'd remember better  
How for him she used to pray—  
Telling him that 'way up yonder  
White as snow his soul would be,  
Ransomed by the Lord of heaven,  
Out of life in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling  
Down the poor old dusky face,  
As he stepped behind his master,  
In his long-accustomed place.

Then a silence fell around them  
As they gazed on rock and tree,  
Pictured in the placid waters  
Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master, dreaming of the battle  
Where he fought by Marion's side,  
Where he bid the haughty Tarleton  
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;  
Man, remembering how you sleeper  
Once he held upon his knee,  
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,  
Ralph Vervain of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers  
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;  
Still the bondman, close beside him,  
Stands behind the old arm-chair;  
With his dark-lined hand uplifted,  
Shading eyes, he bends to see  
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,  
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches; cloud-born shadows  
Glide from tree to mountain-crest,  
Softly creeping, aye and ever,  
To the river's yielding breast.  
Ha! above the foliage yonder,  
Something flutters wild and free!  
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!  
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,  
Help me stand on foot once more,  
That I may salute the colors  
As they pass my cabin-door.  
Here's the paper signed that frees you,—  
Give a freeman's shout with me!  
'God and Union!' be our watchword  
Evermore in Tennessee!"

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,  
And the limbs refused to stand;  
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier  
Glided to that better land.  
When the flag went down the river  
Man and master both were free,  
While the ring-dove's note was mingled  
With the rippling Tennessee.

ETHEL LYNN BOER.

#### ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

**Y**E sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought  
For those rights which unstained from your  
sires had descended,  
May you long taste the blessings your valor has  
brought,  
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers de-  
fended.

'Mid the reign of mild peace,  
 May your nation increase,  
 With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;  
 And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,  
 Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,  
 The trident of commerce should never be hurled,  
 To increase the legitimate powers of the ocean.  
 But should pirates invade,  
 Though in thunder arrayed,  
 Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade;  
 For ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,  
 Had justly enobled our nation in story,  
 Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,  
 And enveloped the sun of American glory.  
 But let traitors be told,  
 Who their country have sold,  
 And bartered their God for his image in gold,  
 That ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,  
 And society's base threats with wide dissolution,  
 May peace, like the dove who returned from the flood,  
 Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.  
 But though peace is our aim,  
 Yet the boon we disclaim,  
 If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame;  
 For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms:  
 Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;  
 Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms—  
 We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a provision.  
 While with patriot pride,  
 To our laws we're allied,  
 No foe can subdue us, no faction divide;  
 For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,  
 Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;  
 But long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,  
 Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.  
 Should invasion impend,  
 Every grove would descend  
 From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend;

For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let our patriots destroy anarchy's pestilent worm,  
 Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;  
 Then let clouds thicken round us: we heed not the storm;  
 Our realm feels no shock but the earth's own explosion.  
 Foes assail us in vain,  
 Though their fleets bridge the main;  
 For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain;  
 For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,  
 Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple asunder;  
 For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,  
 And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!  
 His sword from the sleep  
 Of its scabbard would leap,  
 And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!  
 For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let fame to the world sound America's voice;  
 No intrigues can her sons from their government sever;  
 Her pride ure her statesmen—their laws are her 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, JR.

## REVEILLE.

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arise!  
 The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,  
 And the sleepy mist on the river lies,  
 Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.  
*Awake! awake! awake!*  
 O'er field and wood and brake,  
 With glories newly born,  
 Comes on the blushing morn.  
*Awake! awake!*

You have dreamed of your homes and your friends all night;  
 You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright;

Come, part with them all for a while again—  
 Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.  
*Turn out! turn out! turn out!*  
 You have dreamed full long I know,  
*Turn out! turn out! turn out!*  
 The east is all aglow.  
*Turn out! turn out!*

From every valley and hill there come  
 The clamoring voices of life and drum;  
 And out on the fresh, cool morning air  
 The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

*Fall in! fall in! fall in!*  
 Every man in his place.  
*Fall in! fall in! fall in!*  
 Each with a cheerful face.  
*Fall in! fall in!*

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

## THE CONQUERED BANNER.

**F**URL that banner, for 'tis weary,  
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;  
 Furl it, fold it—it is best;  
 For there's not a man to wave it,  
 And there's not a sword to save it,  
 And there's not one left to lave it  
 In the blood which heroes gave it,  
 And its foes now scorn and brave it:  
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;  
 Broken is its staff and shattered,  
 And the valiant hosts are scattered  
 Over whom it floated high;  
 Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,  
 Hard to think there's none to hold it,  
 Hard that those who once unrolled it  
 Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that banner—furl it sadly;  
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,  
 And ten thousands wildly, madly,  
 Swore it should forever wave—  
 Swore that fœmen's swords could never  
 Hearts like theirs entwined discover,  
 And that flag should wave forever  
 O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it!—for the hands that grasped it,  
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,  
 Cold and dead are lying low;  
 And the banner—it is trailing,  
 While around it sounds the wailing  
 Of its people in their woe;  
 For though conquered, they adore it—  
 Love the cold dead hands that bore it,  
 Weep for those who fell before it,  
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it;  
 And oh, wildly they deplore it  
 Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,  
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
 And 'twill live in song and story  
 Though its folds are in the dust!  
 For its fame on brightest pages,  
 Penned by poets and by sages,  
 Shall go sounding down the ages—  
 Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that banner, softly, slowly;  
 Treat it gently—it is holy,  
 For it droops above the dead;  
 Touch it not—unfold it never;  
 Let it droop there, furled forever—  
 For its people's hopes are fled.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

## GRECIAN LIBERTY.

The following were the last lines of their gifted author and were devoted to Grecian Independence, the cause which inspired some of his most spirited stanzas.

**T**HIS time this heart should be unmoved,  
 Since others it has ceased to move;  
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
 Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,  
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone,  
 The worm, the enker, and the grief,  
 Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys  
 Is like to some volcanic isle,  
 No torch is kindled at its blaze,  
 A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
 The exalted portion of the pain  
 And power of love, I cannot share,  
 But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here,  
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now  
 Where glory seals the hero's bier,  
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
 Glory and Greece about us see;  
 The Spartan borne upon the shield  
 Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she is awake!  
 Awake, my spirit! think through whom  
 My life-blood tastes its parent lake,  
 And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
 Unworthy manhood! unto thee,  
 Indifferent should the smile or frown  
 Of beauty be.



If thou regrett'st thy youth—why live?  
The land of honorable death  
Is here—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest!

LOED BYRON.

### THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

**S**ON of a mighty stock!  
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—  
Follow with unflinching tread  
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,  
Gallant youth! are not for thee;  
Follow thou in word and deeds  
Where the God within thee leads!

Honesty with steady eye,  
Truth and pure simplicity,  
Love that gently winneth hearts—  
These shall be thy only arts:

Prudent in the council train,  
Dauntless on the battle plain,  
Ready at the country's need  
For her glorious cause to bleed!

Where the dews of night distil  
Upon Vernon's holy hill;  
Where above it, gleaming far,  
Freedom lights her guiding star:

Thither turn the steady eye,  
Flashing with a purpose high;  
Thither, with devotion meet,  
Often turn the pilgrim feet!

Let the noble motto be,  
God—the country—liberty!  
Planted on religion's rock,  
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near!  
Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear!  
Still, with persevering might,  
Speak the truth, and do the right.

So shall peace, a charming guest,  
Dove-like in thy bosom rest;  
So shall honor's steady blaze  
Beam upon thy closing days.

Happy if celestial favor  
Smile upon the high endeavor;  
Happy if it be thy call  
In the holy cause to fall.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT.

### FOR COUNTRY'S SAKE.

**F**AR dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illumed by one patriot name,  
Than the trophies of all, who have risen  
On liberty's ruins to flame.

THOMAS MOORE.

### GOD SAVE THE KING.

The English National Anthem (which, as a merely literary production, is hardly entitled to notice) is generally attributed to Dr. John Bull (1591), professor of music, Oxford, and chamber musician to James I. Henry Carey's son claimed it as the production of his father, whose granddaughter, Alice Carey, was the mother of Edmund Kean, the actor. The germ of the song is to be found in one which Sir Peter Carey used to sing before Henry VIII.—(Chorus:

"And I sat, Good Lord, defend  
England with thy most holy hand,  
And save noble Henry our King."

**G**OD save our gracious King!  
Long live our noble King!  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us!  
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise!  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks:  
On him our hopes we fix—  
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour;  
Long may he reign!  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

HENRY CAREY.

### TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM "WILLIAM TELL."

**Y**E crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!  
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear  
A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
And bid your tenant welcome to his home  
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!  
How high you lift your heads into the sky!  
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!  
How do you look, for all your baréd brows,  
More gorgeously majestic than kings  
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!  
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile  
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible: whose forms,  
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear



Of awe divine ; whose subject never kneels  
In mockery, because it is your boast  
To keep him free ! Ye guards of liberty,  
I'm with you once again !—I call to you  
With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you  
To show they still are free ! I rush to you  
As though I could embrace you !

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

#### BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

"GIVE me but two brigades," said Hooker,  
frowning at fortified Lookout,  
"And I'll engage to sweep you mountain  
clear of that mocking rebel rout !"

At early morning came an order that set the general's  
face aglow ;

"Now," said he to his staff, "draw out my soldiers.  
Grant says that I may go !"

Hither and thither dashed each eager colonel to join  
his regiment,

While a low rumor of the daring purpose ran on from  
tent to tent ;

For the long-roll was sounded in the valley, and the  
keen trumpet's bray,

And the wild laughter of the swarthy veterans, who  
cried, "We fight to-day !"

The solid tramp of infantry, the rumble of the great  
jolting gun,

The sharp, clear order, and the fierce steeds neighing,  
"Why's not the fight begun ?"—

All these plain harbingers of sudden conflict broke on  
the startled ear ;

And, last, arose a sound that made your blood leap—  
the ringing battle-cheer.

The lower works were carried at one onset. Like a  
vast roaring sea

Of lead and fire, our soldiers from the trenches swept  
out the enemy ;

And we could see the gray coats swarming up from  
the mountain's leafy base,

To join their comrades in the higher fastness—for life  
or death the race !

Then our long line went winding round the mountain,  
in a huge serpent track,

And the slant sun upon it flashed and glimmered, as  
on a dragon's back.

Higher and higher the column's head pushed onward,  
ere the rear moved a man ;

And soon the skirmish-lines their straggling volleys  
and single shots began.

Then the bald head of Lookout flamed and bellowed,  
and all its batteries woke,

And down the mountain poured the bomb-shells,  
puffing into our eyes their smoke ;

And balls and grape-shot rained upon our column,  
that bore the angry shower  
As if it were no more than that soft dropping which  
scarcely stirs the flower.

Oh, glorious courage that inspires the hero, and runs  
through all his men !

The heart that failed beside the Rappahannock, it was  
itself again !

The star that circumstance and jealous faction shrouded  
in envious night,

Here shone with all the splendor of its nature, and  
with a freer flight !

Hark ! hark ! there go the well-known crashing volleys,  
the long-continued roar,

That swells and falls, but never ceases wholly, until  
the fight is o'er.

Up towards the crystal gates of heaven ascending, the  
mortal tempests beat,

As if they sought to try their cause together before  
God's very feet !

We saw our troops had gained a footing almost be-  
neath the topmost ledge,

And back and forth the rival lines went surging upon  
the dizzy edge.

Sometimes we saw our men fall backward slowly, and  
groaned in our despair ;

Or cheered when now and then a stricken rebel  
plunged out in open air,

Down, down, a thousand empty fathoms dropping, his  
God alone knows where !

At eve, thick haze upon the mountain gathered, with  
rising smoke stained black,

And not a glimpse of the contending armies shone  
through the swirling rack.

Night fell o'er all ; but still they flashed their lightnings  
and rolled their thunders loud,

Though no man knew upon what side was going that  
battle in the cloud.

Night ! what a night !—of anxious thought and  
wonder : but still no tidings came

From the bare summit of the trembling mountain, still  
wrapped in mist and flame.

But towards the sleepless dawn, stillness, more dread-  
ful than the fierce sound of war,

Settled o'er nature, as if she stood breathless before  
the morning star.

As the sun rose, dense clouds of smoky vapor boiled  
from the valley's deeps,

Dragging their torn and ragged edges slowly up  
through the tree-clad steeps.

And rose and rose, till Lookout, like a vision, above  
us grandly stood,

And over his black crags and storm-blanch'd head  
lands burst the waru, golden flood.

Thousands of eyes were fixed upon the mountain, and  
thousands held their breath,  
And the vast army, in the valley watching, seemed  
touched with sudden death.

High o'er us soared great Lookout, robed in purple, a  
glory on his face,  
A human meaning in his hard, calm features, beneath  
that heavenly grace.

Out on a crag walked something—What? an eagle  
that treads yon giddy height?

Surely no man! But still he clambered forward into  
the full, rich light;

Then up he started, with a sudden motion, and from  
the blazing crag

Flung to the morning breeze and sunny radiance the  
dear old starry flag!

Ah! then what followed? Scarred and war-worn  
soldiers, like girls, flushed through their tan,  
And down the thousand wrinkles of the battles a  
thousand tear-drops ran;

Men seized each other in returned embraces, and  
sobbed for very love;

A spirit which made all that moment brothers seemed  
falling from above.

And as we gazed around the mountain's summit our  
glittering files appeared;

Into the rebel works we saw them marching; and we  
—we cheered, we cheer'd!

And they, above, waved all their flags before us, and  
joined our frantic shout,

Standing, like demigods, in light and triumph, upon  
their own Lookout!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

#### THE BANNER OF THE SEA.

**B**Y wind and wave the sailor brave has fared  
To shores of every sea;  
But never yet have seamen met or dared  
Grim death for victory

In braver mood than they who died  
On drifting decks, in Apia's tide,  
While cheering every sailor's pride,  
The banner of the free!

Columbia's men were they who then went down,

Not knights nor kings of old,

But brighter far their laurels are than crown

Or coronet of gold;

Our sailor true, of any crew,

Would give the last long breath he drew

To cheer the old red, white and blue,

The banner of the bold!

With hearts of oak, through storm and smoke and  
flame,

Columbia's seamen long

Have bravely fought and nobly wrought, that shame

Might never dull their song;

They sing the country of the free,  
The glory of the rolling sea,  
The starry flag of liberty,

The banner of the strong!

We ask but this, and not amiss the claim,

A fleet to ride the wave,

A navy great to crown the State with fame,

Though foes or tempests rave;

Then, as our fathers did of yore,

We'll sail our ships to every shore,

On every ocean wind will soar

The banner of the brave!

Oh! this we claim, that never shame may ride

On any wave with thee,

Thou Ship of State, whose timbers great abide

The home of liberty!

For, so, our gallant Yankee tars,

Of daring deeds and honored stars,

Will make the banner of the stars

The banner of the sea.

HOMER GREEN.

#### A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

**I**N the ranks of the Austrian you found him;  
He died with his face to you all:  
Yet bury him here, where around him  
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,  
He lies shot to death in his youth,  
With a smile on his lips over-tender  
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!  
Though alien the cloth on his breast,  
Underneath it how seldom a greater  
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded  
To march with them, stand in their file,  
His musket (see!) never was loaded—  
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on their mothers,  
He yearned to your patriot bands—  
"Let me die for one Italy, brothers.  
If not in your ranks, by your hands!"

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me  
A ball in the body, which may  
Deliver my heart here, and tear me  
This badge of the Austrian away."

So thought he, so died he this morning.  
What then? many others have died.  
Ay—but easy for men to die scorning  
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;  
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims

Of an Italy rescued to love them,  
And brazen the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honor,  
Mixed, shared in his country's regard,  
With the tyrants who march in upon her—  
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction  
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,  
With most filial obedience, conviction,  
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,  
While digging a grave for him here.  
The others who died, says our poet,  
Have glory: let him have a tear.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### THE FOURTH OF JULY.

**W**O the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,  
To the day and the deed, strike the harp-  
strings of glory!

Let the song of the ransomed remember the  
dead,

And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!  
O'er the bones of the bold

Be that story long told,

And on fame's golden tablets their triumphs en-  
rolled

Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner un-  
furled,

And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their  
fame:

Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!  
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great  
name,

And the anthem send down—"Independence for-  
ever!"

Wake, wake, heart and tongue!

Keep the theme ever young;

Let their deeds through the long line of ages be  
sung

Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner un-  
furled,

And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

#### COME O'ER THE SEA, MAIDEN.

**C**OME o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Mine through sunshine, storm and snows;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;

'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art  
not.

Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Come wherever the wild wind blows;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea  
Made for the free,  
Land for courts and chains alone?  
Here we are slaves,  
But, on the waves,

Love and liberty's all our own.  
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—

Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden with me.

Mine through sunshine, storm and snows;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration as President of the United States took place in New York city, April 30, 1889. The following poem, by the "Quaker Poet," was read on that occasion.

**W**HE sword was sheathed: in April's sun  
Lay green the fields by freedom won;  
And severed sections, weary of debates,  
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O city sitting by the sea!

How proud the day that dawned on thee,

When the new era, long desired, began,

And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;

The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,

The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls.

And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St.

Paul's!

How felt the land in every part

The strong throb of a nation's heart,

As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,

His pledge to union, liberty and law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,

That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;

In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent

Their gaze on freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold

And hopes deceived all history told.

Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,

Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,

The one man equal to his trust.

Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,  
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,  
Made possible the world's release;  
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,  
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That freedom generous is, but strong  
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,  
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,  
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice  
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice,  
A century's sons o'er thee have risen and set,  
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be  
Shall prove his hope was destiny,  
Leaving our flag with all its added stars  
Unrent by taction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed  
And trained the new-set plant at first,  
The widening branches of a stately tree  
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,  
Sitting with none to make afraid,  
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,  
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best—his ashes lie  
Beneath his own Virginian sky.  
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,  
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave;

For, ever in the awful strife  
And dark hours of the nation's life,  
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,  
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought  
In that sharp agony was wrought;  
No partial interest draws its alien line  
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,  
His name shall be our Union-bond;  
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here, and now,  
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;  
Chooser and chosen both our powers  
Equal in service as in rights: the claim  
Of duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where  
Our banner floats in sun and air,  
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,  
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail! thou noble land,  
Our fathers' native soil!  
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,  
O'er the vast Atlantic waves to our shore;  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,  
From his nine-embattled steep,  
Shall hail the great sublime;  
While the Tritons of the deep  
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.  
Then let the world combine—  
O'er the main our naval line,  
Like the Milky Way, shall shine,  
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed  
Since our fathers left their homes—  
Their pilot in the blast  
O'er untravelled seas to roam—  
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,  
Which the bard of Avon sang,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of heaven rang  
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;  
While this, with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
From rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts  
That mould a nation's soul  
Still cling around our hearts—  
Between let ocean roll.  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:  
Yet still, from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
"We are One!"

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN  
WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow  
I see,  
Yet wherever thou art shall Erin to  
me;  
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,  
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam,

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
Where the eyes of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,  
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;  
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### THE GLADIATOR.

THEY led a lion from his den,  
The lord of Afric's sun-scorch'd plain;  
And there he stood, stern foe of men,  
And shook his flowing mane.  
There's not of all Rome's heroes, ten  
That dare abide this game.  
His bright eye naught of lightning lacked;  
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,  
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound;  
Youthful he seem'd, and bold, and strong,  
And yet unscathed of wound.  
Blithely he stepped among the throng,  
And careless threw around  
A dark eye, such as courts the path  
Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd—  
Rung the glad galleries with the sound;  
And from the throne there spake aloud  
A voice—"Be the bold man unbound!  
And, by Rome's sceptre, yet unbowed,  
By Rome, earth's monarch crown'd,  
Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,  
Though doomed to death, shall save his life."

Joy was upon that dark man's face:  
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he:  
"Loose ye the lord of Zazara's waste,  
And let my arms be free:  
'He has a martial heart,' thou sayest;  
But oh! who will not be  
A hero, when he fights for life,  
For home and country, babes and wife?"

"And thus I for the strife prepare:  
The Thracian falchion to me bring,  
But ask th' imperial leave to spare  
The shield—a useless thing,  
Were I in Samnite's rage to dare,  
Then o'er me would I fling  
The broad orb; but to lion's wrath  
The shield were but a sword of lath."

And he has bared his shining blade,  
And springs he on the shaggy foe,  
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played—  
The desert-king lies low:

His long and loud death-howl is made;  
And there must end the show.  
And when the multitude were calm,  
The favorite freedman took the palm.

"Kneel down, Rome's emperor beside!"  
He knelt, that dark man;—o'er his brow  
Was thrown a wreath in crimson dyed;  
And fair words gild it now:  
"Thou art the bravest youth that ever tried  
To lay a lion low;  
And from our presence forth thou go'st  
To lead the Dacians of our host."

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,  
And grieved and gloomily spake he:  
"My cabin stands where blithely glide  
Proud Danube's waters to the sea:  
I have a young and blooming bride,  
And I have children three:—  
No Roman wealth or rank can give  
Such joy as in their arms to live.

"My wife sits at the cabin door,  
With throbbing heart and swollen eye;—  
While tears her cheek are coursing o'er,  
She speaks of sundered ties;  
She bids my tender babes deplore  
The death their father dies;  
She tells these jewels of my home,  
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

"I cannot let those cherubs stray  
Without their sire's protecting  
And I would chase the griefs away  
Which cloud my wedded fair."  
The monarch spoke; the guards obey;  
The gates unclose'd are:  
He's gone! No golden bribes divide  
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

J. A. JONES.

#### HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod  
Its Maker meant not should be trod  
By man, the image of his God,  
Ereft and free.  
Unscourged by superstition's rod  
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,  
The lips repose our love has kissed;—  
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
    Von church-yard's bowers?  
No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
    A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:  
The spot where love's first links were wound,  
    That ne'er are riven.

Is hallowed down to earth's profound,  
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
The burning thoughts that then were told  
Run molten still in memory's mould,  
And will not cool,  
Until the heart itself be cold  
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?  
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!  
In dews that heavens far distant weep  
Their turf may bloom,  
Or Genii twine beneath the deep  
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—  
And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?—  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for freedom's right?  
He's dead alone that lacks her light!  
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
The sword he draws:  
What can alone enoble fight?  
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace  
Her drums! and read heaven's reeking space!  
The colors planted face to face,  
The charging cheer,  
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!  
The cause of truth and human weal,  
O God above!  
Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
To peace and love.

Peace, love! the cherubim, that join  
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine—  
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
Where they are not—  
The heart alone can make divine  
Religion's spot.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!  
Thy temples—ereeds themselves grow wan!  
But there's a dome of nobler span,  
A temple given  
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—  
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured nature's ceiling,  
Where tracing the rapt spirit's feeling,

And God himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Make music, though unheard their pealing  
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?  
Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above?  
Ye must be heavens that make us sure  
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
I read the doom of distant time;  
That man's regenerate soul from crime  
Shall yet be drawn,  
And reason on his mortal clime  
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—  
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth  
Earth's compass round;  
And your high-priesthood shall make earth  
All hallowed ground.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

**I**N their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not,  
When the grenadiers were lunging,  
And like hail fell the plunging  
Cannon-shot;  
When the files  
Of the isles,

From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner  
Of the rampant

Unicorn,  
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of  
the drummer,  
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,  
And with guns horizontal,  
Stood our sires;  
And the balls whistled deadly,  
And in streams flashing redly  
Blazed the fires;  
As the roar  
On the shore.

Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded  
acres

Of the plain;  
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gun-  
powder,  
Cracking again!

Now like smiths at their forges  
Worked the red St. George's  
Cannoners;

And the "villanous saltpetro"  
 Rung a fierce, discordant metre  
 Round their ears;  
 As the swift  
 Storm-drift,  
 With hot sweeping anger, came the horseguards'  
 clangor  
 On our flanks;  
 Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned  
 fire  
 Through the ranks!  
 Then the old-fashioned colonel  
 Galloped through the white infernal  
 Powder-cloud;  
 And his broad sword was swinging,  
 And his brazen throat was ringing  
 Trumpet-loud.  
 Then the blue  
 Bullets flew,  
 And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the  
 leaden  
 Rifle-breath;  
 And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-  
 pounder,  
 Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY M'MASTER.

## SONG OF THE GREEKS.

**A** GAIN to the battle, Achaians!  
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!  
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,  
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the  
 free!  
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,  
 The pale, dying crescent is daunted;  
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's  
 slaves  
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers'  
 graves.  
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,  
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.  
 Ah, what though no succor advances,  
 Nor Christendom's chivalrons lances  
 Are stretched in our aid? be the combat our own!  
 And we'll perish, or conquer more proudly alone;  
 For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,  
 By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,  
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,  
 By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,  
 That, living, we shall be victorious,  
 Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.  
 A breath of submission we breathe not;  
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;  
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,  
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.  
 Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us,  
 But they shall not to slavery doom us;

If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:  
 But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,  
 And new triumphs on land are before us,  
 To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story?  
 Or brighten your lives with its glory?  
 Our women—oh say, shall they shriek in despair,  
 Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their  
 hair?  
 Accursed may his memory blacken,  
 If a coward there be that would slacken,  
 Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves  
 worth  
 Being sprung from, and named for the godlike of  
 earth.  
 Strike home! and the world shall revere us,  
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion:  
 Her islands, her isles of the ocean,  
 Panes rebuilt, and fair towers, shall with jubilee ring,  
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon spring:  
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness  
 That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;  
 While our maidens shall dance, with their white-wav-  
 ing arms,  
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,  
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens  
 Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## JOE.

**W**E don't take vagrants in, sir,  
 And I am alone to-day,  
 Leastwise, I could call the good man—  
 He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—  
 I'll bring you some bread and tea;  
 You might sit on the old stone yonder,  
 Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling, stranger? Mebbe  
 You've got some notions to sell?  
 We hev a sight of peddlers,  
 But we allers treat them well.

For they, poor souls, are trying  
 Like the rest of us to live:  
 And it's not like tramping the country  
 And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—  
 No offence in the world to you:  
 I think, now I look at it closer,  
 Your coat is an army blue.

Don't say? Under Sherman, were you?  
 That was—how many years ago?



I had a boy at Shiloh,  
Kearney—a sergeant—Joe!

Joe Kearney, you might a' met him?  
But in course you were miles apart.  
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,  
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,  
Small farmers in dear old Maine;  
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,  
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph;  
He and my old man and me  
Had sort o' growed together,  
And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a lookin' for trouble  
When the terrible war begun,  
And I wrestled for grace to be able  
To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'taint no use o' talking,  
My old man said, said he;  
"The Lord loves a willing giver;"  
And that's what I tried to be.

Well the heart and the flesh are rebels,  
And hey to be fought with grace;  
But I'd give my life—yea, willin'—  
To look on my dead boy's face.

Take care, you are spillin' your tea, sir,  
Poor soul! don't cry: I'm sure  
You've had a good mother some time—  
Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!  
Hunted by dogs, did you say!  
Hospital! crazy, seven years, sir?  
I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir,  
"How do you know that he died?"  
'Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon.  
Here's the letter, and—"mebbo he lied!"

Well, I never! you shake like the ager.  
My Joe? there's his name and the date;  
"Joe Kearney, 7th Maine, sir, a sergeant—  
Lies here in a critical state—

"Just died—will be buried to-morrow—  
Can't wait for his parents to come."  
Well, I thought God had left us that hour,  
As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Didn't speak for a month to the neighbors,  
Searce spoke in a week, sir, to me;  
Never been the same man since that Monday  
They brought us this letter you see.

And you were from Maine! from old Kittery?  
- What time in the year did you go?  
I just disremember the fellows  
That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye! come into the house, sir;  
It's gettin' too warn out o' door.  
If I'd known you'd been gone for a sojer,  
I'd taken you in here afore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humbler,  
We Kansas folks don't go for show—  
Set here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off—  
"Call father!" My God! you are Joe!

ALICE ROBBINS.

### SAXON GRIT.

**W**ORN with the battle, by Stamford town,  
Fighting the Norman, by Hastings Bay,  
Harold the Saxon's sun went down,  
While the acorns were falling one  
autumn day.

Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land:  
By teour of conquest here I sit;  
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"  
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,  
And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,  
Made the ficeinen serfs by a stroke of the pen,  
Eat up the corn and drank the wine,  
And said to the maiden, pure and fair,  
"Ye shall be my leman, as is most fit,  
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"  
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry green-wood went bold Robin Hood,  
With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,  
Driving the arrow into the narrow  
Of all the proud Norruans who came in his way;  
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,  
Winning by valor, or foiling by wit,  
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,  
This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipped out his knife,  
And Watt the smith his hammer brought down,  
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,  
And by breaking a head, made a hole in the Crown.  
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,  
"Our life shall not be by the king's permit;  
We will fight for the right we want no more;"  
Then the Norruan found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown  
From the acorns falling that autumn day,  
So the Saxon manhood in thorp and town  
To a nobler stature grew away;  
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,  
Standing by law and the human right,



Many times failing, never once quailing,  
So the new day came out of the night.

Then rising afar in the western sea,  
A new world stood in the morn of the day,  
Ready to welcome the brave and free  
Who could wrench out the heart and march away  
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,  
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,  
To ampler spaces for heart and hand,  
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,  
Trusting in God your fathers came,  
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,  
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame.  
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,  
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,  
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,  
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,  
Fearless as ever of what might befall ;  
Pouring out life for the nurture of men ;  
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.  
Inventing baked beans and no end of machines ;  
Great with the rifle and great with the axe—  
Sending their notions over the oceans,  
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,  
Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,  
Maintaining the weedin', exalting the scholar,  
But a little too anxious about a good trade ;  
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,  
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,  
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,  
Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown  
From the acorns that fell on that autumn day,  
So this new manhood in city and town,  
To a nobler stature will grow away ;  
Winning by inches, holding by clutches,  
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,  
Now and then failing, never once quailing,  
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

ROBERT COLLYER.

#### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were fled.—  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells ;  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives,  
Is when some heart indignant breaks  
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### OUR NATAL DAY.

Oh, the Fourth of July !  
When fire-crackers fly,  
And urehins in petticoats tyrants defy !  
When all the still air  
Creeps away in despair,

And clamor is king, be the day dark or fair !  
When freedom's red flowers  
Fall in star-spangled showers,  
And liberty capers for twenty-four hours ;

When the morn's ushered in  
By a sleep-crushing din,  
That tempts us to use philological sin ;  
When the forenoon advances  
With large circumstances,  
Subjecting our lives to debatable chances ;  
When the soldiers of peace  
Their attractions increase,

By marching, protected with clubs of police ;  
When the little toy gun  
Has its share of the fun,  
By teaching short-hand to the favorite son.

Oh, the Fourth of July !  
When grand souls hover nigh !  
When Washington bends from the honest blue sky !  
When Jefferson stands—  
Famous scribe of all lands—

The charter of heaven in his glorified hands !  
When his comrade—strong, high,  
John Adams—comes nigh,

(For both went to their rest the same Fourth of July !)  
When Franklin—grand, droll—  
That could lightnings control,

Comes here with his sturdy, progressive old soul ;  
When freedom's strong staff—  
Hancock—with a laugh,  
Writes in memory's album his huge autograph !

But let thought have its way,  
And give memory sway ;  
Do we think of the cost of this glorified day ?  
While the harvest-field waves,  
Do we think of those graves  
In the farms thickly planted with thousands of  
graves ?

How the great flag up there,  
Clean and pure as the air,  
Has been dabbled with blood-drops, and trailed in  
despair ?

Do we know what a land  
 God hath placed in our hand,  
 To be made into star-gems, or crushed into sand?  
 Let us feel that our race,  
 Doomed to no second place,  
 Must glitter with triumph, or die in disgrace!  
 That millions unborn,  
 At night, noon, and morn,  
 Will thank us with blessings, or curse us with scorn,  
 For raising more high  
 Freedom's flag to the sky,  
 Or losing forever the Fourth of July!

WILL CARLETON.

YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S  
 GRAVE.

WITH sable-draped banners, and slow measured tread,  
 The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;  
 And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,  
 Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love;  
 Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—

A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,  
 Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;  
 Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child  
 Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

"Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—  
 Why! why! did you pass by my dear papa's grave?  
 I know he was poor, but as kind and as true  
 As ever marched into the battle with you—  
 His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,  
 You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!  
 For my poor heart will break if you knew he was  
 there,

And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.  
 He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,  
 In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod  
 Of the breastworks which stood in front of the  
 fight—

And died shouting, 'Onward! for God and the  
 right!'

O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,  
 But you haven't put one on my papa's grave.  
 If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,  
 Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!" cried the chief,  
 "This young orphaned maid hath full cause for her  
 grief."

Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,  
 He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate  
 The long line repasses, and many an eye  
 Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

"This way, it is—here, sir—right under this tree;  
 They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound—  
 A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed  
 ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can repay  
 The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;  
 But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,  
 'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.

"I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma too—  
 I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true;  
 And they will both bless you, I know, when I say  
 How you folded your arms round their dear one to-  
 day—

How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,  
 And hushed its wild throbs on your strong noble  
 breast;

And when the kind angels shall call you to come,  
 We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,  
 Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,  
 And the beautiful flowers never weep o'er a grave."

C. E. L. HOLMES.

## KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast  
 In mist and smoke;

His sword was hammering so fast,  
 Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;  
 Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,  
 In mist and smoke.

"Fly!" shouted they, "fly he who can!  
 Who braves of Denmark's Christian  
 The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,  
 Now is the hour!

He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,  
 And smote upon the foe full sore,  
 And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,  
 "Now is the hour!"

"Fly," shouted they, "for shelter fly!  
 Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
 The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent  
 Thy murky sky!

Then champions to thine arms were sent:  
 Terror and death glared where he went;  
 From the waves was heard a wail, that rose  
 Thy murky sky!

From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiold,  
 Let each to Heaven commend his soul,  
 And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!  
 Dark-rolling wave!

Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
Goes to meet danger with despite,  
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,  
Dark-rolling wave!  
And amid pleasures and alarms,  
And war and victory, be thine arms  
My grave!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE TAXED TEA.

On the tenth day of May, 1773, the East India Company were authorized, by act of Parliament, to export their tea, free of duty, to England, but with a tax of threepence a pound to all parts in the American Colonies. This was considered by the colonists as a scheme of the Ministry to prepare them for an unlimited taxation. Advice having been received, that the company had resolved to send out large quantities of tea on their own account, to be sold in the various colonies, the people immediately resolved to send it back to England, in the same ships in which it should come. The pilots were directed how to proceed with the ships on their arrival, and were required to bring them no farther than within the entrance of the harbor. The consignees were summoned to appear at Liberty Tree and resign their office; but to this they replied in letters "daringly affrontive to the town," declining to resign. On the morning of the twenty-eighth of November, the ship "Dartmouth," with one hundred and fourteen chests of the long-expected tea, came to anchor near the Castle in Boston harbor, and on the following morning came up and anchored off Griffin's wharf.

At the same time, near seven thousand persons, from the several towns around Boston, "respectable for their ranks and abilities, and venerable for their age and character," assembled and unanimously adhered to their former resolution, that the tea should not be landed. "During the session of this meeting, a number of persons, disguised as Indians, approached near to the door of the Assembly, and gave the war whoop, which was answered by a few in the galleries of the house. The savages then repaired to the ships (none numbering three), which harbored the pestiferous tea, and began their ravage. They applied themselves in earnest, and in about two hours broke up three hundred and forty-two chests of tea and discharged their contents into the sea." This song appeared a short time after the occurrence, in the Pennsylvania Packet, under the name of "A new Song, to the plaintive tune of 'Hozier's Ghost!'"

**A**S near beauteous Boston lying,  
On the gently swelling flood,  
Without jack or pendant flying,  
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,  
On the wharf, a numerous crew,  
Sons of freedom, fear forgetting,  
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe and chisels,  
Weapons new for warlike deed,  
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels,  
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky  
Three bright angel forms were seen;  
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,  
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "you foes you'll banish,  
Soon the triumph shall be won;  
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,  
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,  
Hatches burst and chests displayed;  
Axes, hammers help afforded;  
What a glorious crash they made!

Squash into the deep descended  
Cursed weed of China's coast;  
Thus at once our fears were ended:  
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,  
Spread your sails, and plough the wave;  
Tell your masters they were dreamers,  
When they thought to cheat the brave.

### THE BLASTED HERB.

A REVOLUTIONARY APPEAL TO AMERICAN PATRIOTS

**R**OUSE every generous thoughtful mind,  
The rising danger flee,  
If you would lasting freedom find,  
Now then abandon tea.

Seem to be bound with golden chains,  
Though they allure the sight;  
Bid them defiance, if they claim  
Our freedom and birthright.

Shall we our freedom give away,  
And all our comfort cease  
In drinking of outlandish tea,  
Only to please our taste?

Forbid it, Heaven, let us be wise,  
And seek our country's good;  
Nor ever let a thought arise  
That tea should be our food.

Since we so great a plenty have  
Of all that's for our health,  
Shall we that blasted herb receive,  
Impoverishing our wealth?

When we survey the breathless corpse,  
With putrid matter filled,  
For crawling worms a sweet resort,  
By us reputed ill;

Noxious effluvia sending out  
From its pernicious pores,  
Not only from the foetid mouth,  
But every lifeless pore;

To view the same enrolled in tea,  
Besmeared with such perfumes,  
And then the herb sent o'er the sea,  
To us it tinted comes;

Some of it tinctured with a filth  
Of carcases embalmed—  
Taste of this herb, then, if thou wilt  
Sure me it cannot charm.

Adieu! away, oh tea! begone!  
 Salute our tastes no more;  
 Though thou art coveted by some  
 Who're destined to be poor.

LIBERTY'S CALL.

1775.

**H**IGH on the banks of Delaware,  
 Fair Liberty she stood;  
 And waving with her lovely hand,  
 Cried, "Still, thou roaring flood!

"Be still ye winds, be still ye seas,  
 Let only zephyrs play!"  
 Just as she spoke, they all obeyed;  
 And thus the maid did say:

"Welcome, my friends, from every land  
 Where freedom doth not reign;  
 Oh! hither fly from every clime,  
 Sweet liberty to gain.

"Mark Londonderry's brave defence  
 'Gainst tyranny that swayed;  
 Americans, the example's great!  
 Like them, be not dismayed.

"Expect not that on downy beds,  
 This boon you can secure;  
 At perils smile, rouse up your souls  
 War's dangers to endure!

"'Gainst your affronted land behold  
 Oppression rear its head;  
 In hydra-form and battle's din,  
 Each trembling slave to dread.

"But ye, its sons, will ne'er give up  
 Your parent fires till death;  
 Behold! you beauteous virgins seek  
 Laurel your brows to wreath.

"Bear on your minds the noble deeds  
 Your ancestors achieved;  
 How many worthy Britons bled  
 To have their children freed!

"See on the meteors of the night  
 Their spirits wanly fly!  
 Roused from their graves by your distress;  
 Hark! thus I heard them cry:

"Was it for this, ye mothers dear!  
 Ye nursed your tender babes?  
 Was it for this, our yet loved sons!  
 We sheathed our trusty blades?

"O! glory of our ancient times!  
 Be thou our children's guide  
 To arms! to arms!—They call to arms.  
 And stalk in martial pride.

"I will them guide, ye reverend sires!  
 Go to your tombs in peace;  
 The rage of proud usurping men  
 Your sons shall yet repress.

"Hold up your heads, ye weeping fair!  
 Their swords are on their thighs;  
 Smile yet again, ye lovely babes!  
 Their banners in the skies.

"I come, I come, to join your train;  
 Heaven's ministers I see;  
 Farewell, my friends, be not afraid!  
 Be virtuous and be free!"

Heaven's portals opened as she soared,  
 And angels thence did come;  
 With heavenly songs and golden harps,  
 The Goddess welcomed home.

TO THE LADIES.

In the year 1768, the people of Boston resolved that they would not import any tea, glass, paper, or other commodities commonly brought from Great Britain, until the act imposing duties upon all such articles should be repealed. This poetical appeal to the ladies of the country, to lend a "helping hand" for the furtherance of that resolution, appeared in the Boston News Letter, anonymously.

**Y**OUNG ladies in town, and those that live  
 round,  
 Let a friend at this season advise you;  
 Since money's so scarce, and times growing  
 worse,  
 Strange things may soon hap and surprise you.

First, then, throw aside your topknots of pride;  
 Wear none but your own country linen;  
 Of economy boast, let your pride be the most  
 To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What if homespun they say is not quite so gay  
 As brocades, yet be not in a passion,  
 For when once it is known this is much worn in  
 town,  
 One and all will cry out—"Tis the fashion!

And, as one, all agree, that you'll not married be  
 To such as will wear London factory,  
 But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such you will choose  
 As encourage our own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear;  
 Love your country much better than fine things;  
 Begin without passion, 'twill soon be the fashion  
 To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw aside your Bohea, and your Green Hyson tea,  
 And all things with a new-fashion duty;  
 Procure a good store of the choice Labrador,  
 For there'll soon be enough here to suit you.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear  
 Fair, charming, true, lovely and clever;

Though the times remain darkish, young men may be  
sparkish,  
And love you much stronger than ever.

Then make yourselves easy, for no one will teaze ye,  
Nor tax you, if chancing to sneer  
At the sense-ridden tools, who think us all fools;  
But they'll find the reverse far and near.

## COLLINET AND PHEBE.

This song of 1776 was long popular among the colonists. It was first printed in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and occasionally reprinted in the newspapers, as the war progressed.

**A**S Collinet and Phebe sat  
Beneath a poplar grove,  
The gentle youth, with fondest truth,  
Was telling tales of love.

"Dear blooming maid," the shepherd said,  
"My tender vows believe,  
These downcast eyes, and artless sighs,  
Can ne'er thy faith deceive.

"Though some there are, from fair to fair,  
Delighting will to rove,  
Such change thou ne'er from me canst fear;  
Thy charms secure my love.

"Then Phebe now, approve my vow,  
By truth, by fondness pressed;  
A smile assume to grace thy bloom,  
And make thy shepherd blest."

A blush o'erspread her cheek with red,  
Which half she turned aside;  
With pleasing woes her bosom rose,  
And thus the maid replied—

"Dear gentle youth, I know thy truth,  
And all thy arts to please;  
But ah! is this a time for bliss,  
Or themes as soft as these?"

"While all around, we hear no sound  
But war's terrific strains!  
The drum commands our arming bands,  
And chides each tardy swain.

"Our country's call arouses all,  
Who dare be brave and free!  
My love shall crown the youth alone,  
Who saves himself and me."

"'Tis done!" he cried, "from thy dear side  
Now quickly I'll be gone;  
From love will I to freedom fly,  
A slave to thee alone.

"And when I come with laurels home,  
And all that freemen crave,  
To crown my love, your smiles shall prove,  
The fair reward the brave."

## INDEPENDENCE—1776.

This bold song appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, about one month previous to the Declaration of Independence, as a "Parody on an Ode published in the *Town and Country Magazine*," in 1774. The *Tory* papers of the time speak of it as a specimen of "high-born vocal melody."

**F**REEMEN! if you pant for glory,  
If you sigh to live in story,  
If you burn with patriot zeal;  
Seize this bright auspicious hour,  
Chase those venal tools of power,  
Who subvert the public weal.

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!  
See Freedom her banner display!  
Whilst glory and virtue your bosoms inspire,  
Corruption's proud slaves shall with anguish retire.

Would traitors base with bribes beguile you,  
Or with idiot scuffs revile you,  
Ne'er your sacred trusts betray;  
Hancock, Adams, nobly pleading,  
Never from the truth receding,  
Them, North's vengeance em't dismay.

See, their glorious path pursuing,  
All Britannia's troops subduing,  
Patriots whom no threats restrain.  
Lawless tyrants all confounding,  
Future times, their praise resounding,  
Shall their triumphs long maintain.

## BATTLE OF TRENTON.

**O**N Christmas day, in seventy-six,  
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,  
For Trenton marched away.  
The Delaware see! the boats below!  
The light obscured by hail and snow!  
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,  
That dared invade fair freedom's land,  
And quarter in that place.  
Great Washington he led us on,  
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,  
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,  
Each soldier panting for the fight,  
Though quite benumbed with frost.  
Greene, on the left, at six began,  
The right was led by Sullivan,  
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,  
That rebels risen from the dead  
Were marching into town.  
Some scampered here, some scampered there,  
And some for action did prepare;  
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,  
With all their colors, guns, and tents,  
Were trophies of the day.  
The frolic o'er, the bright eunteen,  
In centre, front, and rear, was seen  
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,  
Let's sing deliverance from the hands  
Of arbitrary sway.  
And as our life is but a span,  
Let's touch the tankard while we can,  
In memory of that day.

**SIR HENRY CLINTON'S INVITATION TO  
THE REFUGEES.**

1779.

**C**OME, gentlemen tories, firm, loyal, and true,  
Here are axes and shovels, and something  
to do!

For the sake of our king,  
Come labor and sing.  
You left all you had for his honor and glory,  
And he will remember the suffering tory.  
We have, it is true,  
Some small work to do;

But here's for your pay, twelve coppers a day,  
And never regard what the rebels may say,  
But throw off your jerkins and labor away.

To raise up the rampart, and pile up the wall  
To pull down old houses, and dig the canal,  
To build and destroy,  
Be this your employ;

In the day-time to work at our fortifications,  
And steal in the night from the rebels your rations,  
The king wants your aid,  
Not empty parade;

Advance to your places, ye men of long faces,  
Nor ponder too much on your former disgraces;  
This year, I presume, will quite alter your cases.

Attend at the call of the fifer and drummer,  
The French and the rebels are coming next summer,  
And the forts we must build  
Though tories are killed.

Take courage, my jockies, and work for your king,  
For if you are taken, no doubt you will swing.

If York we can hold,  
I'll have you enrolled;  
And after you're dead, your names shall be read,  
As who for their monarch both labored and bled,  
And ventured their necks for their beef and their  
bread.

'Tis an honor to serve the bravest of nations,  
And be left to be hanged in their capitulations.  
Then sour up your mortars  
And stand to your quarters

'Tis nonsense for tories in battle to run,  
They never need fear sword, halberd, or gun;  
Their hearts should not fail 'em,  
No balls will assail 'em;  
Forget your disgraces, and shorten your faces,  
For 'tis true as the gospel, believe it or not,  
Who are born to be hanged will never be shot.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

**OUR WOMEN.**

1780.

These lines were addressed to the females of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, "who illustrated the nobility of their sentiment and virtue by their patriotism by generous subscriptions to the suffering soldiers of the American army." The author is unknown.

**A**ll hail! superior sex, exalted fair,  
Mirrors of virtue, Heaven's peculiar care;  
Formed to enspirit and enoble man,  
The immortal finish of creation's plan!

Accept the tribute of our warmest praise,  
The soldier's blessing and the patriot's bays!  
For fame's first plaudit we no more contest—  
Constrained to own it decks the female breast.

While partial prejudice is quite disarmed,  
And e'en pale envy with envenom'd charms,  
Freedom no more shall droop her languid head,  
Nor dream supine on sloth's lethargic bed.

No more sit weeping o'er the veteran band,  
Those virtuous, brave protectors of her land;  
Who, nobly daring, stem despotic sway,  
And live the patriot wonders of the day.

For lo! these sons her glorious work renew,  
Cheered by such gifts, and smiles, and prayers  
from you!

More precious treasure in the soldier's eye  
Than all the wealth Potosi's mines supply.

And now ye sister angels of each state,  
Their honest bosoms glow with joy elate,  
Their gallant hearts with gratitude expand  
And trebly feel the bounties of your hand.

And winged for you their benedictions rise,  
Warm from the soul and grateful, to the skies!  
Nor theirs alone: th' historian patriots fired,  
Shall bless the generous virtue you've inspired,

Invent new epithets to warm their page,  
And bid you live admired from age to age;  
With sweet applauses dwell on every name,  
Endear your memories and enbalm your fame,

And thus the future bards shall soar sublime,  
And waft you glorious down the stream of time;  
The breeze of panegyric fill each sail,  
And plaudits pure perfume the increasing gale.

Then freedom's ensign thus inscribed shall wave,  
 "The patriot females who their country save;"  
 Till time's abyss, absorbed in heavenly lays,  
 Shall flow in your eternity of praise.

#### THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

**C**LANG, clang! the massive anvils ring;  
 Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing:  
 Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,  
 The mighty blows still multiply—

Clang, clang!  
 Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
 What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—our couler's course shall be  
 On many a sweet and sheltered lea,  
 By many a streamlet's silver tide;  
 Amid the song of morning birds,  
 Amid the low of sauntering herds,  
 Amid soft breezes, which do stray  
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,  
 Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand  
 With wide-spread glory clothes the land—  
 When to the valleys, from the brow  
 Of each resplendent slope, is rolled  
 ▲ ruddy sea of living gold—  
 We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what glows  
 Beneath the hammer's potent blows?  
 Clink, clank!—we forge the giant chain  
 Which bears the gallant vessel's strain  
 'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides:  
 Secured by this, the good ship braves  
 The rocky roadstead, and the waves  
 Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
 The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
 The storm-cloud on the hill;  
 Calmly he rests—though far away,  
 In boisterous climes, his vessel lay—  
 Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,  
 Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?  
 By Afric's pestilential shore?  
 By many an iceberg, lone and hoar—  
 By many a palmy western isle,  
 Basking in spring's perpetual smile?  
 By stormy Labrador?

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
 When to the battery's deadly peal  
 The crashing broadside makes reply;  
 Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
 Hold grappling ships, that strive the while  
 For death or victory?

Hurrah!—cling, clang!—once more, what glows,  
 Dark brothers of the forge, beneath  
 The iron tempest of your blows,  
 The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning torrent, clear  
 And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured  
 Around and up in the dusky air,  
 As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword!—a name of dread; yet, when  
 Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound—  
 While for his altar and his hearth,  
 While for the land that gave him birth,  
 The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound—  
 How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right  
 It flashes in the van of fight—  
 Whether in some wild mountain pass,  
 As that where fell Leonidas;  
 Or on some sterile plain and stern,  
 A Marston or a Bannockburn;  
 Or amid crags and bursting rills,  
 The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;  
 Or as, when sank the Armada's pride,  
 It gleams above the stormy tide—  
 Still, still, when'er the battle word  
 Is liberty, when men do stand  
 For justice and their native land,  
 Then Heaven bless the sword!

#### WOUNDED.

**L**ET me lie down  
 Just here in the shade of this cannon-  
 tree,  
 Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may  
 see  
 The surge of the combat, and where I may hear  
 The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:  
 Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!  
 Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;  
 The tempest—its fury and thunder were there:  
 On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,  
 With the foe under foot, and our flag overhead;  
 Oh, it was grand!

Went and faint,  
 Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,  
 With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced  
 breast?  
 Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,  
 Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,  
 Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!  
 Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and  
 shell,  
 Through without faltering—clear through with a yell!



Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,  
Like heroes we dashed, at the mandate of doom!  
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!  
Some things are worthless, and some others so good  
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.  
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part;  
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart:  
It is duty.

Dying at last!  
My mother, dear mother! with meek tearful eye,  
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!  
Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast,  
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first pressed!  
Dying at last!

I am no saint;  
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins  
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins:"  
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then  
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen!"  
Ah! I'm no saint.

Hark! there's a shout.  
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I  
know!

Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!  
Ah! there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,  
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!  
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out.  
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,  
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong!  
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod,  
I die for the nation, the Union, and God!  
I'm mustered out.

WILLIAM E. MILLER.

#### SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

**S**UBLIME was the warning that liberty spoke,  
And grand was the moment when Spaniards  
awoke  
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's  
chain.

Oh, liberty! let not this spirit have rest,  
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the  
west—

Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,  
Nor, oh, be the shamrock of Erin forgot  
While you add to your garland the olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their  
rights,

Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,  
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,  
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!  
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,  
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,

Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,  
Fer the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resigned  
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to  
find

That repose which, at home, they had sighed for in  
vain,

Join, join in our hope that the flauo, which you light,  
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,  
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,  
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause  
Of the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,  
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,  
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;  
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!  
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;  
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,  
The young spirit of freedom shall shelter their grave—  
Beneath shamrocks of Erin and olives of Spain!

THOMAS MOORE.

#### GIVE US MEN.

**G**OD give us men, a time like this demands  
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and  
ready hands:

Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and will;  
Men who love honor; men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
And brave his treacherous flatteries without wink-  
ing;

Tall men, sunburnt, who live above the fog,  
In public duty, and in private thinking;

For while the rabble, with its thumb-worn creeds,  
Its large professions, and its little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! freedom weeps.  
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.

#### THE HOME OF FREEDOM.

**A**N angel, floating o'er the waste of snow  
That clad our western desert, long ago.  
(The same fair spirit, who, unseen by day,  
Shone as a star along the Mayflower's way,)

Sent, the first herald of the heavenly plan,  
To choose on earth a resting-place for man—  
Tired with his flight along the unvaried field,  
Turned to soar upwards, when his glance revealed  
A calm, bright bay, enclosed in rocky bounds,  
And at its entrance staid three sister mounds.

The angel spake: "This threefold hill shall be  
The home of arts, the nurse of liberty!



One stately summit from its shaft shall pour  
 Its deep-red blaze along the darkened shore ;  
 Emblem of thoughts, that, kindling far and wide,  
 In danger's night shall be a nation's guide.  
 One swelling crest the citadel shall crown,  
 Its slanted bastions black with battle's frown,  
 And bid the seas that tread its scowling heights  
 Bare their strong arms for man and all his rights !  
 One silent steep along the northern wave  
 Shall hold the patriarch's and the hero's grave ;  
 When fades the torch, when o'er the peaceful scene  
 The embattled fortress smiles in living green,  
 The cross of faith, the anchor staff of hope,  
 Shall stand eternal on its grassy slope ;  
 There through all time shall faithful memory tell,  
 ' Here virtue toiled, and patriot valor fell ;  
 Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side ;  
 Live as they lived, or perish as they died ! ' "

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### ENSIGN EPPS.

**E**NSIGN Epps at the battle of Flanders  
 Sowed a seed of glory and duty  
 That flowers and flames in height and beauty,  
 Like a crimson lily with a heart of gold,  
 To-day when the wars of Ghent are old  
 And buried as deep as their dead commanders.  
 Ensign Epps was the color bearer—  
 No matter on which side, Philip or Earl ;  
 Their cause was the spell—his deed was the pearl.  
 Scarcely more than a lad he had been a sharer  
 That day in the wildest work of the field,  
 He was wounded and spent and the fight was lost,  
 His comrades were slain or a scattered host,  
 But stainless and scathless out of the strife  
 He had carried his colors safer than life.

By the river's brink, without a weapon or shield,  
 He faced the victors. The thick heart mist  
 He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed  
 Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,  
 As proudly as if the fight were won.  
 And he smiled when they ordered him to yield ;  
 Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,  
 Cut the silk from his gilded staff,  
 Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,  
 And hurled at the leader with a laugh.  
 Then round his breast, like the scarf of love,  
 He tied the colors of his heart above.  
 And plunged in his armor into the tide,  
 And there, in his dress of honor, he died.

What are the lessons your kinglings teach ?  
 And what is the text of your proud commanders ?  
 Out of the centuries heroes reach  
 With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story  
 Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,  
 Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

#### THE BATTLE OF FONTENAY.

**M**IRICE, at the heights of Fontenoy, the English column failed,  
 And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed ;  
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,  
 And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.  
 As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,  
 The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.  
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,  
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !  
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.  
 Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,  
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head ;  
 Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill ;  
 Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,  
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,  
 Through rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast ;  
 And, on the open plain above, they rose, and kept their course,  
 With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force.

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—  
 They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks !  
 More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush around,  
 As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground ;  
 Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—  
 Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.

" Push on, my household cavalry ! " King Louis madly cried ;  
 To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.  
 On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein :  
 " Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, " the Irish troops remain ; "  
 And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo—  
 Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true !

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there  
are your Saxon foes!"  
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he  
goes!  
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who are wont to  
be so gay,  
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts  
to-day—  
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ  
could dry,  
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their  
women's parting cry,  
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their coun-  
try overthrown—  
Each looks as if revenge for all was staked on him  
alike.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere  
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud  
exiles were.  
O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he  
commands.  
"Fix bayonets! Charge!" Like mountain storm  
rush on these fiery bands.  
Thin is the English column now, and faint their vol-  
leys grow,  
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make  
a gallant show.  
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-  
wind—  
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men  
behind!  
One volley crashes from their line, when through the  
surging smoke,  
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the head-  
long Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!  
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sas-  
sanach!"  
Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's  
pang,  
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles  
sprang;  
Bright was their steel—'tis bloody now; their guns are  
filled with gore;  
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and  
trampled flags they tore;  
The English strove with desperate strength, paused,  
rallied, staggered, fled—  
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with  
dead.  
Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous  
wreck,  
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun.  
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is  
fought and won!

THOMAS DAVIS.

## THE SEA FIGHT.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

Alas, yes—the fight! Well, messmates, well!  
I served on board that Ninety-eight;  
Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.  
To-night, be sure a crushing weight  
Upon my sleeping breast—a hell  
Of dread will sit. At any rate,  
Though land-locked here, a watch I'll keep—  
Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep?  
That Ninety-eight I sailed on board;  
Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;  
Right aft the rising tempest roared;  
A noble first-rate hove in view;  
And soon high in the gale there soared  
Her streamed-out bunting—red, white, blue!  
We cleared for fight, and landward bore,  
To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn  
Twice laid with words of silken stuff.  
A fact's a fact; and ye may learn  
The rights o' this, though wild and rough  
My words may loom. 'Tis your consarn,  
Not mine, to understand. Enough;—  
We neared the Frenchman where he lay,  
And as we neared, he blazed away.

We tacked, hove to; we filled, we wore,  
Did all that seamanship could do  
To rake him aft, or by the fore—  
Now rounded off, and now broadsided to;  
And now our starboard broadside bore,  
And showers of iron through and through  
His vast hull hissed: our larboard then  
Swept from his three-fold decks his men.

As we like a huge serpent, toiled,  
And wound about, through that wild sea,  
The Frenchman each manœuvre foiled—  
'Vantage to neither there could be.  
Whilst thus the waves between us boiled,  
We both resolved right manfully  
To fight it side by side;—began  
Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain  
Rings out her wild, delirious scream!  
Redoubling thunders shake the main;  
Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.  
The timber with the broadsides strain;  
The slippery decks send up a steam  
From hot and living blood—and high  
And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splintered bone,  
Th' unstiffened corpse, now block the way:  
Who now can hear the dying groan?  
The trumpet of the judgment day,

Had it pealed forth its mighty tone,  
We should not then have heard—to say  
Would be rank sin; but this I tell,  
That could alone our madness quell.

Upon the fore-castle I fought  
As captain of the for'ad gun.  
A scattering shot the carriage caught!  
What mother then had known her son  
Of those who stood around?—distraught,  
And smeared with gore, about they run,  
Then fall, and writhe, and howling die!  
But one escaped—that one was I!

Night darkened round, and the storm pealed,  
To windward of us lay the foe.  
As he to leeward over keeled,  
He could not fight his guns below;  
So just was going to strike—when reeled  
Our vessel, as if some vast blow  
From an Almighty hand had rent  
The huge ship from her element.

Then howled the thunder. Tumult then  
Had stunned herself to silence. Round  
Were scattered lightning-blasted men!  
Our mainmast went. All stifled, drowned,  
Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again  
The bolt burst on us, and we found  
Our masts all gone—our decks all riven:  
—Man's war mocks faintly that of heaven!

Just then—nay, messmates, laugh not now—  
As I, amazed, one minute stood  
Amidst that rout; I know not how—  
'Twas silence all—the raving flood,  
The guns that pealed from stem to bow,  
And God's own thunder—nothing could  
I then of all that tumult hear,  
Or see aught of that scene of fear.

My aged mother at her door  
Sat mildly o'er her humming wheel;  
The cottage, orchard, and the moor—  
I saw them plainly all. I'll kneel,  
And swear I saw them! Oh, they wore  
A look all peace. Could I but feel  
Again that bliss that then I felt,  
That made my heart, like childhood's, melt!

The blessed tear was on my cheek,  
She smiles with that old smile I know:  
"Turn to me, mother, turn and speak."  
Was on my quivering lips—when lo!  
All vanished, and a dashed streak  
Glared wild and vivid from the foe,  
That flashed upon the blood-stained water—  
For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck and hailed us. On us fast  
All burning, helplessly, she came—

Near, and more near; and not a mast  
Had we to help us from that flame.  
'Twas then the bravest stood aghast—  
'Twas then the wicked, on the name  
(With danger and with guilt appalled)  
Of God, too long neglected, called.

Th' eddying flames with ravening tongue  
Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash—  
We almost touched—when ocean rung  
Down to its depths with one loud crash!  
In heaven's top vault one instant hung  
The vast, intense, and blinding flash!  
Then all was darkness, stillness, dread—  
The wave moaned o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone! blown up! that gallant foe!  
And though she left us in a plight,  
We floated still; long were, I know,  
And hard, the labors of that night  
To clear the wreck. At length in tow  
A frigate took us, when 'twas light;  
And soon an English port we gained—  
A hulk all battered and blood-stained.

So many slain—so many drowned!  
I like not of that fight to tell.  
Come let the cheerful grog go round!  
Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho, spell—  
Though a pressed man, I'll still be found  
To do a seaman's duty well.  
I wish our brother landsmen knew  
One-half we jolly tars go through.

#### SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress-tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea;  
We know its walls of thorny vine,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear;  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror, deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
 From danger and from toil ;  
 We talk the battle over,  
 And share the battle's spoil.  
 The woodlands ring with laugh and shout  
 As if a hunt were up,  
 And woodland flowers are gathered  
 To crown the soldier's cup.  
 With merry songs we mock the wind  
 That in the pine-top grieves  
 And slumber long and sweetly  
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
 The band that Marion leads—  
 The glitter of their rifles,  
 The scampering of their steeds.  
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
 Across the moonlight plain ;  
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
 That lifts his tossing mane.  
 A moment in the British camp—  
 A moment—and away !  
 Back to the pathless forest,  
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
 Grave men with hoary hairs ;  
 Their hearts are all with Marion,  
 For Marion are their prayers.  
 And lovely ladies greet our band  
 With kindest welcoming,  
 With smiles like those of summer,  
 And tears like those of spring.  
 For them we wear these trusty arms,  
 And lay them down no more  
 Till we have driven the Briton,  
 Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### INDIAN HEROISM.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the  
 day ;  
 But glory remains when their lights fade  
 away.

Begin, you tormentors ! your threats are in vain,  
 For the sons of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;  
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low !  
 Why so slow ? do you wait till I shrink from the pain ?  
 No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.  
 Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,  
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;  
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.

Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;  
 And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorned to com-  
 plain.

ANNE HUNTER.

#### INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

ON the mat he's sitting there—  
 See ! he sits upright—  
 With the same look that he wore  
 When he saw the light.

But where now the hand's clenched weight ?  
 Where the breath he drew,  
 That to the Great Spirit late  
 Forth the pipe-smoke blew ?

Where the eyes that, falcon-keen,  
 Marked the reindeer pass,  
 By the dew upon the green,  
 By the waving grass ?

These the limbs that, unconfined,  
 Bounded through the snow,  
 Like the stag that's twenty-tyned,  
 Like the mountain roe !

These the arms that, stout and tense,  
 Did the bow-string twang !  
 See, the life is parted hence !  
 See, how loose they hang !

Well for him ! he's gone his ways,  
 Where are no more snows ;  
 Where the fields are deeked with maze  
 That unplanted grows ;—

Where with beasts of chase each wood,  
 Where with birds each tree,  
 Where with fish in every flood  
 Stocked full pleasantly.

He above with spirits feeds ;—  
 We, alone and dim,  
 Left to celebrate his deeds,  
 And to bury him.

Bring the last sad offerings hither ;  
 Chant the death-lament ;  
 All inter, with him together,  
 That can him content.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide  
 That he swung so strong ;  
 And the bear's ham set beside,  
 For the way is long ;

Then the knife—sharp let it be—  
 That from foe's crown,  
 Quick, with dexterous cuts but three,  
 Skin and tuft brought down ;

Paints, to smear his frano about,  
Set within his hand,  
That he redly may shine out  
In the spirits' land.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

### LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

**L**OCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day  
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle  
array!  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my  
sight,

And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But mark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
'Tis thine, oh Glenmillin! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—  
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden that recks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the  
north?  
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
Ah! hush let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament east?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her fanishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
They are true to the last of their blood and their  
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my  
sight:  
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the  
moors;  
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.  
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country east bleeding and torn?  
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
The war-drum is muffled and black is the bier;  
His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy, dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat  
With the smoke of his ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, sootless insulter! I trust not the tale!  
For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their  
gore,  
Like ocean-weeds leaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!  
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

**I**N a dream of the night I was wafted away  
To the muirland of mist, where the martyrs lay;  
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,  
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows  
green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood  
When the minister's house was the mountain and  
wood;  
Whon in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of  
Zion,  
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the  
east  
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;  
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew  
Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and mountain  
flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white smy cloud,  
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;  
And in Glenmair's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,  
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and  
gladness—  
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;  
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,  
And drink the delight of July's sweet morning.

But oh! there were hearts cherished far other feel-  
ings,  
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings:  
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,  
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-  
morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were  
lying  
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was  
erying;  
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were  
hovering.  
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty  
covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were un-  
sheathed,  
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was un-  
breathed;  
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,  
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,  
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;  
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,  
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were  
shrouded,  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and un-  
elouded;  
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and un-  
bending,  
They stood like the rock which the thunder is  
rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were  
gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was stream-  
ing,  
The heavens grew dark and the thunder was rolling,  
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were  
falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was  
ended,  
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;  
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of bright-  
ness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shimmig,  
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribu-  
lation  
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,  
Through the path of the t under the horsemen are  
riding—  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye—  
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

JAMES HYSLOP.

## THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT.

**W**O battle! to battle!  
To slaughter and strife!  
For a sad, broken covenant  
We barter poor life.  
The great God of Judah  
Shall smite with our hand,  
And break down the idols  
That ember the land.

Uplift every voice  
In prayer, and in song;  
Remember the battle  
Is not to the strong—  
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!  
And onward they come,  
To the vain noise of trumpet,  
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,  
With hagbut and spear;  
They lust for a banquet  
That's deathful and dear.

Now horseman and footman  
Sweep down the hill-side ;  
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,  
To die in their pride !

See, long plume and pennon  
Stream gay in the air !  
They are given us for slaughter,  
Shall God's people spare ?  
Nay, nay, lop them off—  
Friend, father, and son ;  
All earth is athirst till  
The good work be done.

Brae tight every buekler,  
And lift high the sword !  
For biting must blades be  
That fight for the Lord.  
Remember, remember,  
How suits' blood was shed,  
As free as the rain, and  
Homes desolate made !

Among them !—among them !  
Unburied bones cry :  
Avenge us—or, like us,  
Faith's true martyrs die !  
Hew, hew down the spoilers !  
Slay on, and spare none ;  
Then shout forth in gladness,  
Heaven's battle is won !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

#### MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror ;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard ;  
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring—  
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliot band—  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Plataea's day ;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke :  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
" To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"  
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band :  
" Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;  
God—and your native land !"

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.

And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,  
The memory of her buried joys—  
And even she who gave thee birth,  
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,  
Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;  
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—  
One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLOCK.



# SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

## CLEAR THE WAY.



Men of thought, be up and stirring  
 Night and day ;  
 Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—clear the way !  
 Men of action, aid and cheer  
 them, as ye may !  
 There's a fount about to stream,  
 There's a light about to beam,  
 There's a warmth about to glow,  
 There's a flower about to blow ;  
 There's a midnight blackness changing  
 into gray.

Men of thought and men of action, clear the way !

Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say  
 What the unimagined glories of the day ?  
 What the evil that shall perish in its ray ?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;  
 Aid it, hopes of honest men,  
 Aid it, paper ; aid it, type ;  
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken into play.  
 Men of thought and men of action, clear the way !

Lo ! a cloud's about to vanish from the day ;  
 And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.  
 Lo ! the right's about to conquer ; clear the way !

With the right shall many more  
 Enter smiling at the door ;  
 With the giant wrong shall fall  
 Many others, great and small,

That for ages long have held us for their prey.  
 Men of thought and men of action, clear the way !

CHARLES MACKAY.

## AN ARAB SAYING.

REMEMBER, three things come not back  
 The arrow sent upon its track,  
 It will not swerve, it will not stay  
 Its speed ; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot  
 By thee ; yet it has perished not ;  
 In other hearts 'tis living still,  
 And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,  
 That cometh back no more to thee ;  
 In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,  
 Those three will never more return.

## ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

DON'T crowd and push on the march of life,  
 Or tread on each other's toes,  
 For the world at best, in its great unrest,  
 Is hard enough as it goes.  
 Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak  
 Till the latter go to the wall ?  
 On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,  
 There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind  
 And drops from the toiling band,  
 If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,  
 Then lend him a helping hand.  
 Cheer up his heart with words of hope,  
 Nor season the speech with gall :  
 In the great highway, on the busiest day,  
 There's room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer  
 Steps out on your track ahead,  
 Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,  
 For the mightiest once were led.  
 But gird your loins for the coming day—  
 Let nothing your heart appall ;  
 Catch up if you can with the forward man,  
 There is room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well,  
 You should get to lead the van,  
 Brand not your name with a deed of shame,  
 But come out an honest man.  
 Keep a bright look-out on every side,  
 Till, heeding the master's call,  
 Your soul should go, from the world below,  
 Where there's room enough for all.

## THE MESSENGER-BIRD.

Some of the Brazilians pay veneration to a bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.

THOU art come from the spirits' land, thou  
 bird ;  
 Thou art come from the spirits' land !  
 Through the dark pine-groves let thy voice be  
 heard,  
 And tell of the shadowy band !

We know that the bowers are green and fair  
 In the light of that summer shore ;



And we know that the friends we have lost are there,  
They are there—and they weep no more!

And we know they have quenched their fever's thirst  
From the fountain of youth ere now,  
For there must the stream in its freshness burst  
Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be hured to earth  
From the land of deathless flowers,  
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,  
Though their hearts were once with ours;

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,  
And bent with us the bow,  
And heard the tales of our fathers' day,  
Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,  
Can those who have loved forget?  
We call, and they answer not again:  
Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother there,  
And the father of his child?  
And the chief of those that were wont to share  
His wandering through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,  
And they speak not from cave or hill;  
We know, thou bird, that their land is bright;  
But say, do they love there still?

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE IS  
THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

**B**LESSINGS on the hand of women!  
Angels guard its strength and grace.  
In the palace, cottage, hovel,  
Oh, no matter where the place;  
Would that never storms assailed it,  
Rainbows ever gently curled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infaney's the tender fountain,  
Power may with beauty flow,  
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,  
From them souls unresting grow—  
Grow on for the good or evil,  
Sunshine streamed or evil hurled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission,  
Here upon our natal sod;  
Keep—oh, keep the young heart open  
Always to the breath of God!  
All true trophies of the ages  
Are from mother-love imperled,

For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of women!  
Fathers, sons and daughters cry,  
And the sacred song is mingled  
With the worship in the sky—  
Mingles where no tempest darkens,  
Rainbows evermore are hurled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

CHEERFUL VIEWS OF LIFE.

**D**O not tell us life is dreary,  
That our life's a yoke, a thrall;  
For there's loveliness around us  
And there's sunshine for us all.

This world is not so bad a world  
As some would try to make it;  
Though whether good or whether ill  
Depends on how we take it.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

**W**OULDST thou a neighbor be where'er thou  
art?  
Then to the needy show a feeling heart,  
And though a stranger, helpless, discover  
No less in him a man and a brother.

But not alone material wants supply;  
Give kindness, hope and gentle sympathy,  
For many for the lack of these have died,  
When other wants have amply been supplied.

Thus life will not be dreary, meagre, sad,  
But filled with deeds, that other hearts make glad;  
For greater good, one need not vainly try;  
This is its own reward and luxury.

C. E. BRIGGE.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

**I**S there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that;  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea-stamp;  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;

ALLACE.

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L. BRIGGE.

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THE MIRROR



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(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ea'd a lord,  
What struts, and stares, and a' that ;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His rib and star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that ;  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE WORLD.

**W**HE world is a queer old fellow ;  
As you journey along by his side  
You had better conceal any trouble you feel,  
If you want to tickle his pride.  
No matter how heavy your burden—  
Don't tell about it, pray ;  
He will only grow colder and shrug his shoulder  
And hurriedly walk away.

But carefully cover your sorrow,  
And the world will be your friend,  
If only you'll bury your woes and be merry  
He'll cling to you close to the end.  
Don't ask him to lift one finger  
To lighten your burden, because  
He never will share it ; but silently bear it  
And he will be loud with applause.

The world is a vain old fellow ;  
You must laugh at his sallies of wit  
No matter how brutal, remonstrance is futile,  
And frowns will not change him one whit.  
And since you must journey together  
Down paths where all mortal feet go,  
Why, life holds more savor to keep in his favor,  
For he's an unmerciful foe.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## THE REAPER.

**B**EHOLD her single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travelers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands ;  
No sweeter voice was ever heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
From old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago ;  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And over the sickle bending ;  
I listened till I had my fill ;  
And as I mounted up the hill  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTHE.

## THE DAY IS DONE.

**W**HE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes over me,  
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the ears, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### ONLY A WORD.

ONLY a word his lips let fall,  
A careless word in wanton play;  
He did not think of it at all,  
And idly went upon his way.

But in a heart with sorrow sore,  
The cruel gibe produced its smart,  
And what he never thought of more  
Convulsed a crushed and bleeding heart.

Only a word another spoke—  
A simple word lit by a smile—  
And mental clouds their darkness broke  
Which shadowed all the sky erewhile.

A life which hope had seemed to leave  
Grew stronger from its generous might;  
A heart bowed down with utter grief  
Felt the rare radiance of its light.

The future rose serene and fair,  
And sorrow lost its bitter sting;  
A single word, though light as air,  
May seem a very little thing;

But hope, joy, sorrow and despair  
By it in human hearts are stirred;  
There is nothing more foul or fair  
Than one slight utterance of a word.

#### THE SPHINX.

THE Sphinx is drowsy,  
Her wings are furled,  
Her ear is heavy,  
She broods on the world.  
"Who'll tell me my secret  
The ages have kept?  
I awaited the seer  
While they slumbered and slept.

"The fate of the manchild—  
The meaning of man—  
Known fruit of the unknown,  
Dædalian plan.  
Out of sleeping a waking,  
Out of waking a sleep,  
Life death overtaking,  
Deep underneath deep.

"Erect as a sunbeam  
Upspringeth the palm;  
The elephant browses  
Undaunted and calm;  
In beautiful motion  
The thrush plies his wings,  
Kind leaves of his covert!  
Your silence he sings.

"The waves unashamed  
In difference sweet,  
Play glad with the breezes,  
Old playfellows meet.  
The journeying atoms,  
Primordial wholes  
Firmly draw, firmly drive,  
By their animate poles.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,  
Plant, quadruped, bird,  
By one music enchanted,  
One Deity stirred,  
Each the other adorning.  
Accompany still,  
Night veileth the no  
The vapor the hill.

"The babe by its mother  
Lies bathed in joy,  
Glide its hours uncounted,  
The sun is its toy;  
Shines the peace of all being  
Without cloud in its eyes,  
And the sum of the world  
In soft miniature lies.

"But man crouches and blushes,  
Absconds and conceals;  
He creepeth and peepeth,  
He palter and steals;  
Infirra, melancholy,  
Jealous glancing around,  
An onf, an accomplice,  
He poisons the ground.

"Outspoke the great mother  
Beholding his fear;—  
At the sound of her accents  
Cold shuddered the sphere;—  
"Who has drugged my boy's cup,  
Who has mixed my boy's bread?  
Who, with sadness and madness,  
Has turned the manchild's head?"

I heard a poet answer  
Aloud and cheerfully,  
"Say on, sweet Sphinx!—thy dirges  
Are pleasant songs to me.  
Deey love lieth under  
These pictures of time,  
They fade in the light of  
Their meaning sublime.

"The fiend that man harries  
Is love of the best,  
Yawns the pit of the dragon  
Lit by rays from the blest;  
The Lettle of nature  
Can't trance him again,  
Whose soul sees the perfect  
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder  
Man's spirit must dive:  
To his eye-rolling orbit  
No goal will arrive.  
The heavens that now draw him  
With sweetness untold,  
Once found—for new heavens  
He spurneth the old.

"Pride ruined the angels,  
Their shame them restores:  
And the joy that is sweetest  
Lurks in stings of remorse.  
Have I a lover  
Who is noble and free—  
I would he were nobler  
Than to love me.

"Eterne alternation  
Now follows, now flies,  
And under pain, pleasure—  
Under pleasure, pain lies.  
Love works at the centre  
Heart heaving away,  
Forth speed the strong pulses  
To the borders of day.

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits!  
Thy sight is growing bleak;  
Hemlock and vitriol for the Sphinx  
Her muddy eyes to clear."  
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip—  
Said, "Who taught thee me to name?  
Manchild! I am thy spirit;  
Of thine eye I am eyebeam.

"Thou art the unanswered question:—  
Couldst see thy proper eye,  
Always it asketh, asketh,  
And each answer is a lie.  
So take thy quest through nature,  
It through thousand natures ply,  
Ask on, thou clothed eternity,  
Time is the false reply."

Uprose the merry Sphinx,  
And crouched no more in stone,  
She hopped into the baby's eyes,  
She hopped into the moon,  
She spired into a yellow flame,  
She flowered in blossoms red,  
She flowed into a foaming wave,  
She stood Monadnoc's head.

Through a thousand voices  
Spoke the universal dame,  
"Who telleth one of my meanings  
Is master of all I am."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Sparcs, upflitting  
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.



So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness,  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of truth ;  
From the flashing surf whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of youth ;

From the strong will, and the endeavor  
That for ever  
• Wrestles with the tides of fate ;  
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart ;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE

Written on returning a blank book.

TAKE back the virgin page,  
White and unwritten still,  
Some hand, more calm and sage,  
The leaf must fill.  
Thoughts come, as pure as light,  
Pure as even you require ;  
But, oh ! each word I write  
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;  
Oft shall my heart renew,  
When on its leaves I look,  
Dear thoughts of you.  
Like you, 'tis fair and bright,  
Like you, too bright and fair  
To let wild passion write  
One wrong wish there.

Haply when from those eyes  
Far, far away I roam,  
Should calmer thoughts arise  
Tow'rd's you and home ;  
Fancy may trace some line,  
Worthy those eyes to meet,  
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,  
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,  
Seamen their records keep,

Led by some hidden star  
Through the cold deep ;  
So may the words I write  
Tell through what storms I stray—  
You still the unseen light,  
Guiding my way.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I ;  
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I ;  
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I ;  
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I ;  
Half the charms to me it yieldeth, money cannot buy ;  
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness—freshening vigor, I ;  
He in velvet, I in fustian ; richer wuan am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am I ;  
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none have I.  
Wealth surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die ;  
Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier man  
am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature—in a daisy, I ;  
Cleon hears no anthem ringing in the sea and sky.  
Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener, I ;  
State for state, with all attendants, who would change  
Not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

#### DEATH THE LEVELLER.

These stanzas are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell.

THE glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armor against fate ;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings :  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor eerooked scythe and spade

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
They tame but one another still :

Early or late,  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds :  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb ;

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

## UNRECOGNIZED.

**A**RMED came floating near me,  
A brown and paltry thing,  
It seemed an idle pastime  
To stay its hasty wing.

But lo! my neighbor grasped it,  
And 'neath her watchful care,  
It grew and gave her freely  
A wreath of blossoms rare.

And then the plant beholding,  
My tears fell freely down,  
The seed was O, so paltry,  
And light as thistle down.

Why was there none to whisper,  
" 'Tis opportunity!"  
The bloom and fragrance yonder  
Would then have been for me.

CLARA J. DENTON.

## LIFE.

**W**E are born; we laugh; we weep;  
We love; we droop; we die!  
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?  
Why do we live or die?  
Who knows that secret deep?  
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring  
Unseen by human eye?  
Why do the radiant seasons bring  
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly;  
Why do our foud hearts cling  
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;  
We fight—and fly;  
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,  
Stone-dead we lie.  
O life! is all thy song  
"Endure and—die?"

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

## OLD FARMER GRUDGE.

**O**LD Farmer Grudge was determined to trudge  
In the same old way that his father went;  
To toil and to slave, to pinch and to save,  
Nor spend on a pleasure a single cent.  
His tools were few, and so rusty, too,  
For want of the needful drop of oil.  
That, creaky and slow, they were forced to go,  
And added much to his daily toil.

His crops were scant, for he would not plant  
Enough to cover his scanty field;  
But grumbled and growled, and always scowled  
At harvest over the meagre yield.

And from the paltry store on the threshing floor  
From gaping mow and neglected bin,  
Would voices cry as he passed them by,  
"You can't take out what you don't put in!"

Old Farmer Grudge was a doleful drudge,  
And in his dwelling and on his land,  
'Twas plain to be seen, he was shrewd and keen,  
And managed all with a miserly hand.  
There was little wool, there was little food;  
Oh, bare, indeed, was the pantry shelf!  
Since he took no heed to another's need,  
So he was warm and well fed himself.

The wife, it is true, would skimp and screw,  
Piece and patch, and some way plan,  
As woman will, with amazing skill,  
Who is tied for life to a stingy man;  
But, oh, how she sighed for the things denied!  
The books and comfort, and larger life  
For which she dreamed and for which she schemed  
When consenting to be Farmer Grudge's wife.

But Farmer Grudge not an inch would budgo  
From the path his penurious father trod;  
But though very rich would work in a ditch  
All day, and at dusk in a corner nod.  
And his girls and boys, bereft of the joys  
That others had, were disposed to roam,  
And to spend profuse, nor put to use  
The lessons they had been taught at home.

## HYMN OF THE CITY.

**N**OT in the solitude  
Alone may man commune with heaven, or  
Only in savage wood  
And sunny vale the present Deity;  
Or only hear His voice  
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.  
Even here do I behold  
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,  
Through the great city rolled,  
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,  
Choking the ways that wind  
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes  
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies  
And lights their inner homes:  
For them thou fill'st the air with unbounded skies,  
And givest them the stores  
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,  
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;  
And this eternal sound—  
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—  
Like the resounding sea,  
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest  
Come, like a calm upon the mild sea brine,  
Hushing its billowy breast,  
The quiet of that moment, too, is Thine;  
It breathes of Him who keeps  
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### SOLACE TOWARD THE SEA.

**A**LL Afric, winged with death and fire,  
Pants in our pleasant English air.  
Each blade of grass is tense as wire,  
And all the wood's loose trembling hair  
Stark in the broad and breathless glare  
Of hours whose touch wastes herb and tree.  
This bright, sharp death shines everywhere;  
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

Earth seems a corpse upon the pyre;  
The sun, a scourge for slaves to bear.  
All power to fear, all keen desire,  
Lies dead as dreams of days that were  
Before the new-born world lay bare  
In heaven's wide eye, whereunder we  
Lie breathless till the season spare:  
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

Fierce hours, with ravening fangs that tire  
On spirit and sense, divide and share  
The throbs of thoughts that scarce respire,  
The throes of dreams that scarce forbear  
One mute immitigable prayer  
For cold, perpetual sleep to be  
Shed snow-like on the sense of care.  
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

The dust of ways where men suspire  
Seems even the dust of death's dim lair.  
But, though the feverish days be dire,  
The sea wind rears and cheers its fair  
Blythe broods of babes that here and there  
Make the sands laugh and glow for glee  
With gladder flowers than gardens wear.  
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

The music dies not off the lyre  
That lets no soul alive despair.  
Sleep strikes not dumb the breathless choir  
Of waves whose note bids sorrow spare.  
As glad they sound, as fast they fare,  
As when fate's word first set them free  
And gave them light and night to wear.  
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

For there, though night and day conspire  
To compass round with toil and snare  
And changeless whirl of change, whose gyre  
Draws all things earthwards unaware,  
The spirit of life they scourge and scare,  
Wild waves that follow on waves that flee

Laugh, knowing that yet, though earth despair,  
Life yearns for solace toward the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBUENE.

#### TOGETHER.

**H**OW happy am I, having you at my side,  
Through life's ever changeable weather;  
My hopes and my fears unto you to confide,  
As we move heart in heart on together.

We have tasted success, we have drank of desire,  
With hearts light and gay as a feather;  
And the days and the deeds that our spirits inspire—  
We have lived and enjoyed them together.

Though care and misfortune and trouble and pain  
Made part of life's changeable weather,  
And sickness and sorrow came once and again,  
We met and endured them together.

So together still sharing what fate has in store,  
May we go to the end of our tether;  
When the good and the evil things all are shared o'er,  
May we share the last sleep still together.

HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

#### LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

**W**HEN the Creator,  
The Great, the Eternal,  
Sows with indifferent  
Hand, from the rolling  
Clouds, o'er the earth, His  
Lightnings in blessing,  
I kiss the nethermost  
Hem of His garment,  
Lowly inclining  
In infantine awe.

For never against  
The immortals, a mortal  
May measure himself.  
Upwards aspiring, if ever  
He toucheth the stars with his forehead,  
Then do his insecure feet  
Stumble and totter and reel;  
Then do the cloud and the tempest  
Make him their pastime and sport.

Let him with sturdy  
Sinewy limbs,  
Tread the enduring  
Firm-seated earth;  
Aiming no further, than with  
The oak or the vine to compare!

What doth distinguish  
Gods from mankind?  
This! Multitudinour

Billows roll ever  
 Before the immortals,  
 An infinite stream.  
 We by a billow  
 Are lifted—a billow  
 Engulfs us—we sink,  
 And are heard of no more !

A little round  
 Encircles our life,  
 And races unnumbered  
 Extend through the ages,  
 Linked by existence's  
 Infinite chain.

THEODORE MARTIN.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

**W**E talked with open heart, and tongue  
 Affectionate and true,  
 A pair of friends, though I was young,  
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
 Beside a mossy seat ;  
 And from the turf a fountain broke,  
 And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew," said I, "let us match  
 This water's pleasant tune  
 With some old border-song, or catch,  
 That suits a summer's noon ;

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
 Sing here beneath the shade—  
 That half-mad thing of whitty rhymes  
 Which you last April made."

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
 The spring beneath the tree ;  
 And thus the dear old man replied,  
 The gray-haired man of glee :

"Down to the vale this water steers ;  
 How merrily it goes !  
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
 And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,  
 I cannot choose but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
 Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirred ;  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay ;  
 And yet the wiser mind

Mourns less for what age takes away  
 Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird in the summer trees,  
 The lark upon the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do they wage  
 A foolish strife ; they see  
 A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free.

"But we are pressed by heavy laws ;  
 And often, glad no more,  
 We wear a face of joy because  
 We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan  
 His kindred laid in earth,  
 The household hearts that were his own,  
 It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone :  
 My life has been approved,  
 And many love me ; but by none  
 Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
 The man who thus complains !  
 I live and sing my idle songs  
 Upon these happy plains ;

"And, Matlew, for thy children dead  
 I'll be a son to thee !"  
 At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
 "Alas ! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side ;  
 And down the smooth descent  
 Of the green sheep-track did we glide,  
 And through the wood we went :

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
 He sang those witty rhymes  
 About the crazy old church-clock,  
 And the bewildered chimes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## THE WEAVER.

**B**ESIDE the loom of life I stand  
 And watch the busy shuttle go ;  
 The threads I hold within my hand  
 Make up the filling ; strand on strand  
 They slip my fingers through, and  
 This web of mine fills out apace  
 While I stand ever in my place.

One time the wool is smooth and fine  
 And colored with a sunny dye ;  
 Again the threads so roughly twine  
 And weave so darkly line on line,

My heart misgives me. Then would I  
Fain lose this web—begin anew—  
But that, alas! I cannot do.

Some day the web will all be done,  
The shuttle quiet in its place,  
From out my hold the threads be run;  
And friends at setting of the sun,  
Will come to look upon my face,  
And say: "Mistakes she made not few,  
Yet wove perchance as best she knew."

MARY CLARK HUNTINGTON.

#### THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,  
Filled with an ever-shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the fitting figures come!  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some  
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—  
The hall in which the feast is spread—  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,  
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,  
With mute caresses shall declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the door  
Where one who made their dwelling dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,  
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!  
Go'st thou to build an early name,  
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!  
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?  
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,  
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread  
The dance till daylight gleam again?  
Who sorrow o'er the intently dead?  
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long  
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;  
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,  
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,  
They pass, and heed each other not.

There is who heeds, who holds them all  
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem  
In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYAN\*

#### NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

NO, no—let me lie  
Not on the field of battle, when I die.  
Let not the iron tread  
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmet-  
head;

Nor let the reeking knife,  
That I have drawn against a brother's life,  
Be in my hand when death  
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath  
His heavy squadron's heels,  
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,  
Though over it float the stripes of white and red,  
And the bald eagle brings  
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,  
To sparkle in my sight,  
O, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye  
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,  
And brazen helmets dance,  
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance;  
I know that bards have sung,  
And people shouted till the welkin rung,  
In honor of the brave  
Who on the battle-field have found a grave.

I know that o'er their bones  
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones,  
Some of those piles I've seen:  
The one at Lexington upon the green  
Where the first blood was shed,  
And to my country's independence led;  
And others on our shore,  
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,

And that on Punker's Hill,  
Ay, and abroad a few more famous still;  
Thy "tomb" Themistocles,  
That looks out yet upon the Grecian sea,  
And which the waters kiss  
That issue from the gulf of Salamis;  
And thine too have I seen—  
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green.

That like a natural knoll,  
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,  
Watched by some turbaned boy,  
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,  
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,  
And hears, as life ebbs out,  
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout,  
But, as his eye grows dim,  
What is a column or a mound to him?  
What to the parting soul,  
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll  
Of drums? No, let me die  
Where the blue heaven bends over me lovingly,  
And the soft summer air,  
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white hair,  
And from my forehead dries  
The death damp as it gathers, and the skies  
Seem waiting to receive  
My soul to their clear depths. Or let me leave  
The world, when round my bed  
Wife, children, weeping friends, are gathered,  
And the calm voice of prayer  
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare,  
To go and be at rest  
With kindred spirits, spirits who have blessed  
The human brotherhood  
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

In my dying hour,  
When riches, fame, and honor, have no power  
To bear the spirit up,  
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup  
That all must drink at last,  
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!  
Then let my soul run back,  
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,  
And see that all the seeds  
That I have scattered there in virtuous deeds,  
Have sprung up, and have given,  
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven,  
And though no grassy mound  
Or granite pile says 'tis heroic ground  
Where my remains repose,  
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps—that those  
Whom I have striven to bless—  
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless—  
May stand around my grave,  
With the poor prisoner and the lowest slave,  
And breathe an humble prayer,  
That they may die like him whose bones are  
moldering there.

JOHN MERPONT.

## ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)  
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

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Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy:  
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;  
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy,  
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon!  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.  
Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?  
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,  
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat.  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great Temple's dedication

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;  
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,  
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it green;  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!  
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself—  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,  
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-  
bered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above-ground, seen some strange muta-  
tions:

The Roman Empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,  
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,

And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold:  
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,  
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:  
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that  
face?

What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest nudecay'd within our presence!  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morn'g,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warn-  
ing.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost forever?  
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

#### LITTLE AND GREAT.

**A** TRAVELLER through a dusty road  
Strew'd acorns on the sea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe his early vows;  
And age was pleas'd, in heats of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs  
The birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it up and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink:  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judg'd that toil might drink.

He pass'd again—and lo! the well,  
By summers never dried,  
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,  
And saved a life beside.

A dreaier dropped a random thought  
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new,  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,  
And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A monitory flame.

The thought was small—its issue great,  
A watch-fire on the hill,  
It sheds its radiance far adown,  
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
That throng'd the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
A transitory breath,  
It rais'd a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

#### I WONDER.

**I** WONDER when that day will be  
When death shall come to tell to me  
The story that we all must hear?  
When, with the silence drawing near,  
I feel my hold on earth so weak  
My pale lips have no power to speak  
Of anguish or of ecstasy.  
Ah, lowly house the grasses under,  
When will ye ope to welcome me  
Your silent guest to be, I wonder?

I wonder if it will be spring,  
When o'er my head the birds will sing  
Their first sweet song not set to words?  
And which of all the many birds  
Will be the first to carol there,  
When I, forever done with care,  
Just like a child tired out at play,  
Sleep all the night and all the day  
So peacefully my green roof under,  
Will it be autumn time or May,  
Winter or summer time, I wonder?

I wonder if I shall be glad  
To leave the pain I long have had?  
Or, if from friends who love me so,  
But with reluctance I shall go?  
Go out upon that journey long  
So voiceless I shall sing no song:  
Ah, chain of life's fair warp and woof,  
When will your bright links drop asunder?  
When will I sleep beneath the roof  
Thatched with the violets, I wonder?

HELEN A. MANVILLE.



## WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;  
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again;  
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,  
Ere'st hidden ends eyes cannot see;  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Grief is but a wound to woe;  
Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo.

JOHN FLETCHER.

## AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,  
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,  
As they laughed and talked in the chamber  
there,  
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,  
Idly they laughed, like other girls,  
Who over the fire, when all is still,  
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,  
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,  
Scattered about in every place,  
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,  
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,  
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,  
For the revel is done—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,  
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,  
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,  
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,  
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,  
While the fire is out and the house is still,  
Maud and Madge together—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,  
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,  
Curtained away from the chilly night,  
After the revel is done—

Float along in a splendid dream,  
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,  
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream  
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,  
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,  
Men and women with beautiful faces,  
And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,  
One face haunting the dreams of each,  
And one voice, sweeter than others are,  
Breaking into silvery speech—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,  
An old, old story over again,  
As down the royal bannered room,  
To the golden gittern's strain.

Two and two, they dreamily walk,  
While an unseen spirit walks beside,  
And all unheard in the lovers' talk,  
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,  
With never a pang of jealous fear!  
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather  
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb  
Braided brown hair and golden tress,  
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom  
Of the bearded lips to press—

Only one for the bridal pearls,  
The robe of satin and Brussels lace—  
Only one to blush through her curls  
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,  
For you the revel has just begun,  
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night  
The revel of life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,  
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,  
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss  
The kisses another hath won.

NORA PERRY.

## HOW EASY IT IS.

HOW easy it is to spoil a day!  
The thoughtless words of cherished friends,  
The selfish act of a child at play,  
The strength of will that will not bend,  
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,  
The smile that is full of bitter things—  
They all can tarnish its golden glow  
And take the grace from its airy wings.

By the force of a thought we did not check  
Little by little we mould the clay,  
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.  
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,  
That held the blessing we long had sought,  
The sudden loss of wealth or power—  
And lo the day is with ill wrought.



How easy it is to spoil a life—  
 And many are spoiled ere well begun—  
 In some life darkened by sin and strife,  
 Or downward course of a cherished one,  
 By toil that robs the form of its grace  
 And undermines till health gives way ;  
 By the peevish temper, the frowning face,  
 The hopes that go and cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain.  
 Some good should come as the hours go by,  
 Some tangled maze may be made more plain,  
 Some lowered glance may be raised on high,  
 And life is too short to spoil like this.  
 If only a prelude, it may be sweet ;  
 Let us bind together its thread of bliss  
 And nourish the flowers around our feet.

## WE MOVE ON.

**W**IS weary, watching wave on wave,  
 And yet the tide heaves onward ;  
 We build, like corals—grave on grave,  
 But pave a pathway sunward.  
 We're beaten back in many a fray,  
 Yet ever strength we borrow ;  
 And where the vanguard rests to-day,  
 The rear shall camp to-morrow.

## MY SHIP.

**D**OWN to the wharves, as the sun goes down,  
 And the daylight's tumult and dust and din  
 Are dying away in the busy town,  
 I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea.  
 Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine,  
 Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,  
 Many and fair, but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night  
 Who over the bulwarks idly lean,  
 Noting the sails as they come in sight :  
 "Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?"

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me ;  
 "Who is her master, and what her name?"  
 And they smile upon me pityingly  
 When my answer is ever and ever the same.

Oh mine was a vessel of strength and truth,  
 Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece,  
 She sailed long since from the port of Youth—  
 Her master was Love, and her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things,  
 She faded in distance and doubt away—  
 With only a tremble of snowy wings  
 She floated, swan-like, adown the bay,

Carrying with her a precious freight—  
 All I had gathered by years of pain ;

A tempting prize to the pirate Fate—  
 And still I watch for her back again.

Watch from the earliest morning light,  
 Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day.  
 To catch the gleam of her canvas white  
 Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet—she will never come  
 To gladden my eyes and my spirit more,  
 And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,  
 As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore.

Knowing that tempest and time and storm  
 Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark ;  
 Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form,  
 And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,  
 And the daylight follows the night's eclipse—  
 And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,  
 I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,  
 For vain and empty it long hath been,  
 I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,  
 And watch to see if my ship comes in.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

## THE DREAM.

**O**UR life is twofold : sleep hath its own world—  
 A boundary between the things misnamed  
 Death and existence : sleep hath its own  
 world,

And a wide realm of wild reality ;  
 And dreams in their development have breath,  
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;  
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts ;  
 They take a weight from off our waking toils ;  
 They do divide our being ; they become  
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
 And look like heralds of eternity ;  
 They pass like spirits of the past—they speak  
 Like sibyls of the future ; they have power—  
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;  
 They make us what we were not—what they will ;  
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
 The dread of vanished shadows—are they so ?  
 Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?  
 Creations of the mind ?—the mind can make  
 Substance, and people planets of its own  
 With beings brighter than have been, and give  
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
 I would recall a vision, which I dreamed  
 Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,  
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
 And curls a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,

Green and of mild declivity; the last,  
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,  
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
 But a most living landscape, and the wave  
 Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men  
 Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
 Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill  
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
 Of trees, in circular array—so fixed,  
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man.  
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath  
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;  
 And both were young, and one was beautiful;  
 And both were young—yet not alike in youth.  
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
 The boy had fewer summers; but his heart  
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
 There was but one beloved face on earth,  
 And that was shining on him; he had looked  
 Upon it till it could not pass away;  
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers;  
 She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
 But trembled on her words; she was his sight,  
 For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,  
 Which colored all his objects;—he had ceased  
 To live within himself; she was his life,  
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
 Which terminated all; upon a tone,  
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,  
 And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart  
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
 But she in these fond feelings had no share;  
 Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
 Even as a brother—but no more; he loved much;  
 For brotherless she was, save in the name  
 Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;  
 Herself the solitary scion left  
 Of a time-honored race.—It was a name  
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and  
 why?

Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved  
 Another. Even now she loved another;  
 And on the summit of that hill she stood  
 Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed  
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
 There was an ancient mansion; and before  
 Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.  
 Within an antique oratory stood  
 The boy of whom I spake; he was alone,  
 And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon  
 He sat him down, and seized a pen and traed  
 Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned  
 His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere  
 With a convulsion—then arose again;  
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear  
 What he had written; but he shed no tears,

And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
 Into a kind of quiet. As he paused  
 The lady of his love re-entered there;  
 She was serene and smiling then; and yet  
 She knew she was by him beloved: she knew,  
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart  
 Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw  
 That he was wretched; but she saw not all.  
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
 He took her hand; a moment o'er his face  
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
 Was traced; and then it faded as it came.  
 He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps  
 Retired; but not as bidding her adieu,  
 For they did part with mutual smiles. He passed  
 From out the massy gate of that old hall,  
 And, mounting on his steed, he went his way;  
 And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
 The boy was sprung to manhood. In the wilds  
 Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
 And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt  
 With strange and dusky aspects; he was not  
 Himself like what he had been; on the sea  
 And on the shore he was a wanderer;  
 There was a mass of many images  
 Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
 A part of all; and in the last he lay  
 Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
 Conched among fallen columns, in the shade  
 Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
 Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side  
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
 Were fastened near a fountain; and a man  
 Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,  
 While many of his tribe slumbered around;  
 And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
 That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
 The lady of his love was wed with one  
 Who did not love her better. In her home,  
 A thousand leagues from his—her native home—  
 She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,  
 Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold!  
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye.  
 As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.  
 What could her grief be?—She had all she loved;  
 And he who had so loved her was not there  
 To trouble with bad hopes or evil wish,  
 Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.  
 What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,  
 Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;  
 Nor could he be a part of that which preyed  
 Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :  
 The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand  
 Before an altar, with a gentle bride ;  
 Her face was fair ; but not that which made  
 The starlight of his boyhood. As he stood,  
 Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
 The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock  
 That in the antique oratory shook  
 His bosom in its solitude ; and then—  
 As in that hour—a moment o'er his face  
 The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
 Was traced—and then it faded as it came ;  
 And he stood calm and quiet ; and he spole  
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words ;  
 And all things reeled around him ; he could see  
 Not that which was, nor that which should have been—  
 But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,  
 And the remembered chambers, and the place,  
 The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
 All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
 And her who was his destiny, came back  
 And thrust themselves between him and the light :  
 What business had they there at such a time ?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :  
 The lady of his love—oh ! she was changed,  
 As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind  
 Had wandered from its dwelling ; and her eyes,  
 They had not their own lustre, but the look  
 Which is not of the earth ; she was become  
 The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts  
 Were combinations of disjointed things ;  
 And forms impalpable and unperceived  
 Of others' sight familiar were to hers.  
 And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise  
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;  
 What is it but the telescope of truth ?  
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
 And brings life near in utter nakedness  
 Making the cold reality too real !

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :  
 The wanderer was alone, as heretofore ;  
 The beings which surrounded him were gone  
 Or were at war with him ; he was a mark  
 For blight and desolation—compassed round  
 With hatred and contention ; pain was mixed  
 In all which was served up to him ; until,  
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
 He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
 But were a kind of nutriment. He lived  
 Through that which had been death to many men,  
 And made him friends of mountains. With the stars,  
 And the quick Spirit of the Universe,  
 He held his dialogues, and they did teach  
 To him the magic of their mysteries ;  
 To him the book of night was opened wide  
 And voices from the deep abyss revealed  
 A marvel and a secret.—Be it so.

My dream was past ; it had no further change.  
 It was of a strange order, that the doom  
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced out  
 Almost like a reality—the one  
 To end in madness—both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

## WHAT ?

Oh, what is the love or the hate of men ?  
 What is their praise or their blame ?  
 Their blame is a breath, but an echo of death,  
 And a star that glows bright and is gone  
 from the sight—  
 Ah ! such is the vanishing guerdon of fame.

Oh, what is the grief or the joy of life ?  
 What is its pleasure or pain ?  
 The joys we pursue pass away like the dew ;  
 And though bitter the grief, time brings relief  
 To the heart that is wounded again and again.

Oh, what is the loss or the gain of time ?  
 And what is success's fair crown ?  
 The gain that we prize—lo ! it fades and it flies ;  
 And the loss we deplore as quickly is o'er,  
 There is little to choose 'twixt life's smile and  
 life's frown.

Oh, men they may love and men they may hate,  
 It matters little to me,  
 For life is a breath, and hastens death  
 To gather in all, from the hut and wall,  
 To the home that is narrow—the house that is free.

## THE RIVER TO THE NIGHT.

Composed while the writer was residing in the valley of one of those  
 hard-worked New England rivers, of which so much is exacted on the  
 way to the ocean.

Oh WELCOME, yes welcome, thou blessed night !  
 Thrice welcome art thou to me ;  
 In thee I may go with a peaceable flow  
 Far on to the measureless sea—  
 The sea that is waiting for me.

O cruel and galling the yoke I wear ;  
 Dark night I murmur to thee ;  
 In bondage I go with laborious flow  
 To rest in the welcoming sea—  
 The sea that is calling to me.

O freedom, dear freedom, no longer mine,  
 My thoughts are ever of thee :  
 Ne'er again shall I know the rapturous flow  
 That once marked my way to the sea—  
 The sea that was asking for me.

O music, sweet music, merciful night.  
 Is thy deep silence to me ;  
 A story of woe is my turbulent flow  
 Down, down to the sheltering sea—  
 The sea that is refuge for me.

The story is long of my bondage to wrong ;  
 I cannot portray the half in my song.  
 Far, far to the north into light I leaped forth  
 As free as the bird to sing through the earth ;  
 To the hills with my voice I shouted, " Rejoice !"  
 And echo caught up the jubilant noise,  
 And the hail of the rill to each answering hill  
 Repeated, in shouts that never were still.  
 The trees, as in love, waved their banners above,  
 And laughed as I kissed the feet of the grove ;  
 Over me in my path their branches they spread,  
 A shield from the sun that blazed overhead.  
 I gathered the brooks from inviolate nooks  
 Of mountain recess and sentinel rocks,  
 To journey with me as, unbridled and free,  
 A child of delight, I rolled to the sea.  
 The grasses that grew on my either bank drew  
 Their life from my depths, their delicate hue.  
 The birds dipped the bill, quickly drinking their fill,  
 And rendered their thanks with warble and trill.  
 I bore the lilies sweet-scented flotillas,  
 Wafting afar to hamlets and villas  
 Breath sweetly laden for lover and maiden—  
 Inense like that of morning in Eden.  
 I mirrored the grace and the sportive embrace  
 Of children, down looking into my face.  
 My will I obeyed as I loitered in shade,  
 Still lying and dark in thicket and glade,  
 Creeping through sedges, mad darting down ledges ;  
 Swirling I dashed midst boulders and wedges  
 Of rough, riven rock, as, with laughter and mock  
 I burst away aught my progress would block.  
 No hard master ruled me—glad, triumphing, free,  
 I joyfully journeyed on to the sea.

But alas for the days, alas for the ways  
 I sadly recall—regretfully praise.  
 My freedom is gone—now a master I own,  
 And wearing his yoke I murmur and moan.  
 I grind in the mill ; I am broke on the wheel ;  
 I beat out my life on copper and steel ;  
 The oak, mountain giant, gnarled and defiant,  
 I cut and shape to all uses pliant.  
 The spindles I drive and the looms, in that live  
 Where man and machine seem both all alive,  
 From dawn's early gray till the light fades away,  
 Like Samson, I in the prison-house play.  
 Afar I am led from my own chosen bed ;  
 Am beaten to foam—to tatters am shred.  
 Once all the day long the bright birds blent their song  
 In chorus above as I stole along ;  
 Now I scarcely can hear their melodies clear,  
 So loud whir the wheels and rattle their gear ;  
 And I painfully go, bruised, broken and slow,  
 To rest after toil in the ocean below.

Then welcome, yes, welcome, thou blessed night,  
 The rest thou bringest to me ;  
 In darkness I know brief repose as I go—  
 On, on to my home in the sea—  
 The sea that is thirsting for me.

A vision, stern vision, thou tyrant man,  
 Of fate that hangs over thee :  
 Time's river doth go, with hurrying flow,  
 On, on to the infinite sea—  
 The sea that is waiting for thee.

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

## FIDELITY.

IF a prince should come and cast him down  
 (Believe me, my dear, for I cannot change)  
 And call me his queen and give me his crown  
 For the love of me, would you think it strange  
 That I'd still be true, my love to you,  
 Tho' a thousand princes should come to woo ?

If an angel should come and clasp my hand  
 (You may trust me, dear, thro' all coming time),  
 And make me the queen of some far-off land,  
 I would not be queen of his sunlit clime  
 For a single year, for I sadly fear  
 The queen's heart would break for you, my dear !

Should I cross the river of death to-night  
 (Have faith, my dear, for my love cannot die),  
 My heart would thrill with a strange delight,  
 Though the waves were cold and the billows high,  
 And I would not shrink could I only think  
 You were waiting for me by the river's brink.

While our souls are still in the scale of fate  
 (Ah ! pray, my dear, pray with all your heart),  
 Though eternity's night may come soon or late,  
 Through the ages that come, we may not part,  
 And I would not moan tho' life were gone  
 If you clasped through the darkness my hand in  
 your own.

LOLA MARSHALL DEAN.

## RETROSPECTION.

OLD Chronos strikes the lingering blow,  
 Another year's white milestone stands  
 Where old paths end and new roads stretch  
 Far into mystic future lands.  
 Ere crossing to that unknown realm,  
 Like Caesar, pause we, looking back,  
 And dimly trace on shifting sands  
 Of olden days our pilgrim track.

Bright days when gayly sings the world  
 And cloudless skies so blue ne'er gleamed  
 Joy's summer land above, beneath,  
 While life one bright Elysium seems.  
 But mars the song a discord sad ;  
 Strands glistening brightest in life's web  
 Are spun by buoyant hands of hope,  
 Then cuts some Atropos the thread.

O'ershadowed are the beauteous skies :  
 Life's joys now emphasize its shades ;  
 Dull eyes with questioning faith would fain  
 See glimpses of hope's sunlit rays,  
 But " serving as we stand and wait,"  
 Adown dark skies a soft wind blows ;  
 And dying sunset's glory bright  
 Opens western gates and floods the gray  
 With crimson, amethystine light.

AMY SEVILLE WOLFF.

## NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE.

**A**Y good man is a clever man,  
 Which no one will gainsay ;  
 He lies awake to plot and plan  
 'Gainst lions in the way,  
 While I, without a thought of ill,  
 Sleep sound enough for three ;  
 For I never trouble trouble till  
 Trouble troubles me.

A holiday we never fix  
 But he is sure 'twill rain,  
 And when the sky is clear at six  
 He knows it won't remain.  
 He's always prophesying ill,  
 To which I won't agree,  
 For I never trouble trouble till  
 Trouble troubles me.

The wheat will never show a top—  
 But soon how green the field !  
 We will not harvest half a crop—  
 Yet have a famous yield !  
 It will not sell, it never will !  
 But I will wait and see,  
 For I never trouble trouble till  
 Trouble troubles me.

He has a sort of second sight,  
 And when the fit is strong,  
 He sees beyond the good and right  
 The evil and the wrong,  
 Heaven's cup of joy he'll surely spill  
 Unless I with him be,  
 For I never trouble trouble till  
 Trouble troubles me.

## THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

**T**HE wisest of the wise  
 Listen to pretty lies,  
 And love to hear 'em told ;  
 Doubt not that Solomon  
 Listened to many a one—  
 Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among  
 The choir of wisdom's song,  
 But pretty lies loved I

As much as any king—  
 When youth was on the wing,  
 And (must it then be told ?) when youth had quite gone  
 by.

Aias ! and I have not  
 The pleasant hour forgot,  
 " When one pert lady said,  
 " O Walter ! I am quite  
 Bewildered with affright !  
 I see (sit quiet now !) a white hair on your head "

Another, more benign,  
 Snipt it away from mine,  
 And in her own dark hair  
 Pretended it was found.  
 She leaped, and twirled it round.  
 Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

**A** YOUTH, light-hearted and content,  
 I wander through the world ;  
 Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent  
 And straight again is furl'd.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
 Close in my heart was locked,  
 And in the sweet repose of life  
 A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream—away !  
 Too long did it remain !  
 So long, that both by night and day  
 It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought ;  
 To a grave so cold and deep  
 The mother beautiful was brought ;  
 Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
 I bathe mine eyes and see ;  
 And wander through the world once more,  
 A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—  
 Left me that vision mild ;  
 The brown is from the mother's hair,  
 The blonde is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
 Pale grows the evening-red ;  
 And when the dark lock I behold,  
 I wish that I were dead.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE LAVA FLOW

**I**T found a valley young and fair  
 And virgin of regret ;  
 That laughed away the amorous air,  
 Nor dreamed of love as yet.

It left a valley wan and old  
And outcast of desire,  
When through her maiden heart had rolled  
Its passion-flood of fire.

Her springs are dry ; and dry between  
In all her flowery pass,  
Save one wee strip of faithful green—  
The friendship of the grass.

And black across her beauty's wreck—  
Poor wreck, that may not die !—  
Lies dead the flame she could not check,  
Nor can revivify.

So, wan and writhen in despair,  
So, frozen black in stone,  
They lie—the awful semblance there  
Of lives that I have known.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

#### THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
The cathedral door above ;  
Yet I saw but one among them,  
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle—wound about him,  
As their robes the sowers wind—  
Bore the swallows and their fledgelings,  
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and child-like,  
High in wind and tempest wild ;  
O, were I like him exalted,  
I would be like him, a child !

And my songs—green leaves and blossoms—  
Up to heaven's door would bear,  
Calling, even in storm and tempest,  
Round me still these birds of air.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE spirit of beauty unfurls her light,  
And wheels her course in a joyous flight ;  
I know her track through the balmy air,  
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten  
there—

She leaves the top of the mountains green,  
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn I know where she rested at night,  
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight,  
Then she mounts again, and around her flings  
A shower of light from her purple wings,  
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,  
That silently fills it with ecstasy !

At noon she hies to a cool retreat  
Where bowering elms over waters meet ;  
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,  
That smiles as it curls, like a maiden's lip,  
When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain  
From her lover the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky,  
Dark clouds for a glorions canopy ;  
And around the skirts of each sweeping fold  
She paints a border of crimson gold ;  
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,  
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,  
When her presence is felt with the deepest power,  
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream  
With shadows that fit like a fairy dream,  
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,  
The spirit of beauty is everywhere.

RUFUS DAVIES.

#### ONLY.

ONLY a seed—but it chanced to fall  
In a little cleft of a city wall,  
And taking root, grew bravely up,  
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day  
That a burdened heart passed by that way ;  
And the message that through the flower was sent  
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wondrously clad ;  
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad  
At the thought of a tender care over all,  
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught ;  
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold ;  
And the life bore fruit a hundred-fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,  
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above ;  
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more ;  
For a new-born soul " entered in by the door."

JESSIE GORDON.

#### TO A PAIR OF SLIPPERS IN THE EGYPTIAN EXHIBITION, LONDON.

MINY slippers of gold and green  
Tied with a mouldering cord !  
What pretty feet they must have been  
When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord !  
Somebody graceful and fair you were :  
Not many girls could dance in these !  
When did the shoemaker make you, dear,  
Such a nice pair of Egyptian threes !

Where were you measured? In Sais, or on,  
 Memphis, or Thebes, or Pehisium?  
 Fitting them fealty your brown toes upon,  
 Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb,  
 I seem to see you! So long ago!  
 Twenty centuries—less or more!  
 And here are the sandals; yet none of us know  
 What name or fortune or face you bore!

Your lips would have laughed with a rosy scorn  
 If the merchant or slave had mockingly said:  
 The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn  
 'Two thousand years onward time's road shall tread,  
 And still be foot-gear as good as new!  
 To think that calf skin, gilded and stitched,  
 Should Rome and her Cæsar outlive; and you  
 Be gone like a dream from the world you bewitched.

Not that we mourn you; 'twere too absurd;  
 You have been such a very long while away!  
 Your dry, spiced dust would not value a word  
 Of the soft regrets that a verse could say  
 Sorrow and joy, and love and hate,  
 If you ever felt them, are vaporized hence  
 To this odor—subtle and delicate—  
 Of cassia and myrrh and frankincense.

Of course they embalmed you? But not so sweet  
 Were aloes and nard as your youthful glow  
 Which Amenti took, when the small, dark feet  
 Wearied of treading our earth below.  
 Look! It was flood-time in Valley of Nile,  
 Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!  
 When your gilded shoes tripped their latest mile;  
 The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt? You saw  
 Antony's galleys from Actium come!  
 But, there! if questions could answers draw  
 From lips so many a long age dumb,  
 I would not tease you for history,  
 Nor vex your heart with the men which were;  
 The one point to know which will fascinate me,  
 Is, where and what are you to-day, my dear!

You died believing in Horus and Pasht,  
 Isis, Osiris and priestly lore;  
 And found, of course, such theories smashed  
 By actual fact, on the heavenly shore?  
 What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?  
 Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?  
 Your charming soul—as I calculate—  
 Mis-laid its mummy and sought new flesh.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,  
 With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,  
 Who still of this "find" in the Fayoum would speak,  
 And to scarabs and Pharaohs would carry us back!  
 A scent of lotus around her lung,  
 She had such a far-away, wistful air,  
 As of somebody born when the earth was young,  
 And wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair!

Perchance you were married? These might have  
 been

Part of your *trousseau*—the wedding-shoes;  
 And you laid them aside with the lute-leaves green,  
 And painted clay gods which a bride did use;  
 And maybe to-day, by Nile's bright waters,  
 Damsels of Egypt, in gowns of blue—  
 Great—great—great—very great granddaughters—  
 Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I knock at the bars of the past,  
 Little green slippers with golden strings!  
 For all you can tell is that leather will last  
 When loves and delights and beautiful things  
 Have vanished, forgotten! Nay! Not quite that!  
 I catch some light of the grace you wore  
 When you finished with life's daily pit-a-pat,  
 And left your shoes at time's bedroom-door.

You were born in the Old World, which did not  
 doubt;  
 You were never sad with our new-fashioned sor-  
 row;  
 You were sure, when your gladsome days ran out.  
 Of day-times to come, as we of to-morrow!  
 Oh, dear little Maid of the Delta! I lay  
 Your shoes on your mummy-chest back again,  
 And wish that one game we might merrily play  
 At "hunt-the-slipper"—to see it all plain!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

#### THE TWO MYSTERIES.

**W**E know not what it is, dear, this sleep so  
 deep and still,  
 The folded hands, the awful calm, the  
 cheek so pale and chill,

The lids that will not lift again, though we may call  
 and call,  
 The strange white solitude of peace that rattles over  
 all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-  
 pain,  
 The dread to take our daily way and walk in it again.  
 We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,  
 Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not  
 know.

But this we know, our loved and lost, if they should  
 come this day,  
 Should come and ask us, What is life? not one of us  
 could say,  
 Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be;  
 Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and  
 see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed  
 is the thought,  
 So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell  
 you naught;



We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;  
 Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.  
 The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,  
 So those who enter death must go as little children sent.  
 Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead,  
 And as life is to the living so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

#### PREFERENCES AND TREASURES.

I'D rather drink cold water from the brook,  
 Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice;  
 I'd rather sleep on straw in shepherd's hut,  
 Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,  
 And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure,  
 Than feed without the zest of appetite  
 Of gorgeous plate and unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true, unfailling friend,  
 Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty;  
 And one poor lass who loved me for myself,  
 Than one without a heart who owned a county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,  
 And strews rich blessings everywhere around us;  
 While fortune, if we pant in her pursuit,  
 Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers, and health and love—  
 These are endowments if we learn to prize them;  
 The wise man's treasures better worth than gold,  
 And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

CHARLES MACKAY.

#### THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past  
 There lived a man; and who was he?  
 Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
 The land in which he died unknown;  
 His name hath perished from the earth;  
 This truth survives alone—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
 Alternate triumphed in his breast;  
 His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!  
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
 The changing spirits' rise and fall,  
 We know that these were felt by him,  
 For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;  
 Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;

Had friends—his friends are now no more;  
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave  
 Hath lost in its unconscionable womb;  
 Oh! she was fair! but nought could save  
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
 Encountered all that troubles thee;  
 He was—whatever thou hast been;  
 He is—what thou shalt be!

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
 Erewhil' his portion, life and light,  
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye  
 That once their shade and glory threw,  
 Have left, in yonder silent sky,  
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
 Their ruins since the world began,  
 Of him afford no other trace  
 Than this—there lived a man.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

#### DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.

Written by England's Laureate in 1839.

DEMETER—Faint as a climate changing bird  
 that flies  
 All night across the darkness, and at dawn,  
 Falls on the threshold of her native land  
 And can no more, thou earnest, O my child,  
 Led upward by the god of ghosts and dreams,  
 Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb  
 With passing through at once from state to state,  
 Until I brought thee hither; that the day  
 When here thy hands let fall the gathered flowers  
 Might break through crowded memories once again  
 On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale  
 Saw thee and flushed into a frolic of song  
 And welcome. And a gleam, as of the moon  
 When first she peers along the tremulous deep,  
 Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away  
 That shadow of a likeness to the King  
 Of Shadows, thy dark mate, Persephone,  
 Queen of the dead no more, my child, thine eyes  
 Again were human, godlike; and the sun  
 Burst from a swimming fleece of winter gray,  
 And robed thee in his day from head to feet.

PERSEPHONE—Mother, and I was folded in thine arms

DEMETER—Child, when thou wert gone  
 I envied human wives and nested birds;  
 Yea the enbbed lioness; went in search of thee  
 Through many a palace, many a cot, and gave



My breast to ailing infants in the night,  
 And set the mother waking in amaze to find  
 Her sick one whole ; and forth again I went  
 Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried :—  
 "Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?"  
 And out from all the night an answer shrilled,  
 "We know not, and we know not why we wail."  
 I climbed on all the cliffs of all the seas  
 And asked the waves that moan about the world,  
 "Where do ye make your moaning for my child?"  
 And round from all the world the voices came,  
 "We know not, and we know not why we moan."

## Trace of thee

I saw not ; and, far on, and, following out  
 A league of labyrinthine darkness, came  
 On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift,  
 Where and I heard one voice from all the three,  
 "We know not, for we spin the lives of men,  
 And not of gods, and know not why we spin.  
 There is a fate beyond us."

## Those gray heads,

What meant they by their fate beyond the fates,  
 But younger, kindlier gods to bear us down,  
 As we bore down the gods before us ; gods  
 To quench, nor hurl the thunderbolt ; to stay,  
 Nor spread the plague ; the famine ; gods, indeed,  
 To send the noon into the night, and break  
 The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven,  
 Till thy dark lord accept and love the sun,  
 And all the shadow die into the light ;  
 When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me  
 And souls of men who grew beyond their race  
 And made themselves as gods against the fear  
 Of death and hell. And thou, that hast from men,  
 As Queen of Death, that worship which is fear,  
 Henceforth as having risen from out the dead,  
 Shall ever send thy life along with mine.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## SOME DAY.

SOME day—so many tearful eyes  
 Are watching for the dawning light !  
 So many faces toward the skies  
 Are weary of the night !

So many falling prayers that reel  
 And stagger upward through the storm ;  
 And yearning hands that reach and feel  
 No pressure true and warm !

So many hearts whose crimson wine  
 Is wasted to a purple stain ;  
 And blurred and streaked with drops of brine  
 Upon the lips of pain !

O come to them—those weary ones !  
 Or, if thou still must bide a while,  
 Make stronger yet the hope that runs  
 Before thy coming smile.

And haste and find them where they wait,  
 Let summer winds blow down that way,  
 And all they long for, soon or late,  
 Bring round to them—some day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-  
 ing, I fly  
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone  
 warm in thine eye ;  
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions  
 of air,  
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to  
 me there,  
 And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.  
 Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to  
 hear !  
 When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on  
 the ear ;  
 And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison  
 rolls,  
 I think, oh my love ! 'tis thy voice from the king-  
 dom of souls,  
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so  
 dear.

THOMAS MOORE.

## A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

THE surging sea of human life forever onward  
 rolls,  
 And bears to the eternal shore its daily  
 freight of souls,  
 Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale death sits  
 at the prow,  
 And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years  
 from now.

O mighty human brotherhood ! why fiercely war and  
 strive,  
 While God's great world has ample space for every-  
 thing alive ?  
 Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed are waiting for  
 the plow  
 Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred  
 years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short, narrow  
 span,  
 On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother-  
 man ?  
 Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage  
 bow ?  
 Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years  
 from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause ? Why dread  
 so much its blame ?  
 A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame ;

The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes  
with shame the brow,  
Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred years from  
now.

O patient hearts, that meekly bear your weary load of  
wrong!  
O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striving,  
grow more strong!  
Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream  
of how  
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years  
from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom,  
right and truth  
Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless  
youth!  
When 'mid the blest with God you rest, the grateful  
land shall bow  
Above your clay in reverent love a hundred years from  
now.

Earth's empires rise and fall. Time! like breakers  
on thy shore  
They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down, and are  
no more.  
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's  
radiant brow  
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years  
from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eye the past and future  
stand  
An open page, like babes we cling to thy protecting  
hand;  
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may  
safely bow  
Beneath the shadow of thy throne a hundred years  
from now.

MARY A. FORD.

## A WIFE.

**T**HE wife sat thoughtfully turning over  
A book inscribed with the school-girl's  
name;  
A tear, one tear, fell hot on the cover  
So quickly closed when her husband came.

He came and he went away, it was nothing;  
With commonplace words upon either side;  
But, just with the sound of the room-door shutting,  
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love she had read of in sweet romances,  
Love that could sorrow, but never fail;  
Built her own palace of noble fancies,  
All the wide world like a fairy-tale.

bleak and bitter and utterly doleful  
Spread to this woman her map of life:

Hour after hour she looked in her soul, full  
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in hands, she knelt on the carpet;  
The cloud was loosened, the storm-rain fell.  
Oh! life has so much to wilder and warp it,  
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## ASHES.

Written in the Shakespeare Church at Stratford-upon-Avon.

**A**N longs to view his destiny completed;  
He cannot see it—but his Maker can.  
As shapes of cloud in mountains are re-  
peated,  
So thoughts of God accomplished are in  
man.

Here the divinest of all thoughts descended;  
Here the "sweet heavens" their sweetest boon let  
fall;  
Upon this hallowed ground begun and ended  
The life that knew and felt and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial  
That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,  
No glad fulfillment and no sad denial,  
Beyond the pictured truth that Shakespeare drew.

All things are said and done, and though forever  
The streams dash onward and the great winds blow,  
There comes no new thing in the world, and never  
A voice, like his, that seems to make it so.

Take then thy fate, or opulent or sordid;  
Take it, bear it, and esteem it blest!  
For of all crowns that ever were awarded  
The crown of simple patience is the best.

WILLIAM WINTER.

## ONE DAY AT A TIME.

**O**NE day at a time! That's all it can be;  
No faster than that is the hardest fate;  
And days have their limits, however we  
Begin them too early and stretch them too  
late.  
One day at a time;  
It's a wholesome rhyme;  
A good one to live by,  
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,  
Knowing only too well how long they can seem,  
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—  
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—  
Such joy as the heart can never forget—  
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,  
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time ! but a single day,  
 Whatever its load, whatever its length ;  
 And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say  
 That according to each shall be our strength.

One day at a time ! 'Tis the whole of life ;  
 All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein,  
 The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife  
 The one only countersign sure to win !

One day at a time ;  
 It's a wholesome rhyme :  
 A good one to live by,  
 A day at a time.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (H. H.).

#### IS LIFE WORTH LIVING ?

**I**S life worth living ? Yes, so long  
 As spring revives the year,  
 And hails us with the cuckoo's song,  
 To show that she is here ;  
 So long as May of April takes  
 In smiles and tears farewell,  
 And windflowers dapple all the brakes,  
 And primroses the dell ;  
 And children in the woodlands yet  
 Adorn their little laps  
 With lady-smock and violet,  
 And daisy-chain their caps ;  
 While over orchard daffodils  
 Cloud-shadows float and fleet,  
 And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,  
 And young lambs buck and bleat ;  
 So long as that which bursts the bud,  
 And swells and tunes the rill,  
 Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,  
 Life is worth living still.

Life not worth living ! Come with me,  
 Now that, through vanishing veil,  
 Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,  
 And milk foams in the pail ;  
 Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes  
 With sweat the striplings lithe,  
 As fall the long, straight, scented swathes  
 Over the rhythmic scythe ;  
 Now that the throstle never stops  
 His self-sufficing strain,  
 And woodbine-trails festoon the copses,  
 And eglantine the lane ;  
 Now rustic labor seems as sweet  
 As leisure, and blithe herds  
 Wend homeward with unwearied feet,  
 Carolling like the birds ;  
 Now all, except the lover's vow,  
 And nightingale, is still ;  
 Here, in the starlit hour, allow,  
 Life is worth living still.

When summer, lingering half-forlorn,  
 On autumn loves to lean,  
 And fields of slowly yellowing corn  
 Are girt by woods still green ;  
 When hazelnuts wax brown and plump,  
 And apples rosy-red,  
 And the owl hoots from hollow stump,  
 And the dormouse makes its bed ;  
 When crammed are all the granary floors,  
 And the hunter's moon is bright,  
 And life again is sweet indoors.  
 And logs again alight ;  
 Aye, even when the houseless wind  
 Waileth through cleft and chink,  
 And in the twilight maids grow kind,  
 And jugs are filled and clink ;  
 When children clasp their hands and pray,  
 "Be done Thy heavenly will !"  
 Who doth not lift his voice and say,  
 "Life is worth living still ?"

Is life worth living ? Yes, so long  
 As there is wrong to right,  
 Wail of the weak against the strong,  
 Or tyranny to fight ;  
 Long as there lingers gloom to chaso,  
 Or streaming tear to dry,  
 One kindred woe, one sorrowing face  
 That smiles as we draw nigh ;  
 Long as a tale of anguish swells  
 The heart and lids grow wet,  
 And at the sound of Christmas bells  
 We pardon and forget ;  
 So long as faith with freedom reigns,  
 And loyal hope survives,  
 And gracious charity remains  
 To leaven lowly lives ;  
 While there is one untrodden tract  
 For intellect or will,  
 And men are free to think and act,  
 Life is worth living still.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

#### A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

**W**HEN stars that we saw in the quiet blue  
 Of the beautiful sky last night,  
 Have all tumbled down while we were  
 sleeping :  
 You never saw lovelier sight.

"Come, see them, mamma, it is not far off,  
 This place where they thickly lay  
 In a mass of bright gold ; for do not you see,  
 There are none in the sky to-day ?"

I followed the eager voice of the child,  
 Scarcely keeping pace with her tread,  
 To a distant field where numbers untold  
 Of golden daisies were spread.

"Say, is it not strange?"—with a puzzled gaze—  
 "Can you the mystery tell?"  
 I waited a space; the beautiful thought  
 Of the child I would not dispel.

Then reading the anxious look in her eyes,  
 I answered without delay,  
 "The stars are God's speech in the silent night;  
 The flowers His smile in the day."

HANNAH MORE KOHAUB.

### THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE rivers rush into the sea,  
 By castle and town they go;  
 The winds behind them merrily  
 Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,  
 We little birds in them play;  
 And everything that can sing and fly,  
 Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,  
 With thy fluttering golden band?"—

"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea  
 I hasto from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;  
 I see no longer a hill,  
 I have trusted all to the sounding gale,  
 And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?  
 Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,  
 For full to sinking is my house  
 With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,  
 Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;  
 For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,  
 Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,  
 Who shall gainsay these joys?  
 When thy merry companions are still, at last,  
 Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,  
 God bless them every one!  
 I dart away, in the bright blue day,  
 And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,  
 Wherever the four winds blow;  
 And this same song, my whole life long,  
 Neither poet nor printer may know."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE BEST WE CAN.

WHEN things don't go to suit us,  
 Why should we fold our hands,  
 And say, "No use in trying,  
 Fate baffles all our plans."  
 Let not your courage falter,  
 Keep faith in God and man,  
 And to this thought be steadfast—  
 "I'll do the best I can."

If clouds blot out the sunshine  
 Along the way you tread,  
 Don't grieve in hopeless fashion  
 And sigh for brightness fled.  
 Beyond the clouds the sunlight  
 Shines in the eternal plan;  
 Trust that the way will brighten,  
 And do the best you can.

Away with vain repinings;  
 Sing songs of hope and cheer,  
 Till many a weary comrade  
 Grows strong of heart to hear.  
 He who sings over trouble  
 Is aye the wisest man.  
 He can't help what has happened,  
 But—does the best he can.

So if things won't go to suit us,  
 Let's never fume and fret,  
 For finding fault with fortune  
 Ne'er mended matters yet.  
 Make the best of wate'er happens,  
 Bear failure like a man;  
 And in good or evil fortune  
 Do just the best you can.

EBEN E. REWFORD.

### THE SILVER LINING.

THERE'S never a day so sunny  
 But a little cloud appears;  
 There's never a life so happy  
 But it has its time of tears;  
 Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
 When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing  
 With a rose in every plot;  
 There's never a heart so hardened  
 But it has one tender spot;  
 We have only to prune the border  
 To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant  
 But has bitter with the sweet;  
 There's never a path so rugged  
 That bears not the print of feet;  
 But we have a Helper promised  
 For the trials we must meet.

There's never a sun that rises  
 But we know 'twill set at night;  
 The tints that gleam in the morning  
 At evening are just as bright;  
 And the hour that is the sweetest  
 Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy  
 But the waking makes us sad;  
 There's never a dream of sorrow  
 But the waking makes us glad;  
 We shall look some day with wonder  
 At the troubles we have had.

## SAILOR'S SONG.

**H**A! the bird has fled my arrow—  
 Though the sunshine of its plumes,  
 Like the summer dew is dropping,  
 On its native valley blooms;  
 In the shadow of its parting wing  
 Shall I sit down and pine,  
 That it pours its song of beauty  
 On another heart than mine!

From thy neck, my trusty charger,  
 I will strip away the rein,  
 But to crop the flowery prairie  
 May it never bend again!  
 With thy hoof of flinty silver,  
 And thy blue eye shining bright,  
 Through the red mists of the morning  
 Speed like a beam of light.

I'm sick of the dull landmen—  
 'Tis time, my lads, that we  
 Were crowding on the canvas,  
 And standing out to sea!  
 Ever making from the headlands  
 Where the wrecker's beacons ride,  
 Red and deadly, like the shadow  
 Of the lion's brinded hide;

And hugging close the islands,  
 That are belted with the blue,  
 Where a thousand birds are singing  
 In the dells of light and dew;  
 Time unto our songs the billows  
 With their dimpled hands shall keep,  
 As we're ploughing the white furrows  
 In the bosom of the deep!

In watching the light flashing  
 Like live sparks from our prow,  
 With but the bitter kisses  
 Of the cold surf on my brow,  
 May my voyage at last be ended,  
 And my sleep be in the tide,  
 With the sea-waves clasped around me,  
 Like the white arms of a bride!

ALICE CARY.

## THE SAILOR BOY'S SISTER.

**T**HE chimney thunders, the weather-boards crack,  
 And we lie in our beds afraid,  
 O Lord! have mercy on my brother Jack,  
 Afloat in the coasting trade.

I can't say where his ship may be,  
 And I hope he's well away;  
 But such a night to be out on the sea!  
 Oh! keep her safe, I pray.

When moon and stars show never a speak,  
 To be seen through the rolling clouds,  
 And the waves rush over the good ship's deck  
 And mount into the shrouds;

And the boatswain's voice is all blown back,  
 And the water gains in the hold;  
 O God! have mercy on my brother Jack,  
 For he's so young and bold.

As long as the pumps can keep her afloat,  
 He'll be working stripped to the skin;  
 And if they're obliged to lower a boat,  
 He'll be the last to get in.

And my father went tired to bed, I know,  
 And I hope he's fast asleep;  
 But my mother, she stays at her work below,  
 That he may not hear her weep.

And we all of us pray to Thee, good Lord,  
 Who once did walk the wave  
 And still the tempest by Thy word,  
 That ship and her hands to save.

And so when she rounds the lighthouse buoy,  
 Safe on the homeward tack,  
 How all our hearts will leap with joy,  
 At the sight of my brother Jack.

FRANCIS LUCAS.

## GENIUS.

**F**AR out at sea—the sun was high,  
 While veered the wind, and flapped the  
 sail—  
 We saw a snow-white butterfly  
 Dancing before the fitful gale,  
 Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost  
 His way, of danger nothing knew;  
 Settled a while upon the mast,  
 Then fluttered o'er the waters blue;  
 Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;  
 Beneath, the boundless ocean shone;  
 Between them danced the butterfly,  
 The spirit-life in this vast scene;  
 Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee !  
Dim, indistinct—now seen—now gone ;  
Night comes, with wind and rain—and he  
No more will dance before the morn,  
Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween ;  
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed ;  
And he hath felt, and known, and seen,  
A larger life and hope—though lost,  
Far out at sea.

## THOSE WE'VE LEFT BEHIND US.

**A**S slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loath we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us ;  
So turn our hearts as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle, or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting ;  
We think how great had been our bliss,  
If Heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us !

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consigned us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

## AN ACT OF KINDNESS.

**T**HE blessings which the weak and poor can  
scatter  
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall  
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again,  
And shed on the departing soul a sense

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More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honored death-bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

## NEVER PUT OFF.

**W**HATEVER duty waits for thee,  
With sober judgment view it ;  
And never idly wish it done ;  
Begin at once and do it.

For sloth says falsely, " By-and-by  
Is just as well to do it ;"  
But present strength is surest strength ;  
Begin at once and do it.

## THE SLEEPER.

**A**T midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain-top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave ;  
The lily lolls upon the wave ;  
Wrapping the mist about its breast,  
The ruin moulders into rest ;  
Looking like Lethe, see, the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not for the world awake.  
All beauty sleeps!—and, lo! where lies,  
With easement open to the skies,  
Irene and her destinies !

O, lady bright, can it be right,  
This lattice open to the night ?  
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber, in and out,  
And wave the curtain-canopy  
So fitfully, so fearfully,  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,  
That o'er the floor and down the wall,  
Like ghosts, the shadows rise and fall.  
O, lady dear, hast thou no fear ?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here ?  
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to our garden-trees !  
Strange is thy pallor—strange thy dress—  
Stranger thy glorious length of tress,  
And this all-solenn silentness !

The lady sleeps. O, may her sleep,  
Which is enluring, so be deep !  
Soft may the worms about her creep !  
This bed, being changed for one more holy,

This room for one more melancholy,  
 I pray to God that she may lie  
 Forever with unclosed eye!  
 My love she sleeps. O, may her sleep,  
 As it is lasting, so be deep!  
 Heaven have her in its sacred keep!  
 Far in the forest, dim and old,  
 For her may some tall tomb unfold—  
 Some tomb that oft hath flung its black  
 And wing-like panels, fluttering back,  
 Triumphant o'er the crested palls  
 Of her grand family funerals—  
 Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
 Against whose portal she hath thrown,  
 In childhood, many an idle stone—  
 Some vault from out whose sounding door  
 She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
 Nor thrill to think, poor child of sin,  
 It was the dead who groaned within.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

## THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
 The balance in the hand of time,  
 O'er east and west its beam impending;  
 And day, with all its hours of light,  
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
 While, opposite, the scale of night  
 Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of old,  
 In that bright vision I beheld  
 Greater and deeper mysteries.  
 I saw with its celestial keys,  
 Its chords of air, its frots of fire,  
 The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
 Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
 From earth unto the fixed stars.  
 And through the dewy atmosphere,  
 Not only could I see, but hear,  
 Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
 In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,  
 From Dian's circle light and near,  
 Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
 Where, chanting through his beard of snows,  
 Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
 And down the sunless realms of space  
 Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
 This music sounded like a march,  
 And with its chorus seemed to be  
 Prending some great tragedy.  
 Sirius was rising in the east;  
 And, slow ascending one by one,  
 The kindling constellations shone.  
 Begirt with many a blazing star,  
 Stood the great giant Algebar,  
 Orion, hunter of the beast!

His sword hung gleaming by his side,  
 And, on his arm, the lion's hide  
 Scattered across the midnight air  
 The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,  
 Yet beautiful as some fair saint  
 Serenely moving on her way  
 In hours of trial and dismay.  
 As if she heard the voice of God,  
 Unharm'd with naked feet she trod  
 Upon the hot and burning stars,  
 As on the glowing coals and bars  
 That were to prove her strength, and try  
 Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
 And triumph in her sweet, pale face,  
 She reached the station of Orion.  
 Aghast he stood in strange alarm!  
 And suddenly from his outstretched arm  
 Down fell the red skin of the lion  
 Into the river at his feet.

His mighty club no longer beat  
 The forehead of the bull; but he  
 Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
 When, blinded by Ænion,  
 He sought the blacksmith at his forge,  
 And, climbing up the mountain gorge,  
 Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.  
 Then, through the silence overhead,  
 An angel with a trumpet said,  
 "For evermore, for evermore,  
 The reign of violence is o'er!"  
 And, like an instrument that flings  
 Its music on another's strings,  
 The trumpet of the angel cast  
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
 And on from sphere to sphere the words  
 Resounded down the burning chords—  
 "For evermore, for evermore,  
 The reign of violence is o'er!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE OLD WIFE.

BY the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad  
 and tender,  
 Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight  
 shadows brown  
 Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's  
 golden splendor  
 Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her spirit  
 seemed to hover,  
 Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bedtime  
 cares of this).  
 And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he  
 bent above her,  
 Answered: "Yes."



'Are the children in?' she asked him. Could he  
tell her? All the treasures  
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath  
the snow;  
But her heart was with them living, back among her  
toils and pleasures

Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old sum-  
mer weather,  
"Where is little Charlie, father? Frank and Robert  
—have they come?"  
"They are safe," the old man faltered; "all the chil-  
dren are together—safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothing, but his grief  
grew strong and stronger,  
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and kissed her  
wrinkled hand,  
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest  
words no longer

Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and  
broken verses,  
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving  
heeds,

While the midnight found the mourner, left to sor-  
row's bitter mercies,  
Wrapped in weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man  
listened lonely—  
Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden  
on his breast,  
For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's early love  
and only,

Lay at rest.

"Fare-you-well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will  
meet the babes before me;  
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long  
abide,  
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and  
Heaven will restore me  
To your side."

It was even so. The spring-time in the steps of winter  
treading,  
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man  
closed his eyes,  
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their  
"diamond wedding"

In the skies.

THIERON BROWN.

#### 'THE WORLD'S AGE.

**W**HIO will say the world is dying?  
Who will say our prime is past?  
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,  
Flash, and will flash till the last

Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;  
Man a tool to buy and sell;  
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,  
Ante-room of hell.

Still the race of hero-spirits  
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;  
Age from age the words inherits—  
"Wife, and child, and Fatherland."  
Still the youthful hunter gathers  
Every joy from wold and wood;  
He will dare as dared his fathers  
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;  
While an orphan pleads in vain;  
While an infant lips his letters,  
Heir of all the age's gain;  
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;  
While a man from man is wrung;  
Know, by every want and blessing,  
That the world is young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

#### UNCARING.

**O**NLY a rose, you say,  
And carelessly throw me away;  
Yet my petals so white  
On her bosom last night  
Rose and fell o'er a heart young and gay.

Only a woman, you say,  
And laughingly turn away;  
Yet that dead heart so true  
Broke in silence for you,  
Till the beauteous mold turned to clay.

Only a lifetime, you say,  
With your spirits as lithesome and gay;  
Yet thy laugh, now so light,  
Will be tears by to-night,  
For a voice that is silent for aye.

CORA IRENE SHAW.

#### THE JOY OF INCOMPLETENESS.

**I**F all our life were one broad glare  
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;  
If all our path were smooth and fair,  
By no deep gloom enshrouded;—

If all life's flowers were fully blown  
Without the slow unfolding,  
And happiness mayhap were thrown  
On hands too weak for holding;—

Then we should miss the twilight hours,  
The intermingling sadness,  
And pray, perhaps, for storms and showers  
To break the constant gladness.



If none were sick, and none were sad,  
 What service could we render?  
 I think if we were always glad,  
 We hardly could be tender.

Did our beloved never need  
 Our loving ministrations,  
 Life would grow cold, and miss, indeed,  
 Its finest consolation.

If sorrow never smote the heart,  
 And every wish were granted—  
 Then faith would die, and hope depart,  
 And life be disenchanting.

And if in heaven is no more night,  
 In heaven is no more sorrow—  
 Such unimagined, pure delight  
 Fresh grace from pain will borrow.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL.

WALK with the beautiful and with the grand,  
 Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;  
 Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,  
 But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:  
 Walk with the beautiful.

Hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"  
 Oh, thou art darkly ignorant: be sure  
 'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,  
 For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;  
 Then love the beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,  
 And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;  
 The angels love it, for they wear its dress,  
 And thou art made a little lower only:  
 Then love the beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face,  
 Some, in a favorite warbler of the skies;  
 But be not fooled! whate'er thine eye may trace,  
 Seeking the beautiful, it will arise;  
 Then seek it everywhere.

Thy bosom is its mint; and the workmen are  
 Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee believing  
 The beautiful exists in every star,  
 Thou mak'st it so, and art thyself deceiving  
 If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see beauty in the violet's cup?  
 I'll teach thee miracles: walk on this heath,  
 And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,  
 And be ye beautiful!"—if thou hast faith,  
 They will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;  
 Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue;

It turns the feelings prematurely old,  
 And they who keep their best affections young,  
 Best love the beautiful!  
 E. H. BURKINGTON.

#### THE STOVE IN THE VILLAGE STORE.

WHEN the twilight had deepened to darkness  
 They gathered from far and from near,  
 Old farmers who plodded the distance  
 As pilgrims their shrines to revere;  
 At the shabby old store at the "corners"  
 They met and they entered the door,  
 For the Mecca of all these old cronies  
 Was the stove in the old village store.

It was guiltless of beauty or polish,  
 And its door was unskillfully hung,  
 But they made a glad circle around it,  
 And the genial warmth loosened each tongue:  
 And they talked of the crops and the weather,  
 Twin subjects to gossip most dear,  
 And the smoke from their pipes, as it blended,  
 Gave a tinge to the whole atmosphere.

Full many the tales they related,  
 And wondrous the yarns that they spun,  
 And doubtful the facts that they stated,  
 And harmless the wit and the fun;  
 But if ever the discussion grew heated  
 It was all without tumult or din,  
 And they gave their respectful attention  
 When a customer chanced to come in.

When the evening was spent and the hour  
 For the time of their parting had come,  
 They rapped from their pipes the warm ashes,  
 And reluctantly started for home;  
 Agreeing to meet on the morrow  
 When the day with its labors was o'er,  
 For the Mecca of all the old cronies  
 Was the stove in the old village store.

#### UNCROWNED KINGS.

YE uncrowned but kingly kings!  
 Made royal by the brain and heart;  
 Of all earth's wealth the noblest part,  
 Yet reckoned nothing in the mart  
 Where men know naught but sordid things—  
 All hail to you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!  
 Whose breath and words of living flame  
 Have waked slaved nations from their shame,  
 And bid them rise in manhood's name—  
 Swift as the curved bow backward springs—  
 To follow you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!  
 Whose strong right arm hath oft been bared

Where fires of righteous battle glared,  
And where all odds of wrong ye dared!—  
To think on you the heart upsprings,  
O ye uncerowned but kingly kings!

O ye uncerowned but kingly kings!  
Whose burning songs, like lava poured,  
Have smitten like a two-edged sword  
Sent forth by heaven's avenging Lord  
To purge the earth were serfdom elings  
To all but you, O kingly kings!

O ye uncerowned but kingly kings!  
To whose ecstatic gaze alone  
The beautiful by heaven is shown,  
And who have made it all your own;  
Your lavish hand around us flings  
Earth's richest wreaths, O noble kings!

O ye uncerowned but kingly kings!  
The heart leaps wildly at your thought,  
And the brain fires as if it caught  
Shreds of your mantle; ye have fought  
Not vainly, if your glory brings  
A lingering light to earth, O kings!

O ye uncerowned but kingly kings!  
Whose souls on Marah's fruit did sup,  
And went in fiery chariots up  
When each had drained his hemlock cup.—  
Ye friends of God, but tyrants' stings,  
Uncerowned, but still the kinliest kings!

BERKELEY AIKEN.

#### TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

**S**URE, to the mansions of the blessed  
When infant innocence ascends,  
Some angel, brighter than the rest,  
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

On wings of ecstasy they rise,  
Beyond where worlds material roll,  
Till some fair sister of the skies  
Receives the unpolluted soul.  
That inextinguishable beam,  
With dust united at our birth,  
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam  
The more it lingers upon earth.

But when the Lord of mortal breath  
Decrees his bounty to resume,  
And points the silent shaft of death  
Which speeds an infant to the tomb,  
No passion fierce, nor low desire  
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;  
Back to its God the living fire  
Reverts, unclouded as it came.  
Fond mourner, be that solace thine!  
Let hope her healing charm impart,  
And soothe, with melodies divine,  
The anguish of a mother's heart.

Oh, think! the darlings of thy love,  
Divested of this earthly clod,  
Amid unnumbered saints, above,  
Bask in the bosom of their God.  
O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend;  
For thee the Lord of life implore;  
And oft from sainted bliss descend  
Thy wounded spirit to restore.  
Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear;  
Their part and thine inverted see;  
Thou wert their guardian angel here,  
Thy guardian angels now to thee!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

#### HOW!

**H**OW shall I a habit break?"  
As you did that habit make;  
As you gathered you must loose;  
As you yielded, now refuse.  
Thread by thread the strand we twist  
Till they bind us neck and wrist;  
Thread by thread the patient hand  
Must untwine ere free we stand.  
As we builded, stone by stone,  
We must toil, unhelped, alone,  
Till the wall is overthrown.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

#### THINGS THAT DO NOT DIE.

**B**RIGHT things can never die,  
Even though they fade;  
Beauty and minstrelsy  
Deathless were made.  
What though the summer day  
Passes at eve away?  
Doth not the moon's soft ray  
Soothe the night?  
Bright things can never die,  
Saith my philosophy:  
Phœbus, while passing by,  
Leaves us the light.


Kind words can never die:  
Cherished and blessed,  
God knows how deep they lie  
Stored in the breast!  
Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
Said o'er a thousand times,  
Ay, in all years and climes,  
Distant and near.  
Kind words can never die,  
Saith my philosophy:  
Deep in the soul they lie,  
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die;  
Wrecks of the past  
Float o'er the memory,  
E'en to the last.

Many a happy thing,  
 Many a daisied spring  
 Float, on time's ceaseless wing,  
 Far, far away.  
 Childhood can never die,  
 Saith my philosophy ;  
 Wrecks of our infaney  
 Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die ;  
 They leave behind  
 Some fairy legacy  
 Stored in the mind—  
 Some happy thought or dream,  
 Pure as day's earliest beam  
 Kissing the gentle stream  
 In the lone glade.  
 Yea, though these things pass by,  
 Saith my philosophy,  
 Bright things can never die,  
 E'en though they fade.

#### EPICURUS AND THE SPHINX.

 MELANCHOLY Sphinx! the haunting glare  
 Of thy stone eyes  
 Vexes my soul, and goads me to despair  
 With mysteries

Too deeply hidden in the vast unknown  
 For narrow reason, on her doubtful throne,  
 To probe and scan ;

Why ask me to declare what nature is,  
 And why God fashioned for their bale or bliss  
 The earth and man ?

And why the evil which we feel and see  
 In nature's scheme

Should be a fact in cruel destiny,  
 And not a dream ?

And why it should since time's perplexing birth,  
 Over our lovely and prolific earth  
 Its shadow cast,

And track the populous planets on their way,  
 Lord of the present and the future day,  
 As of the past ?

Why should I strive to see the reason why,  
 Through narrow chinks ?

Dark are thy riddles, and beyond reply—  
 Oh torturing Sphinx !

If good for ever is at war with ill,  
 And good is God's unconquerable will,  
 I'll seek no more

To solve the mystery of His design,  
 Beyond the scope of reason to define,  
 On time's dark shore.

I am ; I think ; I love ; and while I live  
 And it is day,

I will enjoy the blessings it can give  
 While yet I may.

Joy skips around me in the wholesome air,  
 All nature smiles, the universe is fair  
 With heavenly light ;  
 For me, the sun downpours its rays of gold,  
 The rivers roll, and all the flowers unfold  
 Their blossoms bright.

For me the stars the eloquent sky illumine,  
 For me the spring  
 Inspires with love and joy and fruitful bloom  
 Each living thing.

For me, the grapes grow mellow on the stalk—  
 For me wit sparkles and old sages talk

Of noble deeds :  
 The blithe lark carols in the light of morn ;  
 And reapers mow the golden-beaded corn,  
 To serve my needs.

For me, the vintage sparkles in the bowl,  
 And woman's wiles  
 Sweet as herself, invade my heart and soul  
 That love her smiles.

Oh, Sphinx ! thy riddles shut the daylight out !  
 Faith is the anchor of the true devout,  
 And hope their guide ;

And when my last hour comes, may every friend  
 Say I lived bravely till the destined end—  
 And bravely died !

CHARLES MACKAY.

#### EULALIE.

I DWELT alone  
 In a world of moan,  
 And my soul was a stagnant tide,  
 Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—

Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

Ah, less—less bright  
 The stars of the night  
 Than the eyes of the radiant girl ;  
 And never a flake

That the vapor can make  
 With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,

Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded eurl—

Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless eurl.

Now doubt—now pain  
 Come never again,  
 For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,  
 And all day long  
 Shines bright and strong,  
 Astarté within the sky,

While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—

While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

## WHY SHOULD WE QUARREL FOR RICHES?

**H**OW pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams o'er the watery main!  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But cheerfully spends all his gain.  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 To honor and honesty true;  
 And would not commit a bad action  
 For power or profit in view.  
 Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys?  
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches  
 Will go through the world, my brave boys!

The world is a beautiful garden,  
 Enriched with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.  
 When terrible tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous billows affright,  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But industry ever steers right.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
 Who rules at the helm of the State,  
 Than we that to politics strangers  
 Escape the snares laid for the great.  
 The various blessings of nature,  
 In various nations we try;  
 No mortals than us can be greater,  
 Who merrily live till we die.

## SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

**B**ELL! thou soundest merrily,  
 When the bridal party  
 To the church doth hie!  
 Bell! thou soundest solemnly,  
 When, on Sabbath morning,  
 Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;  
 Tellest thou at evening,  
 Bed-time draweth nigh!  
 Bell, thou soundest mournfully;  
 Tellest thou the bitter  
 Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?  
 How canst thou rejoice?  
 Thou art but metal dull!  
 And yet all our sorrowings,  
 And all our rejoicings,  
 Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,  
 Which we cannot fathom,

Placed within thy form!  
 When the heart is sinking,  
 Thou alone canst raise it,  
 Trembling in the storm!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## BE OF GOOD CHEER.

**T**HERE never was a day so long  
 It did not have an end;  
 There never was a man so poor  
 He did not have a friend;  
 And when the long day finds an end  
 It brings the time of rest,  
 And he who has one steadfast friend  
 Should count himself as blest.

There never was a cloud that hid  
 The sunlight all from sight;  
 There never was a life so sad  
 It had not some delight.  
 Perchance for us the sun at last  
 May break the dark cloud through,  
 And life may hold a happiness  
 That never yet it knew.

So let's not be discouraged, friend,  
 When shadows cross our way.  
 Of trust and hope I've some to lend;  
 So borrow from me, pray.  
 Good friends are we, therefore not poor,  
 Though worldly wealth we lack.  
 Behold the sun shines forth at last,  
 And drives the dark clouds back!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## THE TIRED WIFE.

**A**LL day the wife had been toiling,  
 From an early hour in the morn,  
 And her hands and her feet were weary  
 With the burdens that she had borne;  
 But she said to herself: "The trouble  
 That weighs on my mind is this—  
 That Tom never thinks to give me  
 A comforting hug or a kiss."

"I'm willing to do my duty,  
 To use all my strength and skill  
 In making the home attractive,  
 In striving my place to fill;  
 But though the approval of conscience  
 Is sweet, I'm free to say,  
 That if Tom would give me a hug and a kiss,  
 'Twould take all the tired away."

Then she counted over and over  
 The years she had been Tom's wife,  
 And thought of the joys and sorrows  
 She had known in her married life;

To be sure, there was money plenty,  
 And never a lack of food,  
 But a kiss now and then and a word of praise  
 Would have done her a world of good.

Ah, many a one is longing  
 For words that are never said;  
 And many a heart goes hungry  
 For something better than bread;  
 But Tom had an inspiration,  
 And when he went home that day  
 He petted his wife and kissed her  
 In the old-time lover-like way.

And she!—such enigmas are women!—  
 Who had held herself up with pride,  
 At her husband's display of fondness  
 Just hung on his neck and cried.  
 And he, by her grief reminded  
 Of troubles he might have shared,  
 Said: "Bless my heart! What a fool I've been!  
 And I didn't suppose you cared!"

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

## PERFECTION.

**R**ET not for fame, but in perfection rest;  
 Seek not the first, but the most excellent;  
 For thus it proves when toils and care have  
 spent,

The first is often second to the best.  
 With patient spirit and unyielding zest  
 Toil to complete each daily task, Heaven-sent,  
 Rather with little ably done content,  
 Than lost in barren fields of fruitless quest.  
 For as in every grass and leaf and flower  
 God's work surpasses man's, so man is next  
 To God, when, spurning gold and fame and praise,  
 He takes a daisy as his daily text,  
 Strives simply, unassumingly each hour,  
 To inform with beauty life's uncomeliest ways.

## THE TWO MAIDENS.

**S**HE came with light and laughing air,  
 And cheek like opening blossom—  
 Bright gems were twined amid her hair,  
 And glittered on her bosom,  
 And pearls and costly diamonds deck  
 Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,  
 The jewelled robe around her,  
 And dazzling as the noontide light  
 The radiant zone that bound her—  
 And pride and joy were in her eye,  
 And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came; o'er her sweet face  
 A pensive shade was stealing;

Yet there no grief of earth we trace—  
 But the Heaven-hallowed feeling  
 Which mourns the heart should ever stray  
 From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,  
 The glossy tresses cluster,  
 Nor pearl nor ornament was there,  
 Save the meek spirit's lustre;  
 And faith and hope beamed in her eye.  
 And angels bowed as she passed by.

SARAH JOSEPHIA HALE.

## A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

**T**AKE this kiss upon the brow!  
 And, in parting from you now,  
 Thus much let me avow—  
 You are not wrong, who deem  
 That my days have been a dream;  
 Yet if hope has flown away  
 In a night, or in a day,  
 In a vision, or in none,  
 Is it therefore the less gone?  
 All that we see or seem  
 Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
 Of a surf-tormented shore,  
 And I hold within my hand  
 Grains of the golden sand—  
 How few! yet how they creep  
 Through my fingers to the deep,  
 While I weep—while I weep!  
 O God! can I not grasp  
 Them with a tighter clasp?  
 O God! can I not save  
 One from the pitiless wave?  
 Is all that we see or seem  
 But a dream within a dream?

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

## A WOMAN'S SONG.

**S**HE took her song to beauty's side,  
 Where riches are, and pomp, and pride,  
 There in the world, amidst the crowd,  
 She found out hearts by sorrow bowed;  
 And midst a dream of lights and dress  
 She saw the pain of loneliness.  
 Her voice's magic held a tear,  
 She made the weary ones draw near;  
 And all the passions of the throng  
 Were melted into peace by song.

She took her song along the street,  
 And hushed the beat of passing feet  
 And tired toilers stopped to fill  
 Their hearts with music at her will.

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She sang of rest for weary feet,  
Of sea moan and of meadow sweet ;  
Her voice's pleading stilled the air,  
And little children wept with her ;  
So all their sorrow, grief and pain  
She softened into love again.

She took her song to those who rest  
Safe in the clasp of nature's breast,  
Amid the waves along the shore,  
Washed with salt tears forevermore :  
And then she sang, " How long ! How long !  
Before we hear that perfect song—  
That angel hymn, that mystic strain,  
When those who loved shall love again,  
When life's long struggle shall be blest  
With music of eternal rest ! "

CLEMENT SCOTT.

## THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## IN THE SHADOWS.

This beautiful poem was written by the daughter of a chief of the Mohawk Indians of Brantford—that splendid race, to whose unwavering loyalty during two centuries, not only Canada, but the entire British nation, owes a debt that can never be repaid. The descent of this effulgent child of the wilderness renders her the most interesting of English poetesses.

I AM sailing to the leeward,  
Where the current runs to seaward  
Soft and slow,  
Where the sleeping river grasses  
Brush my paddle, as it passes  
To and fro.

On the shore the heat is shaking,  
All the golden sands awaking  
In the cove ;  
And the quaint sandpiper, winging  
O'er the shallows, ceases singing  
When I move.

On the water's idle pillow  
Sleeps the overhanging willow,  
Green and cool ;

Where the rushes lift their burnished  
Oval heads from out the tarnished  
Emerald pool.

Where the very water slumbers,  
Water lilies grow in numbers,  
Pure and pale ;  
All the morning they have rested,  
Amber crowned, and pearly crested—  
Fair and frail.

Here, impossible romances,  
Indefinable sweet fancies,  
Cluster round ;  
But they do not war the sweetness  
Of this still September fleetness  
With a sound.

I can scarce discern the retreating  
Of the shore and stream retreating,  
So remote ;  
For the laggard river, dozing,  
Only wakes from its reposing  
Where I float.

Where the river mists are rising,  
All the foliage baptizing  
With their spray ;  
There the sun gleams far and faintly,  
With a shadow soft and saintly  
In its ray.

And the perfume of some burning  
Far-off brushwood, ever turning  
To exhale ;  
All its smoky fragrance, dying,  
In the arms of evening lying,  
Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy,  
In the atmosphere so hazy,  
While I dream ;  
Half in slumber I am guiding  
Eastward, indistinctly gliding  
Down the stream.

PAULINE JOHNSON.

## ONLY A SMILE.

ONLY a smile that was given me  
On the crowded street one day,  
But pierced the gloom of my saddened heart  
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.  
The shadow of doubt hung over me,  
And the burden of pain I bore,  
And the voice of hope I could not hear,  
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,  
And a face that I knew passed by,  
And the smile I caught was brighter to me  
Than the blue of a summer sky ;



For it gave me back the sunshine,  
And it scattered each sombre thought,  
And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth  
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a kindly face  
On the busy street that day!  
Forgotten as soon as given perhaps,  
As the donor went her way,  
But straight to my heart it went speeding,  
To gild the clouds that were there,  
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies,  
I also might take my share.

#### OH, GENTLY TOUCH THE CHORDS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,  
The root may not be blighted;  
If thou hast quenched a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted;  
But on thy harp, or on thy lute,  
The string which thou hast broken,  
Shall never in sweet sound again  
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,  
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,  
Still, still, he may be won  
From the skies to warble near thee;  
But if upon the troubled sea  
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,  
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring  
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,  
The summer's breath is healing,  
And its cluster yet may grow  
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;  
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown,  
With a bright draught filled—oh! never  
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth  
To cool thy parched lips' fever!

The heart is like that cup,  
If thou waste the love it bore thee,  
And like that jewel gone,  
Which the deep will not restore thee;  
And like that string of harp or lute,  
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—  
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,  
So soon forever shattered!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

#### LIFE.

LIFE, believe, is not a dream,  
So dark as sages say;  
Of a little morning rain  
Foretells a pleasant day:  
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,  
But these are transient all;

If the shower will make the roses bloom,  
Oh, why lament its fall?  
Rapidly, merrily,  
Life's sunny hours fit by,  
Gratefully, cheerily,  
Enjoy them as they fly.

What though death at times steps in,  
And calls our best away?  
What though sorrow seems to win  
O'er hope a heavy sway?  
Yet hope again elastic springs,  
Unconquered, though she fell;  
Still buoyant are her golden wings,  
Still strong to bear us well.  
Manfully, fearlessly,  
The day of trial bear,  
For gloriously, victoriously,  
Can courage quell despair!

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

#### A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest  
thing—  
E'er made by the hand above—  
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,  
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing  
As a child might ask for a toy?  
Demanding what others have died to win,—  
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,  
Man-like you have questioned me—  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,  
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,  
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;  
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,  
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cock for your mutton and beef;  
I require a far better thing;  
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—  
I look for a man and a king:—

A king for a beautiful realm called home,  
And a man that the Maker, God,  
Shall look upon as he did the first,  
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
From my soft, young cheek one day—  
Will you love then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be ;  
If you give this all, I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook  
You can hire with little to pay ;  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### BREAST FORWARD.

**ONE** who never turned his back but marched  
breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph.

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to  
wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime,  
Greet the unseen with a cheer !  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
"Strive and thrive!" cry, "Speed—fight on, fare  
over

There, as here !"

ROBERT BROWNING.

#### WATCHING.

**SLEEP**, love, sleep !  
The dusty day is done.  
Lo ! from afar the freshening breezes sweep,  
Wild over groves of balm,  
Down from the towering palm,  
In at the open casement cooling run,  
And round thy lowly bed,  
Thy bed of pain,  
Bathing thy patient head,  
Like grateful showers of rain,  
They come ;  
While the white curtains, wavering to and fro,  
Fan the sick air,  
And pitying the shadows come and go,  
With gentle human care,  
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,  
The night begun ;  
While prayerful watch I keep.  
Sleep, love, sleep !  
Is there no magic in the touch  
Of fingers thou dost love so much ?  
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now ;  
Or, with a soft caress,  
The tremulous lip its own repentance press  
Upon the weary lid and aching brow.  
While prayerful watch I keep—  
Sleep, love, sleep !

On the agoda-piro  
The bells are swaying,  
Their little golden circles in a flutter  
With which the wooing winds have dared to utter,  
Till all are singing  
As if in choir  
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing ;  
And with a lulling sound  
The music floats around,  
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear ;  
Commingling with the hum  
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,  
And lazy beetle ever droning near,—  
Sounds these of deepest silence born  
Like night made visible by morn ;  
So silent that I sometimes start  
To hear the thrabblings of my heart,  
And watch with shivering sense of pain  
To see thy pale lids lift again.  
The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,  
Peeps from the mortise in surprise  
At such strange quiet of the day's harsh din ;  
Then ventures boldly out,  
And looks about,  
And with his hollow feet  
Treads his small evening beat,  
Darting upon his prey  
In such a tricky, winsome sort of way,  
His delicate marauding seems no sin.  
And still the curtains swing,  
But noiselessly ;  
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,  
As tears were in the sky ;  
More heavily the shadows fall  
Like the black foldings of a pall,  
Where juts the rough beam from the wall ;  
The candles flare  
With fresher gusts of air ;  
The beetle's drone  
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan ;  
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerful doubt, alone.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

#### WATCHWORDS.

**WE** are living—we are dwelling  
In a grand and awful time ;  
In an age, on ages telling,  
To be living—is sublime.

Hark ! the waking up of nations,  
Gog and Magog to the fray ;  
Hark ! what soundeth, is creation's  
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then ! will ye dally,  
With your music, with your wine ?  
Up ! it is Jehovah's rally !  
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your  
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock!  
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!  
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding!  
Thou hast but an hour to fight;  
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,  
On—right onward, for the right!

‘Tis still hush thy dreamy slumbers?  
‘Tis no time for idling play,  
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,  
Flout them! we must work to-day!

Fear not! spurn the workling’s laughter!  
Thine ambition—trample thou!  
Thou shalt find a long hereafter,  
To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you  
For the truth’s sake go abroad!  
Strike! let every nerve and sinew  
Tell on ages—tell for God!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX.

#### THE LABORER.

**S**TAND up—erect! Thou hast the form  
And likeness of thy God!—who more?  
A soul as dauntless ’mid the storm  
Of daily life, a heart as warm  
And pure as breast e’er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man  
As moves the human mass among;  
As much a part of the great plan,  
That with creation’s dawn began,  
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high  
In station, or in wealth the chief?  
The great, who coldly pass thee by,  
With proud step and averted eye?  
Nay! nurse not such belief!

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
What were the proud one’s scorn to thee?  
A feather, which thou mightest cast  
Aside, as idly as the blast  
The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires,  
Absence of noble self-respect,  
Death, in the breast’s consuming fires,  
To that high nature which aspires  
Forever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;  
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:  
Thy labor and thy life accursed.  
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!  
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!  
The great!—what better they than thou?  
As theirs, is not thy will as free?  
Has God with equal favors thee  
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—’tis but dust!  
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!  
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust  
And water, may despise the lust  
Of both—a noble mind!

With this, and passions under ban,  
True faith, and holy trust in God,  
Thou art the peer of any man.  
Look up, then, that thy little span  
Of life may be well trod!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

#### ALABAMA.

There is a tradition that a tribe of Indians, defeated and hard pressed by a powerful foe, reached in their flight a river where their chief set up a stall, and exclaimed, "Alabama!" a word meaning, "Here we rest!" which from that time became the river's name.

**B**RUISED and bleeding, pale and weary,  
Onward to the south and west,  
Through dark woods and deserts dreary,  
By relentless foemen pressed—  
Came a tribe where evening, darkling,  
Flushed a mighty river’s breast:  
And they cried, their faint eyes sparkling,  
"Alabama! Here we rest!"

Aye the stern steam-demon hurried,  
Far from home and scenes so blessed;  
By the gloomy care-dogs worried,  
Sleepless, homeless, and distressed—  
Days and nights beheld me lying  
Like a bird without a nest,  
Till I hailed thy waters, crying,  
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

Oh! when life’s last sun is blinking  
In the pale and darkness west,  
And my weary frame is sinking,  
With its cares and woes oppressed—  
May I, as I drop the burden  
From my sick and fainting breast,  
Cry, beside the swelling Jordan,  
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

#### CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

**C**RABBED age and youth  
Cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasure,  
Age is full of care;  
Youth like summer more,  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short ;  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold ;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee ;  
 Oh, my love, my love is young !  
 Age, I do defy thee  
 O sweet shepherd ! love thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## A FAREWELL.

**F**airest child, I have no song to give you ;  
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;  
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave  
 you,  
 For every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer earl  
 Than lurk's, who hails the dawn o'er breezy down,  
 To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel  
 Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;  
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;  
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
 One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## DYING IN HARNESS.

**O**NLY a fallen horse stretched out there on the  
 road,  
 Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed  
 by the heavy load ;  
 Only a fallen horse and a circle of wandering eyes  
 Watching the frightened teamster goading the beast  
 to rise.

Held ! for his toil is ever ; no mere labor for him ;  
 See the poor neck outstretched and the patient eyes  
 grew dim ;  
 See on the friendly stones hew peacefully rests his  
 head ;  
 Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be  
 dead ;  
 After the burdened journey hew restful it is to lie  
 With the broken shafts and the cruel load waiting only  
 to die.

Watchers, he died in harness, died in the shafts and  
 straps,  
 Fell, and the great lead killed him ; one of the day's  
 mishaps ;  
 One of the passing wenders marking the city road ;  
 A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps a  
 while,  
 Was it the symbol? Only death : why should we  
 cease to smile  
 At death for a beast of burden? On through the  
 busy street  
 That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying  
 feet !

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless  
 will,  
 Does he who taught in parables speak in parables  
 still?  
 The seed on the rock is wasted on heedless hearts of  
 men,  
 That gather and sow and grasp and lose, labor and  
 sleep, and then—  
 Then for the prize! A crowd in the street of ever  
 echoing tread,  
 The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his  
 harness, dead!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## A BIRD LESSON.

**I**F you cannot give aid to another,  
 Do not boast you are stronger than he.  
 It is said of the birds on their passage  
 O'er the Mediterranean Sea,

That the storks, who are larger and stronger,  
 When they start on their wearisome flight,  
 Take the wrens on their backs, and the birdlings,  
 Who would else be in sorrowful plight.

AMANDA SHAW ELSEFERR.

## THE VIKINGS' GRAVES.

**V**ERY quietly they sleep,  
 Where the cliffs stand, grim and steep ;  
 Where the shadows, long and cool,  
 From the side of great Berule,  
 Sweeping from the changing sky,  
 As the silent days go by,  
 Touch at last the ceaseless waves,  
 Thundering 'neath the Vikings' graves.

Fitting requiem de they make,  
 As they gather, roll and break,  
 For the warrior kings of man,  
 Who, as only Islesmen can,  
 Loved the glory and the glee  
 Of the ever-changing sea ;  
 Drew from her their stormy breath,  
 Sought her for the edm of death.

Very quietly they rest,  
 With the green turf on their breast ;  
 Mace, and blade, and mighty shield,  
 Arms that they alone could wield.

Notched and browned by blow and rast,  
Lying silent by their dust,  
Who in the sweet sunny Isle,  
Held their own by them crewhile.

Chance and change have swept away  
Relics of the elder day.  
Like the tiny "Church of Treen,"  
Ruins tell of what has been ;  
Times of prayer and praise devout,  
Times of furious fray and rout,  
Times of royal pageantry,  
Passed away—and here they lie.

Solemnly, to quiet graves,  
Rowed across the subject waves  
To their last homes Vikings came,  
With songs of triumph and acclaim ;  
Then Berule looks grimly down  
On hero dead, on forfeit crown,  
On chanting monk, and sail, and prow,  
Even as he watches now.

"Peace," says the stranger as he stands,  
Gazing o'er the golden sands,  
Where, with endless crash and shock,  
Breakers surge round Niarbyl Rock ;  
Where the sea-mews sweep and cry ;  
Where Fleshwick towers to the sky ;  
Where Bradda rears his giant head ;  
"Peace be with the mighty dead."

## GOLD.

**G**OLD! gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled ;  
Heavy to get and light to hold ;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold ;  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled ;  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;  
Price of many a crime untold ;  
Gold! gold! gold! gold!

## WHAT IS GOOD.

**W**HAT is the real good ?  
I asked in musing mood.  
Order, said the law court ;  
Knowledge said the school ;  
Truth, said the wise man ;  
Pleasure, said the fool ;  
Love, said the maiden ;  
Beauty, said the page ;  
Freedom, said the dreamer ;  
Home, said the sage ;  
Fame, said the soldier ;  
Equity, the seer—

Spake my heart full sadly :  
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom  
Softly this I heard :  
"Each heart holds the secret ;  
Kindness is the word."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

**W**ITHOUT haste, without rest :  
Bind the motto to thy breast ;  
Bear it with thee as a spell,  
Storm or sunshine, guard it well ;  
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—  
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not : let no reckless deed  
Mar for aye the spirit's speed ;  
Ponder well, and know the right—  
Forward then with all thy might !  
Haste not : years cannot atone  
For one reckless action done.

Rest not : time is sweeping by—  
Do and dare before thou die :  
Something mighty and sublime  
Leave behind to conquer time :  
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,  
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not : calmly wait ;  
Meekly bear the storms of fate ;  
Duty be thy polar guide—  
Do the right whate'er betide !  
Haste not, rest not : conflicts past,  
Good shall crown thy work at last !

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN COX.

## THE WATER-DRINKER.

**O**H, water for me ! Bright water for me !  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee !  
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,  
It maketh the faint one strong again ;  
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,  
All freshness, like infant purity.  
Oh, water, bright water, for me, for me !  
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee !

Fill to the brim ! Fill, fill to the brim !  
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim !  
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,  
For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew.  
Oh, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,  
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.  
So water, pure water, for me, for me !  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee !

Fill again to the brim ! again to the brim !  
For water strengtheneth life and limb !

To the days of the agéd it addeth length,  
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.  
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,  
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light :—  
So, water ! I will drink naught but thee,  
Thou parent of health and energy !

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,  
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,  
And, leading a band of laughing hours,  
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,—  
Oh, cheerily then my voice is heard,  
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,  
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,  
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,  
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew  
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—  
How gently, O sleep ! fall thy poppies on me ;  
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,  
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night ;  
So, hurrah for thee, water ! hurrah, hurrah !  
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star !  
Hurrah for bright water ! hurrah, hurrah !

EDWARD JOHNSON.

## THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

**A** MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,  
In the depths of his cell with his stone-cov-  
ered floor,  
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,  
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain ;  
But whether by magic or alchemy's powers  
We know not ; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and eare,  
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.  
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,  
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray ;  
But success is secure, unless energy fails ;  
And at length he produced the philosopher's scales.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently  
see ;

These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.  
Oh no ; for such properties wondrous had they,  
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could  
weigh,

Together with articles small or immense,  
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,  
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,  
And naught so reluctant but in it must go ;  
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.  
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,

When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell  
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,  
With the garments that Doreas had made for a  
weight ;  
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,  
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alushouses, amply endowed  
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,  
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was pressed  
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the  
chest :

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,  
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a  
bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)  
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one  
plough ;

A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,  
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail ;  
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,  
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,  
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;  
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,  
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,  
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,  
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense ;  
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,  
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt ;  
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice  
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the pearl of great price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the  
grate,

With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,  
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff  
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof !  
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,  
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky ;  
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell  
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

## IN THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.

**I**N the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
May my lot no less fortunate be  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,  
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;  
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,  
While I carol away idle sorrow,  
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,  
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade  
too,  
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;

And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade  
too,

With a barn for the use of the flail :  
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;  
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,  
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be com-  
pletely

Secured by a neighboring hill ;  
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly  
By the sound of a murmuring rill :  
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,  
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering  
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,  
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hover-  
ing,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :  
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;  
As this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-bare to-  
day,

May become everlasting to-morrow.

JOHN COLLINS.

#### DRINK AND AWAY.

There is a beautiful rill in Barbury, received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying "Drink and away," from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.

**U**P! pilgrim and rover, redouble thy haste !  
Nor rest thee till over life's wearisome waste.  
Ere the wild forest ranger thy footsteps betray  
To trouble and danger—oh, drink and away !

Here lurks the dark savage, by night and by day,  
To rob and to ravage, nor scruples to slay :  
He waits for the slaughter: the blood of his prey  
Shall stain the still water—then up and away !

With toil though thou languish, the mandate obey,  
Spur on, though in anguish, there's death in delay !  
No blood-hound, want-wasted, is fiercer than they—  
Pass by it untasted—or drink and away !

Though sore be the trial, thy God is thy stay ;  
Though deep the denial, yield not in dismay :  
But, wrapped in high vision, look on to the day  
When the fountains elysian thy thirst shall allay.

There shalt thou forever enjoy thy repose,  
Where life's gentle river eternally flows ;  
Yea, there shalt thou rest thee forever and aye,  
With none to molest thee—then, drink and away.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

#### TOMMY'S DEAD.

**Y**OU may give over plough, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead,  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread.  
The seed's waste, I know, boys,  
There's not a blade will grow, boys,  
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,  
He's going blind, as I said,  
My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed ;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred ;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red ;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed ;  
You may turn Peg away, boys,  
You may pay off old Ned,  
We've had a dull day, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
Let me turn my head ;  
She's standing there in the door, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Take her away from me, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Move me round in my place, boys,  
Let me turn my head,  
Take her away from me, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed,  
The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed !  
I don't know how it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head ;  
Out of the big oak tree, boys,  
Out of the garden bed,  
And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head,  
I've kept my precious sight, boys—  
The Lord be hallowéd !  
Outside and in  
The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,  
The sky is shrivelled and shred,  
The hedges down by the lone  
I can count them bone by bone,



The leaves are open and spread,  
 But I see the teeth of the land,  
 And hands like a dead man's hand,  
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.  
 There's nothing but einders and sand,  
 The rat and the mouse have fed,  
 And the summer's empty and cold ;  
 Over valley and wold  
 Wherever I turn my head  
 There's a mildew and a mould,  
 The sun's going out overhead,  
 And I'm very old,  
 And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ?  
 You're all born and bred,  
 'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
 Since wife and I were wed,  
 And she's gone before, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
 Upon his curly head,  
 She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
 And she stole off to bed ;  
 I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
 For he'd come home, he said,  
 But it's time I was gone, boys,  
 For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
 Bring out the beer and bread,  
 Make haste and sup, boys,  
 For my eyes are heavy as lead ;  
 There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
 There's something ill wi' the bread,  
 I don't care to sup, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
 I've such a sleepy head,  
 I shall nevermore be stout, boys,  
 You may carry me to bed.  
 What are you about, boys ?  
 The prayers are all said,  
 The fire's raked out, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
 You may carry me to the head,  
 The night's dark and deep, boys,  
 Your mother's long in bed,  
 'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,  
 You may shake my hand instead.  
 All things go amiss, boys,  
 You may lay me where she is, boys,  
 And I'll rest my old head :  
 'Tis a poor world, this, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

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## FROM THE COTTAGE TO THE CASTLE.

YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,  
 How meekly she blessed her humble lot,  
 When the stranger, William, had made her  
 his bride,

And love was the light of their lowly cot.  
 Together they toiled through winds and rains,  
 Till William, at length, in sadness said,  
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains ;"  
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,  
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,  
 When now, at close of one stormy day,  
 They see a proud castle among the trees.  
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there ;  
 "The wind blows cold, the hour is late :"  
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,  
 And the porter bowed, as they passed the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaimed the youth—  
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all !"  
 She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,  
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !  
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves  
 What William the stranger wooed and wed ;  
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,  
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

THOMAS MOORE.

## ELDORADO.

GAYLY bedight,  
 A gallant knight,  
 In sunshine and in shadow,  
 Had journeyed long,  
 Singing a song,  
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—  
 This knight so bold—  
 And o'er his heart a shadow  
 Fell as he found  
 No spot of ground  
 That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
 Failed him at length,  
 He met a Pilgrim shadow—  
 "Shadow," said he,  
 "Where can it be—  
 This land of Eldorado ?"

"Over the Mountains  
 Of the Moon,  
 Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
 Ride, boldly ride,"  
 The shade replied—  
 "If you seek for Eldorado !"

EDGAR ALLEN POE.



## BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

**B**EAUTIFUL world! though bigots condemn thee,  
My tongue finds no words for the graces that gem thee!

Beaming with sunny light, bountiful ever,  
Streaming with gay delight, full as a river!  
Bright world! brave world! let cavillers blame thee!  
I bless thee, and bend to the God who did frame thee!

Beautiful world! bursting around me,  
Manifold, million-hued wonders confound me!  
From earth, sea, and starry sky, meadow and mountain,

Eagerly gushes life's magical fountain.  
Bright world! brave world! though wittings may blame thee,  
Wonderful excellence only could frame thee!

The bird in the greenwood his sweet hymn is trolling,  
The fish in blue ocean is spouting and rolling!  
Light things on airy wing wild dances weaving,  
Clods with new life in spring swelling and heaving!  
Thou quick-teeming world! though scoffers may blame thee,  
I wonder, and worship the God who could frame thee!

Beautiful world! what poesy measures  
Thy strong-flooding passions, thy light-trooping pleasures?  
Mustering, marshalling, striving and straining,  
Conquering, triumphing, ruling and reigning!  
Thou bright-armed world, so strong, who can tame thee?  
Wonderful power of God only could frame thee!

Beautiful world! while godlike I deem thee,  
No cold wit shall move me with bile to blaspheme thee!

I have lived in thy light, and when fate ends my story,  
May I leave on death's cloud the trail of life's glory!  
Wondrous old world! no ages shall shame thee!  
Ever bright with new light from the God who did frame thee!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

## MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

**Y**ES, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
"Caw! caw!" the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of wo,  
A sound of wo!

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing: "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray—pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers;—  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king—a king!

Then comes the smummer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith—  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath—  
"Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from his breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador.  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O soul! could thus decay,  
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day;  
And the stars, from heaven down-east,  
Like red leaves be swept away!  
Kyrie, eleyson!  
Christe, eleyson!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

# BALLADS AND LEGENDS.



## THE DRUM.

**D**ORDER is a little drum, hanging  
on the wall;  
Dusty wreaths and tattered  
flags round about it fall.  
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's  
hills watched the sheep whose  
skin  
A cunning workman wrought,  
and gave the little drum  
its din;  
And happy was the shepherd-  
boy while tending of his fold,  
Nor thought he there was in the world a spot like  
Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day; but change with time  
will come,  
And he (alas for him the day!)—he heard the little  
drum.

"Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in  
story!"

For he who strikes a foeman down wins a wreath of  
glory.

"*Rub-a-dub!*" and "*rub-a-dub!*" the drummer beats  
away—

The shepherd lets his bleating flock on Cheviot  
wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is  
lying;

Around him many a parching tongue for "water"  
faintly crying.

Oh that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet  
verdure spread,

Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made  
his bed;

Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to  
its vales,

Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's  
mountain gales!

At length upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber  
come,

And he is in his home again, till awakened by the drum.  
"To arms! to arms!" his leader cries; "the foe—  
the foe is nigh!"

Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and thousands  
fall to die.

The shepherd's blood makes red the sand: "Oh  
water—give me some!"

My voice might meet a friendly ear but for that little  
drum!"

'Mid moaning men and dying men, the drummer kept  
his way,

And many a one by "glory" lured abhorred the  
drum that day.

"*Rub-a-dub!*" and "*rub-a-dub!*" the drummer beat  
aloud—

The shepherd died; and, ere the morn, the hot sand  
was his shroud.

And this is "glory?" Yes; and still will man the  
tempter follow,

Nor learn that glory, like its drum, is but a sound, and  
hollow.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

**I**HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside life's rushing stream,  
In fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the river of life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

The story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley, on the coast of Arabia, and his sufferings in the desert, has been familiar from my childhood. It has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend, Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration at the Newburyport Library. To the charm and felicity of her verse, so far as it goes, nothing can be added, but in the following ballad I have endeavored to give a fuller detail of the touching incident upon which it is founded.

**F**ROM pain and peril, by land and main,  
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;  
Back to his home, where wife and child,  
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,  
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in

But when morning came he called for his spade.  
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here?" asked the passer-by;  
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"

"No, friend," he answered; "but under this sod  
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powow is at your back,  
And right before you the Merrimack,

"And look you up, or look you down,  
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own;  
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other: "This soil is dry, you know,  
I doubt if a spring can be found below;

"You had better consult, before you dig,  
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,  
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

"In the Arab desert, where shade is none,  
The waterless land of sand and sun,

"Under the pitiless, brazen sky  
My burning throat as the sand was dry;

"My crazed brain listened in fever-dreams  
For plash of buckets, and ripple of streams;

"And opening my eyes to the blinding glare,  
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

"Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,  
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

"Then something tender, and sad, and mild  
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

"Rebuked my frenzy; and, bowing my head,  
I prayed as I never before had prayed;

"Pity me, God! for I die of thirst;  
Take me out of this land accurst;

"And if ever I reach my home again,  
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,

"I will dig a well for the passers-by,  
And none shall suffer with thirst as I.

"I saw, as I passed my home once more,  
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

"The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,  
The tall slate stones of the burying-ground,

"The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill  
The brook with its dam, and gray grist-mill,

"And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,  
The very place where my well must be.

"God heard my prayer in that evil day;  
He led my feet in their homeward way,

"From false mirage and dried-up well,  
And the hot sand-storms of a land of hell,

"Till I saw at last, through a coast-hill's gap,  
The city held in its stony lap,

"The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,  
And my heart-leaped up with joy thereat:

"For there was a ship at anchor lying,  
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,

"And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear  
Was my native tongue in the sailors' cheer.

"Now the Lord be thanked, I am back again,  
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain.

"And the well I promised, by Oman's Sea,  
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said :  
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,  
He toiled at his task with main and might ;

And when at last, from the loosened earth,  
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,  
The water he dug for followed him,

He shouted for joy : "I have kept my word,  
And here is the well I promised the Lord !"

The long years came, and the long years went,  
And he sat by his road-side well content ;

He watched the travellers, heat-oppressed,  
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,  
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank ;

And grateful at heart, his memory went  
Back to that waterless Orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came  
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,  
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head ;  
"He don't know the value of water," he said ;

"Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,  
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

"He would drink and rest, and go home to tell  
That God's best gift is the wayside well !"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### ONE WORD.

"WRITE me an epic," the warrior said—  
"Victory, valor and glory wed."

"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the  
knight—

"Prowess, adventure and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—  
"Liberty won and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—  
"The inner world in the outer masked."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—  
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—  
"A lark note waking the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy age—  
"Write me a line instead of a page."

The swift year spoke, the poet heard :  
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes,  
A moment glanced at the starlit skies,

From the lights below to the lights above,  
And wrote the one word poem—Love.

#### A MOTHER'S DARING.

DON'T you talk to me about women, as though  
they were timid and weak ;  
You've not seen so many as I have, or that's  
not the way you would speak.

Why, bless you, there's some of the females have  
twice as much pluck as we men ;  
You doubt it? Well, listen a moment, I'll tell you an  
anecdote then.

'Tis twelve months ago, mate, or nearly, since what  
I shall tell you occurred.  
But I've never forgotten the story—'tis true, mate ;  
not just what I heard.  
And the subject's a female, a poor one, and not very  
lovely, I own,  
But as noble and plucky a woman as any that I've  
ever known.

Nell Blake was an artisan's wife, mate, and she'd one  
little maiden of three,  
Whose manner was winning and pretty, and full of  
sweet innocent glee.  
And the mother was proud of her daughter (and her  
pride was but natural too).  
In fact she just cherished the maiden, as good  
mothers usually do.

One day a menagerie came, mate, and halted quite  
close to their street,  
And Nell thought she'd take little Jessie, and give  
her a bit of a treat.  
So, dressing themselves in their neatest, they went on  
the opening night,  
Together with scores of the neighbors, all bent on  
enjoying the sight.

They entered, and Jess was delighted, the scene was  
so new to her eyes,  
And now and again she would utter a word to express  
her surprise ;  
The tricks of the monkeys amused her, and she  
couldn't refrain from a laugh,  
When she noticed the neck of the creature Nell told  
her was called the giraffe.

Well, all of a sudden the people came rushing along  
in a crowd,  
With terror writ plain on their faces, while some of  
them shouted aloud—

"The tiger's broke loose, he is coming!" Nell heard  
and was struck with dismay,  
Then she turned to clasp hands with her daughter,  
and hurry her out of the way.

But Jessie had gone; she had wandered to look at  
some curious thing,  
Not thinking what trouble and sorrow to a fond  
mother's heart it would bring.  
Nell sought for her, called her in vain, mate, and her  
fears and misgivings were such  
That she felt her wee maiden was surely in the blood-  
thirsty animal's clutch.

Then her sensitive ear was smitten by the sound of  
her daughter's cry,  
And frantie and breathless she darted to rescue her  
child or to die.

In a moment she saw little Jessie, with staring eyes,  
holding her breath,  
While the tiger was crouching before her ere springing  
to deal swift death.

Nell Blake never halted a moment, but straight to her  
child did she go,  
Rushed in between her and the tiger, forgetting the  
strength of her foe;  
She watched him for several seconds, then just as he  
sprang at his prey,  
She snatched up her child in an instant, and tried to  
get out of his way.

She eluded his spring and she dodged him, but he  
caught her a blow on the arm  
That caused her to reel in a swoon, mate, and made  
Jessie shriek with alarm;  
Then quickly the mother recovered, and her joy  
surely no one can tell,  
When she heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and the  
animal staggered and fell.

That's the anecdote; how did you like it? D'ye see  
you were quite in the wrong,  
And some women can beat the men, mate, although  
they're not nearly as strong.  
Don't you talk against women again, mate, for I think  
everybody will own  
That if you can't praise 'em a little, you'd far better  
leave them alone.

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

#### THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN

FROM THE SPANISH.

**A**T the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are  
barred,  
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a  
trampling heard;  
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,  
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of  
woe.

What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief  
come these howling?  
"A tower is fallen! a star is set!—Alas! alas for  
Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry—and  
wide the doors they throw;  
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;  
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the  
hollow porch,  
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and  
flaming torch;  
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is  
wailing—  
For all have heard the misery—"Alas! alas for  
Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Benecraja's blood—  
'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood;  
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and  
fair  
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight  
to share;  
But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are be-  
wailing—  
For he was Granada's darling knight—"Alas! alas  
for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,  
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to  
view;  
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable  
veil,  
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their  
doleful tale;  
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brother-  
less bewailing,  
And all the people, far and near, cry—"Alas! alas  
for Celin!"

Oh, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall.  
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of  
them all;  
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,  
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his bur-  
nished mail;  
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon  
their wailing—  
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for  
Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands—the Moor  
stands at his door;  
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weep-  
ing sore;  
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes  
black they strew  
Upon their brodered garments, of crimson, green, and  
blue;

Before each gate the bier stands still—then bursts  
the loud bewailing,  
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for  
Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth when she hears the  
people cry—  
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye;  
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast—that nursed  
him long ago:

She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she  
well shall know!

With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when  
her ears receive their wailing—

"Let me kiss my Celin! I die!—Alas! alas for  
Celin!"

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

### THREE LOVES.

WHERE were three maidens who loved a king;  
They sat together beside the sea;  
One cried, "I love him, and I would die  
If but for one day he might love me!"

The second whispered, "And I would die  
To gladden his life, or make him great."

The third spake not, but gazed afar  
With dreamy eyes that were sad as fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,  
The second his life with fond love blest;  
And yet the woman who never spoke  
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

### 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  
Carren 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'ur the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
Lone looker on despair;  
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
The only witness there.

JOHN GARDINER BRAINAIRD.

### BETH-GELERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerily smiled the morn,  
And many a brach and many a hound  
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,

And gave a lustier cheer:

"Come Gêlert, come, wert never last  
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam?

The flow'r of all his race?

So true, so brave; a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board

The faithful Gêlert fed;

He watched, he served, he cheered his lord

And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,

The gift of royal John;

But now no Gêlert could be found

And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells

The gallant chidings rise,

All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells

The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved

The chase of hart or hare,

And scant and small the booty proved,

For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward bied:

When, near the portal sent,

His truant Gêlert he espied

Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,

Aghast the chieftain stood:

The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,

His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise:

Unused such looks to meet,

His favorite checked his joyful gnoise,

And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,  
And on went Gêlert, too,  
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'eturned his infant's bed he found,  
With blood-stained covert rent ;  
And all around, the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, no voice replied ;  
He searched with terror wild ;  
Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side ;  
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound ! my child by thee's devoured !"  
The frantic father cried ;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart ;  
But still his Gêlert's dying yell  
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell  
Some slumb'rer wakened nigh :  
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had missed,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread  
But the same couch beneath  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !  
For now the truth was clear ;  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe :  
"Best of thy kind, adieu !  
The frantic blow, which hid thee low,  
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture deckt ;  
And marbles, storied with his praise,  
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,  
Or forester, unmoved ;  
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and spear,  
And there as evening fell.  
In fancy's ear he oft would hear  
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,  
And cease the storm to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

#### GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet.  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,  
For he had a plentiful last year's store,  
And all the neighborhood could tell  
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay ;  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,  
And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire !" quoth he,  
"And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm :  
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be.  
"Fly, my lord bishop, fly !" quoth he,  
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he ;  
" 'Tis the safest place in Germany ;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,  
And reached his tower, and barred with care  
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,  
But soon a scream made him arise;  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked—it was only the cat,  
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,  
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
And up the tower their way is bent,  
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or more;  
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;  
Such numbers had never been heard of before,  
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder, drawing near,  
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour;  
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below—  
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the bishop's bones;  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

#### NATHAN HALE.

1776.

The particulars known, concerning the capture, trial, and execution of this gallant and much lamented young officer, are few—Washington, after the retreat of his army from Long Island, in 1776, wishing to obtain information relative to the true situation, and intended operations, of the royal troops, applied to one of his officers, for a "discreet and enterprising person to penetrate the enemy's camp." This request was communicated to Nathan Hale, a captain in Colonel Knowlton's regiment. "Animated by a sense of his duty," Hale undertook the dangerous service, and passed into the British lines in disguise. He obtained the desired information; but on his return, was apprehended and carried before Sir William Howe, to whom he frankly acknowledged the object of his visit.

Howe immediately gave an order to the provost marshal, and Hale was executed in the early part of the next day. "The execution was carried on in a most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attention he desired, was refused him; a Bible for a moment's devotion was not procured, though he requested it. Letters, which on the morning of his execution he wrote to his mother, and other friends, were destroyed; and this very

extraordinary reason given by the provost marshal, 'that the rebels should not know that they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness.'"

THE breezes went steadily through the tall pines,  
A saying "oh! hu-ush!" a saying "oh!  
hu-nsh!"

As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,  
For Hale in the bush, for Halo in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her  
young,

In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.  
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,  
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home,  
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.  
With mother and sister and memories dear,  
He so gaily forsook; he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,  
The tattoo had bent; the tattoo had bent.  
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking place,  
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,  
As he passed through the wood; as he passed  
through the wood:

And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,  
As she played with the flood; as she played with  
the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,  
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.  
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,  
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, not a friend who could cheer,  
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell.  
But he trusted in love, from his Father above.  
In his heart, all was well; in his heart, all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn base voice,  
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by.  
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,  
For he must soon die; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained,  
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral.  
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,  
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,  
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy  
side.

'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,  
His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,  
For him to repent; for him to repent;  
He prayed for his mother, he asked not another,  
To heaven he went; to heaven he went.



The faith of a martyr, the tragedy shewed,  
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage,  
And Britons will shudder at gullant Hale's blood,  
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;  
Tell tyrants, to you, their allegiance they owe.  
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

#### EXILE OF ERIN.

WHERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;

For his country he sighed when at twilight  
repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger;  
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me,  
Never again in the green sunny bowers  
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet  
hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But alas! in a fair foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.  
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood?  
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall?  
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?  
Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
Tears like the rain-drop may fall without measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;  
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
Land of my forefathers—Erin go bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion.  
Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh!"

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

IT WAS in the prime of summer-time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school:  
There were some that ran and some that leapt,  
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,  
And souls untouched by sin;  
To a level mead they came, and there  
They drove the wickets in:  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran—  
Turning to mirth all things of earth  
As only boyhood can;  
But the Usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease:  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside,  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide:  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp:  
"O God! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took—  
Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook—  
And, lo! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—  
Romance or fairy fable?  
Or is it some historic page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable?"  
The young boy gave an upward glance—  
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,  
As suit with sudden pain—

Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again,  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves,  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves,  
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod—  
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod,  
And unknown facts of guilty acts  
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth,  
Beneath the curse of Cain,  
With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain:  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,  
Their pangs must be extreme;  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,  
Who spill life's sacred stream!  
For why? Methought last night I wrought  
A murder in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong,  
A feeble man and old;  
I led him to a lonely field,  
The moon shone clear and cold:  
Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,  
And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—  
And then the deed was done:  
There was nothing lying at my foot  
But flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill,  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still;  
There was a manhood in his look  
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blame:  
I took the dead man by his hand,  
And called upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain;  
But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out again!  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as solid ice;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the devil's price:  
A dozen times I groaned; the dead  
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky  
From the heavens' topmost height,  
I heard a voice—the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—  
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead  
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream—  
A sluggish water, black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme:—  
My gentle boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,  
And vanished in the pool;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young,  
That evening in the school.

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,  
And mine so black and grim!  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in evening hymn:  
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,  
'Mid holy cherubin!

"And peace went with them, one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread;  
But guilt was my grim chamberlain  
That lighted me to bed;  
And drew my midnight curtains round,  
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep;  
My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at sleep:  
For sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime,  
Wit' one besetting, horrid hint,  
That racked me all the time;  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made  
 All other thoughts its slave ;  
 Stronger and stronger every pulse  
 Did that temptation crave—  
 Still urging me to go and see  
 The dead man in his grave !

"Heavily I rose up, as soon  
 As light was in the sky,  
 And sought the black accursed pool  
 With a wild misgiving eye ;  
 And I saw the dead in the river bed,  
 For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
 The dewdrop from its wing ;  
 But I never marked its morning flight,  
 I never heard it sing :  
 For I was stooping once again  
 Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
 I took him up and ran ;—  
 There was no time to dig a grave  
 Before the day began :  
 In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
 I hid the murdered man !

"And all that day I read in school,  
 But my thought was other where ;  
 As soon as the midday task was done,  
 In secret I was there :  
 And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
 And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,  
 And first began to weep,  
 For I knew my secret then was one  
 That earth refused to keep :  
 Or land or sea, though he should be  
 Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,  
 'Till blood for blood atones !  
 Ay, though he's buried in a cave,  
 And trodden down with stones,  
 And years have rotted off his flesh—  
 The world shall see his bones !

"O God ! that horrid, horrid dream  
 Besets me now awake !  
 Again—again, with dizzy brain,  
 The human life I take ;  
 And my right red hand grows raging hot,  
 Like Crammer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,  
 Will wave or mould allow ;  
 The horrid thing pursues my soul—  
 It stands before me now !"  
 The fearful boy looked up and saw  
 Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
 The urchin eyelids kissed,  
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
 Through the cold and heavy mist ;  
 And Eugene Aram walked between,  
 With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

#### THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

Founded on an existing popular tradition in the County of Cork.

THE evening-star rose beauteous above the fading day,  
 As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray ;  
 And bill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,  
 But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,  
 And her joyous crew looked from the deck as to the land she neared ;  
 To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,  
 And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty shone.

The master saw "Our Lady" as she stood upon the prow,  
 And marked the whiteness of her robe, the radiance of her brow ;  
 Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,  
 And her eyes looked up among the stars to Him her soul loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer ;  
 And on the kneeling Virgin then they gazed with laugh and jeer,  
 And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before,  
 And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,  
 And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen ;  
 And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,  
 And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the strand.

Ont burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leaped about ;  
 And, rushing with its watery war, the tempest gave a shout :  
 And that vessel from a mountain-wave came down with thundering shock,  
 And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose  
wild and high ;  
But the angry surge swept over them, and hushed  
their gurgling cry ;  
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed  
away,  
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant  
waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high  
Dunmore,  
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's  
shore ;  
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scof-  
fers sank,  
And still he calls that hillock green the Virgin Mary's  
Bank.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

ELSIE'S CHILD.

A LEGEND OF SWITZERLAND.

“COME and sit beside me, Elsie—put your little  
wheel away—  
Have you quite forgotten, darling wife, this  
is our wedding day ?”

Elsie turned her bright face towards him, fairer now  
than when a bride ;  
But she did not cease her spinning while to Ulric she  
replied :

“No, I have not quite forgotten ; all day long my  
happy brain  
Has been living o'er the moments of that blessed day  
again.

“I will come and sit beside you when the twilight  
shadows fall ;  
You shall sing me some old love-song, while the dark-  
ness covers all.

“But while the golden sunbeams linger in the vale  
and on the hill,  
Ask me not to bid the music of my merry wheel be  
still.”

“If its humdrum notes are sweeter than thy hus-  
band's voice to thee,  
Mind thy spinning, Madam Elsie ;—do not come to  
sit with me !”

“Don't be angry with me, Ulric ; see the sun is  
almost down,  
And its last red rays are gilding the far steeples of the  
town.

“I will come to you directly, and will kiss that frown  
away ;  
You must not be angry, Ulric, for this is our wedding  
day.”

“If it were not, I should care not that you will not  
come to me ;  
But this evening, prithee, Elsie, let that tiresome  
spinning be !”

“Why, to-morrow is the fair-day, do you not re-  
member, dear ?  
I must spin a little longer ; 'tis the last skein I have  
here.

“On the wall are others hanging, very fine and soft  
are they,  
And for them old Father Maurice will his money  
gladly pay.”

“You can buy a silken bodice, and a ribbon for your  
hair,  
Or a hooded erimson mantle, they will make you very  
fair !

“Or a necklace sparkling grandly, or a kerchief bright  
and gay ;—  
Yonder Henri drives the cows home, I will join him  
on the way.”

“Oh, no, Ulric, do not leave me !” cried she, spring-  
ing to his side,  
“I have done my weary spinning, and the last knot I  
have tied.

“Come with me within the cottage, where our Hugo  
lies asleep,  
Never saw you rest so placid as his slumber soft and  
deep.

“How the flaxen ringlets cluster round his forehead  
broad and white !  
Saw you ever, dearest Ulric, half so beautiful a sight ?

“Now if you will smile upon me, just as you were  
wont to do,  
While we sit here in the moonlight, I'll a secret tell to  
you.

“I shall buy no silken bodice, and no necklaee grand  
and gay ;  
I'm a wife and mother, darling, and I've put such  
things away.

“But a coat for little Hugo—of bright scarlet it shall  
be,  
Trimmed with braid, and shining buttons, and the  
richest broi'dery.

“Lady Alice, at the castle, soon will give her birthday  
fête,  
And last night I chanced to meet her as I passed the  
western gate.

“She was walking with her maidens, but she bent her  
stately head,  
Kissed our little Hugo's forehead, as she sweetly  
smiled and said :

- "Bring him to the castle, Elsie, lovelier boy was never seen;  
Bring him with you, on my fête-day, to the dance upon the green."
- "So to-morrow, dearest Ulric, you must surely go with me,  
And I'll buy, for little Hugo, just the prettiest coat I see!"
- "There, my Hugo, you are ready; run out now before the door,  
And I'll come to join my little one, in just five minutes more."
- "How the scarlet coat becomes him! Ulric, do but see him now,  
As he shakes his head, and tosses back the light curls from his brow."
- "What a vain young mother, Elsie! from the window come away,  
You'll have time enough to glory in your pretty pet to-day."
- "Bind up now your own bright tresses; here are roses sweet and rare,  
With the dew still lingering on them; you must put them in your hair."
- "You must wear the scarf I gave you, and the bracelets; and I ween  
That my Elsie'll be the fairest one that dances on the green."
- "Which is now the vainest, Ulric, tell me, is it you or I?  
I'll be ready in a minute; look if you can Hugo spy."
- "It may be that he will wander where the purple berries grow;  
For the world I would not have him, they will stain his new coat so."
- "Elsie! Elsie!" In a moment rose and scarf were dashed aside,  
And she stood within the doorway. "Where is Hugo?" then she cried.
- "I have traced his little footsteps where the purple berries shine,  
But I can see nothing of him; do not tremble, Elsie mine."
- "Very likely he has wandered toward the castle; for he knew—  
Little wise one!—we were going, and that he was going, too."
- "We will find him very quickly,—he cannot have strayed away;  
It is not five minutes, darling, since you bade him go and play."
- All day long they sought for Hugo, sought him utterly in vain—  
Sought him midst the rocks and glaciers, and beneath them on the plain.
- From the castle Lady Alice sent her servants far and wide,  
Mirth was lost in bitter mourning, and the voice of music died.
- Through the day the air resounded with the little lost one's name,  
And at night, with myriad torches, hills and woods were all aflame.
- But they found not pretty Hugo; where the purple berries grew,  
They could see his tiny footsteps, but they nothing further knew.
- "Henri! Henri! don't be gazing at the eagle's nest all day;  
Long ago you should have started forth, to drive the crows away."
- "But come here one moment, mother, just one moment; can you see  
Naught that flutters like a banner when the wind is blowing free?"
- "Oh, my eyes are dim and aged," was the withered crone's reply;  
"You must look yourself, good Henri, for I nothing can espy."
- "Then do you come here, Enrieta; does my sight deceive me so?  
You can see it I am certain, when the wind begins to blow."
- But Enrieta's cheek grew pallid, and she turned her eyes away,  
Crying, "Elsie, my poor Elsie!" It was all that she could say.
- For within that lofty eyrie, on the mountain's craggy height,  
Hung the coat of little Hugo, gleaming in the morning light,
- With its hue of brilliant scarlet, just as bright as bright could be,  
With its gayly shining buttons, and its rich embroidery!
- Months and years rolled slowly onward; Elsie's sunny hair turned gray,  
And the eagles left their eyrie to its desolate decay.
- But, alas! when'er the sun shone, and the wind was blowing free,  
Something fluttered like a banner, which no eye could bear to see!

## THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE.

1777.

WHEN Jack, the King's commander,  
Was going to his duty,  
Through all the crowd he smiled and bowed,  
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done,  
In Portugal and Flanders,  
And all the town thought he'd be crowned  
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs,  
To kiss great George's hand, sirs,  
Then to harangue on state affairs,  
Before he left the land, sirs.

The "lower house" sat mute as mouse,  
To hear his grand oration;  
And "all the peers" with loudest cheers,  
Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,  
Next to Ticonderoga,  
And quitting those, away he goes,  
Straightway to Saratoga.

With great parade his march he made,  
To gain his wished-for station,  
When far and wide his minions hied,  
To spread his "Proclamation."

To such as stayed he offers made,  
Of "pardon on submission;  
But savage bands should waste the lands  
Of all in opposition."

But ah, the cruel fate of war  
This boasted son of Britain,  
When mounting his triumphal car,  
With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of freedom gathered round,  
His hostile bands confounded,  
And when they'd fain have turned their back,  
They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,  
Their chief, humane and tender,  
To save the rest, soon thought it best  
His forces to surrender.

Brave St. Clair when he first retired  
Knew what the fates portended;  
And Arnold and heroic Gates  
His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons  
With honor be rewarded,  
And be the fate of all her foes  
The same as here recorded.

## A FABLE.

1788.

Rivington first published this production, in the *Royal Gazette*, as "A fable addressed to the Americans, upon their treaty with France." It afterwards appeared as "A fable, in the way of a song, for the rebels," over the signature of D. M. The last version differs slightly from the original.

REJOICE, Americans, rejoice!  
Praise ye the Lord with heart and voice!  
The treaty's signed with faithful France,  
And now, like Frenchmen, sing and dance!

But when your joy gives way to reason,  
And friendly hints are not deemed treason,  
Let me, as well as I am able,  
Present your Congress with a fable.

Tired out with happiness, the frogs  
Sedition croaked through all their bogs;  
And thus to Jove the restless race  
Made out their melancholy ease.

"Famed, as we are, for faith and prayer,  
We merit sure peculiar care;  
But can we think great good was meant us,  
When logs for Governors were sent us?"

"Which numbers crushed they fell upon,  
And caused great fear—till one by one,  
As courage came, we boldly faced 'em,  
Then leaped upon 'em, and disgraced 'em!"

"Great Jove," they croaked, "no longer fool us  
None but ourselves are fit to rule us;  
We are too large, too free a nation,  
To be encumbered with taxation!"

"We pray for peace, but wish confusion,  
Then right or wrong, a—revolution!  
Our hearts can never bend t' obey;  
Therefore no king—and more we'll pray."

Jove smiled, and to their fate resigned  
The restless, thankless, rebel kind;  
Left to themselves, they went to work,  
First signed a treaty with king Stork.

He swore that they, with his alliance,  
To all the world might bid defiance;  
Of lawful rule there was an end on't,  
And frogs were henceforth—independent.

At which the croakers, one and all,  
Proclaimed a feast, and festival!  
But joy to-day brings grief to-morrow;  
Their feasting o'er, now enter sorrow!

The Stork grew hungry, longed for fish;  
The monarch could not have his wish;  
In rage he to the marshes flies,  
And makes a meal of his allies.

Then grew so fond of well-fed frogs,  
He made a larder of the bogs!  
Say, Yankees, don't you feel compunction,  
At your unnatural, rash conjunction?

Can love for you in him take root,  
Who's Catholic, and absolute?  
I'll tell these croakers how he'll treat 'em;  
Frenchmen, like storks, love frogs—to eat 'em.

#### AFFAIR OF HONOR.

1778.

The author of this humorous ballad is unknown. It was written at Charleston, South Carolina, a short time after the event it commemorates, and published as "an authentic account of the affair of honor between General Robert Howe and Lieutenant-Governor Christopher Gadsden, and too good a story to be told in simple prose."

IT was on Mr. Peroy's land,  
At squire Hudgeley's corner,  
Great H. and G. met sword in hand,  
Upon a point of honor.

G. went before with Colonel E.,  
Together in a carriage;  
On horseback followed H. and P.,  
As if to steal a marriage.

On chosen ground they now alight,  
For battle duly harnessed,  
A shady place and out of sight,  
It showed they were in earnest.

They met, and in the usual way  
With hat in hand saluted,  
Which was, no doubt, to show how they  
Like gentlemen disputed.

And then they both together made  
This honest declaration,  
That they came there, by honor led,  
But not by inclination.

That if they fought 'twas not because  
Of rancor, spite or passion,  
But only to obey the laws  
Of custom and the fashion.

The pistols then, before their eyes,  
Were fairly primed and loaded!  
H. wished, and so did G. likewise,  
The custom was exploded!

But as they now had gone so far  
In such a bloody business,  
For action straight they both prepare  
With—mutual forgiveness.

But lest their courage should exceed  
The bounds of moderation,  
Between the seconds 'twas agreed  
To fix them each a station.

The distance stepped by Colonel P.  
Was only eight short paces;  
"Now, gentlemen," says Colonel E.,  
"Be sure to keep your places."

Quoth H. to G.—"Sir, please to fire!"  
Quoth G.—"No, pray begin, sir;"  
And truly one must needs admire  
The temper they were in, sir.

"We'll fire both at once," said he,  
And so they both presented;  
No answer was returned by G.,  
But silence, sir, consented.

They paused a while, these gallant foes,  
By turns politely grinning,  
Till after many eons and pros,  
H. made a brisk beginning.

He missed his mark, but not his aim,  
The shot was well directed;  
It saved them both from hurt and shame,  
What more could be expected?

Then G., to show he meant no harm,  
But hated jars and jangles,  
His pistol fired across his arm,  
From H. almost at angles.

H. now was called upon by G.,  
To fire another shot, sir;  
He smiled, and "After this," quoth he,  
"No, truly, I cannot, sir."

Such honor did they both display,  
They highly were commended;  
And thus, in short, this gallant fray  
Without mischance was ended.

No fresh dispute, we may suppose,  
Will e'er by them be started,  
For now the chiefs, no longer foes,  
Shook hands, and so they parted.

#### SIEGE OF SAVANNAH.

1779.

Count D'Estaing, with his fleet of twenty sail, reached the coast of Georgia early in September, 1779. Soon after his arrival, a plan was concerted with General Lincoln, to make a combined attack upon Savannah. Through delay and mismanagement, the Americans and their allies were repulsed. Numerous severe and ironical ballads, commemorating the event, appeared shortly after, from which the one subjoined is selected.

COME let us rejoice,  
With heart and with voice,  
Her triumphs let loyalty show, sir,  
While bumpers go round,  
Re-echo the sound,  
Huzza for the king and Provost, sir.

With warlike parade,  
And his Irish brigade,  
His ships and his spruce Gallie host, sir,  
As proud as an elf,  
D'Estaing came himself,  
And landed on Georgia's coast, sir.

There joining a band,  
Under Lincoln's command,  
Of rebels and traitors and whigs, sir,  
'Gainst the town of Savannah  
He planted his banner,  
And then he felt wondrous big, sir.

With thund'ring of guns,  
And bursting of bombs,  
He thought to have frightened our boys, sir;  
But amidst all their din,  
Brave Maitland pushed in,  
And Moncrieffe cried, "A fig for your noise," sir.

Chagrined at delay,  
As he meant not to stay,  
The count formed his troops in the morn, sir.  
Van, centre, and rear  
Marched up without fear,  
Cock sure of success, by a storm, sir.

Though rude was the shock,  
Unmoved as a rock,  
Stood our firm British bands to their works, sir.  
While the brave German corps,  
And Americans bore  
Their parts as intrepid as Turks, sir.

Then muskets did rattle,  
Fierce ragéd the battle,  
Grapeshot, it flew thicker than hail, sir.  
The ditch filled with slain,  
Blood dyed all the plain,  
When rebels and French turned tail, sir.

See! see! how they run!  
Lord! what glorious fun!  
How they tumble, by cannon mowed down, sir!  
Brains fly all around,  
Dying screeches resound,  
And mangled limbs cover the ground, sir.

There Pulaski fell,  
That imp of old Bell,  
Who attempted to murder his king, sir.  
But now he is gone,  
Whence he'll never return;  
But will make hell with treason to ring, sir.

To Charleston with fear,  
The rebels repair;  
D'Estaing scampers back to his boats, sir,  
Each blaming the other,  
Each cursing his brother,  
And—may they cut each other's throats, sir.

20

Scarce three thousand men  
The town did maintain  
'Gainst three times their number of foes, sir,  
Who left on the plain,  
Of wounded and slain,  
Three thousand to fatten the crows, sir.

Three thousand! no less!  
For the rebels confess  
Some loss, as you very well know, sir.  
Then let bumpers go round,  
And re-echo the sound,  
Huzza for the king and Provost, sir.

## THE PRESENT AGE.

1779.

The author of these sprightly verses is not known. In the *New Hampshire Gazette* they appear, with the following note to the printer: "By inserting this in your next paper, you will oblige one of your country subscribers."

Of all the ages ever known,  
The present is the oddest;  
For all the men are honest grown,  
And all the women modest.

Nor lawyers now are fond of fees,  
Nor clergy of their dues;  
No idle people now are seen,  
At church no empty pews.

No courtiers now their friends deceive  
With promises of favor;  
For what they made 'em once believe,  
Is done and done forever.

Our nobles—Heaven defend us all!  
I'll nothing say about 'em;  
For they are great and I'm but small,  
So muse, jog on without 'em.

Our gentry are a virtuous race,  
Despising earthly treasures;  
Fond of true honor's noble chase,  
And quite averse to pleasures.

The ladies dress so plain indeed,  
You'd think 'em Quakers all.  
Witness the wool packs on their heads,  
So comely and so small.

No tradesman now forsakes his shop,  
For politics or news;  
Or takes his dealer at a hop,  
Through interested views.

No soaking sot forsakes his spouse,  
For mugs of maunting nappy;  
Nor taverns tempt him from his house,  
Where all are pleased and happy.



Our frugal taste the State secures,  
Whence then can woes begin?  
For luxury's turned out of doors,  
And prudenece taken in.

From hence proceeds the abundant flow,  
Of plenty through the land;  
Where all provisions all men know,  
Are cheap on every hand.

No pleasure-chaises fill the streets,  
Nor crowd the roads on Sunday;  
So horses ambling through the week,  
Obtain a respite one day.

All gambling, tricking, swearing, lying,  
Is grown quite out of fashion;  
For modern youth's so self-denying,  
It flies all lawless passion.

Happy the nation thus endowed!  
So void of wants and crimes;  
Where all are rich and none are proud,  
Oh! these are glorious times.

"Your characters" (with wondering stare  
Cries Tom) "are mighty high, sir;  
But pray forgive me, if I swear,  
I think they're all a lie, sir."

Ha! think you so, my honest clown?  
Then take another light on't;  
Just turn the picture upside down,  
I fear you'll see the right on't.

#### FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

**F**AREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!  
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea);  
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water  
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,  
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,  
And hushed all its music and withered its frame!

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands  
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,  
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,  
The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses  
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,

Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero I forget thee—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,  
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,  
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With everything beautiful that grows in the deep;  
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber  
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell!—farewell!—until pity's sweet fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,  
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in the wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### ABIGAIL BECKER.

OFF LONG POINT ISLAND, CANADA, NOVEMBER 24,  
1854.

The noble heroism of Abigail Becker is in nowise exaggerated, and finally entitles her to rank with Grace Darling and Ida Lewis. In fact the men saved were accustomed to say that "no one could possibly tell the story as big as it really was."

**T**HE wind, the wind where Eric plunged,  
Blow, blow nor'-east from land to land;  
The wandering schooner dipped and lunged—  
Long Point was close at hand.

Long Point—a swampy island-slant,  
Where, busy in their grassy homes,  
Woodcock and snipe tie hollows haunt,  
And musk-rats build their domes;

Where gulls and eagles rest at need,  
Where either side, 'y lake or sound,  
Kingfishers, cranes, and divers feed,  
And mallard ducks abound.

The lowering night shut out the sight:  
Carcened the vessel, pitched and veered—  
Raved, raved the wind with main and might:  
The sunken reef she neared.

She pounded over, lurched and sank :  
Between two sand-bars settling fast,  
Her leaky hull the waters drank,  
And she had sailed her last.

Into the rigging, quick as thought,  
Captain and mate and sailors sprung,  
Claubered for life, some vantage caught,  
And there all night they swung.

And it was cold—oh, it was cold !  
The pinching cold was like a vise :  
Spoondrift flew freezing—fold on fold  
It coated them with ice.

Now when the dawn began to break,  
Light up the sand-path drenched and brown,  
To fill her bucket from the lake  
Came Mother Becker down.

From where her cabin crowned the bank  
Came Abigail Becker tall and strong ;  
She dipped, and lo ! a broken plank  
Came rocking close along !

She poised her glass with anxious ken :  
The schooner's top she spied from far,  
And there she counted seven men  
That clung to mast and spar.

And oh, the gale ! the rout and roar !  
The blinding drift, the mounting wave ;  
A good half-mile from wreck to shore,  
With seven men to save !

Sped Mother Becker : " Children ! wake !  
A ship's gone down ! they're needing me !  
Your father's off on shore ; the lake  
Is just a raging sea !

" Get wood, cook fish, make ready all."  
She snatched her stores, she fled with haste,  
In cotton gown and tattered shawl,  
Barefoot across the waste,

Through sinking sands, through quaggy lands,  
And nearer, nearer, full in view,  
Went shouting through her hollowed hands :  
" Courage ! we'll get you through ! "

Ran to and fro, made cheery signs,  
Her bonfire lighted, steeped her tea,  
Brought driftwood, watched Canadian lines  
Her husband's boat to see.

Cold, cold it was—oh it was cold !  
The bitter cold made watching vain :  
With ice the channel laboring rolled—  
No skiff could stand the strain.

On all that isle, from outer swell  
To strait between the landings shut,  
Was never place where man might dwell,  
Save trapper Becker's hut.

And it was twelve and one and two,  
And it was three o'clock and more.  
She called : " Come on ! there's nought to do,  
But leap and swim ashore ! "

Blew, blew the gale ; they did not hear :  
She waded in the shallow sea ;  
She waved her hands, made signals clear,  
" Swim ! swim, and trust to me ! "

" My men," the captain cried, " I'll try :  
The woman's judgment may be right ;  
For, swim or sink, seven men must die  
If here we swing to-night."

Far out he marked the gathering surge ;  
Across the bar he watched it pour,  
Let go, and on its topmost verge  
Came riding in to shore.

It struck the breaker's foamy track—  
Majestic wave on wave up-hurled,  
Went grandly toppling, tumbling back,  
As loath to flood the world.

There blindly whirling, shorn of strength,  
The captain drifted, sure to drown ;  
Dragged seaward half a cable's length,  
Like sinking lead went down.

Ah, well for him that on the strand  
Had Mother Becker waited long !  
And well for him her grasping hand  
And grappling arm were strong !

And well for him that wind and sun,  
And daily toil for scanty gains,  
Had made such daring blood to run  
Within such generous veins !

For what to do but plunge and swim ?  
Out on the sinking lillow east,  
She toiled, she dived, she groped for him,  
She found and clutched him fast.

She climbed the reef, she brought him up,  
She laid him gasping on the sands ;  
Built high the fire and filled the cup—  
Stood up and waved her hands !

Oh, life is dear ! The mate leaped in,  
" I know," the captain said, " right well,  
Not twice can any woman win  
A soul from yonder hell.

"I'll start and meet him in the wave."  
 "Keep back!" she bade: "what strength have  
 you?"

And I shall have you both to save—  
 Must work to pull you through!"

But out he went. Up shallow sweeps  
 Raced the long white-caps, comb on comb:  
 The wind, the wind that lashed the deeps,  
 Far, far it blew the foam.

The frozen foam went scudding by—  
 Before the wind, a seething throng,  
 The waves, the waves come towering high,  
 They flung the mate along.

The waves came towering high and white,  
 They burst in clouds of flying spray:  
 There mate and captain sank from sight,  
 And, clinching, rolled away.

Oh, Mother Becker, seas are dread,  
 Their treacherous paths are deep and blind!  
 But widows twain shall mourn their dead  
 If thou art slow to find!

She sought them near, she sought them far,  
 Three fathoms down she gripped them tight;  
 With both together up the bar  
 She staggered into sight.

Beside the fire her burdens fell:  
 She paused the cheering draught to pour:  
 Then waved her hands: "All's well! all's well!  
 Come on! swim! swim ashore!"

Sure, life is dear, and men are brave:  
 They came—they dropped from mast and spar;  
 And who but she could breast the wave,  
 And dive beyond the bar?

Dark grew the sky from east to west,  
 And darker, darker grew the world:  
 Each man from off the breaker's crest  
 To gloomier deeps was hurled.

And still the gale went shrieking on,  
 And still the wrecking fury grew;  
 And still the woman, worn and wan,  
 Those gates of death went through—

As Christ were walking on the waves,  
 And heavenly radiance shone about—  
 All fearless trod that gulf of graves,  
 And bore the sailors out.

Down came the night, but far and bright,  
 Despite the wind and flying foam,  
 The bonfire flamed to give them light  
 To trapper Becker's home.

Oh, safety after wreck is sweet!  
 And sweet is rest in hut or hall:  
 One story life and death repeat—  
 God's mercy over all.

Next day men heard, put out from shore,  
 Crossed channel-ice, burst in to find  
 Seven gallant fellows sick and sore  
 A tender nurse and kind;

Shook hands, wept, laughed, were crazy-glad;  
 Cried: "Never yet, on land or sea,  
 Poor dying, drowning sailors had  
 A better friend than she.

"Billows may tumble, winds may roar,  
 Strong hands the wrecked from death may snatch:  
 But never, never, nevermore  
 This deed shall mortal match!"

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,  
 She blushed as girls when lovers woo:  
 "I have not done a thing," she said,  
 "More than I ought to do."

AMANDA T. JONES.

#### OH! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD.

OH! the pleasant days of old, which so often  
 people praise!

True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace  
 our modern days:

Bare floors were strewed with rushes—the walls let in  
 the cold;

Oh! how they must have shivered in those pleasant  
 days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they  
 were!

They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart  
 them who might dare?

They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from  
 Jews their gold—

Above both law and equity were those great lords of  
 old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so  
 renowned!

With sword and lance, and armor strong, they scoured  
 the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood  
 or wold,

By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant  
 knights of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old! with their turrets,  
 moat, and keep.

Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark  
 and deep.

Full many a baron held his court within the castle  
 hold;

And many a captive languished there, in those strong  
 towers of old.

Oh! the troubadours of old! with their gentle minstrelsie  
Of hope, and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their  
lot might be—  
For years they served their lady-love ere they their  
passions told—  
Oh! wondrous patience must have had those trouba-  
dours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old! with their chivalry  
and state;  
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds  
relate;  
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their  
legends told—  
But, Heaven be thanked: I live not in those blessed  
times of old!

FRANCES BROWNE.

## ROSABELLE.

Oh, listen, ladies gay!  
No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,  
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;  
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;  
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view  
A red shroud swathed round lady gay;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindsay's heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my lady-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindsay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will elude  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the cope-wood glea;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs unconfined lie,

Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold,  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there  
With candle, with book, and with knell;  
But the sea-eaves rung, and the wild winds sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## THE WATCHER.

THE night was dark and fearful,  
The blast swept wailing by;  
A watcher, pale and tearful,  
Looked forth with anxious eye:  
How wistfully she gazes—  
No gleam of morn is there!  
And then her heart upraises  
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,  
Where wait and darkness reign,  
Her precious child, her only,  
Lay moaning in his pain;  
And death alone can free him—  
She feels that this must be:  
"But oh! for morn to see him  
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing  
In yonder mansion fair,  
And merry feet are dancing—  
They heed not morning there:  
Oh! young and lovely creatures,  
One lamp from out your store,  
Would give that poor boy's features  
To her fond gaze once more!

The morning sun is shining—  
She heedeth not its ray;  
Beside her dead, reclining,  
That pale, dead mother lay!  
A smile her lip was wreathing,  
A smile of hope and love,  
As though she still were breathing—  
"There's light for us above!"

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

## CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.

This admirable specimen of humorous elegy relates to Captain Paton, a well-known character in Glasgow.

VOUCH once more a sober measure,  
And let punch and tears be shed,  
For a prince of good old fellows,  
That, alack-a-day! is dead ;  
For a prince of worthy fellows,  
And a pretty man also,  
That has left the Saltmarket  
In sorrow, grief, and woe.  
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
mo'e !

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches  
Were all cut off the same web,  
Of a beautiful snuff-color,  
Of a modest genty drab ;  
The blue stripe in his stocking  
Round his neat, shin leg did go,  
And his ruffles of the caubric fine,  
They were whiter than the snow.  
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
mo'e !

His hair was curled in order,  
At the rising of the sun,  
In comely rows and buckles snart  
That about his ears did run ;  
And before there was a toupee,  
That some inches up did grow ;  
And behind there was a long queue,  
That did o'er his shoulder flow.  
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
mo'e !

And whenever we foregathered,  
He took off his wee three-cockit,  
And he proffered you his snuff-box,  
Which he drew from his side-pocket ;  
And on Burdett or Bonaparte  
He would make a remark or so,  
And then along the plainstones  
Like a provost he would go.  
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
mo'e !

In dirty days he pick'd well  
His footsteps with his rattan :  
Oh, you ne'er could see the least speck  
On the shoes of Captain Paton.  
And en entering the coffee-room  
About two, all men did know  
They would see him, with his *Courier*,  
In the middle of the row,  
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
mo'e !

Now and then upon a Sunday  
He invited me to dine

On a herring and a mutton-chop,  
Which his ruid dressed very fine.  
There was also a little Malmsey,  
And a bottle of Bordeaux,  
Which between me and the captain  
Passed nimbly to and fro.  
Oh ! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain Paton  
no mo'e !

Or, if a bowl was mentioned,  
The captain he would ring,  
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,  
And a stoup of water bring ;  
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,  
As they made it long ago,  
With liues that on his property  
In Trinidad did grow.  
Oh ! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's  
punch no mo'e !

And then, all the time he would discourse  
So sensible and courteous,  
Perhaps talking of the last sermon  
He had heard from Dr. Porteous ;  
Of some little bit of scandal  
About Mrs. So-and-So,  
Which he scarce could credit, having heard  
The *con* but not the *pro* !  
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
mo'e !

Or, when the candles were brought forth,  
And the night was fairly setting in,  
He would tell some fine old stories  
About Minden-field or Dettingen ;  
How he fought with a French major,  
And despatched him at a blow.  
While his blood ran out like water  
On the soft grass below !  
Oh ! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain Paton  
no mo'e !

But at last the captain sickened  
And grew worse from day to day ;  
And all missed him in the coffee-room,  
From which now he stayed away ;  
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd kirk  
Made a melancholy show,  
All for wanting of the presence  
Of our venerable beau !  
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
mo'e !

And, in spite of all that Cleghorn  
And Corkindale could do,  
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,  
That death was in his view ;  
So the captain made his testament,  
And submitted to his foe ;

And we laid him by the Rau's-horn kirk—  
 'Tis the way we all must go!  
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
 mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,  
 And let punch and tears be shed,  
 For this prince of good old fellows,  
 That, alack-a-day! is dead;  
 For this prince of worthy fellows—  
 And a pretty man also—  
 That has left the Saltmarket  
 In sorrow, grief, and woe!  
 For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no  
 mo'e!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

#### THE MISER AND THIEF.

**A** LONG time ago, in the years that have flown,  
 There was a rich miser who lived all alone;  
 He toiled all the day and he scarce slept by  
 night,  
 And to add to his store was his only delight.

There was also a robber, a wily old kuave,  
 Who lived all in solitude, safe in a cave;  
 This robber was treacherous, vicious, and bold,  
 And schemed how to steal the old miser's rich gold.

So he dressed himself up in the garments he stole  
 From a pious old monk and assumed the monk's role;  
 Then he went to the miser with tears in his eyes  
 And told him a batch of "tremendous" lies.

"Thank heaven," said this robber, "I've come here  
 to you  
 To pray for your soul; and this you must do:  
 You must give of the gold you have hoarded away  
 To the halt and the lame and the blind while you may.

"For if you do not, you will go down below,  
 Where the fires of tormenting are always aglow;  
 Where the devils are torturing old misers' souls,  
 And heaping around them the red flaming coals."

The regions of torment this miser didn't dread,  
 And sooner than do that he'd cut off his head;  
 He thought the old stranger a thief in disguise,  
 And planted his fist right betwixt his two eyes.

The thief he jumped up from the floor where he fell,  
 And came at the miser with a terrible yell;  
 The miser was tough and the thief was strong,  
 They battled like wild-cats; the fight lasted long.

They fought till both of them lay dead on the floor;  
 A wandering Jew found them steeped in their gore.  
 He took all their money, and wished they had more;  
 And the earth circled on round the sun as before.

E. T. FAY.

#### HORATIUS.

**L**ARS Porsena of Clusium  
 By the Nine Gods he swore  
 That the great house of Tarquin  
 Should suffer wrong no more.  
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
 And named a trysting-day;  
 And bade his messengers ride forth,  
 East and west, and south and north,  
 To summon his array.

East and west, and south and north  
 The messengers ride fast,  
 And tower, and town, and cottago  
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
 Shame on the false Etruscan  
 Who lingers in his home,  
 When Porsena of Clusium  
 Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen  
 Are pouring in amain  
 From many a stately market-place;  
 From many a fruitful plain;  
 From many a lonely hamlet,  
 Which, hid by beech and pine,  
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
 Of purple Apennine.

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who alway by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand:  
 Evening and morn the Thirty  
 Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty  
 Have their glad answer given:  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena:  
 Go forth, beloved of heaven;  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome;  
 And hang round Narscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Romo."

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten.  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array,  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting-day.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.

The Fathers of the city,  
They sat all night and day,  
For every hour some horseman came  
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward  
Have spread the Tuscan hands;  
Nor house, nor fence, nor dove-cote,  
In Crustumerinum stands.  
Verbenna down to Ostia  
Hath wasted all the plain;  
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,  
There was no heart so bold,  
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
Up rose the Fathers all;  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing  
Before the River Gate;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly:  
"The bridge must straight go down;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear;  
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;  
Lars Porsena is here."

On the low hills to westward  
The Consul fixed his eye.  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer  
Doth the red whirlwind come;  
And louder still and still more loud,  
From underneath that rolling cloud,  
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,  
The trampling and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly  
Now through the gloom appears,  
Far to left and far to right,  
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
The long array of helmets bright,  
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,  
O'erlooking all the war,  
Lars Porsena of Clusium  
Sat in his ivory car.  
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name;  
And by the left false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame.

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
And the Consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.  
"Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the gate:  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;  
A Ramnian proud was he;  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee!"  
And out spake strong Herminius;  
Of Titian blood was he:  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
"As thou sayest, so let it be."  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the damntless Three.  
For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;  
Then all were for the State;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great;  
Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

Now, while the Three were tightening  
Their harness on their backs,  
The Consul was the foremost man  
To take in hand an axe;  
And Fathers, mixed with Commons,  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosed the ropes below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold.  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose ;  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array ;  
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 To win the narrow way.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;  
 Lartius laid Oceanus low ;  
 Right to the heart of Lausulus  
 Horatius sent a blow.  
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !  
 No more, aghast and pale,  
 From Ustia's walls the crowd shall mark  
 The crack of thy destroying bark.  
 No more Campanus's hands shall fly  
 To wood and cavern when they spy  
 Thy tarco-accursed sail."

But now the sound of laughter  
 Was heard among the foes :—  
 A wild and wrathful clamor,  
 From all the vanguard rose !  
 Six spears' length from the entrance  
 Halted that deep array,  
 And for a space no man came forth  
 To win the narrow way.

Yet one man for one moment  
 Strode out before the crowd ;  
 Well known was he to all the Three,  
 And they gave him greeting loud.  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !  
 Now welcome to thy home !  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?  
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city ;  
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;  
 And thrice came on in fury,  
 And thrice turned back in dread ;  
 And, white with fear and hatred,  
 Scowled at the narrow way  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
 Have manfully been plied,  
 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
 Above the boiling tide.  
 "Come back, come back, Heratius !"  
 Loud cried the Fathers all.  
 "Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;  
 Herminius darted back ;  
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.  
 But when they turned their faces,  
 And on the farther shore  
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder  
 Fell every loosened beam,  
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
 Lay right athwart the stream ;  
 And a long shout of triumph  
 Rose from the walls of Rome  
 As to the highest turret-tops  
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken  
 When first he feels the rein,  
 The furious river struggled hard,  
 And tossed his tawny mane ;  
 And burst the curb and bounded,  
 Rejoicing to be free ;  
 And whirling down, in fierce career,  
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
 But constant still in mind ;  
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
 And the broad flood behind.  
 "Down with him !" cried false Sextus,  
 With a smile on his pale face.  
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning  
 Those craven ranks to see ;  
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
 To Sextus naught spake he ;  
 But he saw on Palatinus  
 The white porch of his home ;  
 And he spake to the noble river  
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber ! Father Tiber !  
 To whom the Romans pray,  
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
 Take thou in charge this day !"



So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And, with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank ;  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank :  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuseany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain ;  
And fast his blood was flowing ;  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armor,  
And spent with changing blows ;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing-place.  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good Father Tiber  
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him ! " quoth false Sextus ;  
"Will not the villain drown ?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town !"  
"Heaven help him ! " quoth Lars Porsena,  
"And bring him safe to shore ;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom ;  
Now on dry earth he stands ;  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands :  
And now with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land  
That was of public right  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night ;  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

LORD MACAULAY.

#### THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THEY made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a soul so warm and true ;  
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal  
Swamp,  
Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,  
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,  
And her paddle I soon shall hear,  
Long and loving our life shall be,  
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—  
His path was rugged and sore,  
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sank to sleep,  
If slumber his eyelids knew,  
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep  
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep  
The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,  
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,  
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
"Oh when shall I see the dusky lake,  
And the white canoe of my dear ?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright  
Quick over its surface played—  
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light !"  
And the dim shore echoed for many a night  
The name of the death-cold maid,

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,  
Which carried him off from shore :  
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,  
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,  
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
This lover and maid so true  
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp  
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,  
And paddle their white canoe !

THOMAS MOORE.

#### OH, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE ?

"OH, where, tell me where is your Highland  
laddie gone ?  
Oh, where, tell me where is your High-  
land laddie gone ?"  
"He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds  
are done,  
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely  
home."

"Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?"

Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?"

"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,  
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away."

He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,  
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away."

"Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?"

Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?"

"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star;

A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star."

"Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel sound  
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound?"

"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,  
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye;

The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly;  
And for his king and country dear with pleasure he would die!"

"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds;

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds.

His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds;

Wide, wide, through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds;

His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds;

Wide, wide, through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds."

ANNE GRANT.

#### "THE UNCLE."

Recited by Henry Irving to an accompaniment of music composed by Sir Julius Benedict.

I HAD an uncle once—a man  
Of threescore years and three—  
And when my reason's dawn began  
He'd take me on his knee;

And often talk, whole winter nights,  
Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,  
And few his converse sought;  
But, it was said in solitude  
His conscience with him wrought;  
And there before his mental eye  
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house  
Who did not fear his frown.  
Save I, a little careless child,  
Who gambled up and down,  
And often peeped into his room,  
And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—  
My father was his brother,  
And all their lives I knew that they  
Had fondly loved each other;  
And in my uncle's room there hung  
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it—  
'Twas in a darkened place,  
And few or none had ever looked  
Upon my mother's face,  
Or seen her pale, expressive smile  
Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,  
The wind was howling high,  
And through the ancient corridors  
It sounded drearily:—  
I sat and read in that old hall;  
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood  
The words upon the book;  
For with a sidelong glance I marked  
My uncle's fearful look,  
And saw how all his quivering frame  
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,  
A strange, unusual dread;  
His lips were white as bone—his eyes  
Sunk far down in his head;  
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze  
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,  
And drew aside the veil  
That hung before my mother's face:—  
Perchance my eyes might fail,  
But ne'er before that face to me  
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,  
I started at the sound;

"Twas choked and stifled in his throat,  
And hardly utterance found ;  
'Come hither, boy !' then fearfully  
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,  
Thou wert her only child ;  
O God ! I've seen her when she held  
Thee in her arms and smiled,  
She smiled upon thy father, boy,  
'Twas that which drove me wild !

"He was my brother, but his form  
Was fairer far than mine ;  
I grudged not that ;—he was the prop  
Of our ancestral line ;  
And manly beauty was of him  
A token and a sign.

"Boy ! I had loved her too—may, more,  
'Twas I who loved her first ;  
For months—for years—the golden thought  
Within my soul was nursed ;  
He came—he conquered—they were wed ;—  
My air-blown bubble burst !

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,  
And evil hopes grew rife ;  
The damning thought struck in my heart,  
And cut me like a knife,  
That she, whom all my days I loved,  
Should be another's wife !

"I left my home—I left the land—  
I crossed the raging sea ;—  
In vain—in vain—where'er I turned,  
My memory went with me ;—  
My whole existence, night and day,  
In memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here—  
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—  
He doted on that pale face there,  
I've seen them kiss and toy—  
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,  
Wrapped in delirious joy !

"By heaven ! it was a fearful thing  
To see my brother now,  
And mark the placid calm that set  
Forever on his brow,  
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,  
I am more loved than thou !

"He disappeared—draw nearer, child !—  
He died—no one knew how ;  
The murdered body ne'er was found,  
The tale is hushed up now ;  
But there was one who rightly guessed  
The hand that struck the blow.

"It drove her mad—yet not his death—  
No—not his death alone ;  
For she had clung to hope, when all  
Knew well that there was none—  
No, boy ! it was a sight she saw  
That froze her into stone !

"I am thy uncle, child—why stare  
So frightfully aghast ?—  
The arras waves, but know'st thou not  
'Tis nothing but the blast ?  
I, too, have had my fears like these,  
But such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw—  
I feel 'twill ease my breast,  
And this wild tempest-laden night  
Suits with the purpose best—  
Come hither—thou hast often sought  
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring : the touch  
Is known to me alone ;"  
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—  
"What see you, that you groan  
So heavily !—that thing is but  
A bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—  
Three strides he backwards gave—  
"Oh God ! it is my brother's self  
Returning from the grave !  
His grasp of lead is on my throat—  
Will no one help or save ?"

That night they laid him on his bed,  
In raving madness tossed ;  
He gnashed his teeth and with wild oaths  
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost ;  
And, ere the light of morning broke,  
A sinner's soul was lost.

H. G. BELL.

#### THE LAST BUCCANEER.

O H, England is a pleasant place for them that's  
rich and high ;  
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks  
as I ;

And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again  
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift  
and stout,  
All furnished well with small-arms and cannons round  
about ;

And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and  
free

To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards  
of plate and gold,  
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from the Indian  
folk of old ;  
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as  
stone,  
Who flog men and keel-haul them and starve them to  
the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Avès and fruits that shone  
like gold,  
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to  
behold ;  
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did  
flee,  
To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze  
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,  
With a negro lass to fan you while you listened to the  
roar  
Of the breakers on the reef outside that never touched  
the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must  
be,  
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put  
down were we.  
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the  
booms at night ;  
And I fled in a piragua sore wounded from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,  
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing  
she died ;  
But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came by,  
And brought me home to England here to beg until I  
die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell  
where ;  
One comfort is, this world's so hard I can't be worse  
off there :

If I might but be a sea-dove I'd fly across the main,  
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.  
CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.

## A POLICEMAN'S STORY.

**D**O we have any accidents here, sir? Any chil-  
dren run over, you say?  
Well, yes, but scarce any to speak of, and  
only just once in a way.  
It's a wonder? You're right, that it is, sir, the crowds  
that are running about ;  
Lor' bless you, they don't care a button so long as  
they only get out.

There's just one case that I witnessed. The story's  
not often been told,  
But I'll never forget it, sir, never, though: I live to a  
hundred years old.  
If you care just to listen a minute I'll tell that same  
story to you ;  
It's touching and sounds like a novel, but neverthe-  
less it is true.

'Twas a Saturday afternoon, sir, on a beautiful sum-  
mer's day,  
And dozens of bright little youngsters were out in this  
street at play ;  
And ler', they looked happy and healthy, 'twas the  
pleasanteest sight to see  
The way they were running and jumping and clap-  
ping their hands with glee.

They were some of 'em playing at hopscotch—a-hop-  
ping and kicking a stone,  
Whilst others, more witty and clever, were making up  
games of their own ;  
The youngest of all in the gutters were mixing up  
mortar and pies,  
Whilst looks of enjoyment and pleasure shone out  
from their bright little eyes.

The brightest and prettiest baby it was ever my lot to  
see—  
Just over a twelvemonth her age was, and some dis-  
tant relation to me—  
Had crawled from the side of her sister, who ought to  
have kept her in sight,  
And was sitting out there in the road, sir, a-crawling  
with all her might.

I wasn't on duty just then, sir, and it never struck me  
there was harm,  
Till, chancing to glance up the roadway, I started and  
roared with alarm ;  
For there, dashing swift round the corner, a fire-  
engine tore up the street,  
And the baby was left in the middle, in the track of  
the horses' feet.

The men saw the child, and endeavored to stop their  
mad horses' career.  
When out in the road dashed a youngster—I couldn't  
help giving a cheer—  
And he caught up the babe in an instant, then swiftly  
he took to his heels,  
But the engine was on him—he stumbled—and fell  
'neath the wild whirling wheels.

The baby was safe, Dick had saved her, by pushing  
her out of the way ;  
He had risked his own life, little hero, I'll always  
remember that day.  
How they picked him up, just like a dead thing, and  
took him directly to Guy's,  
The thought of that scene makes me foolish, and  
brings up the tears to my eyes.

But they found that he wasn't quite killed, sir, and after a bit he got round,  
Though one of his legs was quite crippled, and couldn't be put to the ground.  
'Twas dreadfully hard on the youngster, he wasn't much older than six.  
For instead of his running and leaping, he could only just hobble on sticks.

Well, the baby grew up, so did Dick, sir, and just like the people in plays,  
They determined to love one another the rest of their natural days;  
For Dick, he adored little Mary, and Mary, she worshipped him,  
And the least bit of extra devotion made up for the loss of his limb.

The end of this story is strange, sir, you may not believe it is true,  
But it is, I can prove it, if need be, and will just to satisfy you;  
If you'll just knock at No. 15, sir, you will see this same Dick and his wife,  
And he'll tell you he's never regretted the day he was "crippled for life."

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

#### THE OUTLAW.

'TIS morn; and on the mountain top the outlaw rested now,  
And laid his good sword by his side, his bonnet from his brow,  
Upon the lofty towers that rise o'er his ancestral hall,  
From far the weary wanderer gazed, while tears like rain-drops fall.

An honest heart that knew not fear—to man that would not bow—  
Was seated in his eagle eye, and on his manly brow;  
But care, and wrong, and want, and woe leave scars time may not heal,  
Wounds that the wicked may revenge, the proud alone can feel.

A traitor's doom forbids him hope these walls to enter more;  
And soon the hunted outlaw seeks a home on foreign shore,  
He started up: "Methinks I hear the sound of woman's wail,  
I hear the sounds of ruffian strife borne upwards on the gale."

Then, gazing down: "Such odds, I ween, were never heard before—  
Three sturdy knaves against my arm, my race of life is o'er.

Yet, 'tis a woman's wail! Shall I stand idly looking on,  
While strength to strike in her defence lies in my father's son?"

Adown the mountain side he sprang, like a lion in his wrath,  
And soon these sturdy villains lay sore mangled in his path.  
The lady rose up from her knees, and motionless she stood,  
Gazing in silent wonder on the stranger's hardihood.

Ah! why the sudden start—the blush—the deadly paleness then,  
As on her face the outlaw turned so eagerly his ken?  
"It is Sir Donald Bruce!" she cried, for well his crest she knew,  
And well she kenned the Highland plaid, and bonnet of the blue.

"My father's foe!" "True, lady, true," the gallant outlaw said,  
"Though I have forced thy foes to yield 'neath my victorious blade.  
Thy father's foe—of him who lives scourge of my ruined line,  
Nor leaves me aught in earth or air, that I may claim as mine

"Save hatred deep of alien power, of tyrant and of knave,  
A love of right, a scorn of wrong, of coward, and of slave.  
Farewell! farewell! In other years, think on the outlaw lone,  
Whose hand is true, though tyrant foes have turned his heart to stone."

"Nay, but thou wilt not leave me thus; thy task is hardly o'er,  
Oh! bear me safe from forest wilds within my father's door.  
Ascendency of rank and power, a loyal heart and true  
Are his; and well my father loves the bonnet of the blue."

"'Tis time, I own," the outlaw said, "this fevered strife were o'er,  
Yes, lady, I will bear thee safe within thy father's door.  
But sooth to quaff of foeman's cup were sorry cheer for me,  
Or see another's yeoman range where mine were wont to be."

"Yet I, thy friend," the lady said, "thy power were easy won."  
(Breathes there a man when woman pleads, can feel his heart his own?)

Bright shines the sun upon the banks and braes of  
 bonny Clyde,  
 But brighter far the love-lit eyes of brave Sir Donald's  
 bride.  
 The trumpets sound, the bagpipes play, and chargers  
 gallop round,  
 And high beats now Sir Donald's heart with many an  
 aching bound.

The bonfires gaily gleaming, o'er mountain, hill and  
 dell,  
 And bridal favors testify he'd done his errand well.  
 Long, long may good Sir Donald wield the blade he  
 proved so true,  
 And long may bonny Scotland prize the bonnet of the  
 blue.

M. HENDERSON.

#### THE LEGEND OF KALOOKA.

**Y**EARS ago when plain and forest stretched un-  
 marred from sea to sea,  
 When no faint prophetic murmurs told the  
 changes yet to be,

When the red man trod the forests crowned with  
 plumes from eagles' wings,  
 All as free as beast or birding that in field or forest  
 sings :

Where the Rocky Mountains' ramparts lift their crags  
 in serried rows,  
 There an Indian village nestled in its valley's green  
 repose.

There around the gleaming camp-fires clustered oft  
 the youthful braves,

There the ancient village fathers one by one found  
 honored graves,

There the squaws wove beads and wampum, grew the  
 golden-hearted maize,

There the children gambled freely, playing through  
 the happy days :

While the hunters chased their quarry by familiar  
 paths and rills,

And the maidens wandered gayly, happy hearted, o'er  
 the hills.

Sweetest of them all, Kalooka ! Tresses glossy, black,  
 and long,

Form as perfect as a lily, lips carved out for kiss and  
 song,

Hands which kept the neatest wigwam, heart the  
 softest thoughts to keep,

Eyes of wondrous shine and shadow, clear and lovely,  
 dark and deep,

Cheeks like brown rose-tinted berries, feet that lightly  
 trod their way—

Best of all was sweet Kalooka, daughter of Kousoo-  
 katay.

Warriors laid their plumes and trophies with their  
 homage at her feet ;  
 For her many hunters pleaded, many a young brave's  
 pulses beat ;

Yet among them none found favor save Walooska,  
 strong and tall,

He whose voice on hunt or foray rang the foremost in  
 its call,

He whose bound was like the panther's, eyes like  
 eaglet's keen and clear,

Full of courage, love's devotion, manly beauty ; void  
 of fear

One bright morn he kissed the maiden, starting out  
 upon the trail,

Watched by one, his sole companion, jealous, envious,  
 and pale.

Moons waned slowly into spring time, autumn trees  
 their gold-fires burned,

But no eye again beheld them, nevermore the braves  
 returned.

Wan and sad Kalooka wandered, through the wood  
 paths sadly strayed,

Offerings made to elves and spirits ; Manitou, the  
 mighty, prayed

For the coming of her warrior—but no answer to her  
 came

Save the mournful echoes mocking at the calling of  
 his name.

Day by day her voice grew fainter, till within a valley  
 deep,

Weak and tired of grief and anguish, one soft eve, she  
 fell asleep :

Then came there and kissed her eyelids he whose love  
 had been her pride,

With a mighty spirit walking, tall and sturdy, at his  
 side.

None from that night saw the maiden. Next morn in  
 the valley's bed,

Twin lakes clear, as were her glances, upward looked  
 to heaven instead,

Round and bright as eyes of angels. Green fringed  
 blossoms frame the place,

Water lilies smiling, nodding to their own reflected  
 grace :

Wild birds float upon the waters, swa. fish dart on  
 airy fin,

All things glorious find their beauty mirrored faith-  
 fully within ;

Sheltered by the watching mountains, smiling even at  
 the skies,

Lie these twin lakes of remembrance, called by all  
 " Kalooka's Eyes."

Once when winds had stripped the branches came to  
 them one winter's night—

Standing in the moonlight's splendor on yon rock's  
 embattled height—

Grim and bronzed, a painted warrior ; on his brow the  
evil sign,

Gazing with strange fascination in the water's depths  
benign.

"Pure as her young soul," he muttered, "soft and  
deep as were her eyes ;"

Then, deep down, he heard the spirits calling him  
with solemn cries.

There he saw his soul reflected, saw strange demons  
beckoning there :

Hushed the night birds as his death-soon wailed and  
quivered on the air ;

Shuddered every listening echo, while each wave its  
image makes

Of his visage, marked with evil as it dances on the  
lakes—

"Take me, for I killed thy lover !" One swift plunge  
and all was o'er ;

Only laughing wavelets lisp his dread secret to the  
shore.

Years have gone and generations since these changes  
came to pass,

Gone the Indian fires and wigwams ; white men's  
houses dot the grass ;

But some nights when autumn lingers shrill death  
songs the echoes wake,

While a bronzed form plunges swiftly from yon rock  
into the lake.

Then the wavelets lisp their story to the listening trees  
above,

All these strange events and fancies of Kalooka's life  
and love.

J. EDGAR JONES.

#### THE HORSE.

**T**HE horse ! the brave, the gallant horse—  
Fit theme for the minstrel's song !  
He hath good claim to praise and fame ;  
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

Behold him free in his native strength,  
Looking fit for the sun-god's ear ;  
With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,  
And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign  
To brook the fettering girth ;  
As we see him fly the ringing plain,  
And paw the crumbling earth ?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,  
His fiery veins expand ;  
And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,  
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might,  
But the voice he has learnt to love  
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,  
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize  
His horse before all gold ;  
But is *his* horse more fair than ours,  
More generous, fast or bold ?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—  
Oh ! grant him a leaf of bay ;  
For we owe much more to his strength and speed,  
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place—the yoke, the chase,  
The war-field, road, or course,  
One of creation's brightest and best  
Is the horse, the noble horse !

ELIZA COOK.

#### SIR MARMADUKE.

**S**IR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight ;  
Good man ! old man !  
He's painted standing bolt upright,  
With his hose rolled over his knee ;  
His periwig's as white as chalk,  
And on his fist he holds a hawk,  
And he looks like the head  
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide ;  
Good man ! old man !

His spaniels lay by the fireside ;  
And in other parts, d'ye see,  
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,  
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats ;  
And he looked like the head  
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from his gate ;  
Good man ! old man !

But was always ready to break the pate  
Of his country's enemy.  
What knight could do a better thing  
Than serve the poor and fight for his king ?  
And so may every head  
Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

#### ALONE BY THE BAY.

**H**E is gone, O my heart, he is gone ;  
And the sea remains, and the sky ;  
And the skiffs fit in and out,  
And the white-winged yachts go by.

And the waves run purple and green,  
And the sunshine glints and glows,  
And freshly across the bay  
The breath of the morning blows.

I liked it better last night,  
When the dark shut down on the main,  
And the phantom fleet lay still,  
And I heard the waves complain.

For the sadness that dwells in my heart,  
And the rune of their endless woe,  
Their longing and void and despair,  
Kept time in their ebb and flow.

LOUIS CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE SEXTON.

"**M**INE is the fame most blazoned of all;  
Mine is the goodliest trade:  
Mine was banner so wide as the pall,  
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

This is the lay of the Sexton gray;  
King of the churchyard he—  
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell,  
Chimes in with his burden of glee.

He dons a doublet of sober brown  
And a hat of slouching felt;  
The mattock is over his shoulder throwz.  
The heavy keys clank at his belt.

The dark, damp vault now echoes his tread,  
While his song rings merrily out;  
With a cobweb canopy over his head,  
And coffins falling about.

His foot may crush the full-fed worms,  
His hand may grasp a shroud;  
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,  
Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chant will break,  
As he gains a fathom deep—  
"Whoever lies in the bed I make  
I warrant will soundly sleep."

He piles the sod, he raises the stone;  
He clips the eypress-tree;  
But whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone;  
No fellowship holds he.

For the Sexton gray is a searing loon;  
His name is linked with death.  
The children at play, should he cross their way,  
Will pause, with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frightened host,  
And whisper with lips all white—  
"See, see, 'tis he that sends the ghost,  
To walk the world at night!"

The old men mark him, with fear in their eye,  
At his labor 'mid skulls and dust;  
They hear him chant: "The young *must* die,  
But we know the aged *must*."

The rich will frown, as his ditty goes on—  
"Though broad your lands may be;  
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,  
And the same shall serve for ye."

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The ear of the strong will turn from his song.  
And beauty's cheek will pale;  
"Out, out," they cry, "what creature would stay,  
To list thy croaking tale!"

Oh! the Sexton gray is a mortal of dread;  
None like to see him come near;  
The orphan thinks on a father dead,  
The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,  
Upturning the hollow bone;  
No mate will share his toil or his fare,  
He works, he arouses, alone.

By night, or by day, this, this, is his lay;  
"Mine is the goodliest trade;  
Never was banner so wide as the pall,  
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

ELIZA COOK.

THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

**T**HE boats go out and the boats come in,  
Under the wintry sky;  
And the rain and foam are white in the wind,  
And the white gulls cry.

She sees the sea when the wind is wild,  
Swept by the windy rain;  
And her heart's a-weary of sea and land  
As the long days wane.

She sees the torn sails fly in the foam,  
Broad on the sky-line gray;  
And the boats go out and the boats come in  
But there's one away.

DECORATION DAY.

**I**D the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,  
Bearing lilies in my hand.  
Comrades! in what soldier-grave  
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest  
With his colors round his breast?  
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,  
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,  
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;  
Yet no heart more high and warm  
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye  
In the front of victory;  
Never foot had firmer tread  
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,  
Where the untended grasses bloom;  
And no stone, with feigned distress,  
Mocks the sacred loneliness.



Youth and beauty, dauntless will,  
 Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,  
 Hero lie buried—here in peace  
 Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,  
 Kneeling where a woman lies,  
 I strew lilies on the grave  
 Of the bravest of the brave.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

AFTER "TAPS."

TRAMP! tramp! tramp! tramp!  
 As I lay with my blanket on,  
 By the dim fire-light in the moonlit night,  
 When the skirmishing fight was done.

The measured beat of the sentry's feet,  
 With the jingling scabbard's ring!  
 Tramp! tramp! in my meadow-camp  
 By the Shenandoah's spring!

The moonlight seems to shed cold beams  
 On a row of pale grave-stones:  
 Give the bugle breath, and that image of death  
 Will fly from the reveillé's tones.

By each tented roof, a charger's hoof  
 Makes the frosty hill-side ring:  
 Give the bugle breath, and a spirit of death  
 To each horse's girth will spring.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!  
 The sentry before my tent  
 Guards in gloom his chief, for whom  
 Its shelter to-night is lent.

I am not there. On the hill-side bare  
 I think of the ghost within;  
 Of the brave who died at my sword-hand side  
 To-day, 'mid the horrible din

Of shot and shell and the infantry yell,  
 As we charged with the sabre drawn.  
 To my heart I said, "Who shall be the dead  
 In my tent at another dawn?"

I thought of a blossoming almond-tree,  
 The stateliest tree that I know:  
 Of a golden bowl; of a parted soul;  
 And a lamp that is burning low.

Oh, thoughts that kill! I thought of the hill  
 In the far-off Jura chain;  
 Of the two, the three, o'er the wide salt sea,  
 Whose hearts would break with pain;

Of my pride and joy—my eldest boy;  
 Of my darling, the second—in years;  
 Of Willie, whose face with its pure, mild grace,  
 Melts memory into tears.

Of their mother, my bride, by the Alpine lake's side,  
 And the angel asleep in her arms;  
 Love, beauty, and truth, which she brought to my  
 youth,  
 In that sweet April day of her charms.

"HALT! *Who comes there?*" The cold midnight air  
 And the challenging word chills me through:  
 The ghost of a fear whispers, close to my ear,  
 "Is peril, love, coming to you?"

The hoarse answer, "RELIEF," makes the shade of  
 a grief  
 Die away, with the step on the sod.  
 A kiss melts in air, while a tear and a prayer  
 Confide my beloved to God.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!  
 With a solemn pendulum-swing!  
 Though I slumber all night, the fire burns bright,  
 And my sentinels' scabbards ring.

"Boot and saddle!" is sounding. Our pulses are  
 bounding.

"To horse!" And I touch with my heel  
 Black Gray in the flanks, and ride down the ranks,  
 With my heart, like my sabre, of steel.

HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

THEY were two princes doomed to death,  
 Each loved his beauty and his breath;  
 "Leave us our life, and we will bring  
 Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

They went together. In the dew  
 A charmed bird before them flew.  
 Through sun and thorn one followed it;  
 Upon the other's arm it lit.

A rose, whose faintest blush was worth  
 All buds that ever blew on earth,  
 One climbed the rocks to reach: ah, well,  
 Into the other's breast it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,  
 When moons go out, to light their hair,  
 One tried to touch on ghostly ground;  
 Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain  
 The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;  
 The other breathed the garden's air,  
 And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate  
 One took his fortune, one his fate:  
 One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,  
 The other torn and empty hands.

At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,  
The king was sad, the king was mute;  
At last he slowly said, "My son,  
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see  
Only these scars, show more to me  
Than if a kingdom's price I found  
In place of each forgotten wound."

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

#### THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

**B**LUE Gulf all around us,  
Blue sky overhead—  
Mustering all on the quarter,  
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,  
Rugged of front and form;  
A common son of the forecastle,  
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from,  
We know—and there's nothing more!  
But perhaps his mother is waiting  
On the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,  
Reason drifting awreck,  
"Tis my watch," he would mutter,  
"I must go upon deck!"

Ay, on deck—by the foremast!—  
But watch and lookout are done;  
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,  
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,  
Stay the hurrying shaft!  
Let the roll of the ocean  
Cradle our giant craft—  
Gather around the grating,  
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen  
To the holiest page of prayer!  
Let every foot be quiet,  
Every head be bare—  
The soft trade-wind is lifting  
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service  
(A little spray on his cheeks),  
The grand old words of burial.  
And the trust a true heart seeks—  
"We therefore commit his body  
To the deep"—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,  
Swift as the eye can mark,

The ghastly, shotted hammock  
Plunges, away from the shark,  
Down, a thousand fathoms,  
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters  
The stormy Gulf shall roll  
High o'er his canvas coffin—  
But, silence to doubt and dole!  
There's a quiet harbor somewhere  
For the poor a-weary soul.

Free the fettered engine,  
Speed the tireless shaft!  
Loose to gallant and top-sail,  
The breeze is fair abaft!  
Blue sea all around us,  
Blue sky bright o'erhead—  
Every man to his duty!  
We have buried our dead.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL

#### THE BALLAD OF CONSTANCE.

**W**ITH diamond dew the grass was wet,  
'Twas in the spring and gentlest weather,  
And all the birds of morning met,  
And carolled in her heart together

The wind blew softly o'er the land,  
And softly kissed the joyous ocean;  
He walked beside her on the sand,  
And gave and won a heart's devotion.

The thistle-down was in the breeze,  
With birds of passage homeward flying;  
His fortune called him o'er the seas,  
And on the shore he left her sighing.

She saw his bark glide down the bay,  
Through tears and fears she could not banish;  
She saw his white sails melt away;  
She saw them fade; she saw them vanish.

And "Go," she said, "for winds are fair,  
And love and blessing round you hover;  
When you sail backward through the air,  
Then I will trust the word of lover."

Still ebb'd, still flow'd the tide of years,  
Now chilled with snows, now bright with roses,  
And many smiles were turned to tears,  
And sombre morns to radiant closes.

And many ships came gliding by,  
With many a golden promise freighted;  
But nevermore from sea or sky  
Came love to bless her heart that waited

Yet on, by tender patience led,  
Her sacred footsteps walked, unbidden.  
Wherever sorrow bows its head,  
Or want and care and shame are hidden.

And they who saw her snow-white hair,  
And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,  
Breathed all at once the chanced air,  
And seemed to hear the organ pealing.

Till once, at shut of autumn day,  
In marble chill she paused and harkened,  
With startled gaze, where far away  
The waste of sky and ocean darkened.

There, for a moment, faint and wan,  
High up in air, and landward striving,  
Stern-fore, a spectral bark came on,  
Across the purple sunset driving.

Then something out of night she knew,  
Some whisper heard, from heaven descended,  
And peacefully as falls the dew,  
Her long and lovely soul eaned.

The violet and the bramble rose  
Make glad the grass that dreams above her :  
And freed from time and all its woes,  
She trusts again the word of lover.

WILLIAM WINTER.

## THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,  
And the waters below look dark and deep,  
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,  
Leans gloomily over the murky tide ;  
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,  
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank ;  
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,  
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,  
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,  
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,  
Like the folded hands when the work is done ;  
While busily back and forth between  
The spider stretches his silvery screen,  
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"  
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,  
Rots slowly away in its living grave,  
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,  
Hiding the mouldering dust away,  
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,  
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower ;  
While many a blossom of loveliest hue  
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—  
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,  
And lazily in and out again  
It floats the length of its rusty chain,  
Like the weary march of the hands of time,  
That meet and part at the noontide chime,

And the shore is kissed at each turn anew  
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,  
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,  
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—  
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick—  
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,  
And looked below in the broken tide,  
To see that the faces and boats were two  
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,  
And look below in the sluggish tide,  
The face that I see there is graver grown,  
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,  
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings  
Have grown familiar with sterner things.  
But I love to think of the hours that flew  
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,  
Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,  
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

EMILY B. PAGE.

## MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

WHERE was never a castle seen  
So fair as mine in Spain :  
It stands embowered in green,  
Crowning the gentle slope  
Of a hill by the Xenil's shore,  
And at eve its shade flaunts o'er  
The storied Vega plain,  
And its towers are hid in the mist-  
o'-hope ;  
And I toil through years of pain  
Its glimmering gates to gain.

In visions wild and sweet  
Sometimes its courts I greet ;  
Sometimes in joy its shining halls  
I tread with favored feet ;  
But never my eyes in the light of day  
Were blessed with its ivied walls,  
Where the marble white and the granite gray  
Turn gold alike when the sunbeams play.  
When the soft day dimly falls.

I know in its dusky rooms  
Are treasures rich and rare ;  
The spoil of eastern looms,  
And whatever of bright and fair  
Painters divine have won  
From the vault of Italy's air ;  
White gods in Phidian stone  
People the haunted glooms ;  
And the song of immortal singers  
Like a fragrant memory lingers,  
I know, in the echoing rooms.

But nothing of these, my soul !  
Nor castle, nor treasures, nor skies,

Nor the waves of the river that roll,  
 With a cadence faint and sweet,  
 In peace by its marble feet—  
 Nothing of these is the goal  
 For which my whole heart sighs.  
 'Tis the pearl gives worth to the shell—  
 The pearl I would die to gain;  
 For there does my lady dwell,  
 My love that I love so well—  
 The Queen whose gracious reign  
 Makes glad my Castle in Spain.

Her face so purely fair  
 Sheds light in the shaded places,  
 And the spell of her maiden graces  
 Holds charmed the happy air.  
 A breath of purity  
 Forever before her flies,  
 And ill things cease to be  
 In the glance of her honest eyes.  
 Around her pathway flutter  
 Where her dear feet wander free  
 In youth's pure majesty,  
 The wings of the vague desires;  
 But the thought that love would utter  
 In reverence expires.

Not yet! not yet shall I see  
 That face, which shines like a star  
 O'er my storm-swept life afar,  
 Transfigured with love for me,  
 Toiling, forgetting, and learning,  
 With labor and vigils and prayers,  
 Pure heart and resolute will,

At last I shall climb the Hill,  
 And breathe the enchanted airs  
 Where the light of my life is burning,  
 Most lovely and fair and free;  
 Where alone in her youth and beauty,  
 And bound by her fate's sweet duty,  
 Unconscious she waits for me.

JOHN HAY.

## DOWN THE TRACK.

## AN ACTUAL INCIDENT.

**I**N the deepening shades of twilight  
 Stood a maiden young and fair;  
 Rain-drops gleamed on cheek and forehead,  
 Rain-drops glistened in her hair.  
 Where the bridge had stood at morning  
 Yawned a chasm deep and black;  
 Faintly came the distant rumbling  
 From the train far down the track.

Paler grew each marble feature,  
 Faster came her frightened breath—  
 Charlie kissed her lips at morning—  
 Now was rushing down to death!

Must she stand and see him perish?  
 Angry waters answer back;  
 Louder comes the distant rumbling  
 From the train far down the track.

At death's door faint hearts grow fearful—  
 Miracles are sometimes wrought,  
 Springing from the heart's devotion  
 In the forming of a thought.  
 From her waist she tears her apron,  
 Flings her tangled tresses back,  
 Working fast, and praying ever  
 For the train far down the track.

See! a lurid spark is kindled,  
 Right and left she flings the flame,  
 Turns and glides with airy fleetness  
 Downward toward the coming train;  
 Sees after the red eye gleaming  
 Through the shadows still and black;  
 Hark! a shriek prolonged and deafening—  
 They have seen her down the track!

Onward comes the train—now slower,  
 But the maiden, where is she?  
 Flaming torch and flying footsteps  
 Foul eyes gaze in vain to see.  
 With a white face turned to Heaven,  
 All the sunny hair thrown back,  
 There they found her, one hand lying  
 Crushed and bleeding on the track.

Eager faces bent above her,  
 Wet eyes pitied, kind lips blessed;  
 But she saw no face save Charlie's—  
 'Twas for him she saved the rest.  
 Gold they gave her from their bounty;  
 But her sweet eyes wandered back  
 To the face whose love will scatter  
 Roses all along life's track!

ROSA H. THORPE.

## ORGIA.

## THE SONG OF A RUINED MAN.

**W**HIO cares for nothing alone is free—  
 Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me.  
 With a careless heart and a merry eye,  
 He will laugh at the world as the world  
 goes by.

He laughs at power and wealth and fame;  
 He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame;

He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear,  
 At the victuery's dead leaves, crisp and sere;

He laughs at the future, cold and dim—  
 Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.

Oh, that is the comrade fit for me :  
He cares for nothing, his soul is free ;

Free as the soul of the fragrant wine :  
Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine.

For I heed not custom, creed, nor law ;  
I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cups I quaff,  
And over my liquor I riot and laugh.

I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave ;  
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know  
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,  
When I think that the hour of death is near.

For I know that Death is a guest divine,  
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.

And he cares for nothing ! a king is he !  
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me !

With you I will drink to the solemn Past,  
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth ;  
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,  
In the diamond morning of Long Ago ;

To a heavenly face, in sweet repose ;  
To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose ;

To the splendor, caught from orient skies,  
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes—

Her large eyes, wild with the fire of the south—  
And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of a better time ;  
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime.

I will drink to the shadow of coming doom ;  
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.

I will drink to my soul in its terrible mood,  
Dimly and solemnly understood.

And, last of all, to the Monarch of Sin,  
Who has conquered that fortress and reigns within.

My sight is fading—it dies away—  
I cannot tell—is it night or day.

My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,  
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.

I cannot see you. The end is nigh ;  
But we'll laugh together before I die

Through awful chasms I plunge and fall !  
Your hand, good fellow ! I die—that's all.

WILLIAM WINTER.

#### WHEN I WENT FISHING WITH DAD.

WHEN I was a boy—I'm an old man now ;  
Look at the lines across my brow ;  
Old Time has furrowed them there,  
My back is bent and my eyes are dim ;  
He has placed his finger on every limb,  
And pulled out most of my hair.  
But if life has reached December,  
I'm not too old to remember  
When I went fishing with dad.

We would each of us shoulder his part of the load,  
And joyfully start along the road—  
But dad's was the heaviest share.  
Out of the village about a mile,  
Over a meadow, across a stile,  
And then we were almost there.  
Dear old brook, I can see it still,  
The mossy bank and the old gray mill,  
Where I went fishing with dad.

We would wander about for a little space  
To find the cosiest, shadiest place,  
Before we went to work.  
Then dad would arrange his rod and line,  
And tell me just how to manage mine  
When the fish began to jerk.  
If I only could feel as I used to then !  
If the days could only come back again,  
When I went fishing with dad !

We armed our hooks with the wriggling bait,  
Then seated ourselves on the bank to wait  
And see if the fish would bite.  
Sometimes they would only take a look,  
As if they thought there might be a hook.  
But couldn't be certain quite.  
There was one old perch that I used to think  
Would always look at the line and wink.  
When I went fishing with dad.

And so we fished till the sun was high,  
And the morning hours were all gone by,  
And the village clock struck one.  
"I am hungry, Jim," then dad would say :  
"Let's give the fishes a chance to play  
Until our lunch is done."  
Oh, nothing has ever tasted so sweet  
As the big sandwiches I used to eat  
When I went fishing with dad.

Then dad and I would lie on the grass  
And wait for the heat of the day to pass :  
How happy I used to feel !  
And what wonderful stories he would tell  
To the eager boy that he loved so well,  
After our mid-day meal !

And how I would nestle close to his side  
To hear of the world so big and wide  
When I went fishing with dad!

For I eagerly listened to every word;  
And then among men of whom I heard  
How I longed to play a part!  
What wonderful dreams of the future came,  
What visions of wealth and an honored name,  
To fill my boyish heart!  
There is no dream like the old dream,  
There is no stream like the old stream  
Where I went fishing with dad.

Then back again to our sport we'd go,  
And fish till the sunset's crimson glow  
Lit up the dying day;  
Then dad would call to me, "Jim, we'll stop;  
The basket is full to the very top;  
It's time we were on our way."  
There are no ways like the old ways,  
There are no days like the old days  
When I went fishing with dad.

Then we took our way through the meadow-land,  
And I clung so tight to his wrinkled hand,  
As happy as I could be.  
And when the old house came in sight,  
The smile on his old face grew so bright  
As he looked down at me.  
And no one smiles as he used to smile;  
And, oh, it seems such a long, long while  
Since I went fishing with dad.

It is 'way, 'way back in the weary years  
That with aching heart and falling tears  
I watched dad go away.  
His aged head lay on my breast  
When the angels called him home to rest—  
He was too old to stay.  
And I dug a grave 'neath the very sod  
That my boyish feet so often trod  
When I went fishing with dad.

The world has given me wealth and fame,  
Fulfilled my dreams of an honored name,  
And now I am weak and old;  
The land is mine wherever I look;  
I can catch my fish with a silver hook;  
But my days are almost told.  
Uncheered by the love of child or wife,  
I would spend the end of my lonely life  
Where I went fishing with dad.

My limbs are weary, my eyes are dim;  
I shall tell them to lay me close by him,  
Whenever I come to die;  
And side by side, it will be my wish,  
That there by the stream where they used to fish,  
They will let the old men lie.  
Close by him I would like to be,  
Buried beneath the old oak-tree  
Where I sat and fished with dad!

MARY K. ANDYKE.

#### JOHN AND THE SQUIRE.

I AM only a farmer's lass,  
John is only a farmer's lad,  
But somehow when we chance to meet,  
The very sound of his coming feet  
Can make my heart so glad,  
That up to my cheeks the warm blush flies,  
And he reads his welcome in my eyes.

I am only a farmer's girl,  
Master Tom is the Squire's son;  
But, strange to say, his feet this way  
Turn often at the close of day.  
After the work is done,  
When John, in passing the meadow gate,  
Gives me a scowl, but will not wait.

I am only a farmer's lass,  
So what can the Squire want of me?  
My heart is John's—he knows it well,  
But it isn't for me the truth to tell,  
So bashful a lad is he!  
And the Squire may come, and the Squire may go,  
But all the answer he'll get is—"No."

The Squire praises my hair and eyes;  
The Squire says I'm a lady born.  
What care I for his foolish speech?  
'Tis John's voice only my heart can teach  
To sing like birds at morn.  
But John is jealous—the foolish boy,  
And my days are shorn of half their joy.

Oh! I am only a farmer's lass,  
And John is only a farmer's lad,  
But I'd rather be his in his humble life,  
Than be a "lady" as Squire's wife,  
With a restless heart and sad!  
But John—so bashful a lad is he—  
Is a long while asking my heart of me.

# POEMS OF PATHOS.

## THE FACTORY-BOY.



COME, poor child!" say the  
flowers;  
"We have made you a  
little bed;  
Come, lie with us in the  
showers  
The summer clouds will  
shed,  
Don't work for so many  
hours:  
Come hither and play in-  
stead!"  
"Come!" whispers the waving grass:  
"I will cool your feet as you pass;  
The daisies will cool your head."

And "Come, come, come!" is sighing  
The river against the wall;  
But "Stay!" in gria replying,  
The wheels roll over all.  
By hill and field and river,  
That hold the child in thrall,  
He sees the long light quiver,  
And hears faint voices call.

Bright shapes flit near in numbers;  
They lead his soul away:  
"Oh, hush, hush, hush! he slumbers!"  
He dreams he hears them say.

And, just for one strained instant,  
He dreams he hears the wheels,  
But smiles to feel the flowers,  
And down among them kneels.  
Over his weary ankles  
A rippling rindlet steals,  
And all about his shoulders  
The daisies dance in reels.

Up to his cheeks and temples  
Sweet blossoms blush and press,  
And softest summer zephyrs  
Lean o'er in light caress.  
Sleep in her mantle folds him,  
As shadows fold the hill,  
Deep in her trance she holds him,  
And the great wheels are still!

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

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## THE SHIP AT SEA.

WHEN my ship comes home from sea,  
The ship that went so far from me,  
"Then this and that we'll do," I say,  
And lay my plans for that glad day.  
Ah, me! the ships that sail about  
From port to port; now in, now out!  
Is there a heart that hath no share  
In all the precious freight they bear?  
God grant that wheresoe'er they be,  
No harm befall our "Ship at Sea."

## THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

That youthful prodigy, the "Baby Violinist," as he was called, died at the age of six. At a time when he should have been in bed he was made to play before large audiences music which excited and thrilled him. He looked exhausted one day, and the manager told him to stay at home. That night as the lad lay in bed with his father, the latter heard him say: "Merciful God, make room for a little fellow,"—and with this strange and touching prayer the baby violinist died! The incident doubtless suggested Dobson's poem.

HE had played for his lordship's levée,  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and bright,  
And they said—"too late—" He is weary!  
He shall rest for at least to-night!

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With a sound of a strained cord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in bed—  
"Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turned,  
To take a last fond look  
Of the valley and the village church,  
And the cottage by the brook.  
He listened to the sounds  
So familiar to his ear,  
And the soldier leaned upon his sword,  
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch  
 A girl was on her knees;  
 She held aloft a snowy scarf  
 Which fluttered in the breeze.  
 She breathed a prayer for him—  
 A prayer he could not hear;  
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt,  
 And he wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot,  
 Oh, do not deem him weak!  
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,  
 Though tears were on his cheek.  
 Go watch the foremost ranks  
 In danger's dark career;  
 Be sure the hand most daring there  
 Has wiped away a tear.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

## IF.

IF, sitting with this little, worn-out shoe  
 And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,  
 I knew the little feet had pattered through  
 The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and  
 me,

I could be reconciled and happy, too,  
 And look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If in the morning, when the song of birds  
 Reminds me of a music far more sweet,  
 I listen for his pretty, broken words,  
 And for the music of his dimpled feet,  
 I could be almost happy, though I heard  
 No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done,  
 And all its cares and heartaches laid away,  
 I could look westward to the hidden sun,  
 And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say—  
 "To-night I'm nearer to my little one  
 By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod  
 In sandals wrought of light in better lands,  
 And that the footprints of a tender God  
 Ran side by side with him, in golden sands,  
 I could bow cheerfully and kiss the soil,  
 Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day  
 And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;  
 I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say—  
 "Bring back again my little boy to me!"  
 I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,  
 And wait to meet him o'er death's silent sea.

But oh! to know the feet, once pure and white,  
 The haunts of vice had boldly ventured in!  
 The hounds that should have battled for the right  
 Had been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!  
 And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night,  
 To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

## LOST ON THE SHORE.

DROWSY sunshine, noonday sunshine, shining  
 full on sea and sand,  
 Show the tiny, tiny footsteps trending down-  
 ward from the land;  
 In the dewy morning early, while the birds were sing-  
 ing all,  
 My bonnie birdies flew away, loud laughing at my  
 call.  
 I did not follow after, for I thought they flew to  
 hide,  
 But they went to seek their father's boat, that sailed  
 at ebb of tide.

Along the dusty lane I tracked their hurrying little  
 feet;  
 Did no man coming up that way my bonnie birdies  
 meet?  
 They lisped "Our Father" at my knee, they shared  
 their bread with Nap,  
 And kissed, and fought, and kissed again, both sitting  
 in my lap;  
 It was not long—for we must work—and soon upon  
 the floor  
 I set my merry little lads before the open door.  
 A white-winged moth came flying in—in chase they  
 sprang away;  
 I watched them, smiling to myself, at all their pretty  
 play;  
 The golden-rippled darling heads flashed to and fro my  
 eyes,  
 Until I saw them through a mist—angels in paradise.

But we who have to work to live must trust so much  
 to God,  
 That, with the vision in my heart, I left them on the  
 sod,  
 Plucking the daisies, one by one, to set them on a  
 thorn  
 Which Willie's sturdy little grasp out of the hedge  
 had torn.  
 And up and down the house went I, as I go every day,  
 And while I toiled, and father toiled, our darlings stole  
 away.

I heard my Robin's joyous shout beyond the orchard  
 trees,  
 And answered back, "Yes, mother, here, her little  
 birdy sees!"



The laughing pair faded out again ; on with my work,  
worked I ;  
Waking or sleeping, we believe that God is always nigh :  
And, oh ! I must not doubt it now, though the little  
steps I see,  
Trending along the dusty lane to the fast inflowing sea !  
Here, where the yellow king cups grow, they have  
dropt the daisied thorn,  
They have rested under the shady hedge, and Robin  
his frock has torn ;  
Here is a rag of the faded stuff, he has worn it the sum-  
mer through—  
My little lad was but three years old when his old  
frock was new.

Oh ! pray they have gone through the ripening fields—  
their footsteps are lost in the grass—  
Ah ! no ; for I see the king-cups strewn down the  
ravine of Small-hope Pass !  
O Father ! to whom my darlings prayed, this morn-  
ing, " Thy will be done !"  
Show me their little golden heads in the gold of this  
summer sun !  
Where are they ? Here cease the tiny steps that the  
loving hearts wiled on ;  
Here comes the sweep of the heavy tide—but my  
babes, my babes are gone !  
I cannot see for the burning haze and the glitter upon  
the foam ;  
But *Thou*, O Thou Merciful ! hear my cry, bring me  
them safely home !

" Fisherman, came you over the rocks that lie under  
Hurtle Head ?  
My two children have strayed from home—one white  
clad, the other red ;  
They have golden hair, and the prettiest eyes—their  
names are Willie and Rob ?"  
" No, mistress, I saw no children there, but only the  
waves' deep throb,  
And a storm brewing up in the windy west—God speed  
your master safe !  
There's hardly a boat will live the night that's beating  
outside the reef."

" Fisherman, saw you the trace of steps, little steps,  
on the farther strand ?"  
" No, mistress, the tide has been over it ; I saw but  
the wet, ribbed sand."  
" Did you find aught, fisherman, as you came—a cap,  
or a little shoe ?"  
" I found nought, mistress, as I came, but some hedge-  
flowers, yellow and blue."  
" The king-cups, the pretty forget-me-nots, they gath-  
ered the bank below !  
My laddies dropt them, fisherman ; how long ere the  
tide is low ?"

" How long ? It is on the turn, mistress ; the rocks  
will soon be bare ;

But Almighty God, in mercy forbid you find your lad-  
dies *there* !"

" The sea-caves, fisherman, under the Head, I have  
taken them in to play."

" Yes, mistress, yes, but the tide has rolled both heavy  
and high to-day."

" One wild night, when the wind was up, and the  
waves were ebbing out,

We three sat waiting under the Head for the coming  
of father's boat ;

There was a moon in the ragged clouds, and a swirl of  
rain in the air :"

" Ay, mistress, ay, but Heaven forbid you find our  
darlings *there* !"

" Where *shall* I find them, fisherman, my bairnies,  
pretty and sweet ?"

" If they strayed down on the beach this morn, you  
will find them at Jesus' feet."

" Not drowned ! Not *drowned* in the cruel sea ? Is  
God in heaven unjust ?

He could not rob me of both my dears, or why are we  
bid to *trust* ?

In the working hours they left my side, they only went  
out to play ;

He knows that we who must earn our bread cannot  
watch and be still all day !

What can I say when the boat comes home, and no  
darling to meet it runs ?

Can I tell their father, who loved them so, I have *lost*  
him his little sons ?

Oh ! 'tis hard in our lives of so little joy to rob us of  
that we had ;

Living and dying, the best of days with the poor are  
always sad !"

" Speak low, mistress, when you speak so. God in  
heaven is great.

I had three sons—they all went down—they perished  
and I wait.

You have read it in the book : 'The Lord gave ; the  
Lord hath taken away ;

Blessed be the name of the Lord !' So say I this  
day.

And how David the king fasted and wept until the  
child was dead.

Then to the mighty God he gave him up, rose, and  
was comforted."

" Oh ! the tiny, tiny footsteps, trending downwards  
from the land,

The blessed little footsteps, softly printed in the  
sand !

Oh, my birdies ! Oh, my birdies ! that have left an  
empty nest,

I would I had my birdies now, warm nestled in my  
breast !"

HOLME LEE.

## THE GRAVE'S VICTORY.

HOW her faithful hand we miss  
 From all the gentle ministries  
 Of home and love ;  
 Dear hand, laid down so still and cold,  
 The heavy mass of clay and mold  
 Piled deep above.

As though she talked with One divine,  
 Love saw her face that it did shine ;  
 Now that is hid,  
 Dear face, beneath a mound of mold  
 And clay so dense and dark and cold,  
 And coffin-lid.

Her heart so true in every beat,  
 So womanly and strong and sweet,  
 We sadly laid,  
 Dear heart, so quiet, changed and cold,  
 Near other hearts hid in the mold,  
 Of other dead.

And how from life her life we miss,  
 Her holy woman-ministries,  
 None know but God ;  
 Dear life, of helpfulness untold,  
 Now quenched and lost beneath the cold  
 Concealing sod.

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

## THE THREE HORSEMEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THREE horsemen halted the inn before,  
 Three horsemen entered the oaken door,  
 And loudly called for the welcome cheer  
 That was wont to greet the traveller here.

"Good woman," they cried as the hostess came,  
 A buxom, rosy, portly old dame,  
 "Good woman, how is your wine and beer ;  
 And how is your little daughter dear ?"

"My house is ever supplied with cheer,  
 But my daughter lieth upon her bier."

A shadow over the horsemen fell,  
 Each wrapped in thoughts he could never tell ;  
 And silently one by one they crept  
 To the darkened room where the maiden slept.

The golden hair was rippling low  
 Over a forehead pure as snow,  
 And the little hands were idly pressed.  
 Claspings a cross to the pulseless breast.

"I loved thee ere the death-chill lay  
 On thee, sweet child," and one turned away.  
 "I would have loved thee," the second said,  
 "Hadst thou learned to love me, and lived to wed."

"I loved thee ever, I love thee now,"  
 The last one cried as he kissed her brow.  
 "In the heaven to come our souls shall wed,  
 I have loved thee living, I love thee dead."

Then silently out from the oaken door  
 Three horsemen passed to return no more.

## ALONE.

To appreciate "Alone," the reader should remember that Mr. Burdette is popular as a humorist. The sickness of his wife called him to her bedside for many long weeks—she finally died, and "Alone" expresses his loss.

I MISS you, my darling, my darling,  
 The embers burn low on the hearth ;  
 And still is the stir of the household,  
 And hushed is the voice of its mirth ;  
 The rain splashes fast on the terrace,  
 The wind past the lattices moan ;  
 The midnight chimes out from the minster,  
 And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,  
 I am tired with care and with fret ;  
 I would nestle in silence beside you,  
 And all but your presence forget.  
 In the hush of the happiness given,  
 To those who through trusting have grown  
 To the fullness of love in contentment,  
 But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,  
 My voice echoes back on my heart ;  
 I stretch my arms to you in longing,  
 And lo ! they fall empty, apart.  
 I whisper the sweet words you taught me,  
 The words that we only have known,  
 Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,  
 For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,  
 With its yearning my very heart aches ;  
 The load that divides us weighs harder,  
 I shrink from the jar that it makes.  
 Old sorrows rise up to beset me,  
 Old doubts make my spirit their own,  
 Oh, come through the darkness and save me ;  
 For I am alone.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath  
 the tree,  
 Upon the school-house play ground, that sheltered  
 you and me ;  
 But none were left to greet me, Tom ; and few were  
 left to know,  
 Who played with us upon the green, some twenty  
 years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom ; bare-footed boys at play  
Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.

But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,  
Afforded us a sliding-place, some twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now ; the benches are replaced  
By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced ;

But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro ;  
Its music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree ;  
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me,

On that same spot ; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so ;

The loser had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still ; the willows on its side  
Are larger than they were, Tom ; the stream appears less wide ;

But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau.

And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,  
Is very low—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach,

And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,

To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

'Twas by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,

Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same ;

Some heartless wretch has pecked the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,

Just as she died, whose name you cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes ;

I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties ;

I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strow

Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea ;

But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me ;

And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,

I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

#### TWO BIRDS.

I SAW two birds perched on the wire  
Where messages in silence run,  
Their feathers gleaming as on fire,  
Their breast as golden as the sun.

I watched them for a while as they  
Sat drowsing in the sunlight there,  
Content to dream throughout the day,  
And cheat of song the tranquil air.

But suddenly I saw one bird  
Spread out his shining wings to fly,  
And ere he passed from sight I heard  
A joyous carol in the sky.

Then, fearing solitude too long,  
The other followed in his wake,  
And gave the air a grievous song,  
As though his tiny heart would break.

And as I listened came the thought—  
Why are their songs so different ?  
Is it that each a message caught  
As o'er the singing wire it went ?

For he who first went seemed to sing—  
"Sweetheart, to wed ! Sweetheart, to wed !"  
The other's voice seemed quavering,  
"Thy love is dead ! Thy love is dead !"

#### THE LARK AT THE TOMB.

Founded on an incident at the grave of Sophia Lockhart, daughter of Sir Walter Scott :—Mr. Milman having read the service on the occasion.

OVER that solemn pageant mute and dark,  
Where in the grave we laid to rest  
Heaven's latest, not least welcome guest,  
What didst thou on the wing, thou jocund lark !

Hovering in unrebuked glee,  
And carolling above that mournful company ?

Oh, thou light-loving and melodious bird !  
At every sad and solemn fall  
Of mine own voice—each interval  
In the soul-elevating prayer, I heard  
Thy quivering descant full and clear—  
Discord not unharmonious to the ear.

We laid her there—the Minstrel's darling child !  
 Seemed it then meet that, borne away  
 From the close city's dubious day,  
 Her dirge should be thy native wood-note wild ?  
 Nursed upon nature's lap, her sleep  
 Should be where birds may sing and dewy flowers  
 weep.

Ascendest thou, air-wandering messenger,  
 Above us slowly lingering yet,  
 To bear our deep, our mute regret—  
 To waft upon thy faithful wing to her  
 The husband's fondest, last farewell—  
 Love's final parting pang, the unspeakable ?

Or didst thou rather chide with thy blithe voice  
 Our selfish grief, that would delay  
 Her passage to a brighter day ;  
 Bidding us mourn no longer, but rejoice  
 That it hath heavenward flown, like thee—  
 That spirit from this world of sin and sorrow free ?

I watched thee lessening, lessening to the sight,  
 Still faint and fainter winnowing  
 The sunshine with thy dwindling wing—  
 A speck, a movement in the ruffled light,  
 Till thou wert melted in the sky,  
 An undistinguished part of bright infinity.

Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou !  
 That still, wherever it might come,  
 Shed sunshine o'er that happy home ;  
 Her task of kindness and gladness now  
 Absolved, with the element above  
 Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy, pure  
 love.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

#### SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

WHY soul shall find itself alone  
 'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tomb-stone—  
 Not one, of all the crowd, to pry  
 Into thine hour of secrecy.

Be silent in that solitude  
 Which is not loneliness—for thou  
 The spirits of the dead who stood  
 In life before thee are again  
 In death around thee—and their will  
 Shall overshadow thee : be still.

The night—tho' clear—shall frown—  
 And the stars shall not look down  
 From their high thrones in heaven,  
 With light like hope to mortals given—  
 But their red orbs, without beam,  
 To thy weariness shall seem  
 As a burning and a fever  
 Which would cling to thee forever.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish—  
 Now are visions ne'er to vanish—  
 From thy spirit shall they pass  
 No more—like dew-drops from the grass.

The breeze—the breath of God—is still—  
 And the mist upon the hill  
 Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken,  
 Is a symbol and a token—  
 How it hangs upon the trees,  
 A mystery of mysteries !

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

#### ON THE EAST COAST.

THE boat went out with the ebb to sea,  
 That June-tide in the morning,  
 My bonny boys waved their hands to me,  
 That June-tide in the morning.  
 I stood and watched them from the door,  
 My bonny, brave boys came back no more,  
 That June-tide in the morning.

The sun shone bright and the wind was low,  
 That June-tide in the morning,  
 And I kissed them ere I bade them go,  
 That June-tide in the morning.  
 The leaves were young upon the vine  
 When my boys' warm lips were pressed to mine,  
 That June-tide in the morning.

I watched the boat as it left the bay,  
 That June-tide in the morning  
 And ever until my latest day.  
 That June-tide in the morning  
 Comes back to me when the skies are clear,  
 And the roses bloom ; yet I felt no fear,  
 That June-tide in the morning.

A mist came up and it hid the sea,  
 That June-tide in the morning.  
 Little I thought what awaited me,  
 That June-tide in the morning.  
 How those lips had been pressed to mine,  
 On earth for the last time pressed to mine,  
 That June-tide in the morning.

The rising tide brought them home no more  
 That June-tide in the morning.  
 Ere noon the boat drifted safe ashore,  
 That June-tide in the morning.  
 The mist had hidden the Dead Man's rock,  
 And never a boat could withstand its shock,  
 No matter how fair the morning.

They found their graves in the great North Sea,  
 That June-tide in the morning,  
 My boys that came never back to me,  
 That June-tide in the morning.  
 Yet the waves were stilled and the wind was low,  
 Thank God we kissed ere I let them go,  
 That June-tide in the morning.

## HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

*It is recorded of Henry the First that, after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.*

THE bark that held a prince went down,  
The sweeping waves rolled on ;  
And what was England's glorious crown  
To him that wept a son ?  
He lived—for life may long be borne  
Ere sorrow break its chain ;—  
Why comes not death to those who mourn ?  
He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his throne,  
The stately and the brave,  
But which could fill the place of one,  
That one beneath the wave ?  
Before him passed the young and fair,  
In pleasure's reckless train,  
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—  
He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round ;  
He heard the minstrel sing,  
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,  
Amidst the knightly ring :  
A murmur of the restless deep  
Was blent with every strain,  
A voice of winds that would not sleep—  
He never smiled again !

Hearts in that time, closed o'er the trace  
Of vows once fondly poured,  
And strangers took the kinsman's place  
At many a joyous board ;  
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,  
Were left to Heaven's bright rain,  
Fresh hopes were born for other years—  
He never smiled again !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

## THE LAST LOOK.

I HEARD him, Joe, I heard him—  
I heard the doctor say  
My sight was growing weaker,  
And failing day by day.  
"She's going blind," he whispered ;  
Yes, darling, it is true ;  
These eyes will soon have taken  
Their last long look at you.

The room is dull and misty,  
And as I try to gaze  
There seems to fall between us  
A thick and cruel haze.  
I'm going blind, my darling ;  
Ah ! soon the day must be  
When these poor eyes will open,  
And vainly try to see.

Oh, take my hand, my husband,  
To lead me to the light.  
And let your dear face linger  
The last thing in my sight,  
So that I may remember,  
When darkness covers all,  
'Twas there I last saw, softly,  
God's blessed sunshine fall.

Cheer up, my dear old sweetheart,  
And brush away your tears,  
The look I see to-day, love,  
Will linger through the years.  
For when the veil has fallen,  
To hide you evermore,  
I want your smile to light me  
Along the gloomy shore.

I yet can see you, darling—  
Some light there lingers still ;  
The sun is setting slowly  
Behind the distant hill ;  
Odd fancies crowd about me  
Now God has let me know  
My eyes must close forever  
On all things here below.

Though twenty years have vanished,  
It seems but yesternoon  
Since first you wooed and won me  
Among the meadows green ;  
Here from our cottage window  
I once could see the spot  
Where grew the yellow cowslip  
And blue forget-me-not.

But now a strange mist hovers,  
And though I strain my eyes,  
Beyond my yearning glances  
The dear old meadow lies.  
I want to see it, darling,  
The meadow by the stream,  
Where first your loving whisper  
Fulfilled my girlhood's dream.

So take my hand and guide me,  
And lead me to the air ;  
I want to see the world, love,  
That God has made so fair.  
I want to see the sunset,  
And look upon the sky,  
And bid the sweet, green ~~country~~  
A loving, last good-bye !

How swift the sun is setting !  
It's almost twilight now ;  
I hear, but cannot see, dear,  
The birds upon the bough.  
Is this our little garden ?  
I cannot pierce the gloom,  
But I can smell the roses,  
They're coming 'nto bloom

Stoop down and pluck a rosebud—  
 You know my favorite tree;  
 My husband's hand will give me  
 The last one I shall see.  
 Ah! Joe, do you remember  
 The dear old happy days—  
 Our love among the roses  
 In summer's golden blaze?

take the rose you give me,  
 Its petals damp with dew;  
 I scent its fragrant odor,  
 But scarce can see its hue.  
 In memory of to-night, Joe,  
 When dead I'll keep it still;  
 The rose may fade and wither—  
 Our love, dear, never will.

Quick! quick! my footsteps falter;  
 Oh, take me in again;  
 I cannot bear the air, Joe,  
 My poor eyes feel the strain.  
 Home, home, and bring my children,  
 And place them at my knee,  
 And let me look upon them  
 While yet I've time to see.

When take them gently from me,  
 And let us be alone;  
 My last fond look, dear husband,  
 Must be for you alone.  
 You've been my dear old sweetheart  
 Since we were lass and lad;  
 I've laughed when you were merry,  
 And wept when you were sad.

I want to see you wearing  
 Your old sweet smile to-night.  
 I want to take it with me  
 To make my darkness light.  
 God bless you, Joe, for trying—  
 Yes, that's the dear old look I  
 I'll think of that sweet story  
 When God has closed his book.

Joe, fetch me down the picture  
 That hangs beside our bed.  
 Ah, love, do you remember  
 The day that he lay dead—  
 Our first-born bonny baby?  
 And how we sat and cried,  
 And thought our hearts were broken  
 When our sweet darling died?

I'd like to see the picture  
 Once more, dear, while I may,  
 Though in my heart it lingers  
 As though 'twere yesterday.  
 Ah! many hairs came after,  
 But none were like to him.  
 Come closer to me, darling,  
 The light is growing dim.

Come closer—so; and hold me,  
 And press your face to mine.  
 I'm in a land of shadows,  
 Where ne'er a light can shine.  
 But with your arm around me,  
 What danger need I fear?  
 I'll never need my eyes, Joe,  
 While your strong arm is near.

Now, be a brave old darling,  
 And promise not to fret;  
 I saw your face the last, dear,  
 And now I've no regret.  
 I saw your face the last, dear—  
 God's hand has dealt the blow;  
 My sight went out at sunset  
 A short half-hour ago.

Now you must be my eyesight,  
 Through all the sunless land,  
 And down life's hill we'll wander,  
 Like lovers, hand in hand.  
 Till God shall lift the curtain,  
 Beyond these realms of pain;  
 And there, where blind eyes open,  
 I'll see your face again.

GEORGE R. SIMS

PARSON KELLY.

OLD Parson Kelly's fair young wife Irene  
 Died when but three months wed,  
 And no new love has ever come between  
 His true heart and the dead.  
 Though now for sixty years the grass has grown  
 Upon her grave, and on its simple stone  
 The moss  
 And yellow lichens ereep her name across.

Outside the door, in the warm summer air,  
 The old man sits for hours.  
 The idle wind that stirs his silver hair  
 Is sweet with June's first flowers;  
 But dull his mind, and clouded with the haze  
 Of life's last weary, gray November days;  
 And dim  
 The past and present look alike to him.

The sunny scene around, confused and blurred,  
 The twitter of the birds,  
 Blend in his mind with voices long since heard--  
 Glad childhood's careless words,  
 Old hymns and Scripture texts; while indistinct  
 Yet strong, one thought with all fair things is linked--  
 The bride  
 Of his lost youth is ever by his side.

By its sweet weight of snowy blossoms bowed  
 The rose-tree branch hangs low,  
 And in the sunshine, like a fleecy cloud,  
 Sways slowly to and fro.

"Oh! is it you?" the old man asks, "Irene!"  
And smiles, and fancies that her face he's seen  
Beneath  
The opening roses of a bridal wreath!

Down from the gaubrel roof a white dove flits,  
The sunshine on its wings,  
And lighting close to where the dreamer sits,  
A vision with it brings—  
A golden gleam from some long vanished day.  
"Dear love," he calls; then, "Why will you not stay?"  
He sighs,  
For, at his voice, the bird looks up and flies!

O constant heart! whose failing thoughts cling fast  
To one long laid in dust,  
Still seeing, turned to thine, as in the past,  
Her look of perfect trust,  
Her soft voice hearing in the south wind's breath.  
Dream on! Love pure as thine shall outlive death,  
And when  
The gates unfold, her eyes meet thine again!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE  
WATERS.

AS a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness  
below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm  
sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring:  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,  
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright  
ray;  
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,  
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE CONGRESSIONAL BURYING-GROUND.

THE pomp of death was there—  
The lettered urn, the classic marble rose,  
And coldly, in magnificent repose,  
Stood out the column fair.

The hand of art was seen  
Throwing the wild flowers from the gravelled walk,  
The sweet wild flowers, that hold their quiet talk  
Upon the uncultured green.

And now perchance, a bird,  
Hiding amid the trained and scattered trees,  
Sent forth his carol on the scentless breeze—  
But they were few I heard.

Did my heart's pulses beat?  
And did mine eye o'erflow with sudden tears,  
Such as gush up wild memories of years,  
When humbler graves we meet?

An humbler grave I met,  
On the Potomac's leafy banks, when May,  
Weaving spring flowers, stood out in colors gay,  
With her young coronet:

A lonely, nameless grave,  
Stretching its length beneath th' o'erarching trees  
Which told a plaintive story, as the breeze  
Came their new buds to wave.

But the lone turf was green  
As that which gathers o'er more honored forms;  
Nor with more harshness had the wintry storms  
Swept o'er that woodland scene.

The flower and springing blade  
Looked upward with their young and shining eyes,  
And met the sunlight of the happy skies,  
And that low turf arrayed.

And unchecked birds sang out  
The chorus of their spring-time jubilee,  
And gentle happiness it was to me,  
To list their music-shout.

And to that stranger-grave  
The tribute of enkindling thoughts—the free  
And unbought power of natural sympathy  
Passing, I sadly gave.

And a religious spell  
On that lone mound, by man deserted, rose—  
A conscious presence from on high, which glows  
Not where the worldly dwell.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY

WHAT did you say, dear—breakfast?  
Somehow I've slept too late;  
You are very kind, dear Ellic;  
Go tell them not to wait.  
I'll dress as quick as ever I can,  
My old hands tremble sore,  
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart,  
Lies t'other side of the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary,  
I couldn't smoke to-day;  
I'm sort o' dazed and frightened,  
And don't know what to say.  
It's lonesome in the house here,  
And lonesome out o' door—  
I never knew what lonesome meant  
In all my life before.



The bees go humming the whole day long,  
 And the first June rose has blown;  
 And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,  
 Too old to be left alone!  
 Oh, heart of love! so still and cold,  
 Oh, precious lips so white!  
 For the first sad hours in fifty years,  
 You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower. You're very kind;  
 She rooted it last May.  
 It was only a slip; I pulled the rose,  
 And threw the stem away.  
 But she, sweet, thrifty soul, bent down,  
 And planted it where she stood;  
 "Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said,  
 "Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, dear—I cannot rest;  
 Let the old man have his will,  
 And wander from porch to garden-post—  
 The house is so deathly still;—  
 Wander, and long for a sight of the gate  
 She has left ajar for me;  
 We had got so used to each other, dear,  
 So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,  
 She made me a better man;  
 From the moment I kissed her fair young face,  
 Our lover's life began.  
 And seven fine boys she has given me,  
 And out of the seven not one  
 But the noblest father in all the land  
 Would be proud to call his son.

Oh, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient I  
 But I feel sore broken up;  
 At eighty years it's an awesome thing  
 To drain such a bitter cup.  
 I know there's Joseph, and John, and Hal,  
 And four good men beside;  
 But a hundred sons couldn't be to me,  
 Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly—so bright and fair!  
 So winsome and good and sweet!  
 She had roses twined in her sunny hair,  
 And white shoes upon her feet;  
 And I held her hand—was it yesterday  
 That we stood up to be wed?  
 And—no, I remember, I'm eighty to-day,  
 And my dear wife Polly is *dead*.

ALICE ROBBINS.

#### THE ANGEL'S STORY.

**T**HROUGH the blue and frosty heavens,  
 Christmas stars were shining bright;  
 Glistening lamps throughout the city  
 Almost matched their gleaming light;  
 While the winter snow was lying,

And the winter winds were sighing,  
 Long ago, one Christmas night.

While, from every tower and steeple,  
 Pealing bells were sounding clear,  
 Never with such tones of gladness,  
 Save when Christmas time is near,  
 Many a one that night was merry  
 Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven;  
 Friends, long parted, reconciled;  
 Voices all unused to laughter,  
 Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,  
 Trembling hearts that feared the morrow  
 From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing  
 From the gracious season fall;  
 Joy and plenty in the cottage,  
 Peace and feasting in the hall;  
 And the voices of the children  
 Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened;  
 Gloom, and sickness, and despair,  
 Dwelling in the gilded chambers,  
 Creeping up the marble stair;  
 Even stilled the voice of mourning,  
 For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,  
 Velvet carpets hushed the tread;  
 Many costly toys were lying,  
 All unheeded, by his bed;  
 And his tangled golden ringlets  
 Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of all that mighty city  
 To save one little life was vain;  
 One little thread from being broken,  
 One fatal word from being spoken;  
 Nay, his very mother's pain,  
 And the mighty love within her,  
 Could not give him health again.

So she knelt there still beside him,  
 She alone with strength to smile,  
 Promising that he should suffer  
 No more in a little while,  
 Murmuring tender song and story,  
 Weary hours to beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence  
 Checked those constant moaning cries,  
 Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,  
 Raised those blue and wondering eyes,  
 Fixed on some mysterious vision  
 With a startled, sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered,  
 Smiling, o'er the little bed;



White his raiment, from his shoulders  
Snowy, dove-like pinions spread,  
And a star-like light was shining  
In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel,  
Leaning o'er the little nest,  
In his arms the sick child folding,  
Laid him gently on his breast,  
Sobs and wailings told the mother  
That her darling was at rest.

So, the angel, slowly rising,  
Spread his wings, and through the air,  
Bore the child, and while he held him  
To his heart with loving care,  
Placed a branch of crimson roses,  
Tenderly beside him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated  
Toward the mansions of the blest,  
Gazing from his shining guardian,  
To the flowers upon his breast,  
Thus the angel spake, still smiling  
On the little heavenly guest :

" Know dear little one, that heaven  
Does no earthly thing disdain—  
Man's poor joys find there an echo  
Just as surely as his pain ;  
Love, on earth so feebly striving,  
Lives divine in heaven again !

" Once in that great town below us,  
In a poor and narrow street,  
Dwelt a little sickly orphan ;  
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,  
Never in life's rugged pathway  
Guided his poor tottering feet.

" All the striving, anxious forethought  
That should only come with age,  
Washed upon his baby spirit,  
Shewed him soon life's sternest page.  
His nurse was his nurse, and sorrow  
Was his only heritage.

" All too weak for childish pastimes,  
Dearly the hours sped ;  
On his hands, so small and trembling,  
Leaning his poor aching head,  
Or through the dark and painful hours  
Lying helpless on his bed.

" Dreaming strange and longing fancies  
Of cool forests far away ;  
And of rosy, happy children,  
Laughing merrily at play,  
Coming home through green lanes, bearing  
Trailing boughs of blooming May.

" Scarcely a glimpse of azure heaven  
Gleamed above that narrow street,  
And the sultry air of summer  
(That you call so warm and sweet)  
Fevered the poor orphan, dwelling  
In that crowded alley's heat.

" One bright day, with feeble footsteps  
Slowly forth he tried to crawl,  
Through the crowded city's pathways,  
Till he reached the garden wall ;  
Where 'mid princely halls and mansions  
Stood the lordliest of all.

There were trees with giant branches,  
Velvet glades where shadows hide ;  
There were sparkling fountains glancing,  
Flowers which, in luxuriant pride,  
Ever wafted breaths of perfume  
To the child who stood outside.

" He against the gate of iron  
Pressed his wan and wistful face,  
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure  
At the glories of the place ;  
Never had his brightest day-dream  
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

" You were playing in that garden,  
Throwing blossoms in the air,  
Laughing when the petals floated  
Downward on your golden hair ;  
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,  
And the splendor spread before you,  
Told a house's hope was there.

" When your servants, tired of seeing  
Such a face of want and woe,  
Turning to the ragged orphan,  
Gave him coin and bade him go,  
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted  
Bitter tears began to flow.

" But that look of childish sorrow  
On your tender child-heart fell,  
And you plucked the reddest roses  
From the tree you loved so well,  
Passed them through the stern, cold <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>king</sup>  
Gently bidding him ' Farewell !'

" Dazzled by the fragrant treasure  
And the gentle voice he heard  
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit  
Joy, the sleeping seraph, stirred ;  
In his hand he took the flowers,  
In his heart the loving word.

" So he crept to his poor garret :  
Poor no more, but rich and bright,  
For the holy dreams of childhood—  
Love, and rest, and hope, and light—  
Floated round the orphan's <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>now</sup>  
Through the starry summer night.

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"Day dawned, yet the vision lasted—  
All too weak to rise he lay;  
Did he dream that none smote harshly—  
All were strangely kind that day?  
Surely, then, his treasured roses  
Must have charmed all ills away.

"And he smiled, though they were fading  
One by one their leaves were shed;  
Such bright things could never perish;  
They would bloom again," he said  
When the next day's sun had risen  
Child and flowers both were dead.

"Know, dear little one! our Father  
Will no gentle deed disdain;  
Love on the cold earth beginning  
Lives divine in heaven again,  
While the angel hearts that beat there  
Still all tender thoughts retain."

So the angel ceased, and gently  
O'er his little burden leant;  
While the child gazed from the shining,  
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,  
To the blooming roses by him,  
Wondering what their mystery meant.

Thus the radiant angel answered:  
And with tender meekness said:  
"Ere your childlike, loving spirit  
Sin and the hard world defiled,  
God has given me leave to seek you—  
I was once that little child!"

In the churchyard of that city  
Rose a tomb of marble rare,  
Decked, as soon as spring awakened,  
With her buds and blossoms fair—  
And a humble grave beside it—  
None knew who rested there.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

#### EVELYN HOPE.

**B**EAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!  
Sit and watch by her side an hour,  
That is her bookshelf, this is her bed;  
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,  
Beginning to die, too, in the glass;  
Little has yet been changed, I think:  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;  
It was not her time to love; beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astir,  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares—  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?  
What, your soul was pure and true  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be told?  
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed, for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make;  
And creates the love to reward the love;  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, at last it will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)  
In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
That body and soul so pure and gay?  
Why your hair was number I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's red,  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the dimes;  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me:  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue? Let us see!

ROBERT BROWNING

#### THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

**U**P yonder on the mountain,  
I dwelt for days together;  
Looked down into the valley,  
This pleasant summer weather.

My sheep go feeding onward,  
My dog sits watching by;  
I've wandered to the valley,  
And yet I know not why.

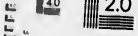
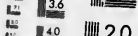
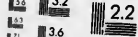
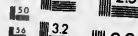
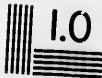
The meadow, it is pretty,  
With flowers so fair to see;  
I gather them, but no one  
Will take the flowers from me.

The good tree gives me shadow  
And shelter from the rain;  
But yonder door is silent,  
It will not open again!



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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I see the rainbow bending,  
Above her old abode,  
But she is there no longer ;  
They've ta'en my love abroad.

They took her o'er the mountains,  
They took her o'er the sea ;  
Move on, move on, my bonny sheep,  
There is no rest for me !

THEODORE MARTIN.

## KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

**B**RIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like nature's patient, sleepless cremité,  
The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores—  
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS.

## UNFORGOTTEN.

**F**ARD is the truth to comprehend  
When life is throbbing in our veins—  
Warm life, whose pleasures and whose pains  
Seem equally without an end—  
That soon, perhaps, and certainly  
We who are quick the dead shall be.

And that more bitter truth, alas,  
How hard it is to realize,  
That when we pass from living eyes,  
Need and desire for us shall pass ;  
Our place be filled, our memories seem  
Only the echoes of a dream !

Better—the wise say—while we tread  
Life's busy ways, to find death's wrong  
Less grievous when the grass is long  
Above a once beloved head :  
Too short is time for vain regret,  
And they are happiest that forget.

But oh, my lost one, doubly dear  
Since death has claimed you, in my heart  
There is a chamber set apart  
For you, you only. Have no fear.  
Life shrines your precious memory,  
And death will give you back to me.

MARY BRADLEY.

## THE PAUPER CHILD'S BURIAL.

**S**TRETCHED on a rude plank the dead pauper  
lay ;  
No weeping friends gathered to bear him away ;  
His white, slender fingers were clasped on his  
breast,  
The pauper child meekly lay taking his rest.

The hair on his forehead was carelessly parted ;  
No one cared for him, the desolate hearted ;  
In life none had loved him—his pathway, all sear,  
Had not one sweet blossom its sadness to cheer.

No fond, gentle mother had ever caressed him,  
In tones of affection and tenderness blessed him ;  
For ere his eye greeted the light of the day,  
His mother had passed in her anguish away.

Poor little one ! often thy meek eyes have sought  
The smile of affection, of kindness unbought,  
And wistfully gazing, in wondering surprise,  
That no one beheld thee with pitying eyes.

And when in strange gladness thy young voice was  
heard,  
As in winter's stern sadness the song of a bird,  
Harsh voices rebuked thee, and, cowering in fear,  
Thy glad song was hushed in a sob and a tear.

And when the last pang rent thy heartstrings in  
twain,  
And burst from thy bosom the last sign of pain,  
No gentle one soothed thee, in love's melting tone,  
With fond arm around thee in tenderness thrown.

Stern voices and cold mingled strange in thine ear  
With the songs of the angels the dying may hear ;  
And thrillingly tender, amid death's alarms,  
Was thy mother's voice welcoming thee to her arms.

Thy fragile form, wrapped in its coarse shroud, reposes  
In slumbers as sweet as if pillowed on roses,  
And while on thy coffin the rude cloths are pressed  
The good Shepherd folds the shorn lamb to his breast.

MARGARET L. BAILEY.

## THE LAW OF DEATH.

**T**HE song of Kilvany. Fairest she  
In all the land of Savathi.  
She had one child, as sweet and gay  
And dear to her as the light of day.  
She was so young, and he so fair,  
The same bright eyes and the same dark hair,  
To see them by the blossomy way  
They seemed two children at their play.

There came a death-dart from the sky,  
Kilvany saw her darling die.  
The glimmering shades his eye invades,  
Out of his cheeks the red bloom fades ;

His warm heart feels the icy chill,  
The round limbs shudder and are still,  
And yet Kilvany held him fast  
Long after life's last pulse was past,  
As if her kisses could restore  
The smile gone out forevermore.

But when she saw her child was dead  
She scattered ashes on her head,  
And seized the small corpse, pale and sweet,  
And rushing wildly through the street,  
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.

"Master! all-helpful! help me now!  
Here at thy feet I humbly bow:  
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"  
She groveled on the marble floor,  
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er;  
And suddenly upon the air  
There fell the answer to her prayer:  
"Bring me to-night a Lotus, tied  
With thread from a house where none has died."

She rose and laughed with thankful joy,  
Sure that the God would save her boy.  
She found a Lotus by the stream;  
She plucked it from its noonday dream,  
And then from door to door she fared,  
To ask what house by death was spared.  
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes  
Of all dilate with slow surprise:

"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;  
Nothing can help a child that's dead.  
There stands not by the Ganges' side  
A house where none hath ever died."  
Thus through the long and weary day,  
From every door she bore away,  
Within her heart, and on her arm,  
A heavy load, a deeper harm.  
By gates of gold and ivory,  
By walled huts of poverty,  
The same refrain heard poor Kilvany,  
The living are few—the dead are many.  
The evening came so still and fleet,  
And overtook her hurrying feet,  
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane  
She fell, and prayed the God again.

She sobbed and beat her bursting breast;  
'Ah! thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!  
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—  
There stands no house where none hath died."

JOHN HAY.

#### THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

**H**AST thou seen that lordly castle,  
That Castle by the Sea?  
Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,  
That Castle by the Sea,  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly,  
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets  
The King and his royal bride?  
And the wave of their erimson mantles?  
And the golden crown of pride?"

"Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride;  
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,  
No maiden was by their side!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

Of those referred to in these stanzas, Walter Scott died September 21st, 1832; S. T. Coleridge, July 25th, 1834; Charles Lamb, December 27th, 1834; George Crabbe, February 3d, 1832; Felicia Hemans, May 16th, 1835; James Hogg, November 21st, 1835.

**W**HEN first, descending from the moorlands,  
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Etrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow  
Has closed the shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt one of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,  
Or waves that own no embaying hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land ?

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
" Who next shall drop and disappear ? "

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which, with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-looking,  
I gazed from Hempstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before ; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;  
For her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered youth or love-lorn maid !  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their poet dead.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,  
And not be in sorrow too ?  
Can I see another's grief,  
And not seek for kind relief ?  
Can I see a falling tear,  
And not feel my sorrow's share ?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?  
Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan, an infant fear ?  
No, no ! never can it be !  
Never, never can it be !

And can He who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small bird's grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear—  
And not sit beside the nest,  
Pouring pity in their breast ?  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear ?  
And not sit, both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears away ?

Oh no ! never can it be !  
Never, never can it be !

He doth give his joy to all ;  
He becomes an infant small ;  
He becomes a man of woe ;  
He doth feel the sorrow too.  
Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy Maker is not by,  
Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy Maker is not near.  
Oh, he gives to us his joy,  
That our griefs he may destroy ;  
Till our grief is fled and gone,  
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

#### FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HOOD'S DEATH.

FAREWELL life ! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim ;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night—  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill ;  
Strong the earthy odor grows—  
I smell the mould above the rose.

Welcome, life ! the spirit strives :  
Strength returns, and hope revives ;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold—  
I smell the rose above the mould.

THOMAS HOOD.

#### ON A TEAR.

OH ! that the chemist's magic art  
Could crystallize this sacred treasure  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;  
Then trembling, left its coral cell,  
The spring of sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !  
In thee the rays of virtue shine ;  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !  
Who ever first to bring relief,  
When first we feel the rude control  
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme  
 In every clime, in every age,  
 Thou charmer in fancy's idle dream,  
 In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,  
 And bids it trickle from its source,  
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
 And guides the planets in their course.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are dowing,  
 One by one the moments fall;  
 Some are coming, some are going;  
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
 Let thy whole strength go to each,  
 Let no future dreams elate thee,  
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
 Joys are sent thee here below;  
 Take them readily when given,  
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy grief shall meet thee,  
 Do not fear an arméd band;  
 One will file as others greet thee,  
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
 See how small each moment's pain;  
 God will help thee for to-morrow,  
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
 Has its task to do or bear;  
 Luminous the crown, and holy,  
 If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
 Or for passing hours despond;  
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,  
 Reaching heaven: but one by one  
 Take them, lest the chain be broken  
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

THIS believed that this harp, which I wake now  
 for thee,  
 Was a siren of old, who sung under the sea;  
 And who often, at eve, through the bright  
 waters roved,  
 To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom  
 she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
 And in tears, all the night her gold tresses to steep;  
 Till Heaven looked with pity on true-love so warm,  
 And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the  
 same—  
 While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light  
 frame;  
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,  
 Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been  
 known  
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;  
 Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay  
 To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when  
 away.

THOMAS MOORE.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

SOFTLY!  
 She is lying  
 With her lips apart,  
 Softly!  
 She is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper!  
 She is going  
 To her bed to rest.  
 Whisper!  
 Life is growing  
 Dim within her breast.

Gently!  
 She is sleeping,  
 She has breathed her last,  
 Gently!  
 While you are weeping,  
 She to heaven has passed.  
 CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

## PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAL!

PEACE! what can tears avail?  
 She lies all dumb and pale,  
 And from her eye  
 The spirit of lovely life is fading—  
 And she must die!  
 Why looks the lover wroth—the friend upbraiding?  
 Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long  
 'Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?  
 Then why not die?  
 Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,  
 And hopeless lie?  
 Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?  
 Reply, reply!



Death! Take her to thine arms,  
 In all her stainless charms!  
 And with her fly  
 To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,  
 The angels lie!  
 Wilt bear her there, O death! in all her whiteness?  
 Reply, reply!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

#### OUR TRAVELLED PARSON.

**F**OR twenty years and over our good parson had  
 been toiling,  
 To chip the bad meat from our hearts and keep  
 the good from spoiling;  
 But finally he wited down, and went to looking sickly,  
 And the doctor said that something must be put up  
 for him quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his  
 notion,  
 And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the  
 ocean;  
 Wrapped some pocket-money in it—what we thought  
 would easy do him—  
 And appointed me committee-man to go and take it  
 to him.

I found him in F. study, looking rather worse than  
 ever,  
 And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he  
 should sever.  
 Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed  
 most to blind 'em;  
 And some tears looked out o' window, with some  
 others close behind them.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of  
 deference,  
 And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper  
 reference;  
 And then the tears that waited—great unmanageable  
 creatures—  
 Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climb-  
 ing down his features.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh  
 and glowing,  
 His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and  
 knowing;  
 I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for  
 us who sent him,  
 And paid us back twice over all the money we had  
 lent him.

'Twas a feast to all believers, 'twas a blight on contra-  
 diction,  
 To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifix-  
 ion;

'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they  
 could doubt it,  
 To have a man who'd been there stand and tell them  
 all about it.

Paul maybe beat our pastor in the Bible knots unrav-  
 elling,  
 And establishing new churches, but he couldn't touch  
 him travelling,  
 Nor in his journeys pick up half the general informa-  
 tion;  
 But then he hadn't the railroads, and the steamboat  
 navigation.

And every foot of Scripture whose location used to  
 stump us  
 Was now regularly laid out, with the different points  
 of compass.  
 When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would  
 draw it;  
 He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if  
 you saw it.

An' the way he chiseled Europe—oh, the way he  
 scampered through it!  
 Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not a city but he  
 knew it;  
 There wasn't any subject to explain in all creation,  
 But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration.

So we crowded out to hear him, much instructed and  
 delighted;  
 'Twas a picture show, a lecture and a sermon all  
 united;  
 And my wife would wipe her glasses, and serenely pet  
 her Testament,  
 And whisper, "That 'ere ticket was a very good in-  
 vestment."

Now after six months' travel we were most of us all  
 ready  
 To settle down a little, so's to live more staid and  
 steady;  
 To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to  
 fret us,  
 Using home-made faith more frequent; but the parson  
 wouldn't let us.

To view the self-same scenery time and time again he'd  
 call us;  
 Over rivers, plains and mountains he would any min-  
 ute haul us;  
 He slighted our home sorrows, and our spirits' aches  
 and aillings,  
 To get the cargoes ready for his reg'ler Sunday sailings

He would take us off a-touring in all spiritual weather,  
 Till we at last got homesick-like, and seasick altogether;  
 And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-  
 expressed brother,  
 "That the Lord had made one cont'nent, and then  
 never made another."

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into sweet, familiar places,  
 And pull along quite steady in the good old Gospel traces;  
 But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got her,  
 Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin' to the water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort when he called around to see us;  
 On a branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree us;  
 All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us,  
 And with oft-repeated stories still endeavor to surprise us.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'ly galled and stung us  
 To ask him, Would he kindly once more settle down among us?  
 Didn't he think that more home produce would improve our souls' digestion?  
 They appointed the committee-man to go and ask the question.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;  
 He pressed my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian weather.  
 How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant hearts caressing,  
 Upon my benefactors I invoked the Heavenly blessing!"

I went and told the brothers, "No, I cannot bear to grieve him;  
 He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to leave him.  
 I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;  
 But I cannot take it from him: if you want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to unfold him,  
 And he looked so hurt and humble that I knew some one had told him.  
 Subdued like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal;  
 But every word he uttered was pre-eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it.  
 'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a pain to hear him word it.  
 "When I was in—" was maybe half a dozen times repeated,  
 But that sentence seemed to sear him, and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on his old smile would occasionally brighten,  
 But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;  
 He would look off to the eastward, with a wistful, weary sighing,  
 And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us;  
 The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us;  
 Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning,  
 In that Wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning.

O tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips, half-parted!  
 Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started!  
 Could you preach once more among us, you might wander without fearing;  
 You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;  
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,  
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,  
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;  
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,  
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning  
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;  
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,  
 Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

FOR thee was a house built  
 Ere thou wast born,  
 For thee was a mould meant  
 Ere thou of mother earnest.  
 But it is not made ready,  
 Nor its depth measured,  
 Nor is it seen.  
 How long it shall be.  
 Now I bring thee

Where thou shalt be ;  
Now I shall measure thee,  
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
Highly timbered,  
It is unhigh and low ;  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh.  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh,  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold.  
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
And dark it is within ;  
There thou art fast detained  
And death hath the key.  
Loathsome in that earth-house,  
And grim within to dwell.  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends ;  
Thou hast no friend,  
Who will come to thee,  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee ;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee  
And descend after thee,  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OLD.

**B**Y the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing ;  
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,  
All the landscape, like a page, perusing :  
Poor, unknown,  
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat,  
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding ;  
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,  
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding :  
There he sat !  
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,  
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,  
None to love him for his thin, gray hair,  
And the furrows all so mutely pleading  
Age and care :  
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,  
Dapper country lads, and little maidens,  
Taught the motto of the "dunce's stool,"  
Its grave import still my fancy ladens :  
"Here's a fool !"

It was summer and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play  
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted.  
I remember well, too well, that day !

Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,  
Would not stay.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell :

Ah ! to me her name was always Heaven !

She besought him all his grief to tell :

(I was then thirteen and she eleven),

Isabel !

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly. "I am old ;

Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow ;

Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."

Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow ;

Down it rolled !

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more

On the pleasant scene where I delighted

In the careless, happy days of yore,

Ere the garden of my heart was blighted

To the core :

I have tottered here once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear !

E'en this grave old rock, where I am seated,

Is a jewel worth my journey here ;

Ah, that such a scene must be completed

With a tear !

All the picture now to me how dear !

"Old stone school-house !—it is still the same :

There's the very step I so oft mounted ;

There's the window creaking in its frame,

And the notches that I cut and counted

For the game :

Old stone school-house !—it is still the same.

"In the cottage, yonder, I was born ;

Long my happy home that humble dwelling.

There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn.

There the spring, with limpid water swelling ;

Ah, forlorn !

In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see

Then were planted just so far asunder,

That long well-pole from the path to free,

And the wagon to pass safely under :

Ninety-three !

Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There's the orchard' where we used to climb  
When my mates and I were boys together,  
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,  
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather :  
Past its prime!

There's the orchard where we used to climb.

"There's the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,  
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,  
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails—  
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising :  
Traps and trails!

There's the rude three-cornered chestnut rails.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain :  
Pond, and river still serenely flowing ;  
Cot, there resting in the shaded lane,  
Where the lily of my heart was blowing :  
Mary Jane!

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,  
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable,  
But alas ! no more the morn shall bring  
That dear group around my father's table,  
Taken wing!

There's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing—all I loved have fled,  
Yon green meadow was our place for playing,  
That old tree can tell of sweet things said  
When round it Jane and I were straying ;  
She is dead!

I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,  
Tracing silently life's changeeful story,  
So familiar to my dim old eye,  
Points to seven that are now in glory  
There on high :

Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky !

"Off the aisle of that old church we trod,  
Guided thither by an angel mother ;  
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod ;  
Sire and sisters, and my little brother,  
Gone to God !

Off the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways :  
Bless the holy lesson !—but ah, never  
Shall I hear again those songs of praise—  
Those sweet voices—silent now forever ;  
Peaceful days !

There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blessed me with her hand  
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,  
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,  
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing ;  
Broken band !

There my Mary blessed me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,  
And the sacred place where we delighted,  
Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,  
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
To the core ;

I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old ;  
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow ;  
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."  
In his eye another pearl of sorrow :  
Down it rolled,

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;  
Still I marked him sitting there alone,  
All the landscape, like a page, perusing ;  
Poor, unknown !

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT

#### DIRGE.

**K**NOWS he who tills this lonely field  
To reap its scanty corn,  
What mystic fruit his acres yield  
At midnight and at morn ?

In the long sunny afternoon  
The plain was full of ghosts,  
I wandered up, I wandered down,  
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,  
Pouring as wide a flood  
As when my brothers, long ago,  
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone—the holy ones  
Who trod with me this lonely vale,  
The strong, star-bright companions  
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,  
Who made this world the feast it was,  
Who learned with me the lore of time,  
Who loved this dwelling-place ;

They took this valley for their toy,  
They played with it in every mood,  
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,  
They treated nature as they would.

They colored the whole horizon round,  
Stars flamed and faded as they bade,  
All echoes hearkened for their sound,  
They made the woodlands glad or mad

I touch this flower of silken leaf  
Which once our childhood knew,  
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief  
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to you pine warbler,  
Singing aloft in the tree;  
Hearst thou, O traveller!  
What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear  
With sorrow such as mine,  
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou  
Its heavy tale divine.

"Go, lonely man," it saith,  
"They loved thee from their birth,  
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith,  
There are no such hearts on earth.

"Ye drew one mother's milk,  
One chamber held ye all,  
A very tender history  
Did in your childhood fall.

"Ye cannot unlock your heart,  
The key is gone with them;  
The silent organ loudest chants  
The master's requiem."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### TO-MORROW.

THE setting sun with dying beam  
Had waked the purple hills to fire;  
And citadel and dome and spire  
Were gilded by the far-off gleam,  
And in and out dark pine trees crept  
Full many a slender line of gold;  
Gold motes athwart the river swept,  
And kissed it as it onward rolled,  
And sunlight lingered, loth to go.  
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow  
To part from those we love below,  
And yet the sun as bright shall glow  
To-morrow.

The tide was ebbing on the strand,  
And stooping low its silver crest,  
The crimson sea-weed lay at rest  
Upon the amber-ribbed sand.  
Dashed o'er the rocks and on the shore,  
Flung parting wreaths of pearly spray,  
Then fled away. Yet turned once more  
And sent a sigh across the bay,  
As though it could not bear to go.  
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow  
To part with those we love below,  
Yet thitherward the tide shall flow  
To-morrow.

Two hearts have met to say farewell.  
At even when the sun went down;  
Each life-sound from the busy town  
Smote sadly as a passing bell.  
One whispered, "Parting is sweet pain,  
At morn and eve returns the tide;"

"Nay, parting rends the heart in twain,"  
And still they lingered side by side—  
And still they lingered, loth to go.  
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow  
To part from those we love below,  
For shall we ever meet or no  
To-morrow?

#### REST AFTER CONFLICT.

THE prayer of Ajax was for light;  
Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One-half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the kenel's bitter leaf!  
The battle of our life is brief,  
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—  
Then sleep we side by side.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

#### FUNERAL OF LINCOLN.

PEACE! Let the long procession come,  
For, hark!—the mournful, unuffled drum,  
The trumpet's wail afar;  
And see! the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,  
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow.  
And go thou sacred car,  
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,  
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait  
To honor all they can,  
The dust of that good man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train  
As greatest kings might die to gain:  
The just, the wise, the brave  
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,  
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,  
Salute him once again.  
Your late commander—*slain!*

Yea, let your tears indignant fall,  
But leave your muskets on the wall;  
Your country needs you now  
Beside the forge, the plough!

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes  
The fallen to his last repose.  
Beneath no mighty dome,  
But in his modest home,

The churchyard where his children rest,  
The quiet spot that suits him best,  
There shall his grave be made,  
And there his bones be laid!

And there his countrymen shall come,  
With memory proud, with pity dumb,  
And strangers, far and near,  
For many and many a year!

For many a year and many an age,  
While History on her ample page  
The virtues shall enroll  
Of that paternal soul!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT  
SHED.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
When the cold turf had just been laid o'er him,  
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,  
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.  
'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept  
'Tis life's whole path o'er-shaded;  
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,  
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,  
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,  
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,  
When we think how he lived but to love them.  
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume  
Where buried saints are lying,  
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom  
From the image he left there in dying!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE OLD CART.

THROUGH many a year of troubles and of joys,  
Strong friend and faithful has this old cart  
been!  
Ah! if it just for once could find a voice!  
Could chatter of the things that it has seen!  
Many a pretty burden has it carried,  
And heard the talk of many a friendly tongue.  
How long ago I drove down to be married!  
And this old cart was new, and I was young!

In this old cart right often, long ago,  
My Bessie drove to market in her bloom;  
And, ah! in this old cart, so sad, so slow,  
I drove her down to put her in her tomb.  
And now, while I am close to sleeping with her,  
Useless and old, here our old friend is flung;  
And I am tired of trudging hither, thither,  
And this old cart was new when I was young.

Old cart, just fit for firewood—spent, like me!  
Old limbs of mine, no longer strong or fleet!  
Yet what sweet girls have sat upon this knee,  
What pretty shapes have warmed that ancient seat!  
All's over now! our spell of work is wrought!  
And here we linger newer things among,  
One fit for firewood, t'other fit for nought;  
And this old cart was new when I was young.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,  
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?  
Too fast have those young days faded,  
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?  
Does time with his cold wing wither  
Each feeling that once was dear?—  
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has hope, like the bird in the story,  
That flitted from tree to tree  
With the talisman's glittering glory—  
Has hope been that bird to thee?  
On branch after branch alighting,  
The gem did she still display,  
And, when nearest, and most inviting,  
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,  
When sorrow itself looked bright;  
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,  
That led thee along so light;  
If thus the cold world now wither  
Each feeling that once was dear:—  
Come child of misfortune, come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

THOMAS MOORE.

REAPING.

UP, mortal, and act, while the angel of light  
Melts the shadows before and behind thee;  
Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy  
might,  
And burst the fool's fetters that bind thee!  
Soars the skylark—soar thou; leaps the stream—do  
thou leap;  
Learn from nature the splendor of action;  
Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap;  
Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.

The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,  
 And lifted the mists from the mountain ;  
 The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,  
 The stag cools his lips in the fountain.  
 The blackbird is piping within the dim elm,  
 The river is sparkling and leaping,  
 The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,  
 And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

To spring comes the budding ; to summer, the blush ;  
 To autumn, the happy fruition ;  
 To winter, repose, meditation, and hush ;  
 But to man, every season's condition :  
 He buds, blooms, and ripens in action and rest,  
 As thinker, and actor, and sleeper ;  
 Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,  
 And is reaped by the hand of a reaper.

#### THE BEGGAR.

**P**ITY the sorrows of a poor old man !  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to  
 your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your  
 store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
 Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

A house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !)  
 Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
 A paupered menial drove me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

O, take me to your hospitable dome,  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,  
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine ?  
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see :  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then, like the ark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;  
 But ah ! oppression forced me from my cot ;  
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age !  
 Lured by a villain from her native home,  
 Is east, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,  
 And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care—  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and care.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
 door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

#### THE MAY QUEEN.

**Y**OU must wake and call me early, call me early,  
 mother dear ;  
 To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the  
 glad new-year—  
 Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, mer-  
 riest day ;  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none  
 so bright as mine ;  
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline,  
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they  
 say ;  
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never  
 wake,  
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to  
 break ;  
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and  
 garlands gay ;  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see  
 But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-  
 tree ?  
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him  
 yesterday—  
 But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in  
 white ;  
 And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of  
 light.  
 They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they  
 say,  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love—but that can never be ;  
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that  
to me ?

There's many a bolder lad'll woo me my summer day ;  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,  
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the  
Queen ;

For the shepherd lads on every side'll come from far  
away ;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its way  
bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches below the faint sweet  
cuckoo-flowers ;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps  
and hollows gray ;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the  
meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as  
they pass ;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-  
long day ;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance  
and play.

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,  
mother dear ;

To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-  
year ;

To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest  
day,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

## NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you are waking, call me early, call me early, mother  
dear.

For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.  
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see—

Then you may lay me low in the mould, and think no  
more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set—he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace  
of mind ;

And the new-year's coming up, mother ; but I shall  
never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers ; we had a merry  
day—

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me  
Queen of May ;

And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel  
copse,

Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white  
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills—the frost is on the  
pane ;

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on  
high—

I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea.

And the swallow'll come back again with summer o'er  
the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering  
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of  
mine,

In the early, early morning the summer sun'll shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the  
hill—

When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world  
is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the  
waning light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at  
night ;

When from the dry dark world the summer airs blow  
cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush  
in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the haw-  
thorn shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am  
lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother ; I shall hear you when  
you pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and  
pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me  
now ;

You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and  
brow ;

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be  
wild ;

You should not fret for me, mother—you have another  
child.



If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place ;  
 Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;  
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hear-then what you say,  
 And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good night ! good night ! when I have said good night forevermore,  
 And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door.

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green—  
 She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor.  
 Let her take 'em—they are hers ; I shall never garden more.

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set

About the parlor window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother ! Call me before the day is born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year—  
 So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

#### CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;  
 And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !

To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies ;

And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise ;

And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow ;

And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,

And now it seems as hard to stay ; and yet, His will be done !

But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;  
 And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair !  
 And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there !

O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !  
 A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin ;

Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in.

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be ;

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat—

There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet ;

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call—

It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,

And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear ;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;  
 With all my strength I prayed for both—and so I felt resigned,

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed ;  
 And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said ;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,

And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, "It's not for them—it's mine ;"

And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars ;

Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near ; I trust it is. I know

The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day ;  
 But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;

There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his  
wife;  
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire  
of life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens are in a  
glow;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I  
know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his light  
may shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this  
day is done

The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the  
sun—

Forever and forever with those just souls and true—  
And what is life, that we should moan? why make  
we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,  
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie  
come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your  
breast—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary  
are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### MY SHIP—MY CAPTAIN.

I SAID in the gladness of my heart—  
Only a little while ago—  
"A ship is hastening home from sea,  
And her bonny captain is thinking of me,  
And fast the good winds blow!"

So I watched the waves, and I watched the clouds,  
Wandering down by the shore each day,  
Till I longed for the sea-gulls' wings, that I  
Over the billows swift might fly  
To meet my love half-way.

Last night they whispered the ship had come—  
My ship that was sailing over the sea;  
And now in the morning's ruddy glow  
They show me a ship that is lying low;  
But what is that to me?

My ship was strong, and her crew were brave.  
Her captain—ah!—was *my* captain too,  
And he promised to meet me safely here  
Some day when the sea and sky were clear,  
And when was *his* word untrue?

But this?—why, this is a battered thing,  
And her crew, they tell me, are lost and dead!  
My captain had always a kiss for me  
When he came before from over the sea;  
But there, 'neath yonder shed,

23

Lies one with a face so white and still!  
And lips that never a word will speak;  
And they say—alas! but I know—I know  
My sailor would never lie silent so,  
With my tears upon his cheek.

Oh! let me think that my ship will come,  
So long I've waited, it must not be  
That *this* is the way—so fast—too fast—  
My ship, storm-driven, and wrecked at last,  
Came over the waves to me!

#### "WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BUT DIE?"

SPRING it is cheery,  
Winter is dreary,  
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly:  
When he's forsaken,  
Withered and shaken,  
What can an old man do but die?

Love will not clip him,  
Maids will not lip him,  
Maud and Marian pass him by;  
Youth it is sunny,  
Age has no honey—  
What can an old man do but die?

June it was jolly,  
O for its folly!  
A dancing leg and a laughing eye!  
Youth may be silly,  
Wisdom is chilly—  
What can an old man do but die?

Friends they are scanty,  
Beggars are plenty,  
If he has followers, I know why;  
Gold's in his clutches  
(Buying him crutches!)—  
What can an old man do but die?

THOMAS HOOD.

#### MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes; he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,  
And through the open door  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;  
I'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call;  
And then bethink me that he is not there.

I thread the crowded street;  
A satchel'd lad I meet,

With the same beaming eyes and colored hair ;  
 And, as he's running by,  
 Follow him with my eye,  
 Scarcely believing that he is not there.

I know his face is hid  
 Under the coffin lid ;  
 Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;  
 My hand that marble felt,  
 O'er it in prayer I knelt ;  
 Yet my heart whispers that he is not there.

I cannot make him dead !  
 When passing by the bed  
 So long watched over with parental care,  
 My spirit and my eye  
 Seek him inquiringly,  
 Before the thought comes that he is not there.

When, at the cool, gray break  
 Of day, from sleep I wake,  
 With my first breathing of the morning air,  
 My soul goes up, with joy,  
 To Him who gave my boy ;  
 Then comes the sad thought that he is not there.

When at the day's calm close,  
 Before we seek repose,  
 I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,  
 Whate'er I may be saying,  
 I am in spirit praying  
 For our boy's spirit, though he is not there.

Not there ! Where, then, is he ?  
 The form I used to see  
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear ;  
 The grave, that now doth press  
 Upon that cast-off dress,  
 Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there.

He lives ! In all the past  
 He lives ; nor till the last  
 Of seeing him again will I despair ;  
 In dreams I see him now,  
 And on his angel brow  
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there !"

Yes, we all live to God !  
 Father, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
 That, in the spirit land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there !

JOHN PIERPONT.

#### A FAREWELL.

**C**OME not to my grave with your mournings,  
 With your lamentations and tears,  
 With your sad forebodings and fears ;  
 When my lips are dumb,  
 Do not come !

Bring no long train of earrings,  
 No hearse crowned with waving plumes,  
 Which the gaunt glory of death illumines.  
 But with hands on my breast  
 Let me rest.

If, in my fair youth time, attended  
 By hope and delight every day,  
 I could spurn the sweet baseness of clay,  
 Can you honor me, try  
 Till you die ?

Insult not my dust with your pity,  
 Ye who're left on this desolate shore,  
 Still to suffer and lose and deplore—  
 'Tis I should, as I do,  
 Pity you.

For me no more are the hardships,  
 The bitterness, heart-aches and strife,  
 The sadness and sorrow of life,  
 But the glory divine—  
 This is mine !

Poor creatures ! Afraid of the darkness,  
 Who groan at the anguish to come,  
 How silent I go to my home !  
 Cease your sorrowful bell ;  
 I am well.

MARC EUGENE COOK.

#### THE BLIND OLD MILTON.

This poem has often been attributed to Milton ; yet, while its lofty sentiment and tender pathos are worthy of the "blind bard," it was written by another whose genius has something akin to his own.

**I** AM old and blind !  
 Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,  
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind—  
 Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—  
 I murmur not that I no longer see—  
 Poor, old and helpless, I more belong,  
 Father Supreme ! to Thee !

O merciful One !  
 When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;  
 When friends pass by—my weakness shun—  
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
 Is leaning toward me—and its holy light  
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,  
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
 I recognize Thy purpose closely shown—  
 My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see  
 Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;  
 This darkness is the shadow of thy wing—  
 Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand  
 Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
 Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land  
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—  
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—  
 From angel lips I seem to hear the song—  
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,  
 When heaven is op'ning on my sightless eyes,  
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
 That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,  
 My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
 Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !  
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,  
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
 Lit by no will of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

#### THE DISAPPOINTED.

HERE are songs enough for the hero,  
 Who dwells on the heights of fame ;  
 I sing for the disappointed,  
 For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence  
 For one who stands in the dark,  
 And knows that his last, best arrow  
 Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,  
 The eager, anxious soul,  
 Who falls with his strength exhausted  
 Almost in sight of the goal ;

For the hearts that break in silence  
 With a sorrow all unknown ;  
 For those who need companions,  
 Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers  
 Who share love's tender pain ;  
 I sing for the one whose passion  
 Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades  
 Have missed them on the way,  
 I sing with a heart o'erflowing  
 This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system  
 Must somewhere keep in space  
 A prize for that spent runner  
 Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect  
 Unless it held some sphere  
 That paid for the toil and talent  
 And love that are wasted here.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

#### GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

THE supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,  
 And in the woodfire's glow  
 The children cluster to hear a tale  
 Of that time so long ago,

When grandma's hair was golden brown,  
 And the warm blood came and went  
 O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then  
 Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,  
 And the golden hair is gray ;  
 But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes  
 Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight  
 As in and out they go,  
 With the clicking music that grandma loves,  
 Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,  
 For they know the stocking song  
 Brings many a tale to grandma's mind  
 Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time  
 To grandma's heart to-night—  
 Only a refrain, quaint and short,  
 Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,  
 "And yours is just begun ;  
 But I am knitting the toe of mine,  
 And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,  
 And the ribbing is almost play ;  
 Some are gray-colored and some are white ;  
 And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many hues,  
 And many a stitch set wrong ;  
 And many a row to be sadly ripped  
 Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces, without a break,  
 That in life are hard to bear ;  
 And many a weary tear is dropped  
 As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that  
We count, and yet would shun,  
When our heavenly Father breaks the thread  
And says our work is done."

The children came to say good night,  
With tears in their bright young eyes,  
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,  
The finished stocking lies.

## DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

**U**NDERNEATH the sod low-lying,  
Dark and drear,  
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,  
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,  
Eyes that weep;  
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,  
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining  
Soft and fair,  
Friends she loved in tears are twining  
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,  
Throned above!  
Souls like thine with God inherit  
Life and love!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

## SOLITUDE.

**L**AUGH, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone.  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer,  
Sigh, it is lost in the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go.  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many,  
Be sad, and you lose them all—  
There's none to decline your nectar'd wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by.

Succeed and give, and it helps you live  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

## THE DEAD MARINER.

**S**LEEP on—sleep on—above thy corse  
The winds their Sabbath keep—  
The wave is round thee, and thy breast  
Heaves with the heaving deep;  
O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings,  
And there the white gull lifts her wings,  
And the blue haleyou loves to lave  
Her plumage in the holy wave.

Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends  
With melancholy air;  
No violet springs, nor dewy rose  
Its soul of love lays bare;  
But there the sea-flower, bright and young,  
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung,  
And like a weeping mourner fair,  
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths  
Of ocean's coral caves  
Are thy bright urn, thy requiem,  
The music of its waves;  
The purple gems forever burn  
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,  
And pure and deep as infant love,  
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wrath  
Of mingling cloud and deep  
May leave its wild and stormy track  
Above thy place of sleep;  
But when the wave has sunk to rest,  
As now, 'twill murmur o'er thy breast,  
And the bright victims of the sea  
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on—thy corse is far away,  
But love bewails thee yet;  
For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,  
And lovely eyes are wet;  
And she, thy young and beauteous bride,  
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,  
As oft she turns to view with tears  
The Eden of departed years.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE

# HAPPY CHILDHOOD.



## ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small,  
 Dropped from the skies ;  
 Only a laughing face,  
 Two sunny eyes ;  
 Only two cherry lips,  
 One chubby nose ;  
 Only two little hands,  
 Ten little toes.  
 Only a golden head,  
 Curly and soft ;  
 Only a tongue that wags  
 Loudly and oft ;  
 Only a little brain,  
 Empty of thought ;  
 Only a little heart,  
 Troubled with naught.  
 Only a tender flower  
 Sent us to rear,  
 Only a life to love,  
 While we are here ;  
 Only a baby small,  
 Never at rest ;  
 Small, but how dear to us,  
 God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.

## "TOO MANY OF WE."

"**M**AMMA, is there too many of we?"  
 The little girl asked with a sigh.  
 "Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,  
 If a few of your childs could die."

She was only three years old—the one  
 Who spoke in that strange, sad way,  
 As she saw her mother's impatient frown  
 At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,  
 And the mother was sick and poor,  
 Worn out with the care of the noisy brood  
 And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place ;  
 For the little one, least of all ;  
 And the shadow that darkened the mother's face  
 O'er the young lie seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,  
 And pondered in childlike way

How to lighten the burden she could not share,  
 Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clare  
 In her tiny white trundle-bed  
 Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair  
 Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low  
 Feeling tears that she could not see—  
 "You won't have to work and be tired so  
 When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away  
 From the home that for once was stilled,  
 Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day  
 What a place she had always filled.

## TO A CHILD.

**D**EAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee  
 With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,  
 Thon gazest at the painted tiles,  
 Whose figures grace,  
 With many a grotesque form and face  
 The ancient chimney of thy nursery!  
 The lady with the gay macaw,  
 The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
 With bearded lip and chin ;  
 And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
 Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
 The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of prond command  
 Thon shakest in thy little hand  
 The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
 Making a merry tune!  
 Thousands of years in Indian seas  
 That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
 Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
 Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!  
 Those silver bells  
 Reposed of yore,  
 As shapeless ore,  
 Far down in the deep-smken wells  
 Of darksome mines.

In some obscure and sunless place,  
 Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
 Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!  
 And thus for thee, O little child,  
 Through many a danger and escape,  
 The tall ships passed the stormy cape:  
 For thee in foreign lands remote,

Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbut, <sup>the</sup>  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of the wiser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!  
And, at the sound,  
Thou turnest round  
With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one, who, in a foreign land,  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and surprise!  
And, restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.  
The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison walls to thee.  
No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles,  
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,  
That won thy little, beating heart before;  
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls.  
The sound of thy merry voice  
Makes the old walls  
Jubilant, and they rejoice  
With the joy of thy young heart,  
O'er the light of whose gladness  
No shadows of sadness  
From the sombre background of memory start.  
Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country, dwelt.  
And yonder meadows broad and damp  
The fires of the besieging camp  
Encircled with a burning belt.  
Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread;  
Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?  
Out, out! into the open air!  
Thy only dream is liberty.  
Thou carest little how or where.  
I see thee eager at thy play,  
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,  
With cheeks as round and red as they;  
And now among the yellow stalks,  
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
As restless as the bee.  
Along the garden walks,

The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace;  
And see at every turn how they efface  
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.

O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison!  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.  
I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of fate!  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous thoughts,  
Freighted with hope and fear;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!  
Like the new moon thy life appears;  
A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years;  
And yet upon its outer rim,  
A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere,  
A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble admiration,  
Of the great world of light, that lies  
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil—  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labor, faint with pain,  
Like a jaded pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power—  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the laborer's side;

With words of sympathy or song  
 To cheer the dreary march along  
 Of the great army of the poor,  
 O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
 Nor to thyself the task shall be  
 Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
 The wisdom early to discern  
 True beauty in utility ;  
 As great Pythagoras of yore,  
 Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
 And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
 The anvils with a different note,  
 Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
 Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
 The secret of the sounding wire,  
 And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the seer ;  
 I will no longer strive to ope  
 The mystic volume, where appear  
 The herald hope, forerunning fear,  
 And fear, the pursuivant of hope.  
 Thy destiny remains untold ;  
 For, like Aecestes' shaft of old,  
 The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
 And burns to ashes in the skies.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### OUR LITTLE ONE.

**A**LL day long the house was glad  
 With the patter of little happy feet ;  
 Never was stranger's face so sad,  
 But it brightened to see a thing so sweet :  
 Hither and thither all the day,  
 Here did our little one laugh and leap,  
 Till his eyes grew dim as the world grew gray,  
 And in his little bed he lay,  
 Tired, tired, and fast asleep.

But all the house is very still,  
 The world looks awful beyond the door ;  
 All is still, and all is chill,  
 And our little one will wake no more.  
 Yet it does not seem that he is dead—  
 His slumber does not seem so deep ;  
 'Tis only dark because day has fled,  
 And he is lying on his bed.  
 Tired, tired, and fast asleep.

Alas ! he smiles as if he dreams !  
 Can death indeed be such as this ?  
 He lies so prettily, it seems  
 That I could wake him with a kiss.  
 'Tis like the nights that used to be—  
 Only I wring my hands and weep,  
 And the night is very dark, and, see !  
 There on his little bed lies he,  
 Tired, tired, and fast asleep.

#### THE BLIND BOY.

**S**AY what is that thing called light,  
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ;  
 What are the blessings of the sight :  
 O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see ;  
 You say the sun shines bright ;  
 I feel him warm, but how can he  
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make  
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;  
 And could I ever keep awake  
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
 You mourn my hapless woe ;  
 But sure with patience I can bear  
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
 My cheer of mind destroy ;  
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
 Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

#### THE MOTHER'S SONG.

**B**ESTLING so gracefully,  
 Sleeping so peacefully ;  
 My darling, my dove ;  
 Saviour approvingly,  
 Tenderly, lovingly  
 Look from above.

Eyes that so merrily,  
 Pleasantly, cheerily  
 Sparkled and shone ;  
 Eyes that all tearfully,  
 Wonderingly, fearfully  
 Viewed the unknown ;

Tongue that so wittily,  
 Saucily, prettily  
 Prattled at will ;  
 Prattled untringly,  
 Mother admiringly  
 Listening still ;

Mouth that appealingly,  
 Touchingly, feelingly  
 Trouble did tell ;  
 Mouth that so speedily  
 Laughing right readily  
 Rang like a bell ;

Lips where in coosiness,  
 Beauty and rosiness  
 Sweet kisses hide ;  
 Lips where disdainfully,  
 Pettishly, painfully,  
 Passion did bide ;



Hands that all beautiful,  
Teachable, dutiful,

Fuddled and played ;  
Hands that so skillfully,  
Secretly, willfully,  
Law disobeyed ;

Feet that so lightsofely,  
Trippingly, blithesomely,  
Sported and danced ;  
Feet whose swift cheeriness  
Wore into weariness  
As day advanced ;

Nestling so peacefully,  
Carelessly, gracefally,  
Are ye to-night ;  
Quietly, trustfully,  
Silently, restfally  
Waiting for light.

Mother bends over thee,  
Kisses fond cover thee,  
Fairest that lives,  
Lovable, beautiful !  
All that's undutiful  
Mother forgives.

Rest in security,  
Image of purity,  
My darling, my dove ;  
God's mercy flow to thee ;  
Angels speak low to thee ;  
Keep thee in love.

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

ROB and I were playmates once,  
Together used to laugh and cry ;  
A youth and maiden are we now—  
Oh, dear ! the years so swiftly fly !  
We used to play—at lovers, too,  
When we were children gay and free ;  
And now, the rogue, he seems to think  
That he should still my lover be !

I really can't make up my mind  
To quarrel with the foolish boy,  
For maybe, if he went away,  
My life would lose one-half its joy ;  
And if the question I should try  
To argue with him, why—you see  
In argument, e'en when a child,  
Rob always got the best of me.

So now what would you really do ?  
Rob has a word for all I say,  
And, after all, my heart inclines  
To let him have his own dear way.  
Strange how persistent men can be !  
What can a timid maiden do ?

I think—just for the sake of peace—  
I'd better—yield the point ; don't you ?

LITTLE HELPERS.

A RECITATION, FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

ALL.

“WHAT are little girls good for ?”  
We heard a man ask to-day ;  
So we have come here to tell you,  
Please listen to what we say.

I.

I am mamma's “ little helper,”  
So she calls me every day.  
I wipe dishes, sweep and dust,  
Though, of course, sometimes I play.  
I can rock the baby's cradle,  
Keeping him asleep, you see ;  
And when mamma's very busy  
She can't think of sparing me.

II.

I am papa's “ little comfort,”  
For I help him very much.  
I smooth away his headache  
With the very softest touch ;  
I warm his slippers by the fire,  
Before he comes to tea ;  
And I'm very sure my papa  
Couldn't think of sparing me.

III.

I am grandma's “ little treasure.”  
She is very old, you see,  
So I always wait upon her ;  
I am sure that she needs me.  
I find her glasses every day,  
And thread her needles, too.  
If I should ever go away,  
What would my grandma do

ALL.

This is what we are good for :  
We help all the long day through,  
And though we are only little girls,  
We try to be good and true.  
Our part may be only a little part,  
But we try to do it well.  
And we're very happy all day long,  
As each of us can tell.  
By-and-by we'll each grow larger,  
And can do a larger share.  
But don't think little girls useless,  
It isn't exactly fair.  
For little girls do little things  
Quite as well as you,  
And sometimes a little better ;  
Now, don't you think so, too ?

E. L. BROWN

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GIRLS.

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L. BROWN



AN UNWILLING PATIENT.

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## THE PET LAMB.

**S**TORM upon the mountain, night upon its throne!  
And the little snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!

Storm upon the mountain, rainy torrents beating,  
And the little snow-white lamb, bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd drives his flocks afar;  
Through the murky mist and cloud shines no beacon star.

Fast he hurries onward, never hears the moan  
Of the pretty snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!

At the shepherd's door-way stands his little son;  
Sees the sheep come trooping home, counts them one by one;

Counts them full and fairly; trace he findeth none  
Of the little snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!

Up the glen he races, breasts the bitter wind,  
Scours across the plain, and leaves wood and wold behind!

Storm upon the mountain, night upon its throne:  
There he finds the little lamb, left alone—alone!

Struggling, panting, sobbing, kneeling on the ground,  
Round the pretty creature's neck both his arms are wound;

Soon within his bosom, all its bleatings done,  
Home he bears the little lamb, left alone—alone!

Oh, the happy faces by the shepherd's fire!  
High without the tempest roars, but the laugh rings higher.

Young and old together make that joy their own,  
In their midst the little lamb, left alone—alone!

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

## LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast  
COLERIDGE'S "Ancient Mariner."

**P**IPED the Blackbird on the beechwood spray,  
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
What's your name?" quoth he.  
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight  
unfold,  
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."  
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,  
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks,  
"Bonnie bird!" quoth she,  
"Sing me your best song before I go."  
"Here's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped: you never heard  
Half so gay a song from any bird;

Fall of quips and wiles,  
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,  
All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonnie bird did pour  
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine forth in happy overflow  
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glado:  
Peeped the Squirrel from the hazel shade,  
And from out the tree,  
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear,  
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear,  
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:  
"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return;  
Bring me nuts," quoth she.

Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,  
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,  
And adown the tree,  
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,  
In the little lap drop, one by one—  
Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!  
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:  
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,  
Bonnie Blackbird, if you're not afraid,  
Come and share with me!"  
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,  
Down came bonnie Blackbird, I declare;  
Little Bell gave each his honest share;  
Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain,  
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,  
'Neath the morning skies—  
In the little childish heart below,  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine out in happy overflow  
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray:  
Very calm and clear  
Rose the praying voice, to where, unseen,  
In blue heaven an angel shape serene  
Paused a while to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,  
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,  
Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,  
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,  
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair  
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care :  
Child, thy bed shall be  
Folded safe from harm ; love, deep and kind,  
Shall watch round, and leave good gifts behind,  
Little Bell, for thee !"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

#### THE ENEMY ON THE WALL

**C**OCK-A-DOODLE (HOO)—  
Is the enemy on the wall?  
Run to attack him, children small !  
Bob and Kate with hoe and spade  
Maggie half her flowers lets fall ;  
Little Willie is afraid,  
Cock-a-doodle-doo !  
What a great, fierce, mustering bird !  
So delighted to be heard,  
As most cowards are, you know,  
When they flap their wings and crow,  
Safely set above us all.  
But the enemy's day is brief :  
Kate will drive him to the park,  
Like a second Joan of Arc ;—  
Robert comes to her relief—  
Robert, like a very Bruce,  
Any weapon puts to use,  
Only little Willie, dumb,  
Hides behind his mother's gown :—  
Willie, lad—look up, not down,  
Danger faced is half o'ercome ;  
Frightened ! such a man as you ?  
At a cock-a-doodle-doo !  
Lift the little silly head,  
And there's nothing left to dread  
But a harmless cock—that's all—  
Crowing on the garden wall !

MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

#### MY LITTLE FLOWER.

**W**HAT do I do for a living, you ask,  
As the days and weeks go by ?  
We gather the flowers and bring them to  
town,  
And sell them, my baby and I,  
Yes, baby helps me, young as she is,  
For there's never a day or an hour  
I fail to rejoice in her innocent love,  
And I call her my sweetest flower.

Our home is only a cottage small  
Outside of the city line ;  
But poor as it is, we get our share  
Of the beautiful summer shine.  
And I gather wild flowers at early morn  
To sell to you, ladies, here,  
And we earn our living right merrily so,  
I and my baby dear.

Yes, ladies, the daisies are white and fair,  
And I love all flowers that grow,  
But there's never a flower upon the earth  
Like my little flower—I know.  
She holds the violet in her eyes,  
The rose in her cheek so fair,  
And the heart of the daisy, you can see,  
Lies warm in her golden hair.

So, poor indeed though our lot may be  
As the days and weeks go by,  
No happier people ever were found  
Than we—my baby and I.  
Oh ! summer may spread over hill and plain,  
Full lavishly hour by hour,  
Her treasures of bud and of blossom, but I  
Hold ever—the sweetest flower

#### HAYMAKING.

**M**ANY a long hard-working day  
Life brings us ! and many an hour of play ;  
But they never come now together,  
Playing at work, and working in play,  
As they came to us children among the hay,  
In the breath of the warm June weather.

Oft with our little rakes at play,  
Making believe at making hay,  
With grave and steadfast endeavor ;  
Caught by an arm, and out of sight  
Hurled and hidden, and buried tight  
In laughter and hay forever.

Now pass the hours of work and of play  
With a step more slow, and the summer's day  
Grows short, and more cold the weather.  
Calm is our work now, and quiet our play,  
And we take them apart as best we may,  
For they come no more together !

DORA GREENWELL.

#### THE PILGRIM.

**W**HO would true valor see  
Let him come hither !  
One here will constant be :  
Come wind, come weather :  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first-avowed intent  
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound ;  
His strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright ;  
He'll with a giant fight  
But he will have a right  
To be a Pilgrim.

Nor enemy, nor fiend,  
Can damn his spirit ;  
He knows he at the end  
Shall life inherit :—  
Then, fancies, fly away ;  
He'll not fear what men say ;  
He'll labor, night and day,  
To be a Pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN.

## THE CHILD-BUD.

**I**F by any device or knowledge  
The rose-bud its beauty could know,  
It would stay a rose-bud forever,  
Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,  
O little one, perfect and sweet,  
Thou would'st be a child forever,  
Completer while incomplete.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

## IN THE GARDEN.

**D**OGGIE dancing in the May,  
Children merrily at play,  
Granny never saying "nay ;"  
Chestnuts flowering,  
Leaflets showering,  
Sunlight dowering  
Its new-wed day.

Doggie urged against his will,  
Children innocent of ill,  
Granny mute, mchiding still ;  
"For," she muses,  
"Age refuses,  
Childhood chooses,  
Such pastimes gay.

"And it minds me of my playing,  
Of my heedless, sportive Maying—  
Past with me—nor with them staying !  
When, all prancing,  
All entrancing,  
I was dancing,  
As glad as gay !"

JENNET HUMPHREYS.

## LITTLE WILLIE.

**P**OOOR little Willie,  
With his many pretty wiles ;  
Worlds of wisdom in his look,  
And quaint, quiet smiles ;  
Hair of amber touched with  
Gold of Heaven so brave ;  
All lying darkly hid  
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie,  
Fair and funny fellow ! he  
Sprang like a lily  
From the dirt of poverty  
Poor little Willie !  
Not a friend was nigh  
When from the cold world  
He crouched down to die.

In the day we were fed foodless  
Little Willie cried for *bread* ;  
In the night we wandered homeless,  
Little Willie cried for *bed*.  
Parted at the workhouse door,  
Not a word we said ;  
Ah ! so tired was poor Willie !  
And so sweetly sleep the dead !

'Twas in the dead of winter  
We laid him in the earth ;  
The world brought in the new year  
On a tide of mirth.  
But for lost little Willie  
Not a tear we weave ;  
Cold and hunger cannot wake him  
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,  
Felt it hard to part ;  
We loved him dutiful ;  
Down, down, poor heart !  
The storms they may beat,  
The winter winds may rave ;  
Little Willie feels not  
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie ;  
In the world he had no part ;  
On him stared the Gorgon eye  
Through which looks no heart.  
"Come to me," said Heaven ;  
And if Heaven will save,  
Little matters though the door  
Be a workhouse grave.

GERALD MASSEY.

## ALICE FELL.

**T**HE post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned ;  
When, as we hurried on, my ear  
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,  
I heard the sound—and more and more  
It seemed to follow with the chaise,  
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out ;  
He stopped his horses at the word,  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast  
The horses scampered through the rain;  
But hearing soon upon the blast  
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,  
"Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"  
And there a little girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,  
But loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her innocent heart would break;  
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" She sobbed, "Look here!"  
I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,  
It hung, nor could at once be freed;  
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,  
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,  
To-night, along these lonesome ways?"  
"To Durham," answered she, half wild—  
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief  
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
Sob after sob, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"  
She checked herself in her distress,  
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;  
"I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."  
Again, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;  
And all was for her tattered cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end  
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend,  
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post;  
Of Alice and her grief I told,  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of dunfil gray,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"—  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### WHICH IS IT?

**M**Y mother says a girl she knows  
Whose face with love and kindness glows,  
Who carries sunshine where she goes—  
A darling human rose.

Another girl she knows well, too,  
Who frets at all she has to do;  
With sulky face she scowls at you,  
While anger clouds her eyes of blue.

And all the time 'tis plain to see  
From mother's laughing face, that she  
Means one of those two girls for me—  
Now which, I wonder, can it be?

A. G. PLYMPTON.

### THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

That is a very commendable charity, practiced now in our large cities, by which thousands of poor children are sent to the country in the summer for a sight of green fields and a breath of fresh air, to which they would be strangers but for this thoughtful kindness of their friends.

"**C**OME one! come all!" the farmer cries,  
With a hearty welcome in voice and eyes;  
"The fields are wide, and the flowers are  
free,

And the breezes are blowing right merrily;  
And there's plenty of sunshine to be had  
For browning the cheeks of each lassie and lad."

Oh! fast the little pale cheeks grow brown,  
As the golden sunbeams come tumbling down  
To help the breezes which kiss so sweet  
Each lad and lassie they chance to meet,  
And the jolly old farmer cries, "Oh! oh!  
At last the dimples begin to grow!"

There's never a bird but seems to sing  
His happy song with a merrier ring.  
Because of the ears which love to hear,  
And the echoing voices so glad and clear.  
And the farmer says to his wife, "'Tis plain  
A happiness shared is doubled again!"

Oh! the "Fresh-Air Fund!" may its years be long,  
Its friends be many, its influence strong;  
For fields are many, and flowers are free,  
And the lambs of God's flock should joyous be.  
And God holds ever the "Helping Hands"  
That labor at home or in distant lands.

### THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

**W**HEN my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry, 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!  
'weep!  
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I  
sleep.

There's little Tom Daere, who cried when his head,  
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,  
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's  
bare,

You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet: and that very night,  
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight,  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and  
Jack,  
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black,

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,  
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free;  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,  
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;  
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;  
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and  
warm:

So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CRIPPLED JANE.

THEY said she might recover, if we sent her  
down to the sea,

But that is for rich men's children, and we  
knew it could not be:

So she lived at home in the Lincolnshire Fens, and  
we saw her, day by day,

Grow pale, and stunted, and crooked; till her last  
chance died away.

And now I'm dying; and often, when you thought that  
I moaned with pain,

I was moaning a prayer to Heaven, and thinking  
of Crippled Jane.

Folks will be kind to Johnny; his temper is merry  
and light;

With so much love in his honest eyes, and a sturdy  
sense of right.

And no one could quarrel with Susan: so pious, and  
meek, and mild,

And nearly as wise as a woman, for all she looks such  
a child!

But Jane will be weird and wayward; fierce, and cunning,  
and hard;

She won't believe she's a burden, be thankful, nor  
win regard.

God have mercy upon her! God be her guard and  
guide;

How will strangers bear with her, when, at times,  
even I feel tried?

When the ugly smile of pleasure goes over her sallow  
face,

And the feeling of health, for an hour, quickens her  
languid pace;

When with dwarfish strength she rises, and plucks,  
with a selfish hand,

The busiest person near her, to lead her out on the  
land;

Or when she sits in some corner, no one's companion  
or care,

Huddled up in some darksome passage, or crouched  
on a step of the stair;

While far off the children are playing, and the birds  
singing loud in the sky,

And she looks through the cloud of her headache, to  
seowl at the passers-by.

I die—God have pity upon her!—how happy rich  
men must be!—

For they said she might have recovered—if we sent  
her down to the sea.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

ALL THE CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE if all the children  
Who have lived through the ages long

Were collected and inspected,  
They would make a wondrous throng.

Oh, the babble of the Babel!

Oh, the flutter and the fuss!

To begin with Cain and Abel,

And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women

Who are now and who have been—

Every nation since creation

That this world of ours has seen,

And of all of them, not any

But was once a baby small;

While of children, oh, how many

Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed nor spoken,

Never used their rosy feet;

Some have even flown to heaven

Ere they knew that earth was sweet;

And, indeed, I wonder whether,

If we reckon every birth,

And bring such a flock together,

There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?

Who their saucy ears will box?

Who will dress them and caress them?

Who will darn their little socks?

Where are arms enough to hold them?

Hands to pat each shining head?

Who will praise them? Who will scold them?

Who will pack them off to bed?



Little wappy Christian children,  
 Little savage children, too,  
 In all stages, of all ages  
 That our planet ever knew ;  
 Little princes and princesses,  
 Little beggars wan and faint,  
 Some in very handsome dresses,  
 Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion  
 Such a motley erowd would make,  
 And the clatter of their chatter  
 And the things that they would break !  
 Oh, the babble of the Babel !  
 Oh, the flutter and the fuss !  
 To begin with Cain and Abel,  
 And to finish up with us.

#### HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

"TELL tell you how the leaves come down,"  
 The great Tree to his children said,  
 "You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown—  
 Yes, very sleepy, little Red,  
 It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah," begged each silly, pouting leaf,  
 "Let us a little longer stay.  
 Dear Father Tree, behold our grief ;  
 'Tis such a pleasant day,  
 We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day  
 To the great Tree the leaflets clung—  
 Frolicked and danced and had their way,  
 Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
 Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,  
 And let us stay until the spring,  
 If we all beg and coax and fret."  
 But the great Tree did no such thing ;  
 He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed !" he cried ;  
 And ere the leaves could urge their prayer  
 He shook his head, and far and wide,  
 Fluttering and rustling everywhere,  
 Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them. On the ground they lay,  
 Golden and red, a huddled swarm,  
 Waiting till one from far away,  
 White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,  
 Should come to wrap them snug and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled,  
 "Goodnight, dear little leaves," he said ;  
 And from below each sleepy child  
 Replied, "Good night," and murmured  
 "It is so nice to go to bed !"

#### THE ORPHANS.

**B**RING them into the sunshine,  
 Out of the gloomy night ;  
 Out of the perilous places—  
 Bring them into the light.  
 Room for the motherless children,  
 Desolate, lonely, oppressed ;  
 Welcome the little strangers  
 To comfort, and plenty, and rest.

Give for the love of the Master  
 (He who himself did give),  
 Teach them: how His compassion  
 Encompasseth all that live.  
 Show them the pathway of duty,  
 That upward their feet may tread ;  
 That "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,"  
 May still, as of old, be said.

HARRIET B. WIED.

#### MEASURING THE BABY.

**W**HE measured the riotous baby  
 Against the cottage wall—  
 A lily grew on the threshold,  
 And the boy was just as tall ;  
 A royal tiger-lily,  
 With spots of purple and gold,  
 And a heart like a jewelled ehalice,  
 And fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled  
 High up in the old roof-trees,  
 And to and fro at the window  
 The red rose rocked her bees ;  
 And the wee pink fists of the baby  
 Were never a moment still,  
 Snatching at shine and shadow  
 That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—  
 His mouth like a flower unblown—  
 Two little bare feet like funny white mice,  
 Peeped out from his snowy gown ;  
 And we thought, with a thrill of rapture  
 That yet had a touch of pain,  
 When June rolls around with her roses,  
 We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me ! in a darkened chamber,  
 With the sunshine shut away  
 Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,  
 We measured the boy to-day ;  
 And the little bare feet, that were dimpled  
 And sweet as a budding rose,  
 Lay side by side together,  
 In a hush of a long repose !

Up from the dainty pillow,  
 White as the risen dawn,

The fair little face lay smiling,  
 With the light of heaven thereon ;  
 And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves  
 Dropped from a rose, lay still,  
 Never to snatch at the sunshine  
 That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby  
 With ribbons white as snow,  
 For the shining rosewood casket  
 That waited him below ;  
 And out of the darkened chamber  
 We went with a childless moan—  
 To the height of the sinless angels  
 Our little one had grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

THE GOOSE.

⓪ ELSIE CARR, that single goose  
 Is worse than all your twenty ;  
 'Twas surely hatched when screws were loose  
 And addled eggs were plenty.  
 It waddles out, it waddles in,  
 With one eternal cackle,  
 If you would stop it 'noisy din,  
 Its mouth you'd have to shackle.

Go, Elsie, yonder stalks the wretch,  
 Majestically going,  
 With step undaunted, neck on stretch,  
 Big, blustering, and blowing ;  
 Yet, Elsie, with that willow bough  
 Be tender, O be human !  
 A goose is but a goose, you know,  
 And not a man or woman.

Well, shake your fist to save the rod,  
 But when was fool affrighted ?  
 A goose will cackle at a god,  
 And clap his wings delighted,  
 And, Elsie, think I am a seer  
 Of power and penetration,  
 When of the cackling that you hear  
 I offer this translation :

"Stay, mortal ! since I be a goose  
 With little understanding,  
 Why am I not beneath abuse  
 Of one so all-commanding ?  
 My web foot came from Heaven, like thine,  
 And Heaven knows best the reason ;  
 Your language possibly is fine,  
 Yet cackling can't be treason.

"O ye that waste your precious lives  
 In idle talks and rattles,  
 Cutting your throats with golden knives,  
 Pleased with your gilded rattles ;  
 Shouting at Heaven in your joys,  
 Shrieking in your bereavement,

How very mighty is your noise !  
 How little your achievement !

"Ye wear your lives in fruitless things ;  
 Chagrin deforms your features ;  
 Ye wish to soar—ye cry for wings,  
 Yet mock us winged creatures ;  
 Your boasted feats are thin and poor,  
 Howe'er the flash may blind us ;  
 While, when we cackle, we are sure  
 To leave an egg behind us !"

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

⓪ JENNIE!" mother cries, "Jen-nie!  
 Why, where in the world can Jennie be?  
 She went for the cows an hour ago.  
 What ails the girl that she lingers so?"

The sun goes down in the crimson west,  
 The tired day prepares for rest,  
 And the laggard moments slowly pass,  
 But bring no news of the truant lass.

"What ails the girl?" The sober cows,  
 Stopping along the fields to browse,  
 May look in vain from side to side,  
 And wait the voice of their pretty guide.

For far behind, by the pasture gate,  
 Jennie—and Jamie—forget 'tis late,  
 Forget the cows, and the milking hour,  
 And everything else, save love's sweet power.

The lengthening shadows unheeded fall,  
 The whip-poor-will with his plaintive call,  
 The gathering dews, and the darkening sky—  
 All warn in vain as the minutes fly.

Twice and thrice does mother go  
 To the farmhouse door, ere she hears the low  
 Of the cows, as they trample up the lane,  
 And the ring of the cow-bells, clear and plain.

But presently come the laggard feet  
 Of Jennie and Jamie. Oh! shyly sweet  
 Are the girl's blue eyes as she stands before  
 The mother, who meets her at the door.

"What kept you so, my child?" "I?—Oh!  
 I was going after the cows, you know."  
 Then whispered Jamie, "Whatever you do,  
 Don't tell her that I—went after you!"

AT SCHOOL.

⓪ CANNOT you do your sum, dear?  
 Does it make you cry?  
 Move higher: let me come, dear,  
 And see if I can try.

" Give the pencil here, dear—  
Write this 'three' once more :  
You have not made it clear, dear,  
It runs right through the 'four' !

" Let us take this line, dear,  
It will soon be done ;  
Fifteen are six and nine, dear—  
Five, and carry one.

" Here are four and seven, dear,  
Count up on your slate :  
Yes, they make eleven, dear—  
Now add figure eight.

" There ! I see you smile, dear ;  
There ! I take a kiss !  
You'll help me a while, dear,  
For helping you in this."

Right ! you little kind one :  
Love will perish never !  
Years to come will find one  
Clinging to you ever !

JENNET HUMPHREYS.

## LIFE'S GAME OF BALL.

THEY tell me you're goin', Robbie, away from  
home and all,  
Goin' out on the fields of the future to play at  
Life's game of ball ;

They tell me you're one and twenty—you don't look  
as old as that ;

Seems like you're young and slender to handle Life's  
ball and bat.

I reckon I'm kinder foggyish ; don't matter much what  
I say ;

But I'd like to advise a little 'bout the game you're  
goin' to play.

My score is made. I've had my strikes ; all past is my  
fears and doubts.

I'm waiting now till the Great Umpire calls me to take  
my outs.

In the deepening shadows of years, the years of my  
young days' time,

I'll set and watch you make your base—and, boy,  
you've got to climb !

You've got to do your level best if you hope for a  
chance to win.

The "Trials of Life" is a difficult nine, and they're  
run by a chap named Sin.

The World will be the Umpire, boy, and you won't  
get favored there ;

In fact, when you first begin the game, you'll hardly  
get what's fair.

Pick out a good sound bat, look well to what you  
take—

Some use the basswood bat of Luck, but it's mighty  
apt to break ;

Don't use the Ash of Rashness, nor the heavy Oak of  
Doubt,

They're either light or heavy, and you'll most dead  
sure strike out.

Don't use the Elm of Dishonor, or the Ironwood of  
Crime,

For, though they sometimes do the work, they fail  
most every time.

So don't choose one too heavy, nor neither one too  
light,

But there's a bat that never fails, and that is the Wil-  
low of Right.

Old Time is a swift curve pitcher, and a tricky one  
beside,

But never mind how fair they look, don't go to strikin'  
wide ;

But when the chance is right, and you get a ball that's  
fair,

Don't wait for a softer snap, my boy, let go at it solid  
and square.

Don't count too much on your strength and knock  
Hope's balls too high,

The fielder Disappointment's apt to take such balls on  
the fly.

Don't muff golden opportunities, guard well against a  
pass.

Don't knock the ball of Resentment through any one's  
window-glass.

It ain't always best to try too hard to tally a clean  
home run.

For often the surest way is to make your bases one by  
one.

Remember that every foul you make will be took by  
the Catcher Slur,

Temptation holds the first base well, Despair is the  
short fielder.

One of the hardest points to make is the first base in  
the run.

But, if you do the thing you ought, it can, and ought  
to be done.

After you've made your first, watch out for swift de-  
feat,

The very worst man in the nine, my boy, is the second  
base, Self-conceit.

There'll be the third base, too, and fielders a couple  
more,

Who'll be on the watch to put you out and blacken  
your final score ;

But then you'll have a team that's strong, who'll work  
to put you through,

Your backers are Conscience, and Honor, and Pluck,  
and they are strong players, too.

So brace to the work before you, dismiss all doubts  
and fears,

And I will watch the game as I wait in the shade of  
the by-gone years.

A LITTLE FACE.

A LITTLE face to look at,  
A little face to kiss ;  
Is there anything, I wonder,  
That's half so sweet as this ?

A little cheek to dimple  
When smiles begin to grow,  
A little mouth betraying  
Which way the kisses go.

A slender little ringlet,  
A rosy little ear,  
A little chin to quiver  
When falls the little tear.

A little hand so fragile  
All through the night to hold ;  
Two little feet so tender,  
To tuck in from the cold.

Two eyes that watch the sunbeam  
That with the shadow plays ;  
A darling little baby,  
To kiss and love always.

BE TRUE.

YOUNG friends, to whom life's early days  
Are bright with promise all,  
And to whose view the glowing rays  
Of hope unclouded fall ;  
To counsel each to choose the good,  
Throughout the coming years, I would  
A precept give to you :  
Observe, if you success would win,  
The wealth of worth embodied in  
Two little words : Be true.

Be true to right : let justice still  
Her even balance claim ;  
Unawed, unbribed, through good or ill,  
Make rectitude your aim.  
Unswayed by prejudice, thy mind  
Each day submitted claims will find  
To champion or deny ;  
Then east, according to thy light,  
Thy influence, on the side of right,  
Though all the world goes by.

Be true to truth : the proudest name  
That sterling worth may win  
Is soiled and tarnished past reclaim  
Where falsehood enters in.  
No gem that arduous toil may find,  
In learning's fields, adorns the mind  
Like truth's pure, shining ray.  
And from her presence error's crowds  
Of worshippers disperse like clouds  
Before the rising day.

Be true to reason : let her light  
Be ever glorified,  
And make through life her beacon bright  
A fixed, enduring guide.  
False views of life young faith may blind,  
False creeds allure the youthful mind  
And its adherence win ;  
But reason's steady light to thee  
An oracle of truth shall be—  
A monitor within.

Be true to self-respect : the world  
May judge thy motives wrong,  
And slander's poisoned shafts be hurled  
Where virtue moves along ;  
Keep thou the upright ways that find  
The approval of thy own good mind—  
"To thine ownself be true ;"  
So shalt thou promptly walk erect,  
And conscious of thy own respect  
Make others' honor due.

These are the virtues, these the ways,  
That bring their own reward ;  
And to observe them all thy days  
Keep constant watch and guard.  
He who from these his guidance takes  
Gives to the race the hope that makes  
The march of man sublime ;  
And each good deed, each wrong withstood,  
Lives in its influence for the good,  
Throughout all coming time !

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,  
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have  
pressed !  
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place  
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me !  
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;—  
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;  
His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.  
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,  
Would you not say he slept on death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !  
Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—Unclose  
Thine eye but for one moment on the light !  
Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error !—he but slept—I breathe again ;—  
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !  
O ! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,  
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?

HENRY WAITSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE BABY'S WRITING.

THE baby's writing—oh, who shall say  
Those pencil marks in their tangled skein  
Which the baby made in his aimless play  
Were not put there for some human gain?

The baby's writing—a funny serawl,  
'Tis just a purposeless maze of lines,  
Yet out of the maze, sweet voices call  
And the steady light of a pure love shines.

The baby's writing—it calls to mind  
The child that is or the child that was,  
Now gone the way of all humankind,  
Or grown in accordance with nature's laws.

A smile half blooms on the mother's face  
And a lump creeps into the tender throat,  
As she finds in those lines all void of grace  
Some memory of what her baby wrote.

The baby's writing—how like is this  
To the mark of the aged dying man!  
Yet between them lie all grief and bliss  
That are crowded into a life's brief span.

## JAPANESE LULLABY.

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings—  
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes,  
Sleep to the singing of the mother bird swing-  
ing—

Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—  
Silvery star with a tinkling song;  
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—  
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—  
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;  
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—  
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob  
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,  
As though they were groaning in anguish and moan-  
ing—  
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—  
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;  
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—  
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

EUGENE FIELD.

## GRANDPA AND HIS "DEAR."

CAN any one say what fun there is  
In the thoughtless use of a gum,  
Which takes its aim at an innocent life,  
And, lo! that life is done?

The merry, happy, warbling birds,  
Though roguish they may be,  
The song they sing is pleasanter far  
Than the bang of a gun—to me.

"When I was a boy," said Grandpa Gray,  
"I thought, 'Now, like a man,  
I'll take my gun to the fields, and bag  
As many birds as I can.'"

"So off I went, and I banged away,  
With no thought of the pain I gave,  
Till I presently met a sweet young miss  
Trying one bird to save.  
It had fallen near with a wounded wing,  
And the look in her face so sad  
Went straight to my heart, and I felt ashamed  
Of myself for a heartless lad.

"Well, after that, I never could aim  
At an innocent bird again,  
But—I took to hunting after the 'deer'  
And I did not hunt in vain;  
For I've captured one, and I've never ceased  
To love and cherish my 'dear';  
And if you want to see her, boys,  
Why, look at your grandmother here."

## BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!  
Is it really come again?  
With its memories and greetings,  
With its joy and with its pain.  
There's a minor in the carol  
And a shadow in the light,  
And a spray of cypress twining  
With the holly wreath to-night.  
And the hush is never broken  
By laughter light and low  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!  
'Tis not so very long  
Since other voices blended  
With the carol and the song!  
If we could but hear them singing  
As they are singing now,  
If we could but see the radiance  
Of the crown on each dear brow:  
There would be no sign to smother.  
No hidden tear to flow,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!  
This never more can be:  
We cannot bring again the days  
Of our unshadowed glee,  
But Christmas, happy Christmas,  
Sweet herald of good will.

With holy songs of glory  
 Brings holy gladness still.  
 For peace and hope may brighten,  
 And patient love may glow,  
 As we listen in the starlight  
 To the "hells across the snow."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

A BABY'S REFLECTIONS.

I'm a very little baby,  
 Little face and hands and feet;  
 And my mother says she never  
 Saw a baby half so sweet.  
 It is nice to hear them talking  
 In that way, but I can see,  
 Oh, a lot of little babies,  
 Who all look and laugh like me.

When I look out of the window  
 There's a baby in the glass,  
 And he waves his hand as I do  
 To the people as they pass;  
 When I put out hands to touch him  
 And to pat him on the cheek,  
 He will look and set as I do,  
 But he'll never, never speak.

There's a baby in the mirror,  
 There's a baby in the spoon,  
 And there's one in front of mother  
 When we play a little time.  
 These are very funny babies,  
 Where I go they always come,  
 But I never hear them talking,  
 So I guess they are deaf and dumb.

DEAR LITTLE HAND.

DEAR little hand that clasps my own,  
 Embrowned with toil and seamed with strife;  
 Pink little fingers not yet grown  
 To the poor strength of after-life—  
 Dear little hand!

Dear little eyes which smile on mine,  
 With the first peep of morning light;  
 Now April-wet with tears, or fine  
 With dews of pity, or laughing bright,  
 Dear little eyes!

Dear little voice, whose broken speech  
 All eloquent utterance can transcend;  
 Sweet childish wisdom strong to reach  
 A holier deep than love or friend:  
 Dear little voice!

Dear little life! my care to keep  
 From every spot and stain of sin;  
 Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain,  
 To struggle—and—whichever? to fall or win?  
 Dread mystical life!

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE NOON RECESS.

O! how the merry laugh and shout  
 Of happy little folks ring out  
 Upon the soft and balmy air,  
 Sending sweet echoes everywhere!  
 Who but the children can express  
 Half the delights of "Noon Recess?"  
 When from the books and study free,  
 Their little hearts o'erfull of glee,  
 No rule may meddle with the fun,  
 That's all their own—from twelve to one!

Alas! for little lad or lass  
 To whom it may have come to pass  
 That naughtiness has brought about  
 No right to join in "laugh and shout!"  
 Who all this recess hour must spend  
 On study bench without a friend,  
 While on the angry little face  
 The scowls and tears leave many a trace:  
 Poor little captive! noon recess  
 Has lost all charms—you will confess.

Ah! well, this life is but a school,  
 Where we must yield to rod and rule.  
 By some mysterious, stronger power  
 We sometimes lose our recess hour.  
 But even so, if loss of "fun"  
 Should mark some needed victory won,  
 The discipline must in the end  
 Prove to have been our wisest friend;  
 And when our recess hour we earn,  
 With added zeal to it we turn.

THE DOORWAY.

ON the shore a child was standing,  
 Gazing o'er the sparkling sea,  
 And the sunset's rosy beauty  
 Filled her little heart with glee.

Far away a sail was moving  
 On the waters, heaving, bright,  
 And it crossed the orb so brilliant,  
 Ere it sank away from sight.

In an awe-struck, joyous whisper  
 Lisped the artless little thing;  
 "Oh! it is the door of heaven,  
 For I saw an angel's wing!"

GERTRUDE B. DUFFEE.

WHO CAN TELL WHAT A BABY THINKS?

WHAT is the little one thinking about?  
 Very wonderful things, no doubt;  
 Unwritten history!  
 Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods and winks  
 As if his head were as full of kinks  
 And curious riddles as any sphinx.

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,  
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,  
Our little nephew will lose two years;  
And he'll never know  
Where the summers go;  
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?  
Who can follow the gossamer links  
By which the manikin feels its way,  
Out from the shore of the great unknown,  
Blind, and wailing, and alone,  
Into the light of the day?

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,  
Tossing in pitiful agony;  
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,  
Specked with the barks of little souls—  
Barks that were lanchéd on the other side,  
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!  
What does he think of his mother's eyes?  
What does he think of his mother's hair?  
What of the cradle-roof, that ties  
Forward and backward through the air?  
What does he think of his mother's breast,  
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,  
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,

Cup of his life, and the couch of his rest?  
What does he think when her quick embrace  
Presses his hand and buries his face  
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,  
With a tenderness she never can tell,  
Though she murmur the words  
Of all the birds—  
Words she has learned to murmur well?  
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!  
I can see the shadow creep  
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,  
Over his brow an I over his lips,  
Out to his little finger-tips!  
Softly sinking, down he goes!  
Down he goes! down he goes!  
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

#### THE THREE KITTIES.

ONE was fair as fair could be.  
The others black—(*she* thought them pretty);  
And I—of only one I dreamed.  
And *she*—*she* was—the other Kitty.  
She loved the others, I loved her,  
And full of mischief were the three;  
But, ah! at last kind fate contrived  
To give the winning card to me.

With blue eyes closed, and head thrown back,  
Within the easy chair sat Kitty.  
Thought I, "If now a pair of gloves  
I may not win, 'twill be a pity."

And as I softly reached her side,  
The red lips parted with a murmur.  
And, oh, what joy! she breathed my name!  
Within my heart hope grew still firmer.

"Dost love me, Kitty?" whispered I;  
And soft in sleep came back her answer:  
"I love thee not!" I stood aghast,  
Till love urged, "Kiss her while you can, sir."  
But, ah! the blue eyes swift unclosed,  
And glanced at me with mirth o'erflowing;  
Thought I, "I'll let her think a while  
That I've heard something worth the knowing."

Then drawing near, I slyly said,  
"Fair maid, your dreams have well betrayed you."  
"For shame!" cried she, "to steal my thoughts,  
And get my slumbering tongue to aid you!"  
All penitent, I humbly said,  
"But, ah! the secret in my keeping  
Has made me sad." Then murmured she,  
"One never tells the truth while sleeping!"

#### SINCE THE BABY DIED.

THE home has been so strangely still  
Since the baby died.  
The birds no longer seem to thrill  
Since the baby died.  
The sunshine's gone and shades of gloom  
Lark in the corners of the room;  
The roses have a fainter bloom  
Since the baby died.  
The stars seem brighter than before  
Since the baby died.  
We're nearer to the other shore  
Since the baby died.  
"Not in his anger but in love,"  
Not as an eagle but a dove;  
There's less below and more above  
Since the baby died.

#### I DIDN'T THINK.

I KNOW a naughty little elf  
Who never can behave himself;  
He beats his drum when grandma's cap  
Is nodding for a cosy nap,  
And leaves his ball upon the floor  
For Uncle James to stumble o'er.

'Twas he who tried to scratch his name  
Upon a painted picture-frame;  
'Twas he who left the gate untied,  
Which brindle cow pushed open wide;  
'Twas he who nibbled Lucy's cake  
She took such pains to mix and bake;  
And, though we blamed the tricky nice,  
'Twas he who cracked its fluted ice.

This little elf upset the milk;  
He tangled Auntie's broodery silk;

He went to school with muddy shoes,  
Though credits very sure to lose.  
Against his mamma's gentle wish  
He took the sugar from the dish ;  
He lost the pen, and spilled the ink ;  
This elf we call " I didn't think."

Our house would be a nicer place  
If he would never show his face ;  
We hope and hope some sunny day  
The naughty elf will run away,  
For oft he makes our spirits sink—  
This troublesome " I didn't think."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## THE LOST DOLL.

ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world ;  
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled,  
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day ;  
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day ;  
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all washed away,  
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,  
And her hair's not the least bit curled ;  
Yet for old times' sake, she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSEY.

## THE MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD.

WHEN I hear the waters fretting,  
When I see the chestnut letting  
All her lovely blossoms falter down, I think,  
" Alas the day ! "

Once, with magical sweet singing,  
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing  
That awakes no more while April hours wear them-  
selves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling  
Sweet as air, and all beguiling ;  
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope and  
down the dell ;  
And we talked of joy and splendor  
That the years unborn would render—  
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they  
knew it well.

Piping, fluting, " Bees are humming  
April's here and summer's coming ;  
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in  
pride and joy ;

Think on us in alleys shady  
When you step a graceful lady ;  
For no fairer days have we to hope for, little girl and  
boy.

" Laugh and play, O fissing waters,  
Lull our downy sons and daughters.  
Come, O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy  
wanderings coy.  
When they wake we'll end the measure  
With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,  
And a ' Hey down derry, let's be merry,' little girl and  
boy ! "

JEAN INGELOW.

## MAMMA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

MAMMA loosens the baby's frock,  
And takes off each little shoe and sock ;  
She softly brushes the golden hair,  
And pats the shoulders, dimpled and bare ;  
She puts on the night-gown, white and long,  
Humming the while an evening song :  
" Daytime is over ;  
Playtime is closing ;  
Even the clover  
Is nodding and dozing.  
Baby's bed shall be soft and white,  
Dear little boy, good-night ! good-night ! "

Mamma kisses the little pink feet,  
And the tiny hands so dimpled and sweet,  
The rosy cheeks, and the forehead white,  
And the lips that prattle from morn till night ;  
With a last fond kiss for the golden crown  
Gently and softly she lays him down,  
And in the hush that the twilight brings  
She stands by her darling's bed and sings :  
" Over the billow  
Soft winds are sighing ;  
Round baby's pillow  
Bright dreams are flying.  
Here comes a pretty one, sure to alight !  
Dear little boy, good-night ! good-night ! "

## THE NUTTING.

I LOVE my pretty cousin Kate,  
Although I scarcely reach her shoulder,  
Although my age is only eight,  
And she is more than seven years older.

Though she is tall, she's sweet and free,  
Though she looks proud, no face is fonder,  
And Kate is wild as glad like me,  
When nutting in the woods we wander

Fine are the woods by Clover Heath  
In golden weather such as this is—  
She cracks me nuts with her sweet teeth,  
And gives them me with kindly kisses.



And by the stream, that sings a tune,  
Beside sweet Kate I musing tarry.  
And eat the nuts, and count how soon  
I shall be big enough to marry.

Oh, fine it is through branches brown  
To scramble, laughing, shouting, tearing,  
Sweet Kitty in her cotton gown,  
And I for scratches little caring.

I wish for evermore that she  
May be my mate in woods like this is,  
And laugh, and crack the nuts for me,  
And while I eat them give me kisses.

Kate is the only wife I'll wed ;  
She's blithe and bold, and greedy never ;  
That Kate loves me is clear, I've said,  
And I'll be true to Kate forever !

#### OUR LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,  
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold  
Came, covered with the storm and pale and cold,  
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,  
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet,  
A little fondling thing, that to my breast  
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest—  
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,  
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down  
In those white shrouded arms, with bitter tears ;  
For some voice told me that, in after years,  
He should know naught of passion, grief or fears,  
As I had known.

And yet again  
That Elder Shepherd came.—My heart grew faint.  
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint,  
Another ! She, who gentle as a saint,  
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast, I turned away,  
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,  
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,  
Her holy eyes, with heaven in their beam.  
I knelt to pray.

"Is it Thy will ?  
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given ?  
Oh ! Thou hast many such in heaven."  
And a soft voice said : "Nobly hast thou striven,  
But—peace, be still."

Oh how I wept,  
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild  
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child,  
Her, tee, I gave. The little angel smiled,  
And slept.

"Go ! go !" I cried :  
For once again that Shepherd laid his hands  
Upon the noblest of our household band ;  
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,  
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet  
The look with which he heard my passionate cry :  
"Touch not my lamb ; for him, oh ! let me die !"  
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,  
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell ;  
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,  
So faint, I could not see my darling go ;  
He had not bidden me farewell, but, oh !  
I felt farewell.

More deeply far  
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame,  
Though could I but have heard him call my name—  
"Dear Mother !"—but in heaven 'twill be the same—  
There burns my star !

He will not take  
Another lamb, I thought, for only one  
Of the dear fold is spared to be my sun,  
My guide, my mourner when this life is done,  
My heart would break.

Oh ! with what thrill  
I heard him enter : but I did not know  
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so,  
The idol of my soul—he could not go,  
Heart ! be still !

Came morning, can I tell  
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept ?  
For waking, tears were mine ; I, sleeping, wept,  
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.  
Alas ! "Farewell."

How often it is said !  
I sit and think, and wonder too, some time,  
How it will seem, when, in that happier clime  
It never will ring out like funeral chime  
Over the dead.

No tears ! no tears !  
Will there a day come that I shall not weep ?  
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.  
Yes, yes ; thank God ! no grief that clime shall keep,  
No weary years.

Ay ! it is well,  
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide,  
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,  
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide,  
Ay ! it is well.

Through the dreary day  
They often come from glorious light to me;  
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,  
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me.  
Heaven is not far away.

## BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"MISTER," the little fellow said,  
"Please give me a dime to buy some bread."

I turned to look at the ragged form,  
That, in the midst of the pitiless storm,  
Pinched and haggard and old with care,  
In accents pleading, was standing there.  
'Twas a little boy not twelve years old;  
He shivered and shook in the bitter cold,  
His eyes were red—with weeping, I fear—  
And adown his cheeks there rolled a tear—  
E'en then.

His misery struck me dumb;  
'Twas a street in a crowded city shun,  
Where an errand of duty led my feet  
That day, through the storm and blinding sleet.  
"Poor little fellow," at last I said,  
"Have you no father?"

"No, he's dead!"  
The answer came: "You've a mother, then?"  
"Yes, sir," he said, with a sob: "She's been  
Sick for a year, and the doctor said  
She'd never again get up from bed."  
"You are hungry, too!" I asked in pain,  
As I looked at his poor, wan face again.  
"Hungry," he said, with a bitter groan  
That would melt to pity a heart of stone;  
"I am starved; we are all starving," he said,  
"We haven't had a crust of bread—  
Me, nor mother, nor baby Kate—  
Since yesterday morning."

I did not wait  
To ask him more. "Come, come," I cried,  
"You shall not hunger;" and at my side  
His poor little pattering footsteps fell  
On my ear with a sadness I cannot tell;  
But his eyes beamed bright when he saw me stop  
Before the door of a baker's shop,  
And we entered.

"Now eat away, my boy,  
As much as you like," I said. With joy,  
And a soft expression of childish grace,  
He looked up into my friendly face,  
And sobbed, as he strove to hide a tear,  
"Oh, if mother and baby Kate were here!"  
"But eat," said I, "never mind them now,"  
A thoughtful look stole over his brow,

And lo! from his face there came a gleam  
"What! while they are starving at home?" he said:  
"Oh, no, sir! I'm hungry, indeed, 'tis true,  
But I cannot eat till they've had some, too."

The tears came rushing—tell why—  
To my eyes, as he spoke these words. Said I:  
"God bless you! Here, you brave little man,  
Here, carry home all the bread you can."  
Then I loaded him down with loaves, until  
He could carry no more. I paid the bill;  
And before he could quite understand  
Just what I was doing, into his hand  
I slipped a bright new dollar; then said,  
"Good-by," and away on my journey sped.

'Twas four years ago. But one day last May,  
As I wandered by chance through East Broadway,  
A cheery voice accosted me. Lo!  
'Twas the self-same lad of years ago,  
Though larger grown—and his looks, in truth,  
Bespoke a sober, industrious youth.

"Mister," he said, "I'll never forget  
The kindness you showed when last we met.  
I work at a trade, and mother is well,  
So is baby Kate; and I want to tell  
You this—that we owe it all to you.  
'Twas you—don't blush, sir—that helped us  
through  
In our darkest hour; and we always say  
Our luck has been better since that day  
When you sent me home with bread to feed  
Those starving ones in their hour of need."

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

## HIDE AND SEEK IN THE WOOD.

HIDE, hide, hide! under the great oak tree,  
Little Mary and Isabel—Tom, and Willie, and  
me;  
And Baby, grave as a judge, and still as a  
honey-sucking bee.

Peep, peep, peep! but let not a sound be heard,  
Except the buzz of flies in the leaves, or the flutter of  
startled bird;—  
They'd find us out in a minute if anybody stirred.

Hush, hush, hush! they are seeking us everywhere;  
And Tray will wag his wicked old tail, and leap up  
high in the air:—  
If you don't lie down, like a good dumb dog, I will  
shoot you, I declare!

No, no, no! for you love us all, poor Tray!  
And you can't understand our hiding—you think it is  
only play;  
If ever I did you harm, my dog, I should rue it many  
a day!

Down, down, down! where the long grass hides us  
well.

How Will creeps round the bough like a snake—or  
King Charles, at Boscobel!

Oh, Willie, man! hold firm, hold tight—think of  
mother if you fell!

Hide, hide, hide! creep lower, close to the ground.  
Tom, pull Tray into the hollow tree, and—There they  
come with a bound.

All six at once!—Ho! ho! Ha! ha!—So, the game's  
up. We're found!

MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

#### REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

WHEN you see a ragged urchin  
Standing wistful in the street,  
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,  
Dirty face and bare red feet,  
Pass not by the child unheeding;  
Smile upon him. Mark me, when  
He's grown he'll not forget it;  
For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits  
Overflow in boyish freak,  
Chide your child in gentle accents;  
Do not in your anger speak.  
You must sow in youthful bosoms  
Seed of tender mercies, then  
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,  
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,  
With his eyes aglow with joy,  
Bring to mind some act of kindness—  
Something said to him a boy?  
Or relate some slight or coldness,  
With a brow all clouded, when  
He said they were too thoughtless  
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures  
To the life of every boy;  
For each child needs tender interest  
In its sorrows and its joys;  
Call your boys home by its brightness;  
They'll avoid a gloomy den,  
And seek for comfort elsewhere—  
And remember, boys make men.

#### THE BOY AND THE WEASEL.

OUT in the field, where a babbling brook  
Goes merrily dancing through many a crook,  
Was a bluebird's nest, by a gooseberry clump,  
In the low, hollow heart of an old gray stump.

On Sunday, while wicked John Reckless was out  
A-skulking in shady nooks, fishing for trout,

On looking behind him he chanced to spy  
The motherly bird from her nursery fly.

And he chuckled "Ha, ha! my little blue game!  
I saw in a jiffy the spot whence you came."  
And he thought to himself, "Ere the day is done,  
I'll hie to that bird-house and have some fun."

So thought a brown weasel—which John had not  
seen—

That scented the spot with olfactory keen,  
And darting a-down on the fleetest of legs,  
Made a savory meal of the speckled blue eggs.

When Johnny got ready the treasure to steal,  
In slipped his brown fingers—then out, with a squeal—  
He had found to his cost that the thief of a weasel  
Had nippers as sharp as the teeth of a tessel.

As Johnny inspected the smarting, red wound,  
Out popped the gay weasel, and over the ground  
Went scudding away as if shot from a gun,  
And left the rube boy to go on with his "fun."

Poor Johnny turned homeward—his purposes crossed—  
Pondering the scenes of a Sabbath day lost;  
And he thought of the words of an ancient bard—  
How he said, "The way of transgressors is hard."

S. WHITE FAIRF.

#### THE MOCK BURIAL.

THERE were no footmarks in the sand,  
Nor, far as eye could reach,  
Aught that had life on sea or land,  
Look where I would, as, book in hand,  
I strolled along the beach.

All, all alone! Ah, saddest word  
Of human speech thou art!  
I sighed—I started—for I heard  
A happy, happy sound that stirred  
The pulses of my heart.

A sound of infant laughter, sweet  
As wild birds' song in May,  
I hastened on with eager feet,  
And found, close by, a rustic seat  
That overlooked the bay.

A lady sat there in the shade,  
Her baby on her knee;  
Six other children round her played,  
And, plying each a tiny spade,  
Danced like the waves at sea.

"Die, Pilot! die!" the children cried,  
And clapped their little hands.  
The dog, with eyes alert and wide,  
(A well-trained actor!) dropped and died.  
While they piled up the sands.

Alas! how strange it was to see  
The children in their mirth

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Foreshadowing sorrows yet to be,  
And mocking, in their childish glee,  
The saddest toil of earth!

"Ah, me!" thought I, "how springtime flies,  
And troubles come with years!  
How all these smiles must end in sighs,  
And all the sunshine of those eyes—  
Some day be turned to tears!"

AMELIA H. EDWARDS.

### LETTY'S GLOBE.

ON SOME IRREGULARITIES IN A FIRST LESSON IN  
GEOGRAPHY.

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad  
year,  
And her young artless words began to flow,  
One day we gave the child a colored sphere  
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know  
By tint and outline all its sea and land.  
She patted all the world; old empires peeped  
Between her baby-fingers; her soft hand  
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leaped,  
And laughed, and prattled, in her pride of bliss!  
But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye  
On our own Isle, she raised a joyous cry,  
"Oh, yes! I see it, Letty's home is there!"  
And while she hid all England with a kiss,  
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

CHARLES TENNYSON.

### HIDE AND SEEK.

HIDE and seek! Two children at play  
On a sunshiny holiday—  
"Where is the treasure hidden, I pray?  
Say—am I near it or far away?  
Hot or cold?" asks little Nell,  
With her flaxen hair all tangled and wild,  
And her voice as clear as a fairy bell  
That the fairies ring at eventide—  
Scrambling under table and chair,  
Peeping into the cupboards wide,  
Till a joyous voice rings through the air—  
"O ho! a very good place to hide!"  
And little Nell, creeping along the ground,  
Murmurs in triumph, "I've found, I've found!"

Hide and seek! Not children now—  
Life's noontide sun hath kissed each brow,  
Nell's turn to hide the treasure to-day;  
So safely she thinks it hidden away,  
That she fears her lover cannot find it.  
Say, shall she help him? Her eyes, so shy,  
Half tell the secret, and half deny;  
And the green leaves rustle with laughter sweet,  
And the little birds twitter, "Oh, foolish lover,  
Has love bewitched and blinded thine eyes—  
So that the truth thou canst not discover?"

Then the sun gleams out, all golden and bright,  
And sends through the wood path a clearer light;  
See the lover raises his eyes from the ground,  
And reads in Nell's face that the treasure is found.

What are the angels seeking for  
Through the world in the darksome night?  
A treasure that earth has stolen away,  
And hidden 'midst flowers for many a day,  
Hidden through sunshine, through storm, through  
blight,

Till it wasted and grew to a form so slight  
And worn, that scarce in the features white  
Could one trace likeness to gladsome Nell.  
But the angels knew her as there she lay,  
All quietly sleeping, and bore her away,  
Up to the city, Jasper-walled—  
Up to the city with golden street—  
Up to the city, like crystal clear,  
Where the pure and the sinless meet;  
And through costly pearl-gates that opened wide,  
They bore the treasure earth tried to hide,  
And weeping mortals listened with awe  
To the silver echo that smote the skies,  
As "Found!" rang forth from Paradise.

JULIA GODDARD.

### PAPA'S LETTER.

I WAS sitting in my study,  
Writing letters, when I heard,  
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me  
Mamma mustn't be 'sturbed.

"But I've tired of the kitty,  
Want some ozzer ting to do.  
Writing letters, is 'on, mamma?  
Tain't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;  
Run and play with kitty, now."  
"No, no, mamma; me wite letter,  
Tain't 'on will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait  
As his sweet eyes searched my face—  
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,  
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,  
As I slowly shook my head,  
Till I said, "I'll make a letter  
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses  
From his forehead high and white,  
And a stamp in sport I pasted  
Mid its waves of golden light

Then I said, "Now, little letter,  
Go away and bear good news."  
And I smiled as down the staircase  
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried  
Down to Mary in his glee,  
"Mamma's witing lots of letters ;  
I see a letter, Mary—see !"

No one heard the little prattler,  
As once more he climbed the stair,  
Reached his little cap and tippet,  
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,  
No one saw the golden hair,  
As it floated o'er his shoulders  
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened  
Till he reached the office door.  
"I see a letter, Mr. Postman ;  
Is there room for any more ?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa,  
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.  
Mamma sent me for a letter,  
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go ?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,  
"Not to-day, my little man."  
"Den I'll find anozzer office,  
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,  
But the pleading face was gone,  
And the little feet were hastening—  
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,  
People fled to left and right,  
As a pair of maddened horses  
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—  
No one saw the golden hair,  
Till a voice of frightened sweetness  
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only  
Stood the beamteons vision there,  
Then the little face lay lifeless,  
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,  
Brushed away the curls of gold,  
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,  
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,  
Showing where a hoof had trod :  
But the little life was ended—  
"Papa's letter" was with God.

## MY BOY STILL.

Do you think I've forgotten the day  
I carried him at my breast ?  
Many fair children I've loved since then,  
But I think that I loved him best,  
For he was our first-born child, John,  
And I have not the heart or will  
To love him less ; whatever may come  
He's my boy still !

I remember when he was a little lad,  
How he used to climb on my knee ;  
How proud we were of his beauty,  
Of his wit and his mimicry,  
And I know quite well he's a man now,  
With a wild and a stubborn will ;  
But whatever he is to you, John,  
He's my boy still !

He was just like sunshine about the house,  
In the days of his happy youth ;  
You know we said that with all his faults  
He had courage and love and truth,  
And though he has wandered far away,  
I'd rather you'd say no ill ;  
He is sure to come back to his mother—  
He's my boy still !

I know there was never a kinder heart,  
And I can remember to-day  
How often he went with me apart  
And knelt at my knee to pray,  
And the man will do as the boy did,  
Sooner or later he will—  
The Bible is warrant for that—so  
He's my boy still !

A mother can feel where she can't see,  
She is wiser than any sage ;  
My boy was trained in the good old way,  
I shall certainly get my wage,  
And though he has wandered far away,  
And followed his wayward will,  
I know whatever, wherever, he is,  
He's my boy still !

## THE RUINED MERCHANT.

A COTTAGE home with sloping lawn, and trellised vines and flowers,  
And little feet to chase away the rosy-fingered hours ;

A fair young face to part, at eve, the shadows in the door ;—

I picture thus a home I knew in happy days of yore.

Says one, a chernb thing of three, with childish heart elate,

"Papa is *tum'm*", let me *do* to meet 'im at *te date!*"

Another takes the music up, and flings it on the air,

"Papa has come, but why so slow his footstep on the stair ?"

"O father! did you bring the books I've waited for  
so long,  
The baby's rocking-horse and drum, and mother's  
'angel song?'  
And did you see!"—but something holds the ques-  
tioning lips apart,  
And something settles very still upon that joyous  
heart.

The quick-discerning wife bends down, with her white  
hand to stay  
The clouds from tangling with the curls that on his  
forehead lay;  
To ask in gentle tones, "Beloved, by what rude tem-  
pest tossed?"  
And list the hollow, "Beggared, lost—all ruined,  
poor, and lost!"

"Nay, say not so, for I am here to share misfortune's  
hour,  
And prove how better far than gold is love's unfailling  
dower.  
Let wealth take wings and fly away, as far as wings  
can soar,  
The bird of love will hover near, and only sing the  
more."

"All lost, papa? why here am I; and, father, see  
how tall;  
I measure fully three feet four, upon the kitchen wall;  
I'll tend the flowers, feed the birds, and have such  
lots of fun,  
I'm big enough to work, papa, for I'm the oldest  
son."

"And I, papa, am almost five," says curly-headed  
Rose,  
"And I can learn to sew, papa, and make all dolly's  
clothes,  
But what *is* 'poor,'—to stay at home and have no  
place to go?  
Oh! then I'll ask the Lord, to-night, to make us  
always so."

"I see here, papa; I isn't lost!" and on his father's  
knee  
He lays his sunny head to rest, that baby-boy of  
three.  
"And if we get too poor to live," says little Rose,  
"you know  
There is a better place, papa, a heaven where we can  
go."

"And God will come and take us there, dear father,  
if we pray,  
We needn't fear the road, papa, He surely knows the  
way."  
Then from the corner, staff in hand, the grandma  
rises slow,  
Her snowy cap-strings in the breeze soft fluttering to  
and fro:

Totters across the parlor floor, by aid of kindly hands,  
Combing in every little face her life's declining sands;  
Reaches his side, and whispers low, "God's promises  
are sure;  
For every grievous wound, my son, He sends a ready  
cure."

The father clasps her hand in his, and quickly turns  
aside,  
The heaving chest, the rising sigh, the coming tear, to  
hide;  
Folds to his heart those loving ones, and kisses o'er  
and o'er  
That noble wife whose faithful heart he little knew  
before.

"May God forgive me! What is wealth to these  
more precious things,  
Whose rich affection round my heart a ceaseless odor  
flings?  
I think He knew my sordid soul was getting proud  
and cold,  
And thus to save me, gave me *these*, and took away  
my *gold*."

"Dear ones, forgive me; nevermore will I forget the  
rod  
That brought me safely unto you, and led me back to  
God.  
I am not poor while these bright links of priceless love  
remain,  
And, Heaven helping, never more shall blindness hide  
the chain."

CORA M. EAGER.

## THE FIRST PARTY.

MISS Annabel McCarty  
Was invited to a party,  
"Your company from four to ten," the in-  
vitation said;  
And the maiden was delighted  
To think she was invited  
To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget  
Ran and told the news to Bridget,  
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's  
delight,  
And said, with accents hearty,  
"Twill be the swatest party  
If ye're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-  
night!"

The great display of filling  
Was positively killing;  
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so  
wide!  
And the gloves so very cunning;  
She was altogether "stunning."  
And the whole McCarty family regarded her with  
pride.

They gave minute directions,  
With copious interjections  
Of "sit up straight!" and "don't do this or that—  
'twould be absurd!"

But, what with their egressing,  
And the agony of dressing,  
Miss Annabel McCarty didn't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,  
And the sight was most entrancing,  
As if fairyland and floral band were holding jubilee;  
There was laughing, there was pouting;  
There was singing, there was shouting;  
And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty  
Was the youngest of the party,  
And every one remarked that she was beautifully  
dressed;  
Like a doll she sat demurely  
On the sofa, thinking surely  
It would never do for her to run and frolic with the  
rest.

The noise kept growing louder;  
The naughty boys would crowd her;  
"I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady  
said;

And then, without a warning,  
Her home instructions scorning,  
She screamed: "*I want my supper—and I want to go  
to bed!*"

Now big folks who are older,  
Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,  
For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often  
felt inclined

To leave the ball or party,  
As did Annabel McCarty,  
But we hadn't half the courage and we couldn't speak  
our mind!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

#### A BABY HAND.

"BIG time to-night," the drummers said,  
As to supper they sat them down;  
"To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance  
To illuminate the town."

"Good!" cried Bill Barnes, the jolliest—  
The favorite of all;

"Yes, let's forget our trouble now,  
And hold high carnival."

The supper done, the mail arrives;  
Each man his letters scanning,  
With fresh quotations—up or down—  
His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill—"why, what's come over him—  
Why turned so quick about?"

He says, just as his pards start forth,  
"I guess I won't go out."

His letter bore no written word,  
No prayer from vice to flee;  
Only a tracing of a hand—  
A baby hand—of three.

What picture comes before his mind?  
What does his memory paint?  
A baby at her mother's knee—  
His little white-robed saint.

What eases a man for ridicule  
Who wins a victory grand?  
Bill slept in peace, his brow was smoothed  
By a shadowy little hand.

Naught like the weak things of this world  
The power of sin withstands;  
No shield between man's soul and wrong  
Like a little baby hand.

#### "LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

"MY dear," said Mr. Bunny, on a pleasant  
summer day,  
"I'll go and take a look at things outside  
and far away

From this dull home of ours, where we've lived too  
long, you see—  
Perchance I'll find a livelier place, my dear, for you  
and me."

Contented Mrs. Bunny, who was breakfasting just then  
On the daintiest dew-wet fernleaf ever found in wood-  
land glen,

Lifted her gray paws in horror: "My dear, my dear!"  
cried she,  
"Let well enough alone; this home is good enough for  
me."

But off went Mr. Bunny, bent on having his own way,  
And looking for a better home, did o'er the meadow  
stray;

There a wandering sportsman hungering for a dainty  
rabbit pie,  
Raised his rifle, pulled the trigger—Bunny laid him  
down to die.

Now the little widow Bunny cries each day in doleful  
tone,

"Would my spouse advice had taken, and 'Let well  
enough alone!'"

#### THE SCRAMBLE FOR SUGAR-PLUMS.

MARK! that burst of silver laughter  
Ringing up to beau and rafter!  
How one's heart leaps and rejoices  
At the music of those voices—



How one's eyes enjoy the sight  
 Of such innocent delight!  
 Laugh and seramble, shout and play,  
 Happy children, while you may;  
 Life soon loses its completeness,  
 Sugar-plums their pristine sweetness,  
 Dolls their charm, and nuts their savor,  
 And ginger-beer its champagne flavor!  
 Laugh, ye little lads and lasses—  
 Soon, too soon, your childhood passes.  
 Soon, too soon, you will be soiling  
 Hands and souls with baser toiling!  
 Just as you for sweetmeats scramble,  
 We for worldly prizes gamble;  
 Rank and title, place and power,  
 Fame, the triumph of an hour,  
 Gold that fetters, love that changes,  
 Friendship that a world estranges,  
 Fashion, pleasure, empty station,  
 Beauty, homage, admiration—  
 These profane and hollow joys  
 Are *our* sugar-plums and toys;  
 Slow to win and hard to hold,  
 Dearly bought and dearly sold,  
 Seeming sweet and tasting bitter,  
 Paint and tinsel, paste and glitter,  
 Fair without and foul within,  
 Dust and ashes, tears and sin!  
 Alas! I wish, but wish in vain  
 That I were a child again.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

## A LITTLE WHEELER.

“**W**HERE never was a grandma half so good!”  
 He whispered, while beside her chair he  
 stood  
 And laid his rosy cheek,  
 With manner very meek,  
 Against her dear old cheek in loving mood.  
 “There never was a nicer grandma born.  
 I know some little boys must be firlorn  
 Because they’ve none like you.  
 I wonder what I’d do  
 Without a grandma’s kisses night and morn?”  
 “There never was a dearer grandma—there!”  
 He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair,  
 Then fixed her ruffled cap,  
 And nestled in her lap,  
 While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.  
 “When I’m a man, what lots to you I’ll bring!  
 A horse and carriage and a watch and ring.  
 All grandmas are so nice!”  
 (Just here he kissed her twice)  
 “And grandmas give a boy most anything!”  
 Before his dear old grandma could reply  
 The boy looked up and with a rognish eye.

Then whispered in her ear,  
 That nobody might hear:  
 “Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?”

## PRINCE TANGLE-LOCKS.

**T**HROUGH the darkness and rain, down the  
 long street deserted,  
 One evening Prince Tangle-locks happened  
 to stray.

His little smlubose not the least disconcerted  
 By rain-drops that tried to wash freckles away.

His little, bare feet through the puddles went splashing;  
 The lamp-lights reflected with rain-varnished charm.  
 The wet, swaying leaves brushed his cheeks in their  
 lashing  
 And dripped on the newspapers under his arm.

As whistling along through the rain he went bobbing,  
 Beneath a tree luddled he happened to spy  
 A wee little somebody, silently sobbing.  
 “I’s cryin’,” she said, “’tause I’s lost, that is  
 why.”

His coat he put round her to keep off the weather,  
 And, after shrewd questions beneath a lamplight,  
 They laughingly went, hand in hand, on together  
 Till little Miss Somebody’s home was in sight.

Then ringing the bell, with a “Good-bye” behind him,  
 He scampered away and has not been seen since;  
 But somewhere there is—and I wish I could find him—  
 A ragged newsboy with the heart of a Prince.

S. WALTER NORRIS.

## THE FLOWER MISSION.

**I**NTO the homes of sorrow and distress  
 The rare, sweet flowers go to bud and bloom,  
 And with their own bright lives make glad a while  
 The lives that wither in perpetual gloom.  
 Poor hearts that long have starved for word of love;  
 Dim eyes that ne’er behold a beauteous thing;  
 And tired hands that stretch themselves in vain  
 For joys that ever from their grasp take wing.

To these, the flowers on their mission go.  
 And breathe a fragrance fraught with new, sweet  
 life,  
 And cause an atmosphere of joy and peace  
 To enter e’en amid scenes of pain and strife.  
 Sweet buds of beauty! how they seem to say,  
 “Cheer up! cheer up! there are kind hearts and  
 true;

And though your paths seem overgrown with thorns,  
 Yet life hath flowers yet in bloom for you.”

A thousand blessings on the kindly hands  
 Which pluck the fragrant flowers for the poor!  
 A thousand blessings on the kindly feet  
 Which falter not, but go from door to door



And leave, with tender, loving charity,  
The sweet, joy-breathing gifts of love divine !  
Who knows what endless flowers of grace and truth  
The Flower Mission may hereafter twine ?

## LUCY GRAY.

© FT I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go ;  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do :  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the father raised his hook,  
And snapped a fagot band ;  
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
She wandered up and down ;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb :  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor ;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,  
"In heaven we all shall meet !"  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the footmarks small ;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall :

And then an open field they crossed :  
The marks were still the same ;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank ;  
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## THE LITTLE PIANIST.

© NE—two—three—four—  
Practising is such a bore !  
How my little finger aches !  
Wish I didn't make mistakes !  
One—two—three—four—  
Practising is such a bore !

One—two—three—four—  
Guess that's Bessie at the door ;  
Yes, she's teasing Tommy's pup ;  
Wish my quarter-hour was up !  
One—two—three—four—  
Practising is such a bore !

One—two—three—four—  
Oh, it rains ! It's going to pour !  
And my kitty's out at play ;  
I must fetch her right away !  
One—two—three—four—  
Practising is such a bore !

EMMA C. DOWD.

## THE FIRST LETTER.

LETTER came to me to-day so very quaint  
and strange  
I knit my brows in doubt from whom, for not  
within my range  
Of kindred dear or absent friends could I the least  
decide  
Who'd spell my name this awkward way, with pin  
lines for a guide.

A monogram of finger-tips my correspondent had,  
 Yet as I slowly broke the seal my wond'ring heart beat  
 glad,  
 Though few the loving words begun—so few I felt  
 quite vexed—  
 Until I found how many cares this writer's mind per-  
 plexed.

For with the hieroglyphic marks whose shapes to  
 letters leaned—  
 "Twixt little "i's" and capital "A's," and blots that  
 intervened—  
 Were words that formed "If Tray gets out O mamma  
 ti him up  
 And send my slay—and ples don let ole Carlo hurt my  
 Pup!"

"I've wode two holes in both my toes send me A  
 nother pair  
 And grandma says now I am six top-boots I'd better  
 wear."  
 s other boyish news I read, swift to my vision came  
 The chubby cheeks and bright dark eyes bent o'er the  
 closing name.

Oh, little man, in years to come some dainty girl may  
 dwell  
 On thoughts your finished hand will pen, a lover's  
 hopes to tell;  
 But never can your fairest page, that brings a blush  
 of joy,  
 Have sweeter welcome than this scrawl from mamma's  
 absent boy.

INDA BARTON HAYS.

A BABY'S FEET.

**A** BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,  
 Might tempt, should heaven see meet,  
 An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
 A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers, toward the heat  
 They stretch and spread and wink  
 Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink,  
 Gleam half so heavenly sweet  
 As shine on life's untrodden brink  
 A baby's feet.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

THE ORPHAN CHILDREN.

**I** REACHED the village on the plain,  
 Just when the setting sun's last ray  
 Shone blazing on the golden vane  
 Of the old church across the way.

Across the way alone I sped,  
 And climbed the stile, and sat me there,  
 To think in silence on the dead  
 Who in the churehyard sleeping were.

There many a long, low grave I viewed  
 Where toil and want and quiet lie;  
 And costly slabs amongst them stood  
 That bore the names of rich and high.

One new made mound I saw close by,  
 O'er which the grasses hardly crept,  
 Where, looking forth with listless eye,  
 Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,  
 Which neither seemed as it could take;  
 And yet so worn and white were they  
 With want, it made my bosom ache.

I looked a while, and said at last,  
 "Why in such sorrow sit you here?  
 And why the food you leave and waste  
 Which your own hunger well might cheer?"

The boy rose instant to his feet,  
 And said with gentle, eager haste,  
 "Lady, we've not enough to eat:  
 O if we had, we should not waste!"

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,  
 And will not eat, whate'er I say;  
 Though sure I am the bread's her own,  
 For she has tasted none to-day!"

"Indeed," the poor starved Mary said,  
 Till Henry eats I'll eat no more;  
 For yesterday I had some bread;  
 He's had none since the day before."

My heart with pity swelled so high  
 I could not speak a single word;  
 Yet the boy straightway made reply,  
 As if my inward wish he heard.

"Before our father went away,  
 By bad men tempted o'er the sea,  
 Sister and I did nought but play;—  
 We lived beside you great ash-tree.

"But then poor mother did so ery,  
 And looked so changed, I cannot tell!  
 She told us that she soon should die,  
 And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war was o'er,  
 Perhaps our father we might see;  
 But if we never saw him more,  
 That God would then our father be.

"She kissed us both, and then she died,  
 And then they put her in the grave;  
 There many a day we've sat and cried  
 That we no more a mother have.

"But when our father came not here,  
 I thought if we could find the sea  
 We should be sure to meet him there,  
 And once again might happy be.

"So hand-in-hand for many a mile,  
And many a long, long day we went :  
Some sighed to see, some turned to smile,  
And fed us when our stock was spent.

"But when we reached the sea and found  
'Twas one great flood before us spread,  
We thought that father must be drowned,  
And cried, and wished we too were dead.

"So we came back to mother's grave,  
And only long with her to be :  
For Goody, when this bread she gave,  
Said father died beyond the sea.

"So, since no parent we have here,  
We'll go and search for God around :—  
Pray, lady, can you tell us where  
That God, our Father, may be found ?

"He lives in heaven, mother said :  
And Goody says that mother's there :  
But though we've walked, and searched, and prayed,  
We cannot find them anywhere !"

I clasped the prattlers in my arms,  
I cried, "Come, both, and live with me !  
I'll clothe and feed you, safe from harms—  
Your second mother I will be,

"Till you to your own mother's side  
He in His own good time may call,  
With Him forever to abide  
Who is the Father of us all !"

#### THE LITTLE GIRL LOST.

**I**N the southern clime,  
Where the summer's prime  
Never fades away,  
Lovely Lyea lay.

Seven summers old  
Lovely Lyea told ;  
She had wandered long,  
Hearing wild-birds' song.

"Sweet sleep, come to me  
Underneath this tree !  
Do father, mother, weep ?  
Where can Lyea sleep ?

"Lost in desert wild  
Is your little child !  
How can Lyea sleep  
If her mother weep ?

"If her heart does ache  
Then let Lyea wake :—  
If my mother sleep,  
Lyea shall not weep.

"Frowning, frowning, night  
O'er this desert bright,

Let thy moon ariso  
While I close my eyes !"

Sleeping Lyea lay ;  
While the beasts of prey  
Come from caverns deep,  
Viewed the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,  
And the virgin viewed :  
Then he gambled round  
O'er the hallowed ground.

Leopards, tigers, play  
Round her as she lay ;  
While the lion old  
Bowed his mane of gold,

And did her bosom lick ;  
And upon her neck  
From his eyes of flame  
Ruby tears there came :

While the lioness  
Loosened her slender dress ;  
And naked they conveyed  
To caves the sleeping maid.

#### THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND.

All the night in woe  
Lyea's parents go,  
Over valleys deep,  
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,  
Hoarse with making moan,  
Arm-in-arm seven days  
They traced the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep  
Among shadows deep,  
And dream they see their child  
Starved in desert wild.

Pale through pathless ways  
The fancied image strays,  
Famished, weeping, weak,  
With hollow piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest  
The trembling woman pressed  
With feet of weary woe :  
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore  
Her, armed with sorrow sore ;  
Till before their way  
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain :  
Soon his heavy mane  
Bore them to the ground ;  
Then he stalked around

Smelling to his prey;  
But their fears allay,  
When he licks their hands,  
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes,  
Filled with deep surprise;  
And wondering behold  
A spirit armed in gold.

On his head a crown:  
On his shoulders down  
Flowed his golden hair!  
Gone was all their care.

"Follow me," he said;  
"Weep not for the maid;  
In my palace deep  
Lycæ lies asleep."

Then they followed  
Where the vision led,  
And saw their sleeping child  
Among tigers wild.

To this day they dwell  
In a lonely dell;  
Nor fear the wolfish howl,  
Nor the lions' growl.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CHARLEY'S OPINION OF THE BABY.

**F**UZZER'S bought a baby,  
Tittle bit's of zing;  
Zink I mos could put him  
Froo my rubber ring.

Ain't he awful ugly?  
Ain't he awful pink?  
Just come down from heaven,  
Dat's a fib, I zink.

Doctor told anoizzer  
Great big awful lie;  
Nose ain't out of joyent,  
Dat ain't why I cry.

Zink I ought to love him!  
No, I won't! so zere;  
Nassy, crying baby,  
Ain't got any hair.

Send me off wiz Biddy  
Ev'ry single day;  
'Be a good boy, Charlie,  
Run away and play."

Dot all my nice kisses,  
Dot my place in bed;  
Mean to take my drumstick  
And beat him on ze head.

A CRADLE HYMN.

**F**USH! my dear, lie still, and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
House and home thy friends provide.  
All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended  
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:  
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay.  
When his birthplace was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindred shepherds round him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
There they sought him, there they found him  
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;  
Lovely Infant, how he smiled!  
When he wept, the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo! he slumbers in his uanger,  
Where the horned oxen fed;  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
Here's no ox near thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days;  
Then go dwell forever near him,  
See his face and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire;  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

TWENTY-ONE.

**G**ROWN to man's stature! O my little child!  
My bird that sought the skies so long ago!  
My fair, sweet blossom, pure and undefiled,  
How have the years flown since we laid thee  
low!

What have they been to thee? If thou wert here  
Standing beside thy brothers, tall and fair,  
With bearded lip, and dark eyes shining clear,  
And glints of summer sunshine in thy hair,

I should look up into thy face and say,  
Wavering, perhaps, between a tear and smile,  
"O my sweet son, thou art a man to-day!"—  
And thou wouldst stoop to kiss my lips the while.

But—up in heaven—how is it with thee, dear?  
Art thou a man—to man's full stature grown?  
Dost thou count time as we do, year by year?  
And what of all earth's changes hast thou known?

Thou hadst not learned to love me. Didst thou take  
Any small germ of love to heaven with thee,  
That thou hast watched and nurtured for my sake,  
Waiting till I its perfect flower may see?

What is it to have lived in heaven always?  
To have no memory of pain or sin?  
Ne'er to have known in all the calm, bright days  
The jar and fret of earth's discordant din?

Thy brothers—they are mortal—they must tread  
Ofttimes in rough, hard ways, with bleeding feet;  
Must fight with dragons, must bewail their dead,  
And fierce Apollyon face to face must meet.

I, who would give my very life for theirs,  
I cannot save them from earth's pain or loss;  
I cannot shield them from its griefs or cares;  
Each human heart must bear alone its cross!

Was God, then, kinder unto thee than them,  
O thou whose little life was but a span?  
Ah, think it not! In all his diadem  
No star shines brighter than the kingly man,

Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,  
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;  
And the white banner of his manhood bears,  
Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

What lofty pæans shall the victor greet!  
What crown resplendent for his brow be fit!  
O child, if earthly life be bitter-sweet,  
Hast thou not something missed in missing it?

JULIA RIPLEY DORR.

#### BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

**S**WAY to and fro in the twilight gray,  
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;  
It always sails at the end of day,  
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder so,  
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;  
Drifting away from the world we go,  
Baby and I in a rocking chair.

See where the fire-logs glow and spark,  
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;

The peeing rains on the window, hark!  
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,  
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;  
Blossoms are waving above its brim,  
Those over thiero on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,  
Silently lower the anchor down;  
Dear little passenger, say good night,  
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

#### GRANDMOTHER'S BABY.

**T**HIRTY years ago, my baby,  
A baby just like you,  
With golden fluff in silken rings,  
And shining eyes of blue,  
Came like a little angel,  
To fill my life with love.  
His dimpled hand was stronger than,  
Than all the hosts above.

But ere I knew it, baby,  
So fast the swift years ran,  
My darling was a romping lad;  
And then a bearded man.  
My darling went a wooing,  
In honest joy and pride;  
And as his father did before,  
He brought him home a bride.

And I, a foolish mother,  
Felt somehow, left alone;  
And the boy who was my first-born son,  
Seemed not so much my own.  
We mothers are so jealous;  
So selfish, I'm afraid;—  
With so much earthly heaven,  
Our scales are often weighed.

Now here are you, my baby,  
Son of my son, so fair,  
The hope of all our household,  
Of all our line the heir.  
Prince Royal; little comfort;  
There ne'er was babe so sweet;  
From golden head and violet eyes,  
To darling dainty feet.

Thirty years ago, my baby,  
I tell it in your ear,  
Another nursing, just like you,  
Came from the angels here.  
I lost him in the whirlpool,  
Of the rough world long ago;  
And now the angels bring him back;—  
That's why I love you so!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

# FAIRY TALES.



## FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear! Oh, shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another  
year.  
Weep no more! Oh, weep no  
more!  
Young buds sleep in the root's  
white core.  
Dry your eyes! Oh, dry your  
eyes!  
For I was taught in Paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies—  
Shed no tears.

Overhead! look overhead!  
'Mong the blossoms white and red—  
Look up, look up. I flutter now  
On this flush pomegranate bough.  
See me! 'tis this silvery bill  
Ever eures the good man's ill.  
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu.  
I vanish in the heaven's blue—  
Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS.

## THE FAIRY OF THE SEA.

WHERE'S a frigate on the waters, fit for battle,  
storm, or sun;  
She dances like a life-boat, though she carries  
flag and gun.  
I'm rich and blest while I can call that gallant craft  
my own;  
I'm king of her, and Jove himself may keep his  
crown and throne.  
She'll stem the billows mountain high, or skim the  
moonlit spray;  
She'll take a blow and face a foe, like lion turned at  
bay;  
Whate'er may try, she'll stand the test; the brave,  
the stanch, the free;  
She bears a name of stainless fame, the "Fairy of the  
Sea."

The gale is up, she feels the breath, the petrel is be-  
hind;  
She travels through the white foam like an arrow on  
the wind.

Softly, softly—hold her in—let her slacken in her  
pace;  
She'll do the pilot's bidding with a greyhound's  
gentle grace.  
The rocks are round her—what of that? she turns  
them like a swan;  
The boiling breakers roar, but she is safely creeping on.  
Hurrah! hurrah! she's clear again! More canvas!  
helm-a-lee!  
Away she bounds, like deer from hounds, the "Fairy  
of the Sea!"

I've met with life's rough-weather squalls, and run on  
shoals ashore;  
All passed me under scudding-sails, and friends were  
friends no more;  
But when the storm-fiend did its worst, and blanched  
the firmest crew,  
No timber yawned, no cordage broke; my bark, my  
bark was true.  
We've lived together, closely bound, too long to  
lightly part;  
I love her like a living thing; she's anchored in my  
heart;  
But death *must* come, and come he may; right wel-  
come he shall be,  
So that I sleep ten fathoms deep in the "Fairy of the  
Sea."

ELIZA COOK.

## THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

They say mortals have sometimes been carried away to Fairy-land.

A FAIR girl was sitting in the greenwood shade,  
List'ning to the music the spring birds made;  
When sweeter by far than the birds on the  
tree,  
A voice murmured near her, "Oh, come, love, with  
me—  
In earth or air,  
A thing so fair  
I have not seen as thee!  
Then come, love, with me.

"With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,  
Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night;  
Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,  
I will show thee the birthplace of jewels and gold—  
And pearly caves  
Beneath the waves,  
All these, all these are thine,  
If thou wilt be mine."

(387)

Thus whispered a fairy to tempt the fair girl,  
But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl;  
For she said, "Though thy gifts to a poor girl were  
dear,

My father, my mother, my sisters are here :  
Oh ! what would be  
Thy gifts to me  
Of earth, and sea, and air,  
If my heart were not there ?"

SAMUEL LOVER.

## THE GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

‘TIS the middle watch of a summer's night—  
The earth is dark, but the heavens are  
bright ;

Naught is seen in the vault on high  
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,  
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,  
A river of light, on the welkin blue.  
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest ;  
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,  
And seems his huge gray form to throw,  
In a silver cone, on the wave below,  
His sides are broken by spots of shade,  
By the walnut bough and the cedar made.  
And through their clustering branches dark  
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—  
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break  
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,  
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,  
A burnished length of wavy beam  
In an eel-like, spiral line below ;  
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,  
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,  
And naught is heard on the lonely hill  
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill  
Of the gauze-winged katydid,  
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,  
Who mourns mused, and ceaseless sings  
Ever a note of wail and woe,  
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :  
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;  
He has counted them all with click and stroke,  
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,  
And he has awakened the sentry elf  
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,  
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,  
And call the fays to their revelry ;  
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—  
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)—  
"Midnight comes, and all is well !  
Hither, hither wing your way !  
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of fichen green,  
They creep from the muller's velvet screen ;  
Some on the backs of beetles fly  
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,  
Where they swung in their colored hammocks high  
And rocked about in the evening breeze ;  
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—  
They had driven him out by elfin power,  
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast  
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour  
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,  
With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;  
And some had opened the four-o'clock,  
And stole within its purple shade,  
And now they throng the moonlight glade,  
Above—below—on every side,  
Their little nimble forms arrayed  
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride.

They come not now to print the lea  
In break and dance around the tree,  
Or at the mushroom board to sup,  
And drink the dew from the buttercup ;—  
A scene of sorrow waits them now,  
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow :  
He has loved an earthly maid,  
And left for her his woodland shade ;  
He has lain upon her lip of dew,  
And sunned him in her eye of blue,  
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,  
Played in the ringlets of her hair,  
And, nesting on her snowy breast,  
Forgot the lily-king's behest.  
For this the shadowy tribes of air  
To the elfin court must haste away :  
And now they stand expectant there,  
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,  
Of spice-wood and of saffrafas ;  
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell  
Hung the burnished canopy—  
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell  
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.  
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,  
On his brow the crown imperial shone ;  
The prisoner fay was at his feet,  
And his peers were ranged around the throne.  
He waved his sceptre in the air,  
He looked around, and calmly spoke ;  
His brow was grave, and his eye severe,  
But his voice in a softened accent broke :  
"Fairy ! Fairy ! list and mark :  
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain,  
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,  
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—  
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity  
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye ;  
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,  
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.

But well I know her sinless mind  
 Is pure as the angel forms above,  
 Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,  
 Such as a spirit well might love.  
 Fairy I had she spot or taint,  
 Bitter had been thy punishment :  
 Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ;  
 Tossed on the prieks of nettles' stings ;  
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell  
 With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell ;  
 Or every night to writhe and bleed  
 Beneath the tread of the centipede ;  
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,  
 Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,  
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie  
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly ;  
 These it had been your lot to bear,  
 Had a stain been found! on the earthly fair.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

## THE DEW-DROP.

## PART I.

**A** DEW-DROP, once,  
 In a summer's night,  
 Was touched by the wand  
 Of a faithless sprite,

As the moon, in her change,  
 Shot a trembling ray  
 Down the bosky dell  
 Where the dew-drop lay ;

And tainted with change  
 By the wild-wood sprite,  
 Was the dew-drop, till then  
 So pure and so bright.

For what might be pure,  
 If 'twere not the dew?  
 A gift from the skies  
 Earth's sweets to renew.

What may be bright  
 As the dew-drops are?  
 Kindred are they  
 To the evening star.

Blest is the dew  
 When the day's begun,  
 It flies to the kiss  
 Of the godlike sun.

Blest is the dew  
 At the evening hour,  
 Taking its rest  
 In some grateful flower,

That gives forth its odor,  
 To welcome the fall  
 Of the dew-drop that sinks  
 In the balmy thrall.

Enfolded in fragrance,  
 Entranced it lies,  
 Till the morning's dawn,  
 When it lightly flies

From the balmy lips  
 Of the waking flower,  
 Which droops through the day  
 When the dew-drop's away,  
 And mourns the delay  
 Of the evening hour.

O, how the sprite-struck  
 Dew-drop strayed  
 'Mong the wildest flowers  
 Of the wild-wood glade!

Toying with all,  
 She was constant to none ;  
 Till she held her faith  
 To the lordly sun.

She sought a new couch  
 As the eve grew dim,  
 But at morning she ever  
 Returned to him.

The fond rose pined  
 In its hidden heart  
 While the dew-drop played  
 Her changeful part.

And though it was kissed  
 By some dew-drop bright,  
 Grieved that it was not  
 The one of last night.

The leaf-sheltered lily,  
 Pale "flower of the vale,"  
 The love-plaint felt  
 Of the nightingale ;

Whose song never bore  
 So much meaning as now :—  
 Oh, sympathy!—subtile  
 In teaching art thou.

The violet (heart-like),  
 The sweeter for grief,  
 Sighed forth its balm  
 In its own relief ;

While its jealous companions  
 Conceived it blest,  
 And envied the pang  
 Of an aching breast.

Thus, eve after eve,  
 Did the dew-drop betray  
 Some leaflet that smiled  
 On the pendant spray ;



And blossoms that sprang  
From a healthful root,  
Faded in grief,  
And produced no fruit.  
But what cared she?  
Who was always caressed,  
As she sank in delight  
On some fresh flower's breast.

Though it died the next night,  
She could pass it, and say,  
"Poor thing—'twas my love  
Of yesterday."

At last, in her pride,  
She so faithless got,  
She even forsook  
The forget-me-not,

And Nature frowned  
On the bright coquette,  
And sternly said—  
"I will teach thee yet,  
A lesson so hard  
Thou wilt not forget!"

## PART II.

The roses of summer  
Are past and gone,  
And sweet things are dying  
One by one;

But autumn is bringing,  
In richer suits,  
To match with his sunsets  
His glowing fruits;

And the flowers the dew-drop  
Deserted now,  
For the richer cares  
Of the clustering bough.

So dainty a dew-drop  
A leaf would not suit,  
For her nothing less  
Would suffice, than the fruit.

The bloom of the plum  
And the net'rinc's perfume  
Were deserted, in turn,  
A fresh love to assume;

And, as each she gave up,  
If her conscience *did* preach,  
Her ready excuse  
Was the down of the peach.

But fruits will be gathered  
Ere autumn shall close;  
Then, where in her pride  
May the dew-drop repose?

Nor a bud, nor a flower,  
Nor a leaf is there now;  
They are gone whom she slighted—  
There's nought but the bough.

And the dew-drop would now  
Keep her mansion of air,  
With her bright lord the sun,  
Nor, at evening, repair

To the desolate earth;  
Where no lovers remain  
But grasses so humble,  
And brambles so plain,

So crooked, so knotty,  
So jagged and bare—  
Indeed would the dew  
Keep her mansion of air!

But Nature looked dark,  
And her mandate gave,  
And the autumn dew  
Was her winter slave,

When the lordly sun  
Had his journey sped,  
Far in the south,  
Towards ocean's bed;

And short was the time  
That he held the sky,  
His oriflamme waving  
Nor long nor high;

And the dew-drop lay  
In the dark cold hours,  
Embraced by the weeds  
That survived the flowers.

Oh! chill was her tear,  
As she thought of the night  
She had wept in pure joy  
At her rose's delight;

While now for the morning  
She sighed;—that its ray  
Should bear her from loathsome  
Embraces away.

Like a laggard it came;  
And so briefly it shone,  
She scarce reached the sky  
Ere her bright lord was gone.

And downward again  
Among weeds was she born,  
To linger in pain  
Till her bright lord's return.

And Nature frowned  
On the bright coquette,

And again she said—  
 "I will teach thee yet,  
 A lesson so hard  
 Thou wilt never forget!"

## PART III.

Through the bare branches  
 Sighed the chill breeze,  
 As the sun went down  
 Where the leafless trees

Are darkly standing,  
 Like skeletons grim,  
 'Gainst the fading light  
 Of the west, grown dim;

And colder and colder  
 The embers decay  
 That were glowing red  
 With the fire of day,

Till darkness wrapped  
 In her mantle drear,  
 The withering forms  
 Of the dying year.

Thus bleak and black  
 Was the face of the world,  
 When winter his silvery  
 Banner unfurled,

His sprites sending forth  
 In their glitt'ring array,  
 To seize in the night  
 Each fantastical spray;

And the fern in the wood,  
 And the rush by the stream,  
 Were sparkling with gems  
 In the morning beam.

So charmed was the stream  
 With the beauty around,  
 That it stopped in its course,  
 And it uttered no sound;

In the silent entrancement  
 Of winter's embrace,  
 It sought not to wander  
 From that charmed place;

For better it loved  
 With old winter to be,  
 In the di'mond-hung woods,  
 Than be lost in the sea.

But the dew-drop's home  
 Was in yon bright sky,  
 And when in the sunbeam  
 She sought to fly,

Chained to a weed  
 Was the bright frail thing,

And she might not mount  
 On her morning wing.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Nature,  
 "I've caught thee now;  
 Bride of old winter,  
 Bright thing, art thou!"

"Think of how many  
 A flower for thee,  
 Hath wasted its heart  
 In despondency.

"Now where thou'rt fettered  
 Thou *must* remain;  
 Let thy pride rejoice  
 In so bright a chain."

"True," said the dew-drop,  
 "Is all thou'st told,  
 My fetters are bright—  
 But ah, so cold!"

"Rather than sparkle  
 In di'mond chain,  
 I'd dwell with the humblest  
 Flower again;

"And never would rove  
 From a constant bliss,  
 If I might escape  
 From a fate like this;

"In glittering misery  
 Bid me not sleep!  
 Mother, oh, let me  
 Melt and weep!"

"Weep in the breast  
 Of my chosen flower,  
 And never renounce  
 My changeful hour;

"For though to the skies  
 I shall daily spring,  
 At the sunrise bright,  
 On my rainbow wing,

"To my flower I'll return  
 At golden even,  
 With a love refreshed  
 At the fount of heaven!"

The Spirit of Spring  
 Was listening near;  
 The captive dew-drop  
 She came to cheer!

Her fetter she broke,  
 And the chosen flower  
 Was giv'n to the dew-drop  
 In happy hour.

And, true to her faith,  
 Did the dew-drop come,  
 When the honey-bee,  
 With his evening hum,  
 Was bidding farewell  
 To the rose, which he taught,  
 By his first lesson, to know  
 'Twas with sweetness fraught.

And the rose thought the bee  
 Was a silly thing,  
 To fly from the dew  
 With his heavy wing ;

For "Ah," sighed the rose,  
 As it hung on the bough,  
 "Bright dew-drop, there's nothing  
 So sweet as thou !"

SAMUEL LOVER.

## FAIRY-LAND.

**D**IM vales—and shadowy floods—  
 And cloudy-looking woods,  
 Whose forms we can't discover  
 For the tears that drip all over :  
 Huge moons there wax and wane—  
 Again—again—again—  
 Every moment of the night—  
 Forever changing places—  
 And they cut out the star-light  
 With the breath from their pale faces.  
 About twelve by the moon-dial  
 One more filmy than the rest  
 (A kind which, upon trial,  
 They have found to be the best)  
 Comes down—still down—and down  
 With its centre on the crown  
 Of a mountain's eminence,  
 While its wide circumference  
 In easy drapery falls  
 Over hamlets, over halls,  
 Wherever they may be—  
 O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—  
 Over spirits on the wing—  
 Over every drowsy thing—  
 And buries them up quite  
 In a labyrinth of light—  
 And then, how deep !—oh, deep  
 Is the passion of their sleep.  
 In the morning they arise,  
 And their moony covering  
 Is soaring in the skies,  
 With the tempests as they toss,  
 Like—almost anything—  
 Or a yellow Albatross.  
 They use that moon no more  
 For the same end as before—  
 That is to say a truce—  
 Which I think extravagant :

Its atomies, however,  
 Into a shower dissever,  
 Of which those butterflies,  
 Of earth, who seek the skies.  
 And so come down again  
 (Never-contented things !)  
 Have brought a specimen  
 Upon their quivering wings.

EDGAR ALLEN POE

## MUSIC OF THE FAIRIES.

**H**AVE you not oft in the still wind,  
 Heard sylvan notes of a strange kind,  
 That rose one moment, and then fell,  
 Swooning away like a far knell ?  
 Listen !—that wave of perfume broke  
 Into sea-music, as I spoke,  
 Fainter than that which seems to roar  
 On the moon's silver-sanded shore,  
 When through the silence of the night  
 Is heard the ebb and flow of light.  
 Oh, shut the eye and ope the ear !  
 Do you not hear, or think you hear,  
 A wide hush o'er the woodland pass  
 Like distant waving fields of grass ?—  
 Voices !—ho ! ho !—a band is coming,  
 Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,  
 Or ranks of little merry men  
 Tromboning deeply from the glen,  
 And now as if they changed, and rung  
 Their citterns small, and ribbon-slung,  
 Over their gallant shoulders hung !  
 A chant ! a chant ! that swoons and swells  
 Like soft winds jangling meadows-bells ;  
 Now brave, as when in Flora's bower  
 Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet-flower ;  
 Now thrilling fine, and sharp, and clear,  
 Like Dian's moonbeam dulcimer ;  
 But mixed with whoops, and infant laughter,  
 Shouts following one another after,  
 As on a hearty holiday  
 When youth is flush and full of May ;—  
 Small shouts, indeed, as wild bees knew  
 Both how to hum, and halloo too !

GEORGE DICKENS.

## THE ENCHANTED WELL.

**W**ITHIN the forest's emerald heart  
 It lay, from haunts of men apart ;  
 A fair, clear sheet of water, deep,  
 Like infant, dimpling in its sleep  
 At some quaint dream of fairy lore,  
 Told by its mother oft before  
 To pass the idle time ere bed  
 Invites to rest and prayers are said.

Around the well's pearl-garnished brim  
 Bloomed bouquetted vine and trailing limb

Of slim lilia—violets sweet  
Nestled at its enchanted feet.  
'Twas shaped, in curious concept dressed,  
Like sleeping woman stretched at rest—  
There lay the profile, clear, serene,  
Outlined against the herbage green.  
The heaving, dimpled bust was there,  
The long, spread strands of floating hair,  
The form complete—strange, strange to tell—  
The Lady of the Magic Well.

The hunter often paused to wet  
Upon its breast his meshy net,  
But not to catch the finny horde  
Within the Lady's bosom stored;  
He only paused to test the fame  
Of magic conjoined with her name—  
For it was said that, when disturbed  
By hand of man, the Lady curbed  
Like spoiled coquette—repelled the strife,  
And in her anger came to life,  
Reproaching him with heaving breast,  
Who wantonly had broke her rest.

The pilgrim paused beside the brink  
To bathe his heated brow and drink—  
Handsome he was, with glowing eyes—  
A tall Prince Charming in disguise;  
His raven curls beneath his cape  
In glossed luxuriance escape;  
The color deepening on his cheeks  
Of youth and fiery prurience speaks;  
Sooth seems he stepped from out a spell  
To wake the Lady of the Well.

The pilgrim knelt upon his knee—  
In act of chivalrous courtesy—  
And on her cheek his lips he pressed,  
Over her placid, sleeping breast  
A sudden roseate light there ran—  
She woke beneath the kiss of man!  
A sudden calm the water shows—  
It seems no more its current flows—  
A whiteness spreads o'er all the flood  
As though she turned to flesh and blood!  
Before the pilgrim's gazing eyes  
Her snow-white arm begins to rise;  
He kneels, enchanted—nor doth reck  
It curls about his thrilling neck!  
It seems he, rooted there, hath grown—  
A man enchanted, turned to stone.  
Down dropped his head upon her breast,  
And there it lay, inert, at rest,  
While round his neck, with rocent charm,  
Still curled the siren's jealous arm.

A thrill, a sigh—the rosy stain  
Slow vanished from her breast again,  
And there, in place of flesh and blood,  
Once more spread out the mimic flood;

And on its brink the flowers felt  
A pressure where his knees had knelt;  
But never more upon the green  
That pilgrim in the flesh was seen!

'Tis said that when the moon rides high  
At midnight in the summer sky,  
Faint cries are heard—words strange to tell—  
From bottom of the Magic well.  
But never more to mortal eyes  
The Pilgrim or the Lady rise!

LETITIA VIRGINIA DOUGLAS.

### THE SUNKEN CITY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

**F**ARK! the faint bells of the sunken city  
Peal once more their wonted evening chime!  
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,  
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories  
There lie buried in an ocean grave—  
Undescribed, save when their golden glories  
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,  
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,  
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,  
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round

So the bells of memory's wonder-city  
Peal for me their old melodious chime;  
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,  
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy-built,  
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams—  
There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,  
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling  
From many a well-known phantom band,  
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling  
Far off in the spirit's luminous land!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

### THE FAIRY CHILD.

The woman in whose character these lines are written supposes her child stolen by a fairy. Very prevalent was the superstition among the peasantry which attributed instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

**T**HE summer sun was sinking  
With a mild light, calm and mellow;  
It shone on my little boy's bonnie cheeks,  
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,  
And his song was sad and tender;  
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,  
Smiled with a sweet, soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom  
While his soul the song was quaffing ;  
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,  
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sat alone in my cottage,  
The midnight needle plying ;  
I feared for my child, for the rush's light  
In the socket now was dying ;

There came a hand to my lonely latch,  
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;  
I knelt to pray, but rose again,  
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,  
But that night my child departed—  
They left a weakling in his stead,  
And I am broken-hearted !

O, it cannot be my own sweet boy,  
For his eyes are dim and hollow ;  
My little boy is gone—is gone,  
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,  
And the mass be chanted meekly,  
And I shall sleep with my little boy,  
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

## THE FAIRY ISLE.

W<sup>A</sup>FT me back to that fairy isle  
Where the skies are ever blue,  
Where faithful ever is friendship's smile,  
And hearts are ne'er untrue ;  
Where thoughts are fresh and bright and pure  
As flowers in early spring,  
Where vows forever will endure,  
And time no change can bring !

O where is that sunny isle so blest,  
And where is that fairy sea ?  
O, who would not wish in that isle to rest,  
And who would not sail with me ?  
But I may seek that isle no more,  
Alas, I have lost the way :—  
When youth is o'er, in vain that shore  
Is sought by a pilot gray !  
Yet still I dream of that fairy isle  
Where the skies are ever blue,  
And faithful ever is friendship's smile,  
And hearts are ne'er untrue.

SAMUEL LOVER.

## THE SIREN BY THE SEA.

I HAD a dream of gently straying,  
By the margin of the sea,  
There, my wand'ring steps delaying,  
There a siren sang to me ;

The waveless deep  
Was lulled to sleep,  
As the mellow music stole along,  
Lest the motion  
Of the ocean  
Should disturb the mermaid's song :—  
Oh, that song was sweet to me,  
Nothing mortal e'er can be,  
Like the ringing  
Of the singing  
Of that siren by the sea !

When I woke, how many a pleasure,  
Of the time long passed away,  
Seemed awaking to the measure  
Of the mermaid's magic lay !  
Thus mem'ry's song  
Oft steals along  
O'er the dark and silent tide of time !  
And voices low,  
In gentle flow,  
Repeat the songs of youth's sweet prime.  
Oh ! sweet mem'ry ! thus to me  
Let thy magic music be  
Ever ringing  
Like the singing  
Of that siren by the sea !

SAMUEL LOVER.

## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

C<sup>O</sup>ME, follow, follow me—  
You, fairy elves that be,  
Which circle on the green—  
Come, follow Mab, your queen !  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard and unespied,  
Through keyholes we do glide ;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Upstairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the slits asleep ;  
There we pinch their arms and thighs—  
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid ;  
For we use, before we go,  
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head  
Our tablecloth we spread ;

A grain of rye or wheat  
Is manchet, which we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
In acorn cups, filled to the brim.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snails,  
Between two cockles stewed,  
Is meat that's easily chewed ;  
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve us for our minstrelsy ;  
Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so the time heguile ;  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly do we pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er hends when we do walk ;  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

## OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

OVER hill, over dale,  
Thorough hush, thorough hrier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be !  
In their gold coats spots you see ;  
Those be rubies, fairy favors,  
In those blue veins live their savors ;  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## A CHILD'S FAIRY SONG.

UP the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren'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  
Columbkille he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosser ;  
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 hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As 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 daren'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.

## THE FAIRY BOY.

When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,  
Wailing round a lonely spring ;  
Thus she cried, while tears were falling,  
Calling on the Fairy King :  
" Why, with spells my child caressing,  
Courting him with fairy joy,  
Why destroy a mother's blessing—  
Wherefore steal my baby boy ?

"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,  
Where his childhood loved to play,  
Where the flowers are freshly springing,  
There I wander day by day;  
There I wander, growing fonder  
Of the child that made my joy,  
On the echoes wildly calling  
To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling—  
Tears are falling all in vain—  
He now sports with fairy pleasure,  
He's the treasure of their train!  
Fare thee well! my child, forever,  
In this world I've lost my joy,  
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,  
There I'll find my angel boy."

SAMUEL LOVER.

## THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO DATED HER LETTERS  
FROM "THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD."

**I**N the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,  
My castle of fancy was built.  
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,  
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state  
Enamelled the mansion around;  
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create  
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottos and fountains and orange-tree groves;  
I had all that enchantment has told;  
I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves;  
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and rolled  
While wrapped in a slumber I lay;  
And when I awoke in the morning, behold,  
My castle was carried away!

It passed over rivers and valleys and groves;  
The world, it was all in my view;  
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,  
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,  
Which nature in silence had made;  
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,  
And checkered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied, with painful good-will,  
And grew tired of my seat in the air,  
When all of a sudden my castle stood still  
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark in the sky it came fluttering down,  
And placed me exactly in view,  
When, whom should I meet in this charming retreat,  
This corner of calmness, but you?

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,  
I felt no more sorrow nor pain,  
But, the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,  
And went back to my castle again

THOMAS PLUNK.

## ARIEL'S SONGS.

**C**OME unto these, yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Court'sied when you have, and kissed—  
The wild waves whist—  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

*Boo, woo.*

The watch-dogs bark—

*Boo, woo.*

Hark! hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

*Ding-dong.*

Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

Where the bee sucks there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry;  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE SUNSET CITY.

**T**HERE'S a city that lies in the kingdom of  
clouds,  
In the glorious country on high,  
Which an azure and silvery curtain enshrouds,  
To screen it from mortal eye;

A city of temples and turrets of gold,  
That gleam by a sapphire sea,  
Like jewels more splendid than earth may behold,  
Or are dreamed of by you and by me.

And about it are highlands of amber that reach  
Far away till they melt in the gloom;  
And waters that hem an immaculate beach  
With fringes of luminous foam.

Aerial bridges of pearl there are,  
And belfries of marvellous shapes,  
And lighthouses lit by the evening star,  
That sparkle on violet capes;

And hanging gardens that far away  
Enchantedly float aloof;  
Rainbow pavilions in avenues gay,  
And banners of glorious wool!

When the summer sunset's crimsoning fires  
Are aglow in the western sky,  
The pilgrim discovers the domes and spires  
Of this wonderful city on high;

And gazing enrapt as the gathering shade  
Creeps over the twilight lea,  
Sees palace and pinnacle totter and fade,  
And sink in the sapphire sea;

Till the vision loses by slow degrees  
The magical splendor it wore;  
The silvery curtain is drawn, and he sees  
The beautiful city no more!

HENRY SYLVESTER CORNWELL.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

*It is said Fays have the power to assume various shapes, for the purpose of luring mortals into Fairy-land. Hunters seem to have been particularly the objects of the lady fairies' fancies.*

**G**AILY through the mountain glen  
The hunter's horn did ring,  
As the milk-white doe  
Escaped his bow  
Down by the haunted spring:  
In vain his silver horn he wound—  
'Twas echo answered back;  
For neither groom nor hunting hound  
Was on the hunter's track;  
In vain he sought the milk-white doe  
That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,  
For, save himself, no living thing  
Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-hells, blooming fair,  
Their fragrance round did fling,  
As the hunter lay,  
At close of day,

Down by the haunted spring,  
A lady fair, in robe of white,  
To greet the hunter came;  
She kissed a cup with jewels bright,  
And pledged him by his name.  
"Oh, Lady fair," the hunter cried,  
"Be thou my love, my blooming bride—  
A bride that well might grace a king!  
Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear she stooped,  
And forth she drew a ring;  
And that bold knight  
His faith did plight  
Down by the haunted spring.  
But since the day his chase did stray,  
The hunter ne'er was seen;

And legends tell he now doth dwell  
Within the hills so green.  
But still the milk-white doe appears,  
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,  
While distant bugles faintly ring,  
Around the lonely haunted spring.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE MAGIC THREAD.

**T**HIS thread she spun it gleaned like gold  
In the light of the odoriferous fire,  
Yet was it so wondrously thin,  
That, save when it shone in the light,  
You might look for it closely in vain.  
The youth sat watching it,  
And she observed his wonder,  
And then again she spake,  
And still her speech was song;  
"Now twine it round thy hands, I say,  
Now twine it round thy hands, I pray!  
My thread is small, my thread is fine,  
But he must be  
A stronger than thee,  
Who can break this thread of mine!"

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,  
And sweetly she smiled on him,  
And he conceived no ill;  
And round and round his right hand,  
And round and round his left,  
He wound the thread so fine,  
And then again the woman spake,  
And still her speech was song,  
"Now thy strength, O stranger, strain!  
Now then break the slender chain."

Thalaba strove, but the thread  
By magic hands was spun,  
And in his cheek the flush of shame  
Arose, commixt with fear.  
She beheld and laughed at him,  
And then again she sung,  
"My thread is small, my thread is fine,  
But he must be  
A stronger than thee,  
Who can break this thread of mine!"

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,  
And fiercely she smiled on him:  
"I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeirah's son!  
I thank thee for doing what can't be undone,  
For binding thyself in the chain I have spun!"  
Then from his head she wrenched  
A lock of his raven hair,  
And cast it in the fire,  
And cried aloud as it burnt,  
"Sister! Sister! hear my voice!  
Sister! Sister! come and rejoice!"



The thread is spun,  
The prize is won,  
The work is done,  
For I have made captive Hodeirah's son."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

#### FAIRY FROST FAIR!

**S**HE dwells on the mountain and sports in the  
wildwood,  
And sings in the breezes that sweep wildly  
by;

The dews of the morning are the joys of her child-  
hood,

When froze on the heart of the roses that die.

She joys in the storms of the wild wintry weather,  
And plays with the snowflakes that eddy and whirl;  
And she and the north wind go riding together,  
Their banners of ice o'er the world to unfurl.

She smiles to the stars when the moonlight is beaming,  
And the stars glitter brightly for Fairy Frost Fair;  
She sets all the woodlands in ice laces gleaming,  
And pencils the earth with a beauty most rare.

How gladly she chains the wild flow of the torrent,  
And ices the breast of the swift-gliding stream,  
Encircling the shores, as she floats down the current,  
With fair incrustations like diamonds that gleam.

She carves strange devices ere dawn of the morning,  
In garden and bower, and over the pond,  
The windows of cottage and palace adorning  
With fretted work traced by the touch of her wand.

Cold, cold is her reign, and her beauty long lingers,  
While winter sojourns in the depths of the vale,  
But unseen the trace of her white, fairy fingers,  
When spring, like a song-bird, is heard in the dale.

ANNA M. FORD.

#### THE WATER LADY.

**A**LAS, that moon should ever beam  
To show what man should never see!—  
I saw a maiden on a stream,  
And fair was she!

I staid a while, to see her throw  
Her tresses back, that all beset  
The fair horizon of her brow  
With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view  
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,  
The bloom of water—tender blue,  
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,  
Her parted lips, if she would sing;  
The waters closed above her face  
With many a ring.

And still I staid a little more—  
Alas! she never comes again!  
I throw my flowers from the shore,  
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away—  
I know that I must vainly pine;  
For I am made of mortal clay,  
But she's divine!

THOMAS HOOD

#### THE WATER FAY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

**T**HE night comes stealing o'er me,  
And clouds are on the sea;  
While the wavelets rustle before me  
With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing  
Before me, fair and pale;  
And snow-white breasts were springing,  
Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,  
Till I wished her arms away:  
"Why hast thou so caressed me,  
Thou lovely water fay?"

"Oh, thou need'st not alarm thee,  
That thus thy form I hold;  
For I only seek to waru me,  
And the night is black and cold."

"The wind to the waves is calling,  
The moonlight is fading away;  
And tears down thy cheek are falling,  
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"The wind to the waves is calling,  
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;  
And thy tears from mine eyes are falling,  
'Tis the water which drips from my locks."

"The ocean is heaving and sobbing,  
The sea-mews scream in the spray;  
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,  
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,  
And it beats in burning throb;  
For I love thee, past all telling—  
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

CHARLES G. LORAN.

## POEMS OF RELIGION.



### SOME TIME.

SOME TIME, when all life's lessons  
have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore  
have set,  
The things which our weak judg-  
ments here have spurned—  
The things o'er which we grieved  
with lashes wet—  
Will flash before us, out of life's  
dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me ;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
And even as wise parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So, God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace !

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key !

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart !  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart ;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best !"

MARY RILEY SMITH.

### SIGHT THROUGH TEARS.

EARLY, alone, from shortened rest,  
The woman of the Lord so blest,  
Upheld, enlightened, comforted,  
Went out to see where He was laid.

She came, and lo ! a new surprise,  
In the dim morning, met her eyes ;  
The stone, so set and sealed, behold !  
Back from its place was strangely rolled,  
And He was gone ; O mocking fate !  
O woman, crushed and desolate,  
To whom the solace is denied  
To weep her sacred dead beside !

Stunned, smitten, fearful, over-cast,  
She wondering, trembling, fled in haste,  
Bereaved and agonized to say,  
"The Lord—they've taken Him away !"

They heard, His startled, chosen few,  
Amazed—and she that bore Him too ;  
Heard with alarm that throbbing word,  
"I know not where they've laid the Lord !"

Quick at the tidings Peter ran,  
Eager, impetuous, like the man,  
Pushed, in the gloaming, through the door,  
Saw laid-off clothes and nothing more,  
And turned away. But Mary stood,  
As in the stress of orphanhood,  
And wept for Him she saw not ; then  
She peered into the crypt again ;

And, as if tears her eyes had cleared,  
Dissolving all that interfered  
With sight of forms unseen, divine,  
She saw two angels sit and shine ;  
Then, questioning much and sore afraid,  
Stepped backward, with averted head,  
And saw the Lord who there had slept,  
Shown first to her who stood and wept  
Near by the tomb ; and waited alone,  
When Peter and the rest were gone,  
And sorrowed for the Crucified,  
That rifled resting-place beside.

O Christ blest of loving tears,  
How often still, through thee appears  
The grace of spirit forms divine,  
Who by our dead still sit and shine !

Our eyes like Peter's feel thy touch—  
Eyes curious, questioning overmuch—  
And we see angels, where, before,  
Was emptiness and nothing more.

Nay! Better, sweeter, gladder still,  
Our darkened souls with light to fill,  
We see the Lord, not lost nor dead,  
But living, risen as He said;  
In valleys over-shadowed fount,  
Revealed through tears and rainbow-crowned!

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

#### ART THOU WEARY?

**A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, straggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, Yes."

JOHN MASON NEALE.

#### LIFE IN DEATH.

**N**EW being is from being ceased;  
No life is but by death;  
Something's expiring everywhere  
To give some other breath.

There's not a flower that glads the spring  
But blooms upon the grave  
Of its dead parent seed, o'er which  
Its forms of beauty wave.

The oak, that like an ancient tower  
Stands massive on the heath,  
Looks out upon a living world,  
But strikes its roots in death.

The cattle on a thousand hills  
Clip the sweet herbs that grow  
Rank from the soil enriched by her,  
Sleeping long years below.

To-day is but a structure built  
Upon dead yesterday;  
And Progress hews her temple-stones  
From wrecks of old decay.

Then mourn not death: 'tis but a stair  
Built with divinest art,  
Upon which the deathless footsteps climb  
Of loved ones who depart.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

#### BEARING LIFE'S BURDENS.

**O**H, there are moments for us here, when, seeing  
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,  
The burdens laid upon our mortal being  
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear.

For there are ills that come without foreboding,  
Lightnings that fall before the thunders roll,  
And there are festering cares, that, by corroding,  
Eat silently their way into the soul.

And for the evils that our race inherit,  
What strength is given us that we may endure?  
Surely the God and Father of our spirit  
Sends not afflictions which He cannot cure!

No! there is a Physician, there is healing,  
And light that beams upon life's darkest day,  
To him whose heart is right with God, revealing  
The wisdom and the justice of His way.

Not him who never lifts his thought to heaven,  
Remembering whence his blessings have been sent  
Nor yet to him are strength and wisdom given,  
Whose days with profitless scourge and fast  
Spent:

But him whose heart is as a temple holy,  
Whose prayer in every act of right is said—  
He shall be strong, whether life's ills wear slowly,  
Or come like lightning down upon his head:

He who for his own good or for another  
Ready to pray, and strive, and labor, stands—  
Who loves his God by loving well his brother,  
And worships Him by keeping His commands.

PHIGEBE CARRY.

RELIQUES OF THE CHRIST.

I WONDER if in Nazareth,  
By heedless feet o'errun,  
There lingers still some dear relique  
Of work by Joseph's Son;  
Some carved thought, some tool of toil,  
Some house with stones grown gray,  
A home He built who had not where  
His weary head to lay.

It were a thing most beautiful,  
Of rare and rich design;  
And something very true and strong,  
Made by a skill divine;  
The road-side stoues at sight of Him  
Could scarce their rapture hush—  
What felt His touch and art must yet  
With conscious beauty blush.

I visit Nazareth, ask each man,  
Each mound, each stone, each wind;  
"I pray ye, help some precious trace  
Of your great Builder find;"  
Alas! ye listeners to my plaint,  
The startled silence saith:  
"What once was false, is now too true—  
No Christ in Nazareth!"

But, O my soul, why thus east down?  
A truer Nazareth scan;  
What if thou find no time-spoiled work  
Of Christ, the Son of Man?—  
Joy yet to thee; lift up thy head,  
Cast raptured gaze abroad,  
See in this vast Christ-built world  
Signs of the Son of God.

So Nazareth may silent be,  
But earth shall have her song;  
And all things true and beautiful,  
And all things grand and strong,  
And very humblest, too, shall sing:  
"Through Him have all things been;  
And without Him was nothing made:  
Praise ye the Lord! Amen."

How sacred all things now! behold,  
The sun more brightly gleams,  
The night with softer quietude  
And gentler radiance beams:  
The wandering winds tone down their wild,  
Weird notes to soothing lays,  
The ocean's waves tumultuous leap,  
Lifting their voice in praise.

The skies wave lordlier banner-clouds,  
Fair fruits more savory seem.  
The flowers breathe daintier fragrances,  
Wild wastes with verdure teem;  
The beauty is Christ's handiwork,  
The light glows from His face,

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The perfume is His spirit; all  
Earth's sweetness is His grace.

Ah! Love is wisest alchemist,  
And Faith the truest test;  
By it bright Love discovers oft  
In every worst a best;  
From bitterness extracts a sweet,  
And, by foud joy enticed,  
She comes out from flinted griefs  
Choice keepsakes of the Christ.

DENIS WORTMAN.

FROM "LINES TO LUCRETIA."

Of the poem, written when the authoress was not fourteen years old, from which we here give an extract, Washington Irving remarks: "We may have read poetry more artificially perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration."

MY sister! with this mortal eye,  
I ne'er shall see thy form again;  
And never shall this mortal ear  
Drink in the sweetness of thy strain;

Yet fancy wild, and glowing love,  
Reveal thee to my spirit's view,  
Enwreathed with graces from above,  
And decked in heaven's own fadeless hue.

I hear thee in the summer breeze,  
See thee in all that's pure or fair;  
Thy whisper in the murmuring trees,  
Thy breath, thy spirit everywhere!

Thy fingers wake my youthful lyre,  
And teach its softer strains to flow;  
Thy spirit checks each vain desire,  
And gilds the lowering brow of woe.

When all is still, and fancy's realm  
Is opening to the eager view,  
Mine eye full oft, in search of thee,  
Roams o'er that vast expanse of blue.

I know that here thy harp is mute,  
And quenched the bright poetic fire;  
Yet still I bend my ear to catch  
The hymnings of thy seraph lyre.

Oh! if this partial converse now  
So joyous to my heart can be,  
How must the streams of rapture flow  
When both are chainless, both are free

MARGARET DAVIDSON.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

I DO not ask, O Lord! that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
 Beneath my feet ;  
 I know too well the poison and the sting  
 Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord ! I plead :  
 Lead me aright—  
 Though strength should falter, and though heart  
 should bleed—  
 Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
 Full radiance here ;  
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
 Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
 My way to see—  
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
 And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine  
 Like quiet night.

Lead me, O Lord ! till perfect day shall shine  
 Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## JUDGE NOT.

**P**ERCHANCE the friend who cheered thy early  
 years  
 Has yielded to the tempter's power :  
 Yet why shrink back and draw away thy skirt,  
 As though her very touch would do thee hurt ?  
 Wilt thou prove stronger in temptation's hour ?  
 Perchance the one thou trustest more than life  
 Has broken love's most sacred vow :  
 Yet judge him not—the victor in life's strife  
 Is he who beareth best the burden of life,  
 And leaveth God to judge, nor questions how.  
 Sing the great song of love to all, and not  
 The wailing anthem of thy woes ;  
 So live thy life that thou may'st never feel  
 Afraid to say, as at His throne you kneel,  
 "Forgive me, God, as I forgive my foes."

## HIS SWEET WILL.

**I**HAVE no cares, O blessed Will !  
 For all my cares are Thine ;  
 I live in triumph, Lord : for Thou  
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
 From grief can set me free,  
 Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
 And calmly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
 Its end can never miss,  
 For men on earth no work can do  
 More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,  
 Thou glorious Will ! ride on ;

Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take  
 The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,  
 To him no chance is lost ;  
 God's Will is sweetest to him when  
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
 And unblest good is ill ;  
 And all is right that seems most wrong,  
 If it be His sweet Will !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

## THY WILL BE DONE.

**F**ATHER, I know that all my life  
 Is portioned out for me,  
 And the changes that are sure to come  
 I do not fear to see ;  
 But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
 And a heart at leisure from itself,  
 To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
 That hurries to and fro ;  
 Seeking for some great thing to do,  
 Or secret thing to know :  
 I would be treated as a child,  
 And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
 In whatsoe'er estate,  
 I have a fellowship with hearts  
 To keep and cultivate,  
 And a work of lowly love to do,  
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
 To none that ask denied,  
 And a mind to blend with outward life  
 While keeping at Thy side ;  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
 In my cup of blessing be,  
 I would have my spirit filled the more  
 With grateful love to Thee ;  
 More careful, not to serve Thee much,  
 But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path.  
 That call for patient care ;  
 There is a cross in every lot,  
 And an earnest need for prayer ;  
 But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee  
 Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
For my inmost heart is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

LIFE.

*Of the poem entitled "Life," Wordsworth remarked to Henry Crabth Robinson, "Well, I am not given to envy other people their good things; but I do wish I had written that."*

LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we meet,  
I own to me's a secret yet.  
But this I know: when thou art fled,  
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
No clod so valueless shall be  
As all that then remains of me.  
Oh, whither, whither dost thou fly,  
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,  
And in this strange divorce,  
Ah, tell me where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,  
From whence thy essence came,  
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed  
From matter's base encumbering weed?  
Or dost thou, hid from sight,  
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
Through blank oblivions years the appointed hour  
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?  
Yet earest thou, without thought or feeling be?  
Oh, say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good-night—but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good-morning.

ANNE LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

SHE wears no jewel upon hand or brow,  
No badge by which she may be known of  
men;  
But though she walk in plain attire now,  
She is the daughter of the King; and when  
Her father calls her at His throne to wait  
She shall be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in His land to dwell,  
Giving to her a work that must be done;  
And since the King loves all His people well,  
Therefore she, too, cares for them every one.

Thus when she stoops to lift from woe and sin  
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,  
While many sink and fall on either hand,  
She dreads not summer's heat nor winter's cold,  
For both are subject to the King's command.  
She need not be afraid of anything,  
Because she is a daughter of the King.

Even when the angel comes that men call Death  
And name with terror, it appalls not her.  
She turns to look at him with quickened breath,  
Thinking it is the royal messenger.  
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls  
Her back to life within the palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,  
Set round with streams, a picture in its frame  
Yet often in her heart deep longings are  
For that imperial palace whence she came.  
Not perfect quite seems my earthly thing,  
Because she is a daughter of the King.

REBECCA P. UTTER.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning  
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red  
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me—may I again behold it!  
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,  
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little  
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,  
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
I knew not what of white, and underneath,  
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,  
While the first brightness into wings unfolded;  
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,

He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!  
Behold the angel of God! fold up thy hands!  
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!"

"See how he scorns all human arguments,  
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail  
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!"

"See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,  
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,  
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"

And then, as nearer, and more near us came  
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,  
So that the eye could not sustain his presence.

But down I cast it; and he came to shore  
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,  
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!  
Beatitude seemed written in his face!  
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

"*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt!"  
Thus sang they all together in one voice,  
With what-so in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,  
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,  
And he departed swiftly as he came.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### O SLEEP DIVINE.

**O** SLEEP divine! succease of pain!  
The trace of God with care and strife!  
Thy sweet forgetting who can gain  
Has plucked the very flower of life.

We float to thee on drowsy wings,  
When all the hard day's tasks are o'er;  
And when for us thy wide door swings,  
Our pain, our dread; they are no more.

Safe in thy wide encircling arms,  
We dream perchance that we are blest;  
Or, haply, drink the entralling balsam  
That lead to deep unconscious rest.

Long, long, as lasts thy tender spell,  
So long is sorrow put to rout,  
All we forebode, desire as well.  
In perfect peace is blotted out.

But sleep divine! succease of pain!  
One day there cometh when no more  
We wake to all the strain and stress  
And tumult of this mortal shore.

But at the last, by thee embraced,  
We find at length how sweet, serene,  
Their rest who all life's acts outplayed,  
Wait at God's hands the new next scene.

HARRIET TYNG GRISWOLD.

#### HE RAN THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

**I** MET a little girl, one day,  
Beyond the railroad bridge,  
With pail of berries she had picked  
Along the bank's high ridge.

"Where do you live, my child?" I said,  
"And what may be your name?"  
She looked at me with eyes askance,  
And then her answer came:

"The house upon the bluff is ours;  
They call me Bonnie Bess;

My father is an engineer,  
And runs the night express."

A sparkle came into her face,  
A dimple to her chin—  
The father loved his little girl,  
And she was proud of him.

"Ten forty-nine, on schedule time  
(Scarce e'er a minute late),  
Around the curve his engine comes,  
At quite a fearful rate.

"We watch the headlight through the gloom  
Break like the dawn of day—  
A roar, a flash, and then the train  
Is miles upon its way.

"A lamp in mamma's window burns,  
Placed there alone for him.  
His face lights up, for then he knows  
That all is well within.

"Sometimes a fog o'erhangs the gorge,  
The light he cannot see,  
Then twice he whistles for mamma,  
And clangs the bell for me."

"And you are not afraid," I asked,  
"That he may wreck the train?  
That there may be a sad mishap,  
And he no wise to blame?"

A pallor crept into her cheeks,  
Her red lips curled in pain;  
They parted, then serenely smiled—  
Her heart was brave again.

"God watches over us," she said,  
"And He knows what is best:  
So we have but to pray and trust,  
And leave to Him the rest."

How great that childish faith of hers!  
It made my own seem weak;  
I bent my head, with throbbing heart,  
And kissed her on the cheek.

I said to her, in cheery tone,  
"God bless you, Bonnie Bess!  
God bless your mother and the man  
Who runs the night express!"

FRANK H. STAUFFER

#### THANKS.

**A** MOTHER gave her darling a fair gift,  
The child no word expressed; he did not lift  
His shining eyes to hers. She understood  
The gladness in his heart; and this was good  
To her as thanks.

A father toiled amid the city's din,  
Pleasures and plenty for his homo to win,



The children did not praise him; they were glad  
And in their laughing happiness he had  
Enough of thanks.

Unknown, one poured his life out through his pen,  
And gave his best, himself, for love of men;  
They never thought to thank him; but he heard  
His words used freely when their hearts were stirred,  
And he was thanked.

A rich man gave the people his green park,  
Where they could see the daisies; hear the lark;  
For rest and health tired men and women came,  
And though they seldom spoke the donor's name,  
He was well thanked.

Gift after gift does the great Father send,  
Down to his children, for there is no end  
To love that is eternal. But do they  
On whom He spends His love, as often stay  
To give Him thanks?

Sometimes there rises upward sweetest song,  
Because in thankful hearts the love is strong.  
He smiles upon the singers; and strange bliss  
Comes back to them, as if the Father's kiss  
Answered their thanks.

But is He quite unthanked should they forget  
To speak His praises? Oh! I think, that yet  
Himself is glad in all their plentitude,  
And He can see that joy is gratitude,  
Which gives Him thanks.

MARIANNE FARWELL.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

LONGING already to search in mud round  
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,  
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day.

Withouten more delay I left the bank,  
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,  
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation  
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,  
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whenceat the tremulous branches readily  
Did all of them bow downward towards that side  
Where its first shadow cast the Holy Mountain;

Yet not from their upright direction bent  
So that the little birds upon their tops  
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime  
Singing received they in the midst of foliage  
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,  
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,  
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on  
Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo! my farther course cut off a river,  
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves  
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are,  
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture  
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,  
Under the shade perpetual, that never  
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THIS midnight's holy hour—and silence now  
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on  
the winds

The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell  
Of the departed year. No funeral train  
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,  
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest  
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred  
As by a mourner's sigh; and on you cloud  
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,  
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—  
Young spring, bright summer, autumn's solemn form,  
And winter with its aged locks—and breathe,  
In mournful cadences that come abroad  
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,  
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,  
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time  
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,  
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,  
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of time  
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold  
And solemn finger to the beautiful  
And holy visions that have passed away,  
And left no shadow of their loveliness  
On the dead waste of life.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE

THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

ONCE it smiled a silent dell  
Where the people did not dwell;  
They had gone into the wars,  
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
Nightly, from their azure towers,  
To keep watch above the flowers,



In the midst of which all day  
The red sunlight lazily lay.  
Now each visitor shall confess  
The sad valley's restlessness.  
Nothing there is motionless—  
Nothing save the airs that brood  
Over the magic solitude.  
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides!  
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
That rustle through the unquiet heaven  
Uneasily, from morn till even,  
Over the violets there that lie  
In myriad types of the human eye—  
Over the lilies there that wave  
And weep above a nameless grave!  
They wave :—from out their fragrant tops  
Eternal dews come down in drops.  
They weep :—from off their delicate stems  
Perennial tears descend in gems.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

## FAR, FAR AWAY.

**F**AD I the wings of a dove, I would fly  
Far, far away; far, far away;  
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,  
Far, far away; far, far away;

Vadless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,  
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,  
Hearts, like their garments, as pure as the snow,  
Far, far away; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,  
Far, far away; far, far away;  
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,  
Far, far away; far, far away;

There I from sorrow ever would rest,  
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast;  
Tears never fall in the homes of the blessed,  
Far, far away; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,  
Far, far away; far, far away;  
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,  
Far, far away; far, far away;  
The river of crystal, the city of gold,  
The portals of pearl, such glory unfold,  
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,  
Far, far away; far away.

List! what yon harpers on golden harps play;  
Come, come away; come, come away;  
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay;  
Come, come away; come, come away;  
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,  
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true;  
Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new;  
Come, come away; come away.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

## THE SIN OF OMISSION.

**I**T isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say.  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone  
That you had no time or thought for,  
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,  
So easily out of mind,  
These chances to be angels  
Which even mortals find—  
They come in night and silence,  
Each chill, reproachful writh,  
When hope is faint and flagging,  
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late.  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you the bitter heart-ache  
At the setting of the sun.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## HE GIVETH HIS LOVED ONES SLEEP.

**H**E sees when their footsteps falter, when their  
hearts grow weak and faint;  
He marks when their strength is failing, and  
listens to each complaint;  
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has  
grown too steep;  
And, folded in fair, green pastures,  
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn out children, that sigh for the  
daylight's close.  
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its  
sweet repose;  
So He calls them in from their labors, ere the shadows  
round them creep,  
And silently watching o'er them,  
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest  
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast,  
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,  
For with many a soothing promise  
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow;  
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow!  
Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep,  
But, guarding them safe from danger,  
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day,  
Like mists that oppose the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away.  
No call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,  
For only his voice can reach them,  
Who giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over; weep not that their race is run;  
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done!  
Fill then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep,  
And rejoice in the sweet assurance—  
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIKUS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve  
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl  
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain  
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—  
Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand  
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,  
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.  
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,  
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,  
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily  
She turned upon her pillow. He was there—  
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked  
Into his face until her sight grew dim  
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh  
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,  
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,  
And kissed it as she wept.

The old man sunk  
Upon his knees, and in the drapery  
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;

And when the twilight fell, the silken folds  
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held  
Had ceased its pressure—and he could not hear,  
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath  
Came through her nostrils—and her temples gave  
To his nice touch no pulse—and, at her mouth,  
He held the lightest curl that on her neck  
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze  
Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night—  
And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,  
Danced the breeze-riden ripples to the shore,  
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.  
The breaking waves played low upon the beach  
Their constant music, but the air beside  
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,  
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,  
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air.  
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,  
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,  
He stood and taught the people. At his feet  
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,  
And staff—for they had waited by the sea  
Till He came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed  
For his wont teachings as He came to land.  
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,  
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,  
As He leaned forward earnestly, and still  
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep—  
And in his looks the same mild majesty—  
And in his mien the sadness mixed with power—  
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,  
As on his words entrancedly they hung,  
The crowd divided, and among them stood  
Jairus the Ruler. With his flowing robe  
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,  
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew  
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;  
And silently the people shrunk away,  
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst  
Alone. A moment longer on the face  
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,  
And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light  
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear  
Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh  
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem  
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands  
Pressed it upon his lids, and murmured low,  
"Master! my daughter!"

The same silvery light,  
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,  
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,  
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in  
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.  
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide  
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam  
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,  
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,

As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps  
He trod the winding stairs; but ere he touched  
The latchet, from within a whisper came,  
"Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!"  
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side.  
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice  
Choked in its utterance;—but a gentle hand  
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear  
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,  
'She is not dead—but sleepeth.'

They passed in.

The spiec-lamps in the alabaster urns  
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke  
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.  
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds—  
Not even a tassel stirring in the air—  
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,  
And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard  
The quickening division of his breath  
As He grew earnest inwardly. There came  
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;  
And, drawing nearer to the bed, He moved  
The silken curtains silently apart,  
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form

Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—  
The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
And over it her white transparent hands,  
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails,  
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,  
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,  
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;  
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin  
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;  
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,  
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.  
Her hair he! been unbound, and falling loose  
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears  
In curls of glossy blackness, and about  
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,  
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.  
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised  
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out  
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,  
"Maiden! Arise!"—and suddenly a flush  
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips  
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;  
And the still outline of her graceful form  
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped  
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes  
Full on his beaming countenance—arose!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

#### A PAUPER'S REVENGE.

ONE moment, oh, stay one moment, and give me  
a coin for bread,  
You're the first I've ever asked, sir, for beg-  
ging's a thing I dread.

But I only left the workhouse a few short hours ago,  
And I haven't a friend to help me—for God's sake,  
don't say No.

I know that I'm presuming, but I'm suffering want  
and pain,  
And I'll never ask the Guardians to take me back  
again—  
The same old story? Nay, sir; my story is fresh and  
true,  
Will you linger just a moment while I tell my tale to  
you?

Five long, long years ago, sir, I was happy and well-  
to-do,  
Not a thin and wasted creature, but as tall and strong  
as you;  
With a wife as fair as sunlight, and a home like  
heaven below;  
While, better than these, my name, sir, was pure as  
the glistening snow.

I'd worked my business well, sir, then, thinking  
'twould be for the best,  
I took in a working partner, intending to take some  
rest;  
And I hid, till I found the money was melting fast  
away,  
When I searched the books and found, sir, that the  
business had gone astray.

That partner of mine soon vanished with all the  
available cash;  
He had ruined the firm in bills, sir, and naught could  
avert a smash:  
'Twas a blow that simply crushed me; my ruin was so  
complete,  
That within a month from then, sir, we had scarcely  
food to eat.

Ah! many a time I've cursed him, the villain who  
spoiled my life,  
I prayed for vengeance once, sir, as I stood by my  
poor dead wife,  
For he, and he only, caused me the whole of my  
awful woe,  
And I prayed that God's wrath would follow wherever  
the wretch should go.

Alone in the world, I glided down, down in the social  
scale;  
Unable to find employment, my courage began to  
fail,  
And weary of life and its burden, impelled by the  
hand of fate,  
I flew to my only shelter inside the workhouse gate.

Why did I leave it? I'll tell you. The reason is  
strange though true.  
I hope you'll not think I am trying to hatch up a  
story for you.

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And pray do not think for a moment, I'm wanting to brag of my acts,  
I'll tell you the tale quite simply, confining it strictly to facts.

'Twas only to-day it happened, though it seems a month ago,  
I was just outside of the gate, sir, a-sweeping away the snow,  
When a tattered, shivering stranger, with an air of fallen pride,  
Came up and asked me softly, was there room for him inside.

I started, and eyed the speaker, for I thought that voice I knew,  
And he seemed to quail before me as I looked him through and through;  
'Twas a mutual recognition, and there for a minute's space  
We two old city partners stood silent face to face.

My blood grew hot, and I shouted, as I eluted and held him fast:  
"You villain! till now you've 'scaped me, but my time has come at last;  
I've a few old scores to settle before I can let you go."  
And with that I raised my fist, sir, to strike him a crushing blow.

But just as the blow was falling, I fancied that I could trace  
A mute appeal for mercy in his thin and careworn face,  
And my blow went wide and harmless, for, bad as he once had been,  
I couldn't resist his glances, whatever the man might mean.

With an effort, I curbed my temper, and instantly let him go,  
When he fell right down before me, on his knees, in the pure white snow,  
And he sobbed: "I crave forgiveness, the way has been sharp and rough;  
For God's sake spare your anger, my punishment's hard enough!"

'Twas a struggle, but I forgave him, and showed him the way inside,  
Though I knew he couldn't stay there, however much he tried.  
The wards were full, they told him, there wasn't a vacant place.  
And it went to my heart, that look, sir, on his pale and shrunken face.

Then straight from the spot I darted, right into the master's room,  
Took my discharge and went, sir, away from the place of gloom,

Into a gloomier, maybe. You say, 'twas a foolish whim!  
Nay, sir, I left that workhouse to give up my place to him.

That's all the revenge I've had, sir, a poor one you think, no doubt;  
But I hope I shall never regret, sir, the morning that I came out.  
Even now, I am proudly conscious that I did what I thought was right—  
I thank you, kind sir, God bless you! A happy new year! Good night!

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

## THE END OF KING DAVID.

A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.

"**L**ORD, let me know mine end, and of my days  
The number, that I may be certified  
How long I have to live!" So prayed, in heat,

The monarch after God's own heart, whose son  
Was wiser than himself. The Voice Divine  
Made answer: "I have set behind a veil  
From man the knowledge of his time of death.  
That he must die, he knows, and knows enough."  
But David wrestled with the Lord in prayer:  
"Let me but know the measure of my days!"  
And God said: "Of the measure of his days  
May no man know." Yet David urged again  
The Lord: "I do beseech Thee, let me know  
When I shall cease to be?" "Thy time," said God,  
"Shall come upon a Sabbath; ask no more."  
"Nay: not upon thy Sabbath-day, O Lord,"  
Cried David, "let thy servant meet his end;  
Upon the morrow following let me die!"

And God once more made answer: "I have said!  
The reigns of kings are preordained, nor may  
By so much as the breadth of one thin hair  
Be lengthened or diminished. Solomon,  
Thy son, upon the Sabbath mounts thy throne;  
I may not take from him to add to thee—"  
"Nay, then," said David, "let me die, O Lord,  
The day before; for in thy courts, one day  
Is better than a thousand spent elsewhere!"  
And God made final answer: "Nor from thee  
To add to him. But know thou this, one day  
Spent by thee in the study of my law,  
Shall find more favor in my sight than steam  
And savor of burnt offerings thousand-fold  
That Solomon, thy son, shall sacrifice."  
And the Lord ceased; and David held his peace  
But ever after, when the Sabbath dawned,  
Till sunset followed sunrise, sat the king—  
The volume of the book upon his knees—  
Absorbed in meditation and in prayer.  
So to be found what time his hour shall come,  
And many a week the Sabbath came and went.

About the rearward of the palace grew  
An orchard trimly planted—to the sense  
Pleasant with sight and smell and grateful shade  
In summer noons—and, beyond this again,  
Such lodgings as the king should give the steeds  
That draw his royal chariot, and the hounds  
That, for his pastime, in the forest rouse  
The lion from his lair. And lo! it chanced  
One Sabbath morn, the slave whose office 'twas  
To tend King David's kennels, in his task  
Had made default, and left the woful hounds  
Howling for hunger. So their cry disturbed  
The king, who knew it not. And David rose  
And put aside the volume, and, in haste,  
Passed through the postern to the orchard plot,  
Seeking the uproar's cause. And as his foot  
O'erstepped the threshold, there he fell down—dead!

Then straightway in hot haste the news was brought  
To Solomon, who all the Rabbis called  
To sudden council. "Tell me," said the king,  
"Ye sages of the law; my father lies  
Dead in his orchard, and the Sabbath yet  
Lacks many hours of ending; were it well  
To raise and bear the body now at once  
To the corpse chamber, or to let it lie  
There until set of sun? And lo! his hounds  
Howl for the food; may I cut meat for them  
Upon the Sabbath day?" And, with one voice,  
The Rabbis answered: "Let the Sabbath close  
Ere thou lift up the king, thy father's corpse;  
But thou mayst carve their portion for the hounds."

So till the sunset in the orchard lay  
The king untended; but the hounds were fed,  
And Solomon said only, "Yea! a dog  
Alive is worthier than a lion dead!"

#### THE SOUL A HOLY LAND.

WHAT reverent soul loves not to tread  
The soil of Palestine.  
And breathe the air, and kiss the sod,  
Where his worn feet have been?  
Kneel in the mountains where He prayed,  
Traverse the storm-calmed sea,  
Weep in the garden, bear some cross  
To sacred Calvary?

But O my soul, as I thy good  
And evil ways explore,  
I seem to see the Christ in thee  
His earthly life live o'er,  
Thou art another Holy Land,  
(Ah, holy mightst thou be!)  
The olden joys and griefs of Christ  
Repeat themselves in thee.

No longing for his coming,  
No greeting Him with scorn,

No mountain for his praying,  
No sea by tempest torn,  
No cheer of friends, nor wrath of foes,  
From manger to the tree,  
But finds its faithful counterpart,  
Mysterious heart, in thee.

Thou art that Manger where we see  
The infant Christ recline;  
The living, throbbing, human breast,  
Nursing the Babe divine;  
Thy low-born thoughts the cattle are,  
Thy high, the Magi wise:  
Lo, o'er thee singing angels bend  
And thrill with praise the skies.

Thou art that long-sought Nazarene work,  
On which with love-taught skill  
The Carpenter who is about  
His Father's business still,  
Doth toil through sunshine and through storm  
And far into the night,  
Building a house most beautiful  
To crown some holy height.

Thou art that Temple where the Lord  
Out-teacheth scribes of law,  
Whence afterward with cords He makes  
Coarse mammon-priests withdraw;  
Thine inmost court, a holy place,  
The Lord's own glory-home,  
Thine outer sentencing Him oft  
To shame and martyrdom.

Thou art most fair, Gennesaret,  
With holy depths of calm,  
Thy smile is heaven's portraiture,  
Thy breath a tender psalm:  
Oh! who could guess such rageful storms  
Might spoil thy bright expanse?  
Who think o'er such sweet lyre of God  
Might thrum such dissonance?

But wot thou well, my soul, of One  
Who can thy rage control;  
Of One who sails serene the sea  
When waves of wildness roll;  
The Master speaks—the maniac winds  
Pause, listening to his will;  
Then all thy depths of calm return—  
As He saith: "Peace, be still."

Thou art that upper chamber where  
The Saviour is the guest;  
Where Judas a vile treason hides,  
But John leans on his breast;  
Here breaketh He the mystic bread,  
Here poureth mystic wine,  
And in a human breast pours forth  
A prayer, a love, divine.

Thou art the Garden, where the Christ  
 Perchance hath oft essayed  
 Sweet hours of rest in solitude  
 Beneath thine olive shade;  
 Yet, oh, that blood-sweat, oh, that deep,  
 That bitter agony  
 Of our dear Lord! my soul, thou art  
 His dark Gethsemane!

"Father, if it be possible,  
 Let this cup pass from me!"  
 My soul, that pleading prayer to God  
 Was made in truth to thee;  
 Thou would'st not make it possible;  
 "Not my will, then, but thine!"  
 Thou hast thy way; but, cruel soul,  
 What sin hast thou made mine?

What, wilful soul, was Calvary's Cross  
 But thine uplifted pride?  
 What save thine angered sin so pierced  
 His hands, his feet, his side?  
 Ay, what his thirst but for thy love?  
 And had the Saviour's heart  
 So missed the Father hadst thou but  
 Fulfilled the brother's part?

Lord, pardon me! love cannot be  
 By thee misunderstood;  
 Those nails and spear are tokens dear  
 They tell me of thy blood;  
 E'en from my sins my spirit wins  
 This tender, reverent thought;  
 Through sins of mine, by sufferings thine  
 Was my redemption wrought.

But, O my soul, I charge thee well,  
 Reliques more noble gain  
 Than those which jeopardize thy life,  
 And give the Lord such pain;  
 Where be thy tears of penitence,  
 Thine inward groans and sighs,  
 Thy restful trust, thy weeping love,  
 Thy quick self-sacrifice?

Dear Lord, the crucifer would  
 Be crucified by Thee;  
 Turn Thou thy love to instruments  
 Of torture sweet to me!  
 Thrice welcome, cross and nail and spear!  
 Oh, joy of agony!  
 I pardon him that slayeth me,  
 Pierced by his love, I die!

More precious now than wooden cross  
 The crosses daily borne;  
 Than thorns of old, the griefs by which  
 The heart's self-love is torn;  
 Sacred as Calvary's mournful road,  
 The rough paths daily trod;  
 But best of all, or cross, or crown,  
 As pleaseth Thee, my God!

So this I say, my soul, as I  
 Thy devious ways explore;  
 I seem to see the Christ in thee  
 His earthly life live o'er;  
 Thou art another Holy Land—  
 (Ah, holy mightst thou be!)  
 The olden joys and griefs of Christ  
 Repeat themselves in thee.

No longing for his coming,  
 No greeting him with scorn,  
 No mountain for his praying,  
 No sea by tempest torn;  
 No cheer of friend, no wrath of foe,  
 From manger to the tree,  
 But finds its faithful counterpart,  
 Mysterious heart, in thee!

DENIS WORTMAN.

## A SUPPLICATION.

LOVE Divine! lay on me burdens if thou wilt,  
 To break thy faithless one-hour watchman's  
 shameful sleep!  
 Turn comforts into awful prophets to my guilt,  
 Close to thy garden-travail let me wake and weep!

For while the resurrection waved its signs august,  
 Like morning's dew-bright banners on a cloudless  
 sky,  
 My weak feet clung enamored to the parching dust,  
 And the vain sand's poor pebbles lured my roving  
 eye.

By loneliness or hunger turn and re-create me!  
 Ordain whatever masters in thy saving school.  
 Let the whole prosperous host of fashion's flatterers  
 hate me,  
 So Thou wilt henceforth bless me with thy gracious  
 rule.

I pray not to be saved, ascended Lord, from sorrow:  
 Redeem me only from my fond and mean self-love,  
 Let each long night of wrestling bring a mourning  
 morrow,  
 If thus my heart ascend and dwell with Thee  
 above!

Vales of repentance mount to hills of high desire;  
 Seven times seven suffering years gain the Sabbatic  
 rest;  
 Earth's fickle, cruel lap, alternate frost and fire,  
 Tempers beloved disciples for the Master's breast.

Our work lies wide; men ache and doubt and die;  
 thy ark  
 Shakes in our hands; reason and faith, God's son  
 And daughter, fight their futile battle in the dark.  
 Our sluggish eyelids slumber with our task half  
 done.



Oh, bleeding Priest of silent, sad Gethsemane—  
That second Eden where upsprings the Healing  
Vine,  
Press from our careless foreheads drops of sweat for  
Thee!  
Fill us with sacrificial love for souls, like thine.

Thou who didst promise cheer along with tribulation,  
Hold up our trust and keep it firm by much en-  
during;  
Feed fainting hearts with patient hopes of thy salva-  
tion;

Make glorious service, more than luxury's bed,  
alluring.

Hallow our wit with prayer; our mastery steep in  
meekness;  
Pour on our stumbling studies Inspiration's light:  
Hew out for thy dear Church a future without weak-  
ness,  
Quarried from thine eternal order, beauty, might!

Met there mankind's great brotherhood of souls and  
powers,  
Raise Thou full praises from its farthest corners  
dim;  
Pour down, oh steadfast sun, thy beams on all its  
towers!  
Roll through its world-wide space faith's eucharistic  
hymn!

O Way for all that live, win us by pain and loss!  
Fill all our years with toil—and comfort with thy  
rod!  
Through thy ascension cloud, beyond the cross,  
Looms on our sight, in peace, the city of our God!  
FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON.

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

DEEM not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
The Power who pities man has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,  
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny—

Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PEACEFUL REST.

This remarkable little poem was found under the pillow of a wounded  
soldier near Fort Royal, 1864.

LAY me down to sleep.  
With little thought or care  
Whether my waking find  
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,  
That only asks to rest,  
Unquestioning, upon  
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
Its cunning now—  
To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
Nor strong—all that is past;  
I am ready not to do  
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,  
And this is all my part;  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart—

And grasp his banner still,  
Though all its blue be dim;  
These stripes, no less than stars,  
Lead after Him.

MRS. ROBERT S. HOWLAND.

AGNES THE MARTYR.

YOUNG Agnes stood before her judge;  
“Speak! What is this I hear?  
Thine ancient name is flung to shame,  
Thy goods are scattered here and there;  
Speak, if thy life is dear.”

She lifted up untroubled eyes,  
The sweet face smiled serene,  
White lily leaf, untouched by grief,  
Has never worn a fairer sheen  
Blooming the thorns between.

She said, “I bear a new, strange name,  
That none on earth may know,  
My cups of ore, my golden store  
Have fed my sisters, poor and old,  
And love is more than gold.”

They linked her small hands one to one,  
In iron fetters fast;  
In girlish glee, right playfully  
Her hands from out the links she passed  
And down the fetters cast.

The judge looked on, "Renounce this faith.  
I know there waiteth thee  
In royal grace, a bridegroom's face;  
Thy form is fair, thy spirit free,  
As Roman girl's should be."

She turned to the unclouded east  
With face as free from cloud,  
"The Bridegroom waits, by pearl-built gates,"  
The rest she did not speak aloud,  
Yet hushed to awe the crowd.

Beekoned the judge. The steel blue sword  
Flashed in a man's strong hand;  
As one content, her head she lent,  
And kneeling gently on the sand  
Smiled on the brand.

From small round throat, she drew aside  
Each clustering golden curl,  
Spoke but one word—"My Christ, my Lord."  
The sword gleamed down; there lay the girl,  
Earth's fairest purest pearl.

Oh, girls, who wear St. Agnes' face,  
As fair, as pure as she;  
Keep faith unstrained, keep soul unstained  
And live your lives as perfectly  
That yours, her heaven may be.

ELLEN MURRAY.

## THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

LET'S oftener talk of noble deeds,  
And rarer of the bad ones,  
And sing about our happy days,  
And not about the sad ones.

We were not made to fret and sigh  
And when grief sleeps, to wake it;  
Bright happiness is standing by—  
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,  
Or be believers in it;  
A light there is in every soul  
That takes the pains to win it.

Oh, there's the slumbering good in all,  
And we perchance may wake it;  
Our hands contain the magic wand—  
This life is what we make it.

Then, here's to those whose loving hearts  
Shed light and joy about them;  
Thanks be to them for countless gems  
We ne'er had known without them.

Oh, this should be a happy world  
To all who may partake it;  
The fault's our own if it is not—  
This life is what we make it.

## DAVID'S GRIEF FOR HIS CHILD.

IT WAS daybreak, and the fingers of the dawn  
Drew the night's curtain, and touched  
silently

The eyelids of the king. And David woke,  
And robed himself, and prayed. The inmates now,  
Of the vast palace were astrid, and feet  
Glided along the tessellated floors  
With a pervading murmur, and the fount  
Whose music had been all the night unheard,  
Played as if light had made it audible;  
And each one, waking, blessed it unaware.

The fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn  
Sweetened the air to ecstasy! and now  
The king's wont was to lie upon his couch  
Beneath the sky-roof of the inner court,  
And, shut in from the world, but not from heaven,  
Play with his loved son by the fountain's lip;  
For, with idolatry confessed alone  
To the rapt wires of his reproofless harp,  
He loved the child of Bathsheba. And when  
The golden selvedge of his robe was heard  
Sweeping the marble pavement, from within  
Broke forth a child's laugh suddenly, and words—  
Articulate, perhaps, to his heart only—  
Pleading to come to him. They brought the boy—  
An infant cherub, leaping as if used  
To hover with that motion upon wings,  
And marvelously beautiful! His brow  
Had the inspired up-lift of the king's,  
And kingly was his infantine regard;  
But his ripe mouth was of the ravishing mould  
Of Bathsheba's—the hue and type of love,  
Rosy and passionate—and oh, the moist  
Unfathomable blue of his large eyes  
Gave out its light as twilight shows a star,  
And drew the heart of the beholder in!  
And this was like his mother.

David's lips  
Moved with unuttered blessings, and a while  
He closed the lids upon his moistened eyes,  
And, with the round cheek of the nestling boy  
Pressed to his bosom, sat as if afraid  
That but the lifting of his lids might jar  
The heart-cup's over-fullness. Unobserved,  
A servant of the outer court had knelt  
Waiting before him; and a cloud the while  
Had rapidly spread o'er the summer heaven;  
And, as the chill of the withdrawing sun  
Fell on the king, he lifted up his eyes  
And frowned upon the servant—for that hour  
Was hallowed to his heart and his fair child,  
And none might seek him. And the king arose,

And with a troubled countenance looked up  
To the fast-gathering darkness; and, behold,  
The servant bowed himself to earth, and said,  
"Nathan the prophet cometh from the Lord!"  
And David's lips grew white, and with a chisp  
Which wrung a murmur from the frightened child,  
He drew him to his breast, and covered him  
With the long foldings of his robe, and said,  
"I will come forth. Go now!" And lingeringly  
With kisses on the fair uplifted brow,  
And mingled words of tenderness and prayer  
Breaking in tremulous accents from his lips,  
He gave to them the child, and bowed his head  
Upon his breast with agony. And so,  
To hear the errand of the man of God,  
He fearfully went forth.

It was the morning of the seventh day.  
A hush was in the palace, for all eyes  
Had woke before the morn; and they who drew  
The curtains to let in the welcome light,  
Moved in their chambers with unslipped feet,  
And listened breathlessly. And still no stir!  
The servants who kept watch without the door  
Sat motionless; the purple eusement-shades  
From the low windows had been rolled away,  
To give the child air; and the flickering light  
That, all the night, within the spacious court,  
Had drawn the watcher's eyes to one spot only,  
Paled with the sunrise and fled in.

And hushed  
With more than stillness was the room where lay  
The king's son on his mother's breast. His locks  
Slept at the lips of Bathsheba unstirred—  
So fearfully, with heart and pulse kept down,  
She watched his breathless slumber. The low moan  
That from his lips all night broke fitfully,  
Had silenced with the daybreak; and a smile—  
Or something that would fain have been a smile—  
Played in his parted mouth; and though his lids  
Hid not the blue of his unconscious eyes,  
His senses seemed all peacefully asleep,  
And Bathsheba in silence blessed the morn  
That brought back hope to her! But when the king  
Heard not the voice of the complaining child,  
Nor breath from out the room, nor foot astir—  
But morning there—so welcome and still—  
He groaned and turned upon his face. The nights  
Had wasted; and the mornings come; and days  
Crept through the sky, unnumbered by the king.  
Since the child sickened; and, without the door,  
Upon the bare earth prostrate, he had lain—  
Listening only to the moans that brought  
Their inarticulate tidings, and the voice  
Of Bathsheba, whose pity and caress,  
In loving utterance all broke with tears,  
Spoke as his heart would speak if he were there,  
And filed his prayer with agony. O God!

To thy bright mercy seat the way is far!  
How fail the weak words while the heart keeps on!  
And when the spirit, mournfully, at last,  
Kneels at thy throne, how cold, how distantly  
The comforting of friends fall on the ear—  
The anguish they would speak to, gone to Thee!

But suddenly the watchers at the door  
Rose up, and they who ministered within  
Crept to the threshold and looked earnestly  
Where the king lay. And still while Bathsheba  
Held the unmoving child upon her knees,  
The curtains were let down, and all came forth,  
And, gathered with fearful looks apart,  
Whispered together.

And the king arose  
And gazed on them a moment, and with voice  
Of quick, uncertain utterance, he asked,  
"Is the child dead?" They answered, "He is dead!"  
But when they looked to see him fall again  
Upon his face, and read himself and weep—  
For, while the child was sick, his agony  
Would bear no more news, and they had thought  
His heart's strings with the tidings must give away—  
Behold! his face grew calm, and with his robe  
Gathered together like his kingly wont,  
He silently went in.

And David came,  
Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house  
Of God went up to pray. And he returned,  
And they set bread before him, and he ate—  
And when they marvelled, he said, "Wherefore  
mourn?"

The child is dead, and I shall go to him—  
But he will not return to me."

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

### I CAN TRUST.

I CANNOT see, with my small human sight,  
Why God should lead this way or that for me;  
I only know He hath said: "Child, follow Me!"  
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times  
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before,  
I only know God could keep wide the door.  
But I can trust.

I find no power; often when beset  
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,  
And often have but strength to faintly pray.  
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand  
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,  
If ripened fruit for God will there be found,  
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm  
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath ;  
But this I know, God watches all my path—  
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil  
That hides the unknown future from my sight ;  
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light ;  
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,  
To see while here the land beyond the river ;  
But this I know, I shall be God's forever ;  
So I can trust.

#### THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

**M**ORN breaketh in the east. The purple  
clouds  
Are putting on their gold and violet,  
To look the meeter for the sun's bright  
coming.

Sleep is upon the waters and the wind ;  
And nature, from the way forest-leaf  
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet  
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,  
And the clear dew is on the blushing bosoms  
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.  
How hallowed is the hour of morning ! meet—  
Ay, beautifully meet—for the pure prayer.  
The patriarch standeth at his tented door,  
With his white locks uncovered. 'Tis his wont  
To gaze upon that gorgeous Orient ;  
And in that hour the awful majesty  
Of him who talketh often with his God,  
Is wont to come again, and clothe his brow  
As at his fourscore strength. But, now, he seemeth  
To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,  
And boweth to his staff as at the hour  
Of noontide sultriness. And that bright sun—  
He looketh at its penciled messengers,  
Coming in golden raiment, as if all  
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.  
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in  
The hour to sacrifice his much-loved son !

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands  
Watching the steps of Abraham and her child  
Along the dewy sides of the far hills,  
And pruned that her sunny boy faint not.  
Would she have watched their path so silently,  
If she had known what he was going up,  
Even in his fair-haired beauty, to be slain  
As a white lamb for sacrifice ? They trod  
Together onward, patriarch and child—  
The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade  
In straight and fair proportions, as of one  
Whose years were freshly numbered. He stood up  
Tall in his vigorous strength ; and, like a tree  
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.  
His thin white hairs had yielded to the wind,

And left his brow uncovered ; and his face,  
Impressed with the stern majesty of grief  
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth  
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.  
But the young boy—he of the laughing eye  
And ruby lip—the pride of life was on him,  
He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and dew  
And the aroma of the spicy trees,  
And all that giveth the delicious east  
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light  
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts  
With love and beauty. Everything he met,  
Bucyant or beautiful, the lightest wing  
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye  
Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path ;  
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,  
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung  
Away to some green spot or clustering vine,  
To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree  
And fragrant shrub was a new hiding place ;  
And he would crouch till the old man came by,  
Then bound before him with his childish laugh,  
Stealing a look behind him playfully,  
To see if he had made his father smile.  
The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up  
From the fresh daughters of the earth, and hept  
Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,  
And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.  
Still trod the patriarch on, with that same step,  
Firm and unflinching ; turning not aside  
To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips  
In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,  
Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness  
Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot  
To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,  
And spring for the fresh flowers and light wings  
As in the early morning ; but he kept  
Close by his father's side, and bent his head  
Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,  
Lifting it not, save now and then, to steal  
A look up to the face whose sternness awed  
His childishness to silence.

It was noon—  
And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,  
And buried up his face, and prayed for strength.  
He could not look upon his son, and pray,  
But, with his hand upon the clustering curls  
Of the fair, kneeling boy, he prayed that God  
Would nerve him for that hour.

He rose up, and laid  
The wood upon the altar. All was done.  
He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flush  
Passed o'er his countenance ; and then he nerved  
His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—  
" Isaac ! my beloved !"—the boy looked up—  
" Where is the lamb, my father ?"—Oh, the tone,  
The sweet, familiar voice of a loved child !—  
What would its music seem at such an hour—  
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham bent

His loved, his beautiful, his only son,  
And lifted up his arm, and called on God—  
And lo! God's angel stayed him—and he fell  
Upon his face, and wept.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

#### GOD'S-ACRE.

**I** LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again,  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

**T**HERE'S never an always cloudless sky,  
There's never a vale so fair,  
But over it sometimes shadows lie  
In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhanging the day,  
And flung its shadows down,  
But on its heaven-side gleaned some ray,  
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side:  
Though rage the tempest loud,  
And scatter its terrors far and wide,  
There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,  
Shutting the landscape out,  
And only the chilly east-winds blow  
From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,  
When the joys of life seem few,  
A rift will break in the evening dun,  
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make  
Out of the golden bars,

And all its priceless treasures take  
Where shine the eternal stars.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

#### ABRAM AND ZIMRI.

**A**BRAM and Zimri owned a field together—  
A level field had in a happy vale;  
They ploughed it with one plough, and in the  
spring

Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.  
In harvest, when the glad earth smiles with grain,  
Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves,  
And stored them with much labor in his barns.  
Now Abram had a wife and seven sons,  
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered,  
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed  
And counted in his mind his little gains,  
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,  
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,  
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,  
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.  
He surely needeth more for life than I;  
I will arise, and gird myself, and go  
Down to the field, and add to his from mine."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,  
And went out softly to the level field;  
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,  
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,  
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.  
So Zimri, guided by the shilling light,  
Went down the mountain path, and found the field  
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,  
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,  
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,  
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,  
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,  
And said, "He dwells within his house alone,  
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,  
He goeth home at night to a cold house,  
And hath few other friends but me and mine"  
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone);  
"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,  
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,  
Who aid me in my toil and make it light,  
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.  
This surely is not pleasing unto God;  
I will arise and gird myself, and go  
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,  
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,  
And went down softly to the level field;  
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,  
The trees stood black against the starry sky,  
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze

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So Abram guided by the doubtful light,  
 Passed down the mountain path and found the field,  
 Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,  
 And added them unto his brother's heap;  
 Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.  
 So the next morning with the early sun  
 The brothers rose, and went out to their toil;  
 And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,  
 Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,  
 Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now the next night went Zimri to the field,  
 Took from his store of sheaves a generous share  
 And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,  
 And then lay down behind his pile to watch.  
 The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,  
 The cedars stood up black against the sky,  
 The olive-branches whispered in the wind:  
 Then Abram came down softly from his home,  
 And, looking to the right and left, went on,  
 Took from his ample store a generous third,  
 And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.  
 Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,  
 And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek,  
 And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,  
 Neither could Zimri. So they walked along  
 Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer  
 That he had bound them in such loving bands.

CLARENCE COOK.

## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now—  
 Tears will unbidden start—  
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow  
 I press it to my heart.  
 For many generations past  
 Here is our family tree;  
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped,  
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those  
 Whose names these records bear;  
 Who round the hearthstone used to close,  
 After the evening prayer,  
 And speak of what these pages said  
 In tones my heart would thrill!  
 Though they are with the silent dead,  
 Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book  
 To brothers, sisters, dear;  
 How calm was my poor mother's look,  
 Who loved God's word to hear!  
 Her angel face—I see it yet:  
 What thronging memories come!  
 Again that little group is met  
 Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
 Thy constancy I've tried;

27

When all were false, I found thee true,  
 My counsellor and guide.  
 The mines of earth no treasures give  
 That could this volume buy;  
 In teaching me the way to live  
 It taught me how to die!

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

## DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone;  
 Thou, who dost know thine own;  
 Thou, to whom all are known,  
 From the cradle to the grave—  
 Save, O, save!

From the world's temptations;  
 From tribulations;  
 From that fierce anguish  
 Wherein we languish;  
 From that torpor deep  
 Wherein we lie asleep,  
 Heavy as death, cold as the grave—  
 Save, O, save!

From the ingrained fashion  
 Of this earthly nature  
 That mars thy creature;  
 From grief, that is but passion,  
 From mirth, that is but feigning;  
 From tears, that bring no healing;  
 From wild and weak complaining—  
 Thine old strength revealing,  
 Save, O save!

From doubt, where all is double,  
 Where wise men are not strong;  
 Where comfort turns to trouble;  
 Where just men suffer wrong;  
 Where sorrow treads on joy;  
 Where sweet things soonest eley;  
 Where faiths are built on dust;  
 Where love is half mistrust,  
 Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;  
 O, set us free!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

## DYING WORDS OF A LITTLE GIRL.

"DEAR Jesus, let me sleep," she said;  
 The Saviour heard her cry:  
 "Lay down, dear child, thy weary head—  
 How sweet the mild reply.

"Dear Jesus, let me sleep," she said,  
 Her gentle spirit flown  
 To swell the numbers of the blest,  
 Who stand around the throne.

"He giveth his beloved sleep,"  
O blessed promise given:  
We gave to Him our lamb to keep,  
Our treasure's now in heaven.

O happy they, who with the Lamb  
Shall stand on Zion's hill,  
With palms of victory in their hand,  
Beyond the fear of ill.

Yes, happy they who in the Lord  
This blessed sleep shall share—  
A sleep unruffled by a sigh,  
Untroubled by a care.

MAGGIE STUART PATRICK.

## TRIUMPHANT FAITH.

**A**MIDST the city's din are heard  
The bells of Sabbath ringing,  
And through the factory's buzz and hum  
The songs of children singing:  
Through the deep solemn chiming of war  
The hymns of home are gliding;  
Behind resounding thunder-blasts  
The timid choirs are hiding.

Faith is that wondrous instrument  
Whereby the soul may hear  
Amid the woes and wails of life  
The songs of hope and cheer:  
We stand among the myriad sounds  
That fill the troubled earth,  
And ever choose the strains we will  
Of sadness or of mirth.

We sit beside the groaning sea  
Of human fear and sorrow,  
And catch immortal symphonies  
From God's eternal Morrow;  
Within us fares the fearful fray  
Of many hosts contending,  
Yet well we hear the victor-cries  
O'er contests grandly ending.

Oh! hoarse the shouts and wild the fray  
Where fight the good and ill,  
And how shall we keep courage up  
With God so far, so still?  
And human breasts are filled with dread,  
As, mingling in the din,  
They wonder when the Lord shall bid  
Grace to o'er-master sin.

God! hear what dreadful wraths and cries  
Threaten thy noblest plan;  
What wicked powers and plots of hell!  
What fateful schemes of man!  
Huge wrong stands oft-times uppermost,  
And right lies humbled low;  
And to discouraged ones it seems  
That Thou wilt have it so!

Great songs of God are fast inclosed  
In the world-organ vast,  
The winds sweep up the quivering pipes  
In stormy, angry blast;  
But faith sits at the organ-boards  
And deftly strikes the keys,  
'Tis weird, 'tis grand, how earthly reeds  
Breathe heavenly melodies!

Blow slow, blow fast, thou maddened blast,  
Thou shalt but Christ-songs bring  
To trusting minds! Blow, winter winds,  
Blow hard—ye speed the spring.  
Wild hurricanes, the tender strains  
Of love faith makes ye blow;  
As though the angels, strong and strange,  
Hosannas fling below.

Give me the ear, my God, to hear  
The songs the angels sing me,  
Give me the eye that shall descry  
With joy the joys they bring me!  
To my poor heart the power impart  
To know that Thou art near me;  
And love listen to the Christ  
Who longs with love to cheer me.

Oh, for the ear that hearkening  
In stillness rapt and holy,  
Misses no undertone of song  
How'er so soft and lowly;  
The ear that notes the mystic psalms  
The mystic choirs are singing;  
God loner in his silences  
Than clouds when thunders flinging!

Oh, for the eye that out beyond  
The stars spies others gleaming,  
That sees the unbelh'd as real,  
The seen as only seeming;  
The eye that earthly blindness helps  
To spiritual seeing,  
And deep within the inmost finds  
The richer, fuller being!

Through all thy myriad crowding worlds,  
In vain I search for Thee,  
Till by thy clearer vision Thou  
Searchest and savest me;  
Then, Master, I essay no more  
To find the holy spot  
Where dwellest Thou; I wondering ask,  
Where shall I find Thee not?

Dear Christ, in this unworthy heart  
Dwell with celestial grace,  
Let the whole world be splendid with  
The glory of thy face;  
While we below far upward press  
Our arduous, ardent way,  
Thy heavens, O Lord of Hosts, bring down,  
And here thy power display!



Here be the radiant glory,  
 And here the rapture-song,  
 Here multitudinous angels,  
 And the full-ransomed throng ;  
 The city fair and golden,  
 Life's river, broad and pure ;  
 Thy New Jerusalem sounding  
 Redemption's overture !

DENIS WORTMAN.

MORE THAN WE ASK.

HERE are deep things of God : push out from shore !  
 Hast thou found much ? Give thanks and seek for more.

Doth fear the generous Giver to offend ?  
 Then think his store and bounty know no end.  
 He needeth not to be implored, nor teased ;  
 The more we take, the better He is pleased.

Nor is it alms, dispensed in high disdain ;  
 He loses nothing : 'tis his only gain  
 To make thee rich. What can He do but give ?  
 Since there's not one from whom He may receive.  
 He parts with nothing. What's bestowed on thee,  
 Immortal child ! stays in the family.

This exercise of giving out his wealth  
 Preserves Him fresh in everlasting health,  
 For how should Goodness be the Perfect Good,  
 If Goodness slept, nor cared for his own brood ?  
 But love and wisdom, kept in circulation,  
 Are life and light and law for all creation.

What service can we render Thee, kind Heaven !  
 But freely take what is so freely given ?  
 Thy best of gifts is wit to keep the cup,  
 Wherein Thou pour'st blessings, right-side-up.  
 Dwell Thou within us, Lord of Charity !  
 And we, from Thee, shall endless givers be.

CHARLES G. AMES.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
 But at Christmas it always is young,  
 The heart of the jewel burus lustrous and fair,  
 And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,  
 When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night !  
 On the snowflakes which cover thy sod  
 The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,  
 And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight

That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,  
 That voice of the Christ-child shall fall ;

And to every blind wanderer open the door  
 Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,  
 With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
 Where the feet of the Holiest have trod,  
 This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed  
 When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have  
 pealed,  
 That mankind are the children of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need,  
 As there never will be a to-morrow ;  
 For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
 With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life  
 With much sad and grave persistence,  
 And wait and watch for a crowd of ills  
 That as yet have no existence ?

Strength for to-day—What a precious boon  
 For earnest souls who labor !  
 For the willing hands that minister  
 To the needy friend and neighbor.

Strength for to-day—that the hearts  
 In the battle for right may quail not,  
 And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears  
 In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day on the down-hill track  
 For the travellers near the valley,  
 That up, far up, on the other side,  
 Ere long, they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth  
 May happily shun temptation,  
 And build, from the rise to the set of sun,  
 On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home,  
 To practice forbearance sweetly ;  
 To scatter kind words and loving deeds,  
 Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,  
 As there never will be a to-morrow ;  
 For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
 With its measures of joy and sorrow.

A DAY TO COME.

HERE'LL come a day when the supremest  
 splendor  
 Of earth, or sky, or sea,  
 Whate'er their miracles, sublime or tender,  
 Will wake no joys in me.



There'll come a day when all the aspiration  
Now with such fervor fraught,  
As lifts to heights of breathless exaltation,  
Will seem a thing of naught.

There'll come a day when riches, honor, glory,  
Music and song and art,  
Will look like puppets in a worn-out story,  
Where each has played his part.

There'll come a day when human love, the sweetest  
Gift that includes the whole  
Of God's grand giving—sovereignest, completest—  
Shall fail to fill my soul.

There'll come a day—I shall not care how passes  
The cloud across my sight,  
If only, lark-like, from earth's nested grasses,  
I spring to meet its light.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

#### HE LEADS US ON.

HE leads us on  
By paths we did not know,  
Upward He leads us, though our steps be  
slow,

Though oft we faint and falter on the way,  
Though storms and darkness of obscure the day,  
Yet when the clouds are gone  
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on.  
Through all the unquiet years;  
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears  
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze  
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days  
We know his will is done;  
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,  
After the weary strife,  
After the restless fever we call life,  
After the dreadfulness, the aching pain,  
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,  
After our toils are past,  
Will give us rest at last.

#### IN THE DARK.

The author's last poem; written a few days before his death.

ALL moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees  
Along the drifted sand-hills where they  
grow;  
And from the dark west comes a wandering  
breeze,  
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,  
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone,  
And the eye vainly seeks by sea and land  
Some light to rest upon.

No large pale star its gimmering vigil keeps;  
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;  
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps  
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,  
And through the dark the ocean-thunders roll:  
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel  
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;  
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;  
Blackness of darkness!—Father, hear my prayer!  
Grant me to see the light!

GEORGE ARNOLD

#### NOT DEAD.

I THINK her living yet;  
It cannot, ought not, must not be  
That death hath conquered utterly;  
That in the swift and fell surprise  
That stilled her heart and sealed her eyes,  
All died that we had loved and known—  
All died that knew and loved her own;  
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet  
Somewhere in God's infinity;  
Somewhere, though hidden quite from me,  
She being has—she walks in white—  
She knows the joy, she sees the light  
Of those who reach the higher planes,  
By secret ways of mortal pains;  
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet;  
An angel bright, God's minister  
All-beautiful, I think of her.  
She so divinely formed to bless,  
So rich in woman's tenderness,  
God's hand might be to wipe a tear—  
His voice, with words of holy cheer.  
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet.  
Two little ones her mother-love  
Asks for and finds and clasps above.  
Their infant spirit speech she hears,  
And on her mother-heart she bears  
Them fondly where the Shepherd leads—  
Where by still streamlets His flock He feeds.  
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet.  
In glad rejoicings round the Throne  
She serves and sings—she, still my own  
Goes with the shining companies—  
The Great King in his beauty sees—  
A child gone home, she is not dead!  
Her portion she's inherited.  
I think her living yet.

I think her living yet.  
 And when, in God's time, I pass on  
 To the good land where she has gone,  
 She'd meet me at the portal bright—  
 She'll lead to Him who is the light  
 Of the King's city—ever mine,  
 She'll walk with me the ways divine  
 Where she is living yet.

ALVAN LILLIE FRISBIE.

## NOTHING TO GIVE.

**N**OTHING to give save a crust of bread,  
 But that was freely give ; ;  
 Nothing to say but a kindly word ;  
 Yet that was heard in heaven.

Nothing to bear but the petty load  
 Of daily toil and pain,  
 Yet that was borne with a smiling face,  
 And it was not borne in vain.

Nothing to do that was grand or great,  
 But only to work alone,  
 To lighten the toil of the fatherless,  
 And the weary widow's moan.

Nothing to leave but a worn-out frame,  
 And a name without a stain,  
 Nothing to leave but an empty place,  
 That nothing could fill again.

CYRUS THORNTON.

## ALL'S WELL.

**W**HIE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
 My weary spirit seels repose in thine :  
 Father ! forgive my trespasses, and keep  
 This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed ;  
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet ;  
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—  
 So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;  
 All's well ! whichever side the grave for me  
 The morning light may break !

HARRIET MEEWEN KIMBALL.

## "FOR RIGHT IS RIGHT, SINCE GOD IS GOD."

**W**ORKMAN of God ! oh, lose not heart,  
 But learn what God is like ;  
 And in the darkest battle-field  
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
 The instinct that can tell  
 That God is on the field when He  
 Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine  
 Where real right doth lie,  
 And dares to take the side that seems  
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
 And learn to lose with God ;  
 For Jesus won the world through shame,  
 And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
 Most strange in all its ways,  
 And, of all things on earth, least like  
 What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave  
 From what men reckon shame,  
 In his own world He is content  
 To play a losing game.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul !  
 Muse and take better heart ;  
 Back with thine angel to the field,  
 And bravely do thy part !

God's justice is a bed where we  
 Our anxious hearts may lay,  
 And, weary with ourselves, may sleep  
 Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God ;  
 And right the day must win ;  
 To doubt would be disloyalty,  
 To falter would be sin !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

## "FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

**W**HIE way is dark, my Father ! Cloud on cloud  
 Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
 The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
 Like one bewildered ! Father, take my hand,  
 And through the gloom  
 Lead safely home  
 Thy child !

The day goes fast, my Father ! and the night  
 Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight  
 Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,  
 Encompass me. O Father ! take my hand,  
 And from the night  
 Lead up to light  
 Thy child !

The way is long, my Father ! and my soul  
 Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal ;  
 While yet I journey through this weary land,  
 Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand ;  
 Quickly and straight  
 Lead to heaven's gate  
 Thy child !

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn  
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn  
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command  
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;  
Then safe and blest,  
Lead up to rest  
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt  
And fear and danger compass me about;  
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand  
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,  
And through the throng  
Lead safe along  
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne  
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn  
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land  
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;  
And reaching down  
Lead to the crown  
Thy child!

HENRY N. COBB.

## THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

THE way is dark, my child! but leads to light.  
I would not always have thee walk by sight.  
My dealings now thou canst not understand.  
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night  
Darker to Me than day? In Me is light!  
Keep close to Me, and every spectral band  
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,  
And through the night  
Lead up to light  
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be  
Not one step longer than is best for thee;  
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand  
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,  
And quick and straight  
Lead to heaven's gate  
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet  
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,  
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land  
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,  
And safe and blest  
With Me shall rest  
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side  
Thy Father walks: then be not terrified,

For I am with thee; will thy foes command  
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,  
And through the throng  
Lead safe along  
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One  
Who bore a heavier for thee; my Son,  
My well-beloved. For Him bear thine; and stand  
With Him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,  
Thy cross laid down,  
Receive a crown,  
My child!

HENRY N. COBB.

## THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's Plain,  
When a young mother with her first-born  
thence

Went up to Zion, for the boy was vowed  
Unto the Temple-service;—by the hand  
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,  
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think  
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,  
To bring before her God. So passed they on,  
O'er Judah's hills; and whereso'er the leaves  
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,  
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue  
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;  
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep  
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch  
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,  
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount  
Lay like a twilight-star 'midst palmy shades,  
Making its banks green gems along the wild,  
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave  
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,  
And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reached,  
The Earth's One Sanctuary—and rapture hushed  
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,  
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped  
In light, like floating gold. But when that hour  
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy  
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye  
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear  
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her  
arm  
Clung as the ivy elings—the deep spring tide  
Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child  
Bending, her soul came forth, in mingled sounds  
Of weeping and sad song—"Alas," she cried,

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,  
And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver cords again to earth have won me:

And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—  
How shall I hence depart ?

“ How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing  
So late, along the mountains, at my side ?  
And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying  
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair  
Beholding thee so fair !

‘ And oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath  
parted,  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turned from its door away ?  
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,  
I languish for thy voice, which past me still  
Went like a singing rill !

“ Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water-urn ;  
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,  
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.

“ And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,  
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,  
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear ?

“ What have I said, my child ?—Will He not hear  
thee,  
Who the young ravens beareth from their nest ?  
Shall He not guard thy rest,  
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?  
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

“ I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !  
And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !  
And thou shalt be his child.

“ Therefore, farewell !—I go, my soul may fail me,  
As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,  
Yearning for thy sweet looks—  
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me ;  
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell  
The Rock of Strength—Farewell !

FELICIA DOROTHĒA HEMANS

IT SHALL BE WELL.

**I**F thou shalt be in heart a child,  
Forgiving, tender, meek, and mild,  
Though with light stains of earth defiled,  
O soul, it shall be well.

It shall be well with thee indeed,  
Whate'er thy race, thy tongue, thy creed,  
Thou shalt not lose thy fitting meed ;  
It shall be surely well.

Not where, nor how, nor when we know,  
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow ;  
We may but whisper faint and low,  
It shall be surely well.

It shall be well with thee, oh, soul,  
Though the heavens wither like a scroll,  
Though sun and moon forget to roll—  
O soul, it shall be well.

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

FROM “EVANGELINE.”

“ **G**OD'S name !” shouted the hasty and some-  
what irascible blacksmith ;  
“ Must we in all things look for the how, and  
the why, and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the  
strongest !”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the  
notary public—

“ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice  
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often  
consoled me.

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port  
Royal.”

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to  
repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice was  
done them.

“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer re-  
member,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its  
left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice  
presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes  
of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the  
balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-  
shine above them.

“ But in the course of time the laws of the land were  
corrupted ;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were op-  
pressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-  
man's palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a sus-  
picious

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
 Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder  
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand  
 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance.  
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended,  
 the blacksmith  
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;  
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,  
 as the vapors  
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## A LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

"Gretchen!" murmured the sufferer; and instantly a dark-eyed, middle-aged lady bent over him, taking his fervent hand in hers.  
 "Brother, I am here. Can I do anything for you?"  
 "Nothing more, sister. All is done!"  
 Then pressing her hand fondly, he said, in low, distinct tones:  
 "Gretchen, I am weary! Let us go home. Good-night!"  
 They were his farewell words. As they left his lips the spirit of Alexander, the great church historian, entered the Celestial City.

**S**ISTER, it is growing late; the sun, I think, is set;  
 A gentle fragrance fills the room from rose and mignonette;  
 I cannot see the flowers or the shadows on the wall.  
 For I am blind and faint and ill. I weary of them all.  
 Let us go home, dear Gretchen. Sweet home for us awaits;  
 I'm drifting toward its crystal sea and toward its pearly gates;  
 Exquisite forms, celestial scenes, are opening to my sight—  
 I move from darkness into light; so Gretchen, dear, good-night!

Good-night! I gladly float away on toward the heavenly shore.  
 Where blind men and where sick men will be blind and sick no more;  
 Sorrow and pain and labor resigned for endless light;  
 My Jesus beckons to me; so Gretchen, dear, good-night!

SOPHIE L. SCHENCK.

## IF WE KNEW.

**I**f we knew the cares and crosses  
 Crowded round our neighbor's way,  
 If we knew the little ills  
 Sorely grievous day by day,  
 Would we then so often chide him  
 For the lack of thrift and gain—  
 Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
 Leaving on our hearts a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us,  
 Held our gentle blessings there,  
 Would we turn away all trembling,  
 In our blind and weak despair?  
 Would we shrink from little shadows,  
 Lying on the dewy grass,  
 While 'tis only birds of Eden,  
 Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story  
 Quivering through the heart of pain,  
 Would our womanhood dare doom them  
 Back to haunts of vice and shame?  
 Life has many a tangled crossing,  
 Joy has many a break of woe,  
 And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest;  
 This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms  
 For the key to other lives,  
 And with love to erring nature,  
 Cherish good that still survives;  
 So that when our disrobed spirits  
 Soar to realms of light again,  
 We may say, dear Father, judge us  
 As we judge our fellow-men.

## BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

**B**EYOND the smiling and the weeping  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home!  
 Sweet home!  
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the shining and the shading,  
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the rising and the setting  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
 Beyond remembering and forgetting.

I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the gathering and the strowing,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the frost chain and the fever  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the rock waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## PRAYING FOR SHOES.

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

**O**N a dark November morning  
A lady walked slowly down  
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare  
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,  
The peace of her pure young face  
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream  
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,  
And the sensitive mouth expressed  
A longing to set the kind thoughts free  
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop window,  
An urchin, timid and thin,  
Who, with limbs that shook and a yearning look,  
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and varied clusters  
Of slippers and shoes outspread,  
Some shimmering keen, but of sombre sheen,  
Some purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and unwarmed;  
But of what, she could not hear.  
And oft on his folded hands would fall  
The round of a bitter tear

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,  
In a voice like the May-wind sweet.

He turned, and while pointing dolefully  
To his naked and bleeding feet,

"I was praying for shoes," he answered;  
"Just look at the splendid show!  
I was praying to God for a single pair,  
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

She led him, in museful silence,  
At once through the open door,  
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light,  
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended  
And his small, brown feet were shod;  
And he pondered there on his childish prayer  
And the marvelous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,  
How strangely from shop to shelf,  
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed  
Of looking on God Himself.

The lady bent over, and whispered,  
"Are you happier now, my lad?"  
He started, and all his soul flashed forth  
In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy?—Oh, yes!—I am happy!"  
Then (wonder with reverence rife,  
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low).  
"Please tell me! Are you God's wife?"

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## IN THE MIST.

**S**ITTING all day in a silver mist,  
In silver silence all the day,  
Save for the low, soft kiss of spray  
And the lip of sands by waters kissed,  
As the tide draws up the bay.

Little I hear and nothing I see,  
Wrapped in that veil by fairies spun;  
The solid earth is vanished for me,  
And the shining hours speed noiselessly,  
A woof of shadow and sun.

Suddenly out of the shifting veil  
A magical bark, by the sunbeams lit,  
Flits like a dream—or seems to flit—  
With a golden prow and a gossamer sail  
And the waves make room for it.

A fair, swift bark from some radiant realm—  
Its diamond cordage cuts the sky  
In glittering lines; all silently  
A seeming spirit holds the helm,  
And steers. Will he pass me by!

Ah ! not for me is the vessel here ;  
 Noiseless and swift as a sea-bird's flight  
 She swerves and vanishes from the sight ;  
 No flap of sail, no parting cheer—  
 She has passed into the light.

Sitting some day in a deeper mist,  
 Silent, alone, some other day,  
 An unknown bark, from an unknown bay,  
 By unknown waters lapped and kissed,  
 Shall near me through the spray.

No flap of sail, no scraping of keel,  
 Shadowy, dim, with a banner dark,  
 It will hover, will pause, and I shall feel  
 A hand which grasps me, and shivering steal  
 To the cold strand and embark—

Embark for that far, mysterious realm  
 Where the fathomless, trackless waters flow.  
 Shall I feel a Presence dim, and know  
 Thy dear hand, Lord, upon the helm,  
 Nor be afraid to go ?

And through black waves and stormy blast  
 And out of the fog-wreaths, dense and dun,  
 Guided by thee, shall the vessel run,  
 Gain the fair haven, night being past,  
 And anchor in the sun ?

SARAH WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

#### THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

This old poem, which was altered and enlarged by David Dickson, a Scotch clergyman (1583-1662), seems to have been by no means improved by the enlargement; and we give it here in its earlier form. Probably the hymn has received contributions from various hands, and it would seem to be partly derived from translations from the Latin.

**J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 When shall I come to thee ?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
 Thy joys when shall I see ?  
 O happy harbor of the saints !  
 O sweet and pleasant soil !  
 In thee no sorrow may be found,  
 No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,  
 Nor hurt, nor ache, nor sore ;  
 There is no death, nor ugly dole,  
 But life for evermore.  
 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
 There envy bears no sway ;  
 There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,  
 But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;  
 Thy gates are of right orient pearl,  
 Exceeding rich and rare.  
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
 With carbuncles do shine ;

Thy very streets are paved with gold,  
 Surpassing clear and fine.  
 Thy houses are of ivory.

Thy windows crystal clear ;  
 Thy tiles are made of beaten gold ;—  
 O God, that I were there !  
 Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
 Would God I were in thee !  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see !

Thy saints are crowned with glory great,  
 They see God face to face ;  
 Thy triumph still, they still rejoice ;  
 Most happy is their case.  
 We that are here in banishment  
 Continually do moan ;  
 We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,  
 Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,  
 Our pleasure is but pain ;  
 Our joys scarce last the looking on,  
 Our sorrows still remain.  
 But there they live in such delight,  
 Such pleasure, and such play,  
 As that to them a thousand years  
 Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
 Continually are green ;  
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
 As nowhere else are seen.  
 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,  
 The flood of life doth flow ;  
 Upon whose banks on every side  
 The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,  
 And evermore do spring ;  
 There evermore the angels sit,  
 And evermore do sing.  
 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
 Would God I were in thee !  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see !

#### WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

**W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth  
 The gratitude declare  
 That glows within my ravished heart ?  
 But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,  
 And all my wants redressed,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.



To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face,  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise,  
But oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise !

JOSEPH ADDISON.

## HOW TO LIVE.

**H**E liveth long who liveth well !  
All other life is short and vain :  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !  
All else is being flung away ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him  
Who freely gave it, freely give ;  
Else is that being but a dream :  
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be what thou seemest ! live thy creed !  
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;  
Be what thou prayest to be made ;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;  
Buy up the moments as they go :  
The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap ;  
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;  
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright ;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## WAIT AND WORK.

**W**E shall not die until our work be done ;  
We shall not cease until our course be  
run ;  
We shall not fade or fail  
While heart and faith prevail,  
Or aught is to be won  
Beneath the constant sun.

## HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

**T**HE morning broke. Light stole upon the  
clouds  
With a strange beauty. Earth received again  
Its garments of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,  
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,  
And everything that bendeth to the dew,  
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up  
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the light,  
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad  
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth  
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,  
And the young birds were singing as if life  
Were a new thing to them ; but music came  
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt  
That pang of the unreasonable heart,  
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,  
Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.  
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed  
Till the blood started ; and the wandering veins  
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,  
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye  
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven.



Which made its language legible, shot back,  
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.  
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand  
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,  
Scarce trained to balunee on the tented floor,  
Samballed for journeying. He had looked up  
Into his mother's face until he caught  
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling  
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form  
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,  
As if his light proportions would have swelled,  
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now  
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard  
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow  
So written with the converse of his God,  
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.  
His lip is quivering, and his wondred step  
Of vigor is not there; and though the morn  
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes  
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.

He gave to her the water and the bread,  
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself  
To look upon her face, but laid his hand  
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,  
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,  
And, as a vine the oak has shaken off,  
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?  
O no! by all her loveliness—by all  
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!  
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek  
By needless jealousies; let the last star  
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;  
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all  
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give  
One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.  
But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—  
By wrong or silence—anything that tells  
A change has come upon your tenderness—  
And there is not a feeling out of heaven  
Her pride o'er-mastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow—  
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,  
As if it were a diamond, and her form  
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.  
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed  
His hand till it was pained; for he had read  
The dark look of his mother, and the seed  
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up  
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.  
The entle of the hills were in the shade,  
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay  
On beating bosoms in her spiey trees.  
It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found

No shelter in the wilderness, and on  
She kept her weary way, until the boy  
Lung down his head, and opened his parched lips  
For water; but she could not give it him.  
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky—  
For it was better than the close, hot breath  
Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;  
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes  
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know  
Why God denied him water in the wild.  
She sat a little longer, and he grew  
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.  
It was too much for her. She lifted him,  
And bore him further on, and hid his head  
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;  
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,  
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,  
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned:

"God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!  
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook  
Upon thy brow to look,  
And see death settle on my errand joy.  
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!  
And could I see thee die?"

"I did not dream of this when thou wast straying  
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;  
Or wiling the soft hours  
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,  
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,  
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh no! and when I watched by thee the while,  
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream  
And thought of the dark stream  
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,  
How prayed I that my father's land might be  
A heritage for thee!"

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,  
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;  
And oh! my last caress  
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.  
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there  
Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had given  
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed  
The forehead of her child until he laughed  
In his reviving happiness, and lisped  
His infant thought of gladness at the sight  
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILSON

#### THE NINETY AND NINE.

HERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold—  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord, Thou hast here thy ninety and nine ;  
 Are they not enough for Thee ?  
 But the Shepherd made answer : " 'Tis of mine  
 Has wandered away from me  
 And although the road be rough and steep,  
 I go to the desert to find my sheep."  
 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
 How deep were the waters crossed ;  
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed  
 through  
 Ere He found his sheep that was lost.  
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

" Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
 That mark out the mountain's track ?"  
 " They were shed for one who had gone astray  
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
 " Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn ?"  
 " They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
 " Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !"  
 And the angels echoed around the throne,  
 " Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own !"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

THE BORDER LAND.

And now men see not the bright light that is in the clouds.—Job  
 xxxvii. 21.

**W**E are living in the border land,  
 You and I ;  
 Where the shadows lengthen for a while,  
 And the sun hath hid his noonday smile,  
 While soft twilight doth the hours beguile.  
 Yet at evening time it shall be light !  
 You and I  
 Have that promise from the far-off land,  
 Where are gathered the ransomed band,  
 Who in robes of white resplendent stand.  
 While we, passing through the border land,  
 You and I,  
 Shall have left all shadows far behind,  
 We shall wonder that we were so blind,  
 While our clouds were ever silver-lined.

THE MYSTICAL BODY.

**O**NE, in the living link  
 Of Christ's unbroken chain,  
 How far so'er o'er land and sea  
 Dissevered we remain ;  
 One, as the pathless deep  
 That breaks in myriad waves ;  
 One with the loved and lost who sleep  
 In near or distant graves ;

One in his holy bond of hearts—as in the  
 Father's home.  
 Their names are murmured oftentimes who in  
 far regions roam.

One on the saintly roll  
 Of those whose life is hid  
 In his dear life, and spotless tread  
 The world's dark maze amid ;  
 As those of old who through the flame  
 Were passed unscathed ;  
 And in the fountain of his grace  
 Their fevered foreheads bathed.

One, in the mystic tie  
 Of hearts that know no ellid ;  
 One Lord, one faith, one victory,  
 O'er all the hosts of ill ;  
 One band unbroken at his board  
 In these his courts behold  
 One endless feast of blessings stored  
 In those far courts of gold.

Oh ! as in each bright festival  
 We sadly count the roll  
 Of those whom love shall ne'er recall,  
 To mingle soul with soul ;  
 Till gazing toward the changeless skies,  
 Beyond the sunset's glow,  
 Behold, beyond life's mysteries,  
 His band unbroken now !

WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

WEARY.

**I** WOULD have gone ; God bade me stay ;  
 I would have worked ; God bade me rest.  
 He broke my will from day to day ;  
 He read my yearnings unexpressed,  
 And said them nay.

Now I would stay ; God bids me go ;  
 Now I would rest ; God bids me work.  
 He breaks my heart tossed to and fro ;  
 My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk  
 And vex it so !

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me ;  
 Day after day I plod and moil ;  
 But, Christ my God, when will it be  
 That I may let alone my toil,  
 And rest with Thee ?

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

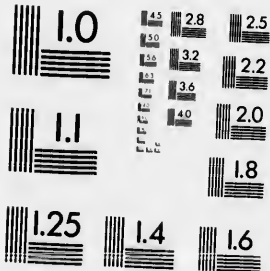
GOING HOME.

**"E**IMGANG ! " so the German people  
 Whisper, when they hear the bell  
 Tolling from some grand old steeple  
 Death's familiar tale to tell.  
 When they hear the organ dirges  
 Swelling out from chapel dome,



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And the singers' chanting service,  
 "Heingang!" always going home.

"Heingang!" quaint and tender saying,  
 In the grand old German tongue,  
 That hath shaped Melancthon's praying,  
 And the hymns that Luther sung;  
 Blessed is our loving Maker,  
 That where'er our feet shall roam,  
 Still we journey toward "God's acre"—  
 "Heingang!" always going home.

"Heingang!" we are all so weary;  
 And the willows as they wave,  
 Softly sighing, in the breezes,  
 Woo us to the tranquil grave;  
 When the golden pitcher's broken  
 With its dregs or with its foam,  
 And the tender words are spoken,  
 "Heingang!" we are going home!

#### THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

LOW hung the moon, the wind was still,  
 As slow I climbed the midnight hill,  
 And passed the ruined garden o'er,  
 And gained the barred and silent door,  
 Sad welcome by the lingering rose  
 That, startled, shed its waning snows.

The bolt flew back with sudden clang,  
 I entered, wall and rafter rang,  
 Down dropped the moon, and clear and high  
 September's wind went wailing by;  
 "Alas!" I sighed, "the love and glow  
 That lit this mansion long ago!"

And groping up the threshold stair,  
 And past the chambers cold and bare,  
 I sought the room where, glad of yore,  
 We sat the blazing fire before,  
 And heard the tales a father told,  
 Till glow was gone and evening o'ld.

Where were those rosy children three?  
 The boy beneath the mooning sea;  
 Sweet Margaret, down where violets hide,  
 Slept, tranquil by that father's side,  
 And I, alone, a pilgrim still,  
 Was left to climb the midnight hill.

My hand was on the latch, when, lo!  
 'Twas lifted from within! I know  
 I was not wild, and could I dream?  
 Within, I saw the wood-fire gleam,  
 And smiling, waiting, beekoning there,  
 My father in his ancient chair!

O the long rapture, perfect rest,  
 As close he clasped me to his breast!

Put back the braids the wind had blown,  
 Said I had like my mother grown,  
 And bade me tell him, frank as she,  
 All the long years had brought to me.

Then, by his side, his hand in mine,  
 I tasted joy serene, divine,  
 And saw my griefs unfolding fair  
 As flowers, in June's enchanted air,  
 So warm his words, so soft his sighs,  
 Such tender lovelight in his eyes!

"O Death!" I cried, "if these be thine,  
 For me the asphodels entwine,  
 Fold me within thy perfect calm;  
 Leave on my lips the bliss of balm,  
 And let me slumber, pillowed low,  
 With Margaret, where the violets blow."

And still we talked. O'er cloudy bars  
 Orion bore his pomp of stars;  
 Within, the wood-fire fainter glowed,  
 Weird on the wall the shadows showed,  
 Till, in the east, a pallor born,  
 Told midnight melting into morn.

'Tis true, his rest this many a year  
 Has made the village church-yard dear;  
 'Tis true, his stone is graven fair,  
 "Here lies, remote from mortal care."  
 I cannot tell how this may be,  
 But well I know he talked with me.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

#### JACOB'S LADDER.

AlH, many a time we look on the starlit nights  
 Up to the sky, as Jacob did of old,  
 Look longing up to the eternal lights,  
 To spell their lines in gold.

But never more, as to the Hebrew boy,  
 Each on his way the angels walk abroad;  
 And never more we hear, with awful joy,  
 The audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes the ladder still is set,  
 And angel visitants still come and go;  
 Many bright messengers are moving yet  
 From the dark world below.

Spirits elect, through suffering rendered meet  
 For those high mansions; from the nursery door,  
 Bright babes that climb up with their clay-cold feet,  
 Unto the golden door.

These are the messengers, forever wending  
 From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan;  
 These are the angels of our God, ascending  
 Upon the Son of Man.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

## PERSONÆ POEMS.



### TO MARK TWAIN ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

**A** Clemens, when I saw thee last—  
 We both of us were younger—  
 How fondly mumbling o'er the past  
 Is Memory's toothless hunger!  
 So fifty years have fled, they say,  
 Since first you took to drinking—  
 I mean in Nature's milky way—  
 Of course no ill I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road  
 Your track you've been pursuing,  
 What fountains from your wit have flowed—  
 "What drinks you have been brewing!"

I know whence all your magic came—  
 Your secret I've discovered—  
 The source that fed your inward flame—  
 The dreams that round you hovered.

Before you learned to bite or munch,  
 Still kicking in your cradle,  
 The Muses mixed a bowl of punch,  
 And Hebe seized the ladle.

Dear babe, whose fiftieth year to-day  
 Your ripe half-century rounded,  
 Your books the precious draught betray  
 The laughing Nine compounded.

So mixed, the sweet, the sharp, the strong,  
 Each finds its faults amended,  
 The virtues that to each belong  
 In happier union blended.

And what the flavor can surpass  
 Of sugar, spirit, lemons?  
 So while one health fills every glass  
 Mark Twain for Baby Clemens!  
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

**H**e wandered o'er the dreary earth,  
 Forgotten and alone;  
 He who could teach home's matchless worth  
 Ne'er had one of his own.  
 'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,  
 Along the hilly road,  
 He bore his great heart, and had none  
 To help him with the load;

And wheresoever in his round  
 He went with weary tread,  
 His sweet pathetic song he found  
 Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made  
 Come pealing o'er and o'er,  
 From royal music bands that played  
 Before the palace door;  
 He heard its gentle tones of love  
 From many a cottage creep,  
 When tender crooning mothers strove  
 To sing their babes to sleep;  
 And whereso'er true love had birth  
 This thrilling song had flown,  
 But he who taught home's matchless worth  
 Had no home of his own.

The banishment was overlong,  
 But it will soon be past;  
 The man who wrote home's sweetest song  
 Shall have a home at last!  
 And he shall rest where laurels wave  
 And fragrant grasses twine;  
 His sweetly kept and honored grave  
 Shall be a sacred shrine,  
 And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim  
 Will fondly bend above  
 The man who sung the triumph hymn  
 Of earth's divinest love.

WILL CARLETON

### JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Read at the unveiling of the bust at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

**T**O him who sang of "Home, sweet home,"  
 In strains so sweet, the simple lay  
 Has thrilled a million hearts, we come  
 A nation's grateful debt to pay.  
 Yet, not for him the bust we raise;  
 Ah, no! can lifeless lips prolong  
 Fame's trumpet voice? The poet's praise  
 Lives in the music of his song!

The noble dead we fondly seek  
 To honor with applauding breath;  
 Unheeded fall the words we speak,  
 Upon "the dull, cold car of death."  
 Yet, not in vain the spoken word;  
 Nor vain the monument we raise;  
 With quicker throbs our hearts are stirred  
 To catch the nobleness we praise!

Columbia's sons—we share his fame ;  
 'Tis for ourselves the bust we rear,  
 That they who mark the graven name  
 May know that name to us is dear ;  
 Dear as the home the exile sees—  
 The fairest spot beneath the sky—  
 Where, first—upon a mother's knees—  
 He slept, and where he yearns to die.

But not alone the lyric fire  
 Was his, the drama's muse can tell ;  
 His genius could a Kean inspire ;  
 A Kemble owned his magic spell ;  
 A Kean, to " Brutus " self so true  
 (As true to art and nature's laws),  
 He seemed the man the poet drew,  
 And shared with him the town's applause.

Kind hearts and brave with truth severe  
 He drew, unconscions, from his own ;  
 O nature rare ! But pilgrims here  
 Will oft'nest say, in pensive tone,  
 With reverend face and lifted hand,  
 " 'Twas he—by fortune forced to roam—  
 Who, homeless in a foreign land,  
 So sweetly sang the joys of home ! "

JOHN GODFREY CAKE.

#### NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

**W**HERE in seclusion and remote from men  
 The wizard hand lies cold,  
 Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,  
 And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic power  
 And the lost elixir regain ?  
 The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
 Unfinished must remain !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### ODE TO WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Stockton, of New Jersey, author of "The Triumph of Mildness," and who wrote in the latter half of the eighteenth century, addressed some of her poetry to Washington, whose reply, from which the following is an extract, shows he was not so austere that he could not indulge, on occasion, in the playful gallantry of the old school :

" ROCKY HILL, September 24, 1783.

" You apply to me, my dear madam, for absolution, as though I were your father-confessor. If it is a crime to write elegant poetry, and if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go through the proper course of penitence, I will strive hard to acquit you of your poetical trespasses.

" Your most obedient and obliged servant,  
 " GEORGE WASHINGTON.

" To Mrs. Stockton."

**W**ITH all thy country's blessings on thy head,  
 And all the glory that encircles man—  
 Thy deathless fame to distant nations  
 spread,

And real, as unblest by freedom's genial plan ;—

Addressed by statesmen, legislators, kings,  
 Revered by thousands as you pass along,  
 While every muse with ardor spreads her wings,  
 To greet our hero in immortal song :—  
 Say, can a woman's voice an audience gain,  
 And stop a moment thy triumphant car ?  
 And wilt thou listen to a peaceful strain—  
 Unskilled to paint the horrid wrack of war ?  
 For what is glory ? What are martial deeds,  
 Unpurified at virtue's awful shrine ?  
 Full oft remorse a glorious day succeeds—  
 The motive only stamps the deed divine,  
 But thy last legacy, renowned chief,  
 Hath deeked thy brow with honors more sublime :—  
 Twined in thy wreath the Christian's firm belief,  
 And nobly owned thy faith to future time !

MRS. ANNIS BOUDINOT STOCKTON.

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON.

**B**Y broad Potomac's silent shore  
 Better than Trajan lowly lies,  
 Gilding her green declivities  
 With glory now and evermore ;  
 Art to his fame no aid hath lent ;  
 His country is his monument.

#### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Among the gifted author's latest utterances was the following noble ode, written for Washington's birthday, February 22, 1878, for one of our religious journals.

**P**ALE is the February sky,  
 And brief the mid-day's sunny hours ;  
 The wind-swept forest sees us sigh  
 For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet even when the summer broods  
 O'er meadows in their fresh array,  
 Or autumn tints her glowing woods,  
 No mouth can boast a prouder day.

For this chill season now again  
 Brings, in its annual round, the morn  
 When, greatest of the sons of men,  
 Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,  
 Calmly the Hudson flows,  
 By snow-clad ice a frozen field  
 Broadening the torrid river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space  
 And ends the oak with sudden force,  
 Can raise no ripple on his face  
 Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, mid the wreck of thrones, shall live  
 Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,  
 And years succeeding years shall give  
 Increase of honors to his name.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Some such  
 As nang

"THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

ROME had its Caesar, great and brave; but stain  
was on his wreath:

He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the  
tyrant's death.

France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty  
they might soar,

Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in  
murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have  
chained the waves—

Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a  
world of slaves—

Who, though their kindred barred the path, still  
fiercely waded on,

Oh, where shall be their "glory" by the side of Wash-  
ington!

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my na-  
tive earth—

The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that  
mother birth!

Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from  
thy shore,

And faltering my breath that sighed "Farewell for  
evermore!"

But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to  
dwell

Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's  
song to tell.

"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me  
swiftly on;

But bear me from my own, fair land to that of Wash-  
ington."

ELIZA COOK.

TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867.

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his song,  
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds  
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he  
wrong

The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,  
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
Is blown about the world, but to his friends  
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years,  
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,  
Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears—  
But hush! this is not for profaner ears;  
Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,  
As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's ground;

Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more  
Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door,  
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade  
Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,  
So through his trial faith translucent rayed,  
Till darkness, half disannatured so, betrayed  
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay,  
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,  
If our poor life he lengthened by a lay,  
He shall not go, although his presence way.  
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet  
As gracious natures find his song to be;  
May Age steal on with softly cadenced feet  
Falling in music, as for him were meet  
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Read at the unveiling of his statue in Central Park, New-York, May, 1871

AMONG their graven shapes to whom  
Thy civic wreaths belong,  
O city of his love! make room  
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,  
Nor his the helm of state,  
Nor glory of the stricken field,  
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,  
He served his race and time  
As well as if his clerkly pen  
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,  
The Muses found their son,  
Could any say his tuneful art  
A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by year  
Men found their homes more sweet,  
And through a tenderer atmosphere  
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street knew;  
The Red King walked Broadway;  
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew  
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise  
His veil with reverent hands;  
And mingle with thy own the praise  
And pride of other lands.



Let Greece his fiery lyrics breathe  
Above her hero-urns ;  
And Scotland, with her holly, wreath  
The flower he culled for Burns.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,  
Thy tall ships ride the seas ;  
To-day thy poet's name recalls  
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,  
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,  
That shaded square and dusty street  
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,  
The echoes of his song ;  
Too late the tardy meed we bring,  
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas !—Of all who knew  
The living man, to-day  
Before his unveiled face, how few  
Make bare their locks of gray !

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,  
Our graceful eyes be dim ;  
O, brothers of the days to come,  
Take tender charge of him !

New hands the wires of song may sweep,  
New voices challenge fame ;  
But let no moes of years o'ercreep  
The lines of Halleck's name.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This tribute appeared in the *London Punch*, which, up to the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, had ridiculed and maligned him with all its well-known powers of pen and pencil.

**Y**OU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed  
face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonaire,  
Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step as though the way were plain,  
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain :

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet  
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you ?

Yes ; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen ;  
To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose ;  
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more  
true ;  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet, how hopeful, he could be ;  
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same ;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—  
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace com-  
mand ;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to work his will,  
If but that will we can arrive to know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied  
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting might ;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron-bark that turns the lumberer's axe,  
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—  
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train :  
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,  
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it : four long-suffering years'  
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both with the same unwavering mood ;  
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood !

A felon hand, between the goal and him,  
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest !

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame :  
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high ;  
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came !

A deed accurst ! Strokes have been struck before  
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
If more of horror or disgrace they bore ;  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven ;  
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

COLUMBUS.

HE was a man whom danger could not daunt,  
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue ;  
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,  
And steered the path of honor to pursue :  
So, when by all deserted, still he knew  
How best to soothe the heart-sick or confront  
Sedition, schooled with equal eye to view  
The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.  
But when he saw that promised land arise  
In all its rare and bright varieties,  
Lovelier than fonder fancy ever trod ;  
Then softening nature melted in his eyes ;  
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God ;  
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod !

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

GR EAT keeper of the magic keys  
That could unlock the magic gates  
Where science like a monarch stands,  
And sacred knowledge waits—

Thine ashes rest on Auburn's banks,  
Thy memory all the world contains,  
For thou couldst bind in human love  
All hearts in golden chains !

Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets  
Our warm and deep affections free—  
Who knew thee best must love thee best,  
And longest mourn for thee !

JAMES T. FIELDS

TO THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT,

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 6, 1865.

THE mightiest of the Hebrew seers,  
Clear-eyed and hale at eighty years,  
From Pisgah saw the hills and plains  
Of Canaan, green with brooks and rains.

Our poet, strong in frame and mind,  
Leaves eighty well-spent years behind ;  
And forward looks to fields more bright  
Than Moses saw from Pisgah's height.

Yet be our Pierpont's voice and pen  
Long potent with the sons of men ;  
And late his summons to the shore  
Where he shall meet his youth once more.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WHEN, stricken by the freezing blast,  
A nation's living pillars fall,  
How rich the storied page, how vast,  
A word, a whisper, can recall !

No medal lifts its fretted face,  
Nor speaking marble cheats your eye ;  
Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,  
A living image passes by :

A roof beneath the mountain pines ;  
The cloisters of a hill-girt plain ;  
The front of life's embattled lines ;  
A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes : a boy appears ;  
Set life's round dial in the sun,  
Count the swift arc of seventy years,  
His frame is dust ; his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,  
Ere the declining sun has laid  
His bleaching rays on manhood's power  
And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,  
No change inerown his brow : behold !  
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed,  
Earth has no double from its mould !

Ere from the fields by valor won  
The battle-smoke had rolled away,  
And bared the blood-red setting sun,  
His eyes were opened on the day.

His land was but a shelving strip,  
Black with the strife that made it free ;  
He lived to see its banners dip  
Their fringes in the western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name,  
His words the mountain echoes knew ;  
The northern breezes swept his fame  
From icy lake to warm bayou.

In toil he lived : in peace he died ;  
When life's full cycle was complete,  
Put off his robes of power and pride,  
And laid them at his Master's feet.

His rest is by the storm-swept waves,  
Whom life's wild tempests roughly tried,  
Whose heart was like the streaming caves  
Of ocean, throbbing at his side.

Death's cold white hand is like the snow  
Laid softly on the furrowed hill;  
It hides the broken seams below,  
And leaves the summit brighter still.

In vain the envious tongue upbraids;  
His name a nation's heart shall keep,  
Till morning's latest sunlight fades  
On the blue tablet of the deep!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### THE LOVELY NORTH STAR.

Written on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, 1863.

HERE'S a star in the north that can guide  
The wanderer, where'er he may roam;  
In the waste of the desert, or tide,  
That star tells the path to his home.  
Though others in clusters are bright  
Still changeful, as radiant, they are,  
But faithful as truth, through the night,  
Is the beam of the lovely North Star.

There's a land that presides o'er the sea;  
When its prince would embark on love's tide,  
With sailor-like prudence then he  
Sought the star that in safety would guide.  
So he looked to the north, and he found  
A ray aus'ring bright from afar:  
And may every blessing abound  
On his course with his lovely North Star.

SAMUEL LOVER.

#### CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

IN him Demosthenes was heard again;  
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;  
She clothed him with authority and awe,  
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.  
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,  
And all his country beaming in his face,  
He stood as some inimitable hand  
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.  
No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose  
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;  
And every venal stickler for the yoke  
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### ON DR. JOHNSON.

I OWN I like not Johnson's turgid style,  
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;  
Casts of manure a wagon-load around  
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;

Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?  
To crush a butterfly, or brain a goat!  
Creates a whirlwind, from the earth to draw  
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;  
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—  
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;  
Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar  
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore:  
Alike in every theme his porous art—  
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

JOHN WOLCOT.

#### KING CHARLES II.

Written on the bedchamber door of Charles II.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the king,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
He never says a foolish thing,  
Nor ever does a wise one.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

#### RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WHOSE humor, as gay as the firefly's light,  
Played round every subject, and shone as  
it played;—  
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle, as  
bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on his  
blade;—

Whose eloquence—brightening whatever it tried,  
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—  
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,  
As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave!

THOMAS MOORE.

#### MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

YE men of wit and social eloquence!  
He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!  
While powers of mind almost of boundless  
range,

Complete in kind, as various in their change—  
While eloquence, wit, poesy, and mirth,  
That humbler harmonist of care on earth,  
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense  
Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,  
Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,  
And turn to all of him which may remain,  
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,  
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

LORD BYRON.

#### JOHN MILTON.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour,  
England hath need of thee. She is a fen  
Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
Oh, raise us up, return to us again,  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power !  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## JOHN MILTON.

**N**OR second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,  
The secrets of the abyss to spy.  
He passed the flaming bounds of place and  
time :  
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
Where angels tremble while they gaze.  
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

**W**HEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days in this dark world and  
wide,  
And that one talent which is death to  
hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide ;  
Doth God exact day labor, light denied,  
I fondly ask ? but patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state  
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

## WICKLIFFE'S DUST.

In Daniel Webster's address before the "Sons of New Hampshire,"  
1849, occurs the following :

**S**OME prophet of that day said :  
The Avon to the Severn runs,  
The Severn to the sea ;  
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,  
Wide as the waters be."

## TO SHAKESPEARE.

**T**HE soul of man is larger than the sky ;  
Deeper than ocean, or the abyssal dark  
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark,  
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,

O'er the drowned hills, the human family,  
And stock reserved of every living kind,  
So, in the compass of the single mind,  
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,  
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art  
To know thyself, and in thyself to be  
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destroy,  
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,  
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,  
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame,

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## JOHN WICKLIFFE.

**A**S thou these ashes, little brook ! wilt bear  
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed  
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,  
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified  
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dis-  
persed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## ROBERT BURNS.

TO A ROSE BROUGHT FROM AYRSHIRE, BURNS'  
RESIDENCE.

**W**HILD rose of Alloway ! my thanks :  
Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon  
When first we met upon "the banks  
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine beneath the thorn-tree's bough,  
My sunny hour was glad and brief ;  
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou  
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—  
The doom of all things wrought of clay ?  
And withered my life's leaf like thine,  
Wild rose of Alloway ?

Not so his memory for whose sake  
My bosom bore thee far and long—  
His who a humbler flower could make  
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name  
That glows, when brimmed her festal cup,  
A nation's glory and her shame  
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest  
Forgot—she's canonized his mind  
And it is joy to speak the best  
We may of humankind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed  
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath.  
A straw-thatched roof above his head,  
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,  
His monument—that tells to heaven  
The homage of earth's proudest isle  
To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,  
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;  
And know, however low his lot,  
A poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,  
The power that gave a child of song  
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,  
The rich, the brave, the strong:

And if despondency weigh down  
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,  
Despair:—thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,  
And longer scrolls and louder lyres,  
And lays lit up with poesy's  
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;  
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;  
And few have won a greener wreath  
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart  
In which the answering heart would speak—  
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,  
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt  
Before its spell with willing knee,  
And listened, and believed, and felt  
The poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm;  
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers;  
O'er passion's moments bright and warm;  
O'er reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do;"  
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,  
From throne to cottage hearth!

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,  
What wild vows falter on the tongue,  
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,  
Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise;  
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love  
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master lay  
Of Alloway's witch-hammered wall,  
All passions in our frame of clay  
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,  
And our own world, its gloom and glee—  
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,  
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,  
Though rough and dark the path he trod,  
Lived—died—in form and soul a man,  
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,  
With wounds that only death could heal—  
Tortures the poor alone can know,  
The proud alone can feel—

He kept his honesty and truth,  
His independent tongue and pen,  
And moved, in manhood as in youth,  
Pride on his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,  
A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
Of coward, and of slave—

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear and would not bow,  
Were written in his manly eye  
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! A nation stood  
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,  
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,  
Men stand his cold earth-couch around  
With the mute homage that we pay  
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,  
The last, the hallowed home of one  
Who lived upon all memories,  
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,  
Shrines to no code or creed confined—  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with wisdom's garland wreathed,  
Crowned kings, and witred priests of power,  
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,  
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home  
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,  
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come  
From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed  
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,  
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,  
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,  
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,  
And gather feelings not of earth  
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,  
And round thy sepulchres, Duafries !  
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,  
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns ?  
Wear they not graven on the heart  
The name of Robert Burns ?

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

#### ROBBY BURNS.

**N**O more by Lugar, Ayr or Doon—  
When heathens bloom and linnets sing,  
Shall he the sweetest poet, join,  
With them to hail the coming spring.

As fair thy blooming heaths may spread  
As sweet thy woodbines still may twine,  
But, all thy charms with him are fled,  
Who was the sweetest grace of thine.

Admiring nature's wildest grace ;  
No more he'll trace thy winding shore,  
Delighted with thy wildest waste,  
When howling wintery tempests roar.

Sweet stream to him that was so dear—  
Thy murmurs now must be forgot,  
Thy murmurs now no more shall cheer  
Or raise in him sublimest thought.

Who now shall tell of harmless mirth,  
Of sports that haunt thy humble green,  
Or who shall tell of Scotia's worth—  
Improve and brighten every scene.

Though his wild harp no more he plies ;—  
No more he forms the melting strain,  
Though on his breast it mouldering lies  
The sweet vibration still remains.

Though many a year have daisies drest  
The sod that wraps his gentle head,  
On distant plains the pensive breast  
E'er him the mournful tear doth shed,

Though howling winds the forest tear,  
And every flow'ret finds its doom—  
The wreath he won shall flourish fair,  
And memory hover round his tomb.

Yes! thy sweet wreath shall flourish fair  
With "polished leaves and berries red,"  
No frost shall fade or rival tear,  
Sweet Burns! the wreath that bound thy head.

JOSEPH DE PREFONTAINE.

#### TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

**W**HETE is thy wild harp now, O bard sublime!  
Whom amid Scotia's mountain solitude  
Great Nature taught to "build the lofty  
rhyme ;"

And even beneath the daily pressure, rude,  
Of laboring poverty, thy generous blood  
Fired with the love of Freedom, not subdued  
Wert thou by thy low fortune. But a time  
Like this we live in, when the abject chime  
Of echoing parasite is best approved,  
Was not for thee, indignantly is fled  
Thy noble spirit, and, no longer moved  
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,  
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,  
Enjoys with them "the liberty it loved."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

#### ROBERT EMMET.

Robert Emmet, the celebrated Irish revolutionist, at his trial for high treason, which resulted in his conviction and execution, September 23, 1803, made an eloquent and pathetic defence, concluding with these words: "Let there be no inscription upon my tomb—Let no man write my epitaph. Let my character and my motives repose in security and peace till other times and other men can do them justice. Then shall my character be vindicated; then may my epitaph be written. I have done."

**B**REATHE not his name! let it sleep in the  
shade,  
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;  
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed.  
As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it  
weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### MARSHAL MURAT.

**W**HERE, where death's brief pang was quickest,  
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
Strewed beneath the advancing banner  
Of the eagle's burning crest—  
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,  
Who could then her wing arrest—  
Victory beaming from her breast?)—

While the broken line enlarging  
Fell, or fled along the plain :—  
There he sure Murat was charging !  
There he ne'er shall charge again !

LORD BYRON.

#### TO THE LORD-GENERAL CROMWELL.

WRITTEN ABOUT MAY, 1652.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a  
cloud,  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Gilded by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
And on the neck of crown'd Fortune prone  
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued ;  
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,  
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains  
To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories,  
No less renowned than War : new foes arise,  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

#### AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

LONG, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring,  
Through the bright morning air, we slowly  
strolled,  
And in the blue heaven heard the skylark sing  
Above the ruins old—

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,  
Through high-walled lanes, o'erhung with blossoms  
white

That opened on the far Campagna's miles  
Of verdure and of light ;

Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found  
A rose—a single rose left blooming there,  
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground  
And that enchanted air.

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,  
And seemed to wait for us to gather them,  
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped  
And plucked it from its stem.

One rose, and nothing more. We shared its leaves  
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one  
Cried from the field before his unripe sheaves  
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled  
For us, dear friend—but not the poet's lay.  
He is the rose, deathless among the dead,  
Whose perfume lives to-day.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

#### TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of new !  
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillaw'd in some deep dungeon's earless den—  
O miserable caitiff ! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not ; do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow,  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth, and skies.  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee. Thou hast great allies,  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### COWPER'S GRAVE.

IT is a place where poets crowned may feel the  
heart's decaying,  
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid  
their praying ;  
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence  
languish !  
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave  
her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac's tongue was poured the  
deathless singing !  
O Christians ! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand  
was clinging !  
O men ! this man in brotherhood your weary paths  
beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died  
while ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through brim-  
ming tears the story,  
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the  
glory,  
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wander-  
ing lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-  
hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high voca-  
tion,  
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker  
adoration ;  
Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good for-  
saken ;  
Named softly as the household name of one whom  
God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learned to think  
upon him,  
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose  
heaven hath won him.

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to his own love  
to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird  
could find him ;

As I wrought within his shattered brain such quick  
poetic senses

As hills have language for, and stars harmonious  
influences ;

The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its  
number,  
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like  
a slumber.

While timid hares were drawn from woods to share his  
home caresses,

Uplinking to his human eyes with sylvan tender-  
nesses ;

The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's  
ways removing,

Its women and its men became, beside him true and  
loving.

But though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of  
that guiding,

And things provided came without the sweet sense of  
providing,

He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated,  
Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while  
she blesses,

And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her  
kisses,

That turns his fevered eyes around : " My mother?  
where's my mother ? "

As if such tender words and deeds could come from  
any other !

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bend-  
ing o'er him,

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied  
love she bore him :

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever  
gave him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, that closed in death  
to save him !

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth can image that  
awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round  
him breaking,

Or felt the new, immortal throb of soul from body  
parted,

But felt those eyes alone, and knew " My Saviour ;  
not deserted ! "

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms,  
repelled

The fierce Eparot and the African bold ;  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled ;  
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,  
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
In all her equipage ; besides to know  
Both spiritual power and civil—what each means,  
What severs each—thou hast learned, which few have  
done :

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe,  
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

JOHN MILTON.

LORD BYRON.

WHEN Byron's eyes were shut in death  
We bowed our head and held our breath.  
He taught us little ; but our soul  
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE RECEPTION OF THE POET WORDS-  
WORTH AT OXFORD.

OH, never did a mighty truth prevail  
With such felicities of place and time  
As I, those shouts sent forth with joy sublime  
From the full heart of England's youth, to  
hail

Her once neglected bard within the pale  
Of learning's fairest citadel ! That voice,  
In which the future thunders, bids rejoice  
Some who through wintry fortunes did not fail  
To bless with love as deep as life the name  
Thus welcomed ;—who in happy silence share  
The triumph ; while their fondest musings claim  
Unhoped for echoes in the joyous air,  
That to their long-loved poet's spirit bear  
A nation's promise of undying fame.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

DAVID GARRICK.

HERE lies David Garrick, describe him who can,  
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in  
man :

As an actor, confessed without rival to shine ;  
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;  
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,  
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art,  
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread  
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red,  
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;  
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
He tripped and he varied full ten times a day,  
Though scarce of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick  
If they were not his own by finessing and trick ;



He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them  
back.

Of praise a merc' glutton, he swallowed what came,  
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;  
Till his roisish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who peppered the highest was surest to please,  
But let us be caudid, and speak out our mind,  
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

#### TO WORDSWORTH.

**W**HERE have been poets that in verse display  
The elemental forms of human passions:  
Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions  
And all the wilful humors of the day  
Have furnished matter for a polished lay:  
And many are the smooth, elaborate tribe  
Who, envious of thee, the shape describe,  
And fain would every shifting hue portray  
Of restless nature. But thou, mighty seer!  
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make  
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake  
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.  
Of nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,  
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

#### DIRGE OF ALARIC.

Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Bosentus, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

**W**HEN I am dead, no pageant train  
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,  
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain  
Stain it with hypocritic tear;

For I will die as I did live,  
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust  
Upon the spot where I repose;  
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,  
In hollow circumstance of woes;  
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,  
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

My course was like a river deep,  
And from the northern hills I burst,  
Across the world in wrath to sweep,  
And where I went the spot was cursed,  
Nor blade of grass again was seen  
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

My course is run, my errand done;  
I go to Him from whom I came;  
But never yet shall set the sun  
Of glory that adorns my name;

And Roman hearts shall long be sick,  
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;  
But darker ministers of fate,  
Impatient, round the eternal throne,  
And in the caves of vengeance, wait  
And soon mankind shall blench away  
Before the name of Attila.

EDWARD EVERETT.

#### FROM "LINES ON THE DEATH OF HOGG."

**S**WEET bard of Ettrick's glen!  
Where art thou wandering?  
Missed is thy foot on the mountain and lea!  
Why round yon craggy rocks  
Wander thy heedless flocks,  
While lambs are listening and bleating for thee?  
Cold as the mountain-stream,  
Pale as the moonlight beam,  
Still is thy bosom, and closed is thine e'e.  
Wild may the tempest's wave  
Sweep o'er thy lonely grave:  
Thou'rt deaf to the storm—it is harmless to thee.

Cold on Benlomond's brow  
Flickers the drifted snow,  
While down its sides the wild cataracts foam;  
Winter's mad winds may sweep  
Fierce o'er each glen and steep,  
Thy rest is unbroken, and peaceful thy home.  
And when on dewy wing  
Comes the sweet bird of spring,  
Chanting its notes on the bush or the tree,  
The bird of the wilderness,  
Low in the waving grass,  
Shall, cowering, sing sadly its farewell to thee.

MARGARET MAXWELL INGLIS.

#### DOCTOR ARNOLD.

**S**TRONG soul, by what shore  
Tarest thou now? For that force,  
Surely, has not been left in vain:  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labor-house vast,  
Of being, is practised that strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,  
Conscious or not of the past,  
Still thou performest the word  
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,  
Prompt, unwearied, as here!  
Still thou upraisest with zeal  
The humble good from the ground,

Sternly represses the bad,  
Still, like a trumpet dost rouse  
Those who with half-open eye  
Tread the border-land dim

'Twi'x vice and virtue; reviv' st,  
Succorest—this was thy work,  
This was thy life upon earth.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE DEAD CZAR NICHOLAS.

LAY him beneath his snows,  
The great Norse giant who in these last days  
Troubled the nations. Gather decently  
The imperial robes about him. 'Tis but man,  
This demi-god. Or rather it *was* man,  
And is—a little dust, that will corrupt  
As fast as any nameless dust which sleeps  
'Neath Alua's grass or Balaklava's vines.

Self-glorifying sinners! Why, this man  
Was but like other men—you, Levite small,  
Who shut your saintly ears, and prate of hell  
And heretics, because outside church-doors,  
Four church-doors, congregations poor and small  
Praise heaven in their own way: you, autoerut  
Of all the hamlets, who add field to field  
And house to house, whose slavish children cower  
Before your tyrant footsteps; you, foul-tongued  
Fanatic or ambitious egotist,  
Who think God stoops from his high majesty  
To lay his finger on your puny head,  
And crown it, that you henceforth may parade  
Your maggots through the wondering world—  
"I am the Lord's anointed!"

This czar, this emperor, this dist'ed and blind  
Lying so straightly in an icy calm  
Grandeur than sovereignty, was but as ye—  
No better and no worse: Heaven mend us all!

Carry him forth and bury him. Death's peace  
Rest on his memory! Mercy by his bier  
Sits silent, or says only these few words—  
"Let him who is without sin 'moungst ye all  
Cast the first stone."

MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE KING'S RIDE.

ABOVE the city of Berlin  
Shines soft the summer day,  
And near the royal palace shout  
The school-boys at their play.

Sudden the mighty palace gates  
Unclasp their portals wide,  
And forth into the sunshine see  
A single horseman ride.

bent old man in plain attire;  
No glittering courtiers wait,  
No arm'd guard attend the steps  
Of Frederick the Great!

The boys have spied him, and with shouts  
The summer breezes ring:  
The merryurchins haste to greet  
Their well-belov'd king.

Impeding e'en his horse's tread,  
Presses the joyous train;  
And Prussia's despot frowns his best,  
And shakes his stick in vain.

The frowning look, the angry tone  
Are feigned, full well they know;  
They do not fear his stiek—that hand  
Ne'er struck a coward blow.

"Be off to school, you boys!" he cries.  
"Ho! ho!" the laughers say,  
"A pretty king you not to know  
We've holiday to-day!"

And so upon that summer day,  
These children at his side,  
The symbol of his nation's love,  
Did royal Frederick ride.

O Kings! your thrones are tottering now!  
Dark frowns the brow of fate!  
When did you ride as rode that day  
King Frederick the Great?

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

FROM "THE MOTHER OF THE KINGS."

In the *London Keepsake* for 1837, the authoress describes a visit to Madame Letitia, mother of Napoleon, then in her eighty-fourth year. She was on her bed, and her room was hung around with large, full-length portraits of the members of her illustrious family.

STRANGE looked that lady old, reclined  
Upon her lonely bed  
In that vast chamber, echoing not  
To page or maiden's tread;  
And stranger still the gorgeous forms,  
In portrait, that glanced round  
From the high walls, with cold bright looks  
More eloquent than sound.

They were her children:—never yet,  
Since, with the primal beam,  
Fair painting brought on rainbow wings  
Its own immortal dream,  
Did one fond mother give such race  
Beneath its smile to grow  
As they who now, back on her brow,  
Their pietred glories throw.

Her daughters there—the beautiful!  
Looked down in dazzling sheen:  
One lovelier than the Queen of Love—  
One crowned an earthly queen!  
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins!  
With diadem and plume,  
Each leaning on his sceptred arm,  
Made empire of that room!

But right before her couch's foot,  
 One mightiest picture blazed—  
 One form august, to which her eyes  
 Incessantly were raised :—  
 A monarch's, too!—and monarch-like,  
 The artist's hand had bound him  
 With jewelled belt, imperial sword,  
 And eruvined purple round him.

One well might deem, from the white flags  
 That o'er him flashed and rolled,  
 Where the puissant lily laughed  
 And waved its bannered gold,  
 And from the Lombard's iron erown  
 Beneath his hand which lay,  
 That Charlemagne had burst death's reign  
 And leaped again to-day!

How gleamed that awful countenance,  
 Magnificently stern!  
 In its dark smile and smiting look,  
 What destiny we learn!—  
 The laurel simply wreathes that brow,  
 While nations watch its nod,  
 As though he scoffed all pomp below  
 The thunder-bolt of God.

Such was the scene—the noontide hour—  
 Which, after many a year,  
 Had swept above the memory  
 Of his meteor-like career—  
 Saw the mother of the mightiest—  
 Napoleon's mother—lie  
 With the living dead around her,  
 With the past before her eye!

LADY EMBLINE STUART WORTLEY.

#### CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

**F**LUTES in the sunny air,  
 And harps in the porphyry halls!  
 And a low, deep hum, like a people's prayer,  
 With its heart-breathed swells and falls!  
 And an echo, like the desert's eall,  
 Flung back to the shouting shores!  
 And the river's ripple, heard through all,  
 As it plays with the silver oars!—  
 The sky is a gleam of gold,  
 And the amber breezes float,  
 Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but never told,  
 Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand—  
 And the thousand tongues are mute,  
 And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,  
 The strings of his gilded lute!  
 And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud and high,  
 Beneath his white syuar,  
 And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,  
 Like the flash of an eastern star!  
 The gales may not be heard,  
 Yet the silken streamers quiver,

And the vessel shoots, like a bright-plumed bird,  
 Away down the golden river!

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

#### ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!—SHAKESPEARE.

**I** AM dying, Egypt, dying!  
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;  
 And the dark, Plutonian shadows  
 Gather on the evening blast.  
 Let thine arm, O Queen, support me,  
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear:  
 Listen to the great heart-secrets,  
 Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my searred and veteran legions  
 Bear their eagles high no more,  
 Though my wrecked and scattered galleys  
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;  
 Though no glittering guards surround me,  
 Proupt to do their master's will—  
 I must perish like a Roman—  
 Die the great triuunvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
 Mock the lion thus laid low;  
 'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him,  
 'Twas his own that struck the blow :—  
 His who, pillowed on thy bosom,  
 Turned aside from glory's ray—  
 His who, drunk with thy caresses,  
 Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
 Where the noble spouse, Octavia,  
 Weeps within her widowed house—  
 Seek her; say the gods bear witness—  
 Altars, augurs, circling wings—  
 That her blood, with mine commingled,  
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,  
 Glorious sorcerer of the Nile,  
 Light my path through Stygian darkness  
 With the splendor of thy smile.  
 Give to Caesar thrones and kingdoms,  
 Let his brow the laurel twine;  
 I can scorn all meaner triumphs,  
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!  
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;  
 They are coming—quick, my falchion!  
 Let me front them ere I die.  
 Ah! no more amid the battle  
 Shall my soul exulting swell;  
 Isis and Osiris guard thee—  
 Cleopatra! Rome! farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LITTLE.

DANTE.

**W**USCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,  
 With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,  
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb,  
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;

Yet in thy love what human sympathies,  
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
 The tender stars their clouded lamps relume !  
 Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,  
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,

As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,  
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;  
 And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,  
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE MESSENGER'S ACCOUNT OF SAMSON.

FROM "SAMSON AGONISTES."

**O**CCASIONS drew me early to this city ;  
 And as the gates I entered with sunrise,  
 The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
 Through each high street : little I had des-  
 patched

When all abroad was rumored that this day  
 Samson should be brought forth to show the people  
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games ;  
 I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded  
 Not to be absent at the spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre,  
 Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
 With seats, where all the lords and each degree  
 Of sort might sit in order to behold :  
 The other side was open, where the throng  
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;  
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
 The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
 Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and  
 wine,  
 When to their sports they turned. Immediately  
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,

In their state livery clad : before him pipes  
 And timbrels ; on each side went armed guards,  
 Both horse and foot : before him and behind,  
 Archers and slingers, cataphraets and spears.  
 At sight of him the people with a shout  
 Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,  
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He, patient but undaunted, where they led him,  
 Came to the place ; and what was set before him,  
 Which without help of eye might be assayed,  
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed  
 All with incredible, stupendous force,  
 None daring to appear antagonist.

At length, for intermission's sake, they led him  
 Between the pillars ; he his guide requested  
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard),  
 As over-tired, to let him lean a while  
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars  
 That to the arch'd roof gave main support.  
 He, unsuspecting, led him ; which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,  
 And eyes fast fixed, he stood as one who prayed,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved.

At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :—  
 Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed  
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld ;  
 Now of my own accord such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed :  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro  
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson, with these unmixed, inevitably  
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;  
 The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

JOHN MILTON.

## SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

The editor of "Beautiful Gems of Thought and Sentiment" takes pleasure in presenting to the reader a rare collection of songs, which have proved, by their popularity in the past, their fitness to appear in this volume. There are songs which, at one time or another, have been sung at almost every fireside, hummed by almost every lip, and now live as pleasant echoes of the time gone by; and not a few readers will be glad to get back, in permanent form, the words which touched their hearts in other days. A number of the following songs had, in their time, a national interest and popularity. They were born of special occasions: the tragedies of war, the heroism of patriots, or the sorrows that wept over the slain. Other songs in this collection date back to the time when quaint negro melodies were universally popular.



### OLD DOG TRAY.

HE morn of life is past,  
And evening comes at last—  
It brings me a dream of a once  
happy day;  
Of merry forms I've seen  
Upon the village green,  
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful;  
Grief cannot drive him away,  
He's gentle, he's kind, I'll never, never find  
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own  
Have vanished one by one—  
The loved ones, the dear ones, have all passed away:  
Their happy smiles have flown,  
Their gentle voices gone,  
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past  
His eyes are on me cast,  
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would  
say:

Although he cannot speak,  
I'll vainly, vainly seek  
A better friend than old dog Tray.

### MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

**R**OUND the meadows am a-ringing  
De darkies' mournful song,  
While de mocking bird is singing  
Happy as de day am long;  
Whar de ivy am a creeping  
O'er de grassy mound,  
Dar old massa am a sleeping  
In de cold, cold ground.

Down in de cornfield  
Hear dat mournful sound,  
All de darkies am a weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

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When de autumn leaves were falling,  
When de days were cold,  
'Twas hard to hear ole massa calling,  
'Case he was so weak and old;  
Now de orange tree am blooming  
On de sandy shore,  
Now de summer days am coming  
Massa nebbber calls no more.

Massa make de darkies love him  
'Case he was so kind,  
Now dey sadly weep above him  
Mourning 'case he leave dem behind.  
I cannot werk before to-morrow  
'Case de tear-drops flow,  
I try to drive away my sorrow  
Pickin' on de old banjo.

### BANKS OF THE DEE.

#### AN ENGLISH BALLAD OF THE REVOLUTION.

This beautiful song was very popular, both in England and the colonies. It was composed by Judge Tall, a writer to the *Signal*, and, for some time, a judge in one of the minor courts at Edinburgh. It was first printed in the *Pennsylvania Ledger*, at Philadelphia, and also inserted in Wilson's collection, published at Edinburgh, 1779.

**T**WAS summer, and softly the breezes were  
blowing,  
And sweetly the nightingale sang from the  
tree.

At the foot of a hill, where the river was flowing,  
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,  
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever,  
For there I first gained the affection and favor  
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus  
mourning,  
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant he is:  
But ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,  
To wander again on the banks of the Dee:

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the rude roaring  
billows,  
The kindest, the sweetest, of all his brave fellows;  
And left me to stray 'mongst these once beloved  
willows,  
The loneliest lass on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore  
him,  
Blest peace may restore my dear lover to me,  
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er  
him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.  
The Dee then will flow, all its beauty displaying,  
The lambs on its banks will again be seen playing,  
Whilst I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying,  
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

JOHN TAIT.

## BLUE AND GRAY.

SPOKEN.

**Y**OU ask me why upon my breast,  
Unchanged from day to day,  
Linked side by side on this broad band,  
I wear the blue and gray.

SONG.

I had two brothers long ago,  
Two brothers young and gay;  
One wore a suit of northern blue,  
The other wore a southern gray.  
One heard the roll-call of the drum,  
And linked his fate with Lee;  
And one marched with the stars and stripes,  
With Sherman to the sea.

CHORUS.

And that is why upon my breast,  
Unchanged from day to day,  
Linked side by side on this broad band,  
I wear a knot of blue and gray.

Each fought for what he deemed was right,  
And fell with sword in hand;  
One sleeps among Virginia's hills,  
And one by Georgia's strand.  
The same sun shines on both their graves  
That shines o'er hill and plain;  
But in my dreams of vanished days  
Both brothers live again.

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

**T**HE dames of France are fond and free,  
And Flemish lips are willing,  
And soft the maids of Italy,  
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;  
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,  
Their magic fails to bind me,

And my heart flies back to Erin's isle,  
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,  
And purer than its water,  
But she refused to be my bride  
Though many a year I sought her;  
Yet, since to France I sailed away,  
Her letters oft remind me  
That I promised never to gainsay  
The girl I left behind me.

She says—"My own dear love, come home.  
My friends are rich and many,  
Or else abroad with you I'll roam  
A soldier stout as any;  
If you'll not come, nor let me go,  
I'll think you have resigned me."  
My heart nigh broke when I answered—"No!  
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave  
A life of war and toiling;  
And never as a skulking slave  
I'll tread my native soil on;  
But, were it free or to be freed,  
The battle's close would find me  
To Ireland bound—nor message need  
From the girl I left behind me.

THOMAS DAVIS

## ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

**I**T may not be, it cannot be,  
That such a gem was made for me;  
But, O, gin it had been my lot,  
A palace, not a highland cot,  
That bonnie, simple gem had thrown  
Bright lustre round a jewelled crown!  
For, O, the sweetest lass to me  
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

I love her for her artless truth;  
I love her wi' the heart o' youth,  
When a' the golden dreams o' love  
Bring winged angels from above.  
A stolen glance from Annie snares  
My heart away from all its cares;  
For, O, the sweetest lass to me  
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

## MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

**M**EET me by moonlight alone,  
And then I will tell you a tale,  
Must be told by the moonlight alone,  
In the grove at the end of the vale.  
You must promise to come, for I said  
I would show the night flowers their queen;  
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,  
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.  
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,  
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free ;  
 But there's something about the moon's ray  
 That is sweeter to you and to me.  
 Oh ! remember—be sure to be there ;  
 For though dearly the moonlight I prize,  
 I care not for all in the air  
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes.  
 So meet me by moonlight alone.

#### THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

**I**LL sing you a good old song,  
 Made by a good old pate,  
 Of a fine old English gentleman,  
 Who had an old estate,  
 And who kept up his old mansion  
 At a beautiful old rate ;  
 With a good old porter to relieve  
 The old poor at his gate,  
 Like a fine old English gentleman,  
 All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around  
 With pikes, and guns, and bows,  
 And swords, and good old bucklers  
 That had stood against old foes ;  
 'Twas there " his worship " sat in state,  
 In doublet and trunk hose,  
 And quaffed his cup of good old sack,  
 To warm his good old nose.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,  
 He opened his house to all ;  
 And though threescore and ten his years,  
 He featly led the ball ;  
 Nor was the houseless wanderer  
 E'er driven from his hall ;  
 For while he feasted all the great,  
 He ne'er forgot the small.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight,  
 And years roll swiftly by ;  
 And autumn's falling leaves proclaimed  
 The old man—he must die !  
 He laid him down quite tranquilly ;  
 Gave up his latest sigh ;  
 And mournful stillness reigned around,  
 And tears bedewed each eye.

Now surely this is better far  
 Than all the new parade  
 Of theatres and fancy balls,  
 " At home," and masquerade ;  
 And much more economical,  
 For all his bills were paid ;  
 Then leave your new vagaries quite,  
 And take up the old trade  
 Of a fine old English gentleman,  
 All of the olden time.

#### THE MILLER OF THE DEC.

**T**HERE was a jolly miller once lived on the river  
 Dec,  
 He danced and sang from morn till night, no  
 lark so blithe as he,  
 And this the burden of his song forever used to be,  
 " I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

" I live by my mill, God bless her ! she's kindred, child,  
 and wife,  
 I would not change my station for any other in life :  
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from  
 me,  
 I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."

When spring begins his merry career, oh ! Low his  
 heart grows gay,  
 No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's  
 cold decay :  
 No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing  
 and say,  
 " Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to  
 day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and  
 sing,  
 The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on  
 the wing ;  
 This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial  
 ring,  
 Let heart and voice, and all agree, to say " Long live  
 the King."

#### THE KING AND THE MILLER.

Another version of the " Miller of the Dec."

**T**HERE dwelt a miller hale and bold  
 Beside the river Dec,  
 He worked and sang from morn till night,  
 No lark more blithe than he.  
 And this the burden of his song  
 Forever used to be :  
 " I envy none, no, no, not I,  
 And no one envies me."

" Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,  
 " Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be,  
 For could my heart be light as thine,  
 I'd gladly change with thee.  
 But tell me, now, what makes thee sing,  
 With heart so light and free,  
 While I am sad, though I am King,  
 Beside the river Dec."

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,  
 " I earn my bread," quoth he ;  
 " I love my wife, I love my friend,  
 I love my children three.

I owe no pence I cannot pay,  
I thank the river Dee  
That turns the mill that grinds the corn  
"To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, sighing the while,  
"Farewell and happy be,  
But say no more, if 'thoud'st be true,  
That no one envies thee.  
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,  
Thy mill my kingdom's fee,  
Such men as thou art England's boast,  
Oh miller of the Dee."

## THE VACANT CHAIR.

WE shall meet, but we shall miss him ;  
There will be one vacant chair ;  
We shall linger to earess him,  
While we breathe our evening prayer.  
When a year ago we gathered,  
Joy was in his mild blue eye ;  
But a golden eord is severed,  
And our hopes in ruin lie.

At our fireside sad and lonely,  
Often will the bosom swell  
At remembrance of the story  
How our noble Willie fell ;  
How he strove to bear our banner  
Through the thickest of the fight,  
And upheld our country's honor  
With the strength of manhood's might

True, they tell us wreaths of glory  
Evermore will deck his brow,  
But this soothes the anguish only  
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now  
Sleep to-day, oh, early fallen !  
In thy green and narrow bed :  
Dirges from the pine and cypress  
Mingle with the tears we shed.

## OLD CABIN HOME.

I AM going far away,  
Far away to leave you now,  
To the Mississippi I am going,  
I will take my old banjo  
And I'll sing this little song,  
Away down in my old cabin home.

Here is my old cabin home,  
Here is my sister and my brother ;  
Here lies my wife, the joy of life,  
And my child in the grave with its mother.

I am going to leave this land,  
With this our darkey band,  
To travel all the wide world over,  
And when I get tired

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I will settle down to rest,  
Away down in my old cabin home.

When old age comes on us,  
And my hair is turning gray ;  
I will hang up the banjo all alone ;  
I'll sit by the fire,  
And I'll pass the time away,  
Away down in my old cabin home.

'Tis there where I roam,  
Away down on the old farm,  
Where all the darkies am free.  
Oh, merrily sound the banjo,  
For the white folks round de room,  
Away down in my old cabin home.

## HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

LET us pause in life's pleasure and count its many  
tears,  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor ;  
There's a song that will linger forever in our  
ears,  
Oh ! hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary :  
Hard times, hard times come again no more :  
Many days you have lingered around my cabin  
door ;  
Oh ! hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and  
gay,  
There are frail forms fainting at the door ;  
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks  
will say,  
Oh ! hard times come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,  
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lonely grave,  
Oh ! hard times come again no more.

## WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

I WOULD ask of you, my darling,  
A question, soft and low,  
That gives me many a heartache,  
As the moments come and go.  
Your love I know is truthful,  
But the truest love grows cold ;  
It is this that I would ask you—  
Will you love me when I'm old ?

Life's moru will soon be waning,  
And its ev'ning bells be tolled ;  
But my heart will know no sadness  
If you'll love me when I'm old.

Down the stream of life together  
We are sailing side by side,



Hoping some bright day to anchor  
 Safe beyond the surging tide.  
 To-day our sky is cloudless,  
 But the night may clouds unfold,  
 And its storms may gather round us;  
 Will you love me when I'm old?

When my hair shall shame the snowdrift,  
 And mine eye shall dimmer grow,  
 I would lean upon some loved one  
 In the valley as I go.  
 I would claim of you a promise,  
 Worth to me a world of gold;  
 It is only this, my darling—  
 That you'll love me when I'm old.

#### TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

**W**ERE tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,  
 Give us a song to cheer  
 Our weary hearts—a song of home  
 And friends we love so dear.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,  
 Wishing for the war to cease.  
 Many are the hearts looking for the right,  
 To see the dawn of peace.  
 Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,  
 Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,  
 Thinking of days gone by.  
 Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,  
 And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground.  
 Many are dead and gone  
 Of the brave and true who left their homes:  
 Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground.  
 Many are lying near;  
 Some are with the dying, some are with the dead.  
 And many are in tears.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,  
 Wishing for the war to cease.  
 Many are the hearts looking for the right,  
 To see the dawn of peace.  
 Dying to-night, dying to-night,  
 Dying on the old camp-ground.

WALTER KETTRIDGE.

#### YANKEE DOODLE.

**F**ATHER and I went down to camp,  
 Along with Captain Gooding;  
 There we see the men and boys,  
 As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee doodle, keep it up,  
 Yankee doodle dandy;

Mind the music and the step,  
 And with the girls be handy

And there we see a thousand men,  
 As rich as Squire David;  
 And what they wasted every day  
 I wish it could be saved.

And there we see a swamping gun,  
 Large as a log of maple,  
 Upon a deuced little cart,  
 A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,  
 It takes a horn of powder;  
 It makes a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself,  
 As 'Siah's under-pinning;  
 And father went as nigh again,  
 I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,  
 I thought he would have cocked it;  
 It scared me so I streaked it off,  
 And hung by father's pocket.

But Captain Davis has a gun,  
 He kind of clapped his hand on't,  
 And stunk a crooked stabbing iron,  
 Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell,  
 As big as mother's basin,  
 And every time they touched it off,  
 They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,  
 The heads were made of leather,  
 They knocked on it with little clubs,  
 And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,  
 And gentle folks about him;  
 They say he's grown so tarnal proud,  
 He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,  
 Upon a slapping stallion;  
 He set the world along in rows,  
 In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in their hats,  
 They looked so tearing fine, ah,  
 I wanted plaguily to get,  
 To give to my Jewima.

I see another snarl of men,  
 A diggin' graves they told me,  
 So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,  
 They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off,  
Nor stopped, as I remember ;  
Nor turned about till I got home,  
Locked up in mother's chamber.

## THE OLD BARN.

O H! a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,  
Where the doors stand open throughout the  
day,  
And the cooing doves fly in and out,  
And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay ;

Where the grain lies over the oaken floor,  
And the hens are busily scratching around,  
And the sunbeams flicker, and dance, and shine,  
And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day  
With fluttering wings in the old brown eaves,  
And the robins sing in the trees which lean  
To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

The timid mice in the corner glean  
A harvest sly from the scattered grain,  
And the insects hum in the well-filled lofts,  
And build their nests on the window-pane.

Oh! dear old barn, where my childish days  
Were passed full oft, how I long to be  
Only a child again, to play  
Beneath thy roof with the old-time glee !

## ROSALIE, THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

O N the distant prairie, where the heather wild  
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,  
Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine  
Loves round its porch to twine ;

In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,  
With her blue eyes beaming, soft and mild,  
And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair  
Floating in the summer air.

Fair as a lily, joyous and free,  
Light of that prairie home was she.  
Every one who knew her felt the gentle power  
Of Rosalie the prairie flower.

On the distant prairie, when the days were long,  
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song,  
With the sunny blossoms and the birds at play,  
Beautiful and bright as they :  
When the twilight shadows gather in the west,  
And the voice of nature sunk to rest,  
Like a cherub kneeling seemed the lovely child,  
With her gentle eyes so mild.

But the summer faded, and a chilly blast  
O'er that happy cottage swept at last ;  
When autumn song-birds woke the dewy morn,  
Little Prairie Flower was gone :

For the angels whispered softly in her ear,  
" Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here,"  
And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,  
To their blissful home of light.

## JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

J UST before the battle, mother,  
I am thinking most of you,  
While upon the field we're watching,  
With the enemy in view.  
Comrades brave, around me lying,  
Filled with thoughts of home and God,  
For well they know that on the morrow  
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Farewell, mother, you may never  
Press me to your heart again,  
But oh! you'll not forget me, mother,  
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh! I long to see you, mother,  
And the loving ones at home,  
But I'll never leave our banner  
Till in honor I can come.  
Tell the traitors all around you  
That their cruel words we know  
In every battle kill our soldiers,  
By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,  
'Tis the signal for the fight.  
Now may God protect us, mother,  
As He ever does the right,  
Hear the battle cry of freedom,  
How it swells upon the air.  
Yes, we'll rally round the standard,  
Or will perish nobly there.

## ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

R OCKED in the cradle of the deep  
I lay me down in peace to sleep ;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.  
I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall ;  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie  
And gaze upon the trackless sky,  
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,  
The boundless waters as they roll—  
I feel thy wondrous power to save  
From perils of the stormy wave ;  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine

Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death I  
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee  
The germ of immortality!  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA T. WILLARD.

## THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

This song is apparently the original which suggested to Herrick the lines entitled "Cherry Ripe." Having been somewhat altered and adapted to a pleasing melody by Mr. Charles Horn, the song of "Cherry Ripe" became very popular about the year 1825.

**T**HERE is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies grow;  
A heavenly paradiso is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow:  
There cherries grow that none may buy  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;  
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels watch them still,  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
All that approach with eye or hand  
These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

## CHERRY RIPE.

**C**HERRY ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones, come and buy;  
If so be you ask me where  
They do grow, I answer there,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile  
There's the land, or cherry isle.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones, come and buy:  
There plantations fully show  
All the year where cherries grow.  
Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

## GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

**G**OOD news from home—good news for me,  
Has come across the deep blue sea.  
From friends that I have left in tears,  
From friends that I've not seen for years;  
And since we parted, long ago,  
My life has been a scene of woe;  
But now a joyful hour has come,  
For I have heard good news from home.

Good news from home—good news for me,  
Has come across the deep blue sea,  
From friends that I have left in tears,  
From friends that I've not seen for years.

No father's near to guide me now,  
No mother's tear to soothe my brow,  
No sister's voice falls on mine ear,  
No brother's smile to give me cheer;  
But though I wander far away,  
My heart is full of joy to-day,  
For friends across the ocean's foam  
Have sent to me good news from home.

When shall I see that cottage door,  
Where I've spent years of joy before?  
'Twas there I knew no grief nor care,  
My heart was always happy there,  
Though I may never see it more,  
Nor stand upon my native shore,  
Where'er on earth I'm doomed to roam,  
My heart will be with those at home.

## WEARING OF THE GREEN.

**O**H, Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news  
That's going round?  
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on  
Irish ground.  
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep—the color can't  
be seen,  
For there's a bloody law against the wearing of the  
green.  
I met with Nappy Tander, and he took me by the  
hand,  
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does  
she stand?"  
She's the most distressful country that ever you have  
seen.  
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of  
the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel  
red,  
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that  
they have shed.  
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast  
it on the sod,  
It will take root and flourish there, though under foot  
it's trod.  
When the law can keep the blades of grass from grow-  
ing as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure  
dare not show,  
Then I will change the color I wear in my canbeen;  
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of  
the green.  
But if at last the color should be torn from Ireland's  
heart,  
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil  
will part.

I've heard whispers of a country that lies beyond the  
 sea,  
 Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.  
 Oh, Erin, must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?  
 Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happy land?  
 Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be seen.  
 And where, thank God! we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

## SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER.

THOU, to whom this heart ne'er yet  
 Turned in anguish or regret,  
 The past forgive, the future spare—  
 Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!  
 Oh! leave me not alone in grief,  
 Send this blighted heart relief—  
 Send this blighted heart relief!  
 Make thou my life thy future care—  
 Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!  
 Ah! make my life thy future care—  
 Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!  
 Hear, oh! hear my prayer!  
 Ah! hear my prayer!

O Thou, to whom my thoughts are known,  
 Calm, oh, calm these trembling fears;  
 Oh! turn away the world's cold frown,  
 And dry these falling tears.  
 Oh! leave me not alone in grief,  
 Send this blighted heart relief—  
 Send this blighted heart relief!  
 Make Thou my life thy future care,  
 Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!  
 Oh! make my life thy future care,  
 Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!  
 Hear, oh! hear my prayer!  
 Ah! hear my prayer!

## KITTY CLYDE.

WHO does not know Kitty Clyde!  
 She lives at the foot of the hill,  
 In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,  
 That carries her father's old mill.  
 O who does not love Kitty Clyde?  
 That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass,  
 With a cute dimpled chin that looks roguish as sin,  
 And she has always a smile as you pass.  
 Dear Kitty, sweet Kitty,  
 My own dear Kitty Clyde,  
 In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,  
 There lives my own Kitty Clyde.  
 With a basket to put in her fish,  
 Every morning with a line and a hook

This sunny-eyed lass through the tall heavy grass  
 Steals along by the clear running brook.  
 She throws her line in the stream,  
 Then trips it along the brookside;  
 O how I do wish that I were a fish,  
 To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.

O I wish that I were a bee,  
 I'd not gather honey from flowers,  
 But would steal a sweet sip from dear Kitty's lip  
 And make my own hive in her bowers;  
 Or if I were some little bird  
 I'd not build my nest in the air,  
 Keep close by the side of sweet Kitty Clyde,  
 And build in her soft silken hair.

## THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

I HAVE wandered on through many a clime,  
 Where flowers of beauty grew,  
 Where all was blissful to the heart  
 And lovely to the view;  
 I have seen them in their twilight pride  
 And in the dress of morn,  
 But none appeared so sweet to me  
 As the spot where I was born.

I have wandered on through many a clime,  
 And gazed on palace walls,  
 Yet never wished that step of mine  
 Should tread those stately halls;  
 For 'midst the pomp that circled me,  
 I still should be forlorn;  
 Give me, give me the lowliest cot,  
 On the spot where I was born.

## HANNAH'S AT THE WINDOW BINDING SHOES.

POOR, lone Hannah! sitting at the window binding shoes,  
 Faded, wrinkled, sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.  
 Bright-eyed beauty once was she,  
 When the bloom was on the tree.  
 Spring and winter  
 Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor passing, nod or answer will refuse  
 To her whisper, "Is there from the fishers any news?"

O, her heart's adrift with one,  
 On an endless voyage gone.  
 Night and morning  
 Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah, Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly  
 woos.  
 Tall and clever, for a willing heart and hand he sues.  
 May-day skies are all aglow,  
 And the waves are laughing so!

For her wedding,  
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing, 'Mong the apple boughs a pigeon  
cooies :

Hannah shudders; for the wild sou'wester mischief  
brees :

Yound the rocks of Marblehead,  
Out on the strand, a schooner sped.

Silent, lonesome,

Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Tw November: now no tear her cheek bedews;  
From Newfoundland, not a sail returning will she  
lose :

Whispering hoarsely, "O fishermen, have  
ye heard of Ben?"

O fishermen, have ye heard of Ben?"

Old with watching,

Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters wear and tear the rugged shores she  
views,

Twenty summers—never one has brought her any  
news :

Still her dim eyes silently  
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.

Hopeless, faithful,

Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

#### KATIE'S SECRET.

**W**HILE sunlight is beautiful, mother,  
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day,  
And birds in the branches of hawthorn  
Are carolling ever so gay;

And down by the rock in the meadow

The rill ripples by with a song;

And, mother, I, too, have been singing

The merriest all the day long.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,

Last night I was weeping alone;

The world was so dark and dreary,

My heart it grew heavy as stone;

I thought of the lonely and loveless,

All lonely and loveless was I;

I scarcely could tell why it was, mother,

But, oh! I was wishing to die.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,

But Willie came down by the gate,

And whispered: "Come out in the moonlight,

I've something to say to you, Kate.

Oh! mother, to him I am dearer

Than all in the wide world beside;

He told me so, out in the moonlight;

And called me his darling, his bride.

So now I will gather my roses

And twine in my long, braided hair;

Then Willie will come in the evening  
And smile when he sees me so fair;  
And out in the moonlight we'll wander,  
Way down by the old hawthorn tree—  
Oh! mother, I wonder if any  
Were ever so happy as we I

#### I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

**Y**OU think I have a merry heart,  
Because my songs are gay;  
But oh! they all were taught to me  
By friends now far away:  
The bird retains his silver note,  
Though bondage chains his wing;  
His song is not a happy one,  
I'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home  
I never more shall see,  
And now each song of joy has got  
A plaintive turn for me!  
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time  
To mock the songs of spring,  
Each note recalls some withered leaf,  
I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,  
My harp remains alone,  
Its faithful voice still seems to be  
An echo of my own:  
My tears, when I bend over it,  
Will fall upon its string;  
Yet those who hear me, little think  
I'm saddest when I sing!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

#### FAREWELL! BUT NOT FOREVER.

**F**AREWELL! my love, nay do not weep,  
Those tears become not beauty;  
One kind embrace before we part,  
One kiss, and then to duty.

Behold! our vessel's anchor weighed,  
Her topsails how they shiver!  
One kiss, my love, and then farewell!  
But not farewell forever.

Those sighs, my love, unman my heart  
Though doomed I am to leave you;  
My only treasure, do not grieve,  
Nor think I would deceive you.

But when the sails their bosom swell,  
Alas! we then must sever;  
One kiss, my love, and then farewell!  
But not farewell forever.

Forever means time out of fate,  
Of which we make but naught,  
For if we part forever here,  
We surely meet hereafter.

Then dry those tears, my lovely maid !  
In life we only sever ;  
For though we now must say farewell !  
'Tis not farewell forever.

## DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME ?

**D**O they miss me at home? do they miss me?  
'Twould be an assurance most dear  
To know at this moment some loved one  
Were saying, I wish he were here!  
To feel that the group at the fireside  
Were thinking of me as I roam;  
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,  
To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches the season  
That ever is sacred to song,

Does some one repeat my name over,  
And sigh that I tarry so long?  
And is there a chord in the music,  
That's missed when my voice is away,  
And a chord in each heart that awaketh  
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,  
When evenings home pleasures are nigh,  
When the candles are lit in the parlor,  
And the stars in the calm azure sky?  
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,  
And all lay them down to their sleep,  
Do they think of the absent, and wait me  
A whispered "good-night" while they sleep?

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me?  
At morning, at noon, or at night?  
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,  
That only my presence can light?  
Are joys less invitingly welcome,  
And pleasures less hale than before,  
Because one is missed from the circle,  
Because I am with them no more?

## HOME AGAIN.

**H**OME again, home again,  
From a foreign shore,  
And, oh, it fills my soul with joy,  
To meet my friends once more;  
Here I dropped the parting tear  
To cross the ocean's foam,  
But now I'm once again with those  
Who kindly greet me home.

Home again, home again,  
From a foreign shore,  
And, oh, it fills my soul with joy,  
To meet my friends once more.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,  
With mine have laughed in glee:

But, oh, the friends I loved in youth,  
Seen happier to me,  
And if my guide should be the fate  
Which bids me longer roam:  
But death alone can break the tie  
That binds my heart to home.

Music sweet, music soft,  
Lingers round the place;  
And, oh, I feel the childhood charm  
That time cannot efface,  
Then give me but my homestead roof,  
I'll ask no palace dome,  
For I can live a happy life  
With those I love at home.

## WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING.

PAUL.

**W**HAT are the wild waves saying,  
Sister, the whole day long?  
That ever, amid our playing,  
I hear but their low lullaby song;  
Not by the sea-side only—  
There it sounds loud and free—  
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,  
In dreams it is still with me.

FLORENCE.

Brother! I hear no singing!  
'Tis but the rolling wave,  
Ever its lone course winging  
Over some ocean cove;  
'Tis but the noise of water  
Dashing against the shore,  
And the wind from some bleaker quarter  
Mingling with its roar.

BOTH.

No, no! it is something greater,  
That speaks to the heart alone:  
The voice of the great Creator  
Dwells in that mighty tone!

## WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

**J**ENNY, my own true loved one,  
I'm going far from thee,  
Out on the bounding billows,  
Out on the dark blue sea,  
How I will miss you, my darling,  
There, when the storm is raging high,  
Jenny, my own true loved one,  
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Wait till the clouds roll by,  
Jenny, wait till the clouds roll by;  
Jenny, my own true loved one,  
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, when far from thee, love,  
I'm on the ocean deep,  
Will you then dream of me, love?  
Will you your promise keep?  
And I will come to you, darling,  
Take courage, dear, and never sigh,  
Gladness will follow sorrow,  
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, I'll keep your image,  
Within my heart so true;  
Each thought of mine forever,  
Still, love, shall be of you.  
Dry, then, your tear-drops, my darling,  
Soon will the night of sorrow fly;  
Cheer up, and don't be lonely,  
Wait till the clouds roll by.

#### GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

**G**randfather's clock was too large for the  
shelf,  
So it stood ninety years on the floor;  
It was taller by half than the old man him-  
self,

Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was  
born,  
And was always his treasure and pride;  
But it stopped short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering (tick, tick, tick,  
tick),  
His life seconds numbering (tick, tick, tick),  
It stopped short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,  
Many hours had he spent while a boy;  
In childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,  
And to share both his grief and his joy,  
For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door  
With a blooming and beautiful bride;  
But it stopped short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,  
Not a servant so faithful he found;  
For it wasted no time, and had but one desire—  
At the close of each week to be wound.  
It was kept in its place—not a frown upon its face,  
And its hands never hung by its side;  
But it stopped short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,  
An alarm that for years had been dumb;  
And we knew that his spirit was planning for flight—  
That his hour for departure had come.

Still the clock kept the time, with a soft  
chime,  
As we silently stood by his side;  
But it stopped short—never to go again—  
When the old man died.

HENRY C. WORK.

#### PEEK-A-BOO.

**O**n a cold winter's ev'ning, when business is done,  
And to your home you retire;  
What a pleasure it is to have a bright bouncing  
boy,  
One whom you love to admire.  
You hug him, you kiss him, you press him to your  
heart,  
What a joy to your bosom 'twill bring;  
Then you place him on the carpet, and you'll hide  
behind the chair,  
And to please him you'll commence to sing:

Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!  
Come from behind the chair,  
Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!  
I see you hiding there,  
Oh! you rascal, there.

Oh, my heart's always light, when at home with my  
wife,  
There joy and peace ever reign;  
With my boy on my knee, I'm as happy as can be,  
I never know care or pain;  
He's pretty, he's gentle, he's kind and he's good,  
And ev'rything nice him I bring;  
Oh, if he attempts to ery when I'm standing by,  
Just to please him I commence to sing:  
Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!

WILLIAM J. SCANLAN.

#### ROLL ON, SILVER MOON.

**A**S I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,  
About the beginning of June,  
'Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,  
And she sadly complained to the moon.  
Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveller's way,  
When the nightingale's song is in tune,  
But never, never more, with my lover I'll stray,  
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave,  
So handsome, so manly and clever;  
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,  
Oh, Edwin, thy equal was never.  
But now he is dead, and gone to death's bed,  
He's cut down like a rose in full bloom;  
He's fallen to sleep, and poor Jane's left to weep  
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,  
And weep for my lover so brave,



Y C. WORK.

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THE SISTERS.





I'll embrace the cold turf, and wash with my tears  
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave;  
But never again shall my bosom know joy,  
With my Edwin I hope to be soon;  
Lovers shall weep o'er the grave where we sleep,  
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

## WATCH ON THE RHINE.

**A** ROAR like thunder strikes the ear,  
Like clang of arms or breakers near,  
Rush forward for the German Rhine!  
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine?

Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,  
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here!  
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear—  
Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch, stands firmly there.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,  
The flash darts forth from ev'ry eye,  
For Tentons brave, injured by toil,  
Protect their country's holy soil.

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.

As long as German blood still glows,  
The German sword strikes mighty blows,  
The German marksmen take their stand,  
No foe shall tread our native land!

## HAZEL DELL.

**I**N the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,  
Nelly loved so long;  
And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping,  
Nelly lost and gone;  
Here in moonlight often we have wandered  
Through the silent shade,  
Now where leafy branches drooping  
Downward, little Nelly's laid.

All alone my watch I'm keeping,  
In the Hazel Dell;  
For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping,  
Nelly, dear, farewell!

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,  
Where the flowers wave,  
And the silent stars are nightly weeping  
O'er poor Nelly's grave;  
Hopes that once my bosom fondly cherished,  
Smile no more for me—  
Every dream of joy, alas! has perished,  
Nelly, dear, with thee.

Now I'm weary, friendless and forsaken,  
Watching here alone;  
Nelly, thou no more wilt fondly cheer me  
With thy loving tone.

Yet forever shall thy gentle image  
In my mem'ry dwell,  
And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten,  
Nelly, dear, farewell!

## COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

**C**OME where my love lies dreaming,  
Dreaming the happy hours away;  
In visions bright redeeming  
The fleeting joys of day,  
Dreaming the happy hours,  
Dreaming the happy hours away,  
Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming;  
Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.  
Come with a lute, come with a lay,  
My own love is sweetly dreaming,  
Her beauty beaming,  
Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Is sweetly dreaming her happy hours away.

Soft is her slumber, thoughts bright and free  
Dance through her dreams, like gushing melody;  
Light is her young heart, light may it be,  
Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Dreaming the happy hours,  
Dreaming the happy hours away;  
Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

## BEAUTIFUL STAR.

**S**TAR of the twilight, beautiful star,  
Gladly I hail thee, shining afar;  
Rest from your labors, children of toil,  
Night closes o'er ye, rest ye a while;  
This is the greeting, signall'd afar,  
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.  
Star of the twilight, beautiful star,  
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

Eagerly watching, waiting for thee,  
Looks the lone maiden, o'er the dark sea;  
Soon as thou shinest, soft on the air,  
Borne by the light breeze, floateth her prayer;  
Watch o'er him kindly, home from afar,  
Light thou his pathway, beautiful star.

## I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

**I**CANNOT sing the old songs  
I sung long years ago,  
For heart and voice would fail me  
And foolish tears would flow;  
For bygone hours come o'er my heart  
With each familiar strain,

I cannot sing the old songs,  
Or dream those dreams again.  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
Their charms are 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.  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
For visions come again  
Of golden dreams departed,  
And years of weary pain ;  
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall  
Have set my spirit free,  
My voice may know the old songs  
For all eternity.  
My voice may know the old songs  
For all eternity.

#### HARK ! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING !

**H**ARK ! I hear an angel sing—  
Angels now are on the wing ;  
And their voices singing clear  
Tell us that the spring is near.  
Dost thou hear them, gentle one ?  
Dost thou see the glorious sun  
Rising higher in the sky,  
As each day, as each day it passes by ?

Hark ! I hear an angel sing—  
Angels now are on the wing ;  
And their voices singing clear  
Tell us that the spring is near.

Just beyond yon cliffs of snow  
Silver rivers brightly flow ;  
Smiling woods and fields are seen,  
Mantled in a robe of green.  
Birds and bees, and brooks and flowers,  
Tell us of all vernal hours.  
There the birds are weaving lays,  
For the happy, happy spring-time days.

Look ! oh, look ! the southern sky  
Mirrors flowers of every dye ;  
Children tripping o'er the plain :  
Spring is coming back again—  
Spring is coming ! Shouts of glee ;  
Singing birds on bush and tree ;  
And the bees—their merry hums,  
For the spring-time comes ! it comes ! it comes !

#### WHITE WINGS.

**S**AIL home as straight as an arrow !  
My yacht shoots along on the crest of the  
sea ;

Sail home, to sweet Maggie Darrow,  
In her dear little home she is waiting for me !  
High up ! where the cliffs they are craggy,  
That's where the girl of my heart waits for me !  
Heigho, ho ! I long for you, Maggie,  
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to  
thee.

Yo, ho ! how we go ! oh, how the winds blow !

White wings, they never grow weary,  
They carry me cheerily over the sea,  
Night comes, I long for my dearie,  
I'll spread out my white wings, and sail home  
to thee.

Sail home to love and caresses !

When Maggie, my darling, is there at my side ;  
Sail home, blue eyes and gold tresses,  
The fairest of all is my own little bride.

Sail home, to part from thee never,  
Always together life's voyage shall be,

Sail home, to love thee forever !

I'll spread out my white wings, and sail home to  
thee.

Yo, ho ! how we go ! oh, how the winds blow !

BANKS WINTER.

#### NANCY LEE.

**O**F all the wives as e'er you know,  
Yeo ho ! lads, ho ! Yeo ho ! yeo ho !  
There's none like Nancy Lee I trow,  
Yeo ho ! lads, ho ! yeo ho !  
See there she stand an' waves her hands, upon  
the quay ;  
An' ev'ry day, when I'm away,  
She'll watch for me ;  
An' whisper low, when tempests blow,  
For Jack at sea.  
Yeo ho ! lads, ho ! yeo ho !

The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be !  
Yeo ho ! we go across the sea.  
The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be !  
The sailor's wife, his star shall be !

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,  
Yeo ho ! lads, ho ! Yeo ho ! yeo ho !

'Tis long ere we come back I know,  
Yeo ho ! lads, ho ! yeo ho !

But true an' bright, from morn 'till night, my  
home will be ;

An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet,  
For Jack at sea ;

An' Nancy's face to bless the place,  
An' welcome me.

Yeo ho ! lads, ho ! yeo ho !

The boar's n pipes the watch below,  
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho!  
 Then here's a health afore we go,  
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!  
 A long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea;  
 An' keep our bones from Davy Jones,  
 Wher'er we be,  
 An' may you meet a mate as sweet  
 As Nancy Lee.  
 Yeo ho! lads, oh! yeo ho!

## LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

**W**HEN the charms of spring awaken, awaken,  
 awaken,  
 When the charms of spring awaken,  
 And the mocking bird is singing on the  
 bough,  
 I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,  
 I feel like one forsaken, since my Hally is no longer  
 with me now.

Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally,  
 I'm dreaming now of Hally,  
 For the thought of her is one that never dies.  
 She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,  
 She's sleeping in the valley,  
 And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

Ah, well I yet remember, remember, remember,  
 Ah, well I yet remember,  
 When we gathered the cotton side by side.  
 'Twas in mild September, September, September,  
 'Twas in mild September,  
 And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

## LITTLE BOY BLUE.

**I** HEARD a mother singing to her babe upon her  
 knee,  
 An old familiar childish strain that had been sung  
 to me,  
 It brought to my mind my mother, she long has passed  
 away,  
 I think I hear her tender words as softly she would  
 say:

"Little boy blue, come blow your horn,  
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,  
 Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?"  
 He's under the haystack fast asleep! fast asleep!  
 Go, wake him, go, wake him, no, not I,  
 For if I do he will surely cry!

My dear, my gentle mother, I look back to her with  
 love.  
 And think of all the lessons taught by her who's now  
 above,  
 And oft times when temptation assails me on my way,  
 I can resist them for I think I hear my mother say:

"Little boy blue, come blow your horn,  
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,  
 Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?"  
 He's under the haystack fast asleep! fast asleep!  
 Go, wake him, go, wake him, no, not I,  
 For if I do he will surely cry!

ANNA MARBLE.

## FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

**I**'VE been caught in a net by a dear little pet,  
 And her eyes are as blue as the deep rolling sea;  
 She's a fisherman's daughter—she lives o'er the  
 water—  
 She's going to be married next Sunday to me.  
 She's as rare as the salmon, there's really no gammon;  
 As sweet as shrimps newly served up for tea:  
 My soul she has caught, and a place I have bought,  
 Where a ray of bright sunshine forever will be.  
 And—she's a fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the  
 water,  
 She's going to be married next Sunday to me.

She's barefooted and pretty, she's lively and witty,  
 She sings her wild songs to the murmuring sea:  
 She'll dance on the sands where the fisherman stands,  
 And join in the music of a wild swelling glee;  
 She sits in her boat and sends o'er the billows,  
 And flirts with the spray like a sea-skimming gull;  
 She laughs at the winds—whose revels are music,  
 And beats to the time with the stroke of her scull.

The bells they shall ring and the sailors shall sing;  
 "Y-heave ho! y-heave ho, boys! for time's on the  
 wing,

To see pretty Sarah, the pride of the sea!"  
 Who's going to be married next Sunday to me.  
 Her hair I will deck with a wreath of bright sea-weed,  
 I'll plant in her bosom a blooming moss rose:  
 She shall go like a fairy with sweet tinkling music,  
 With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

## UNCLE NED.

**I** ONCE knew a darkey, and his name was Uncle  
 Ned,  
 Oh he died long ago—long ago,  
 He had no hair on the top of his head,  
 De place where de wool ought to grow.

Lay down de shovel and de hoe,  
 Hang up de fiddle aud de bow,  
 There's no more work for poor old Ned,  
 He's gone where de good darkies go.

His fingers were long like de cane in de brake,  
And he had no eyes for to see,  
He had no teeth for to eat de hoe cake,  
So he had to let de hoe cake be.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,  
De tears down massa's face run like rain,  
For he knew when Ned was laid in de ground,  
He'd nebber see his like again.

#### DARLING NELLY GRAY.

There is a little green mound and a marble slab in a secluded corner of Otterbein cemetery, about twelve miles north of Columbus, Ohio, which marks the grave of the author of that famous ballad, "Darling Nelly Gray." The inscription of the tomb, the neglect shown it by all save a few relatives, and the general ignorance of its location, form another illustration of the forgetfulness of the human race. Notwithstanding the grave of the author of "Darling Nelly Gray" is forgotten and neglected, his own beautiful ballad has sculptured out for him a monument of memory which will endure the changes of centuries to come.

HERE'S a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,  
There I've whiled the many happy hours away,

A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,  
Where lived my darling, Nelly Gray.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,

And I'll never see my darling any more.  
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day;

For you've gone from old Kentucky shore.

When the moon has climbed the mountain, and the stars are shining too,

Then I'd take my darling, Nelly Gray,  
And we'd float down the river in my little canoe—  
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors say,

The white man bound her with his chain—  
They have taken her to Georgia, to wear her life away,  
As she toils in the cotton and cane.

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung,  
I'm tired of living any more;  
My eyes shall look adown, my song shall be unsung,  
While I stay on old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blind, and I cannot see my way,  
Hark! there's something knocking at the door,  
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray!

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my Nelly Gray, up in heaven, there they say,

That they will never take you from me any more;

I'm coming, coming, coming as the angels clear  
the way,

Farewell to old Kentucky shore.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL HANBY.

#### NELLY WAS A LADY.

DOWN on de Mississippi floatin',  
Long time I trabbled on de way,  
At night de cotton wood a totin',  
Singin' for my true lub all de way.  
Nelly was a lady, last night she died,  
Toll de bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginny's bride.

Now I'm unhappy an' I'm weary,

Can't tote de cotton wood no more,  
Last night while Nelly was a sleepin',  
Death came a knockin' at de door.

When I saw my Nelly in de mornin',  
She smiled, till she opened up her eyes,  
And seemed like de light ob day adornin',  
Just 'fore de sun begin to rise.

Down on de margin ob de water,  
Whar de lone weepin' willows grow,  
Dar libed Virginny's lubly daughter,  
Dar she in death may find repose.

Down in de meadows 'mongst de clobber,  
Walkin' wid Nelly by my side,  
Now all dem happy days are ober,  
Farewell, my dark Virginny's bride.

#### UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

OF all the mighty nations in the east or in the west,  
Oh, this glorious Yankee nation is the greatest  
and the best!

We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurled,

Here's a general invitation to the people of the world

Then come along, come along, make no delay,  
Come from every nation, come from every way,  
Our lands, they are broad enough, don't be alarmed,  
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence marks our northern line, as fast her waters flow,

And the Rio Grande our southern bound way down to Mexico,

From the great Atlantic Ocean where the sun begins to dawn,

Leap across the Rocky Mountains, far away to Oregon.

While the south shall raise the cotton, and the west the corn and pork,

New England's manufactories shall do up the *fact* work,

For the deep and flowing waterfalls that course along  
our hills  
Are just the thing for washing sheep, and driving  
cotton mills.

Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream  
The grand results that pour along this mighty ago of  
steam,  
For our mountains, lakes, and rivers are all a blaze of  
fire,  
And we send our news by lightning on the telegraphic  
wire.

Yes, we are bound to beat the nations, for our motto's  
go ahead,  
And we'll tell the foreign paupers that our people are  
well fed,  
For the nations must remember that Uncle Sam is  
not a fool,  
For the people do the voting, and the children go to  
school.

## BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

**B**Y the blue Alsatian mountains,  
Dwelt a maiden young and fair,  
Like the careless flowing fountains  
Were the ripples of her hair,  
Were the ripples of her hair,  
Angel mild, her eyes so winning,  
Angel bright, her happy smile;  
When beneath the fountains spinning  
You could hear her song the while—  
A-de! A-de! A-de!  
Such songs will pass away,  
Tho' the blue Alsatian mountains  
Seem to watch and wait away.

By the blue Alsatian mountains  
Came a stranger in the spring,  
And he lingered by the fountains  
Just to hear the maiden sing,  
Just to hear the maiden sing;  
Just to whisper in the moonlight  
Words the sweetest she had known,  
Just to charm away the hours  
Till her heart was all his own.  
A-de! A-de! A-de!  
Such dreams must pass away,  
But the blue Alsatian mountains  
Seem to watch and wait away.

By the blue Alsatian mountains,  
Many springtimes bloomed and passed,  
And the maiden by the fountains  
Saw she lost her hopes at last,  
Lost her hopes at last;  
And she withered like a flower  
That is waiting for the rain.  
She will never see the stranger  
Where the fountains fall again.

A-de! A-de! A-de!  
The years have passed away,  
But the blue Alsatian mountains  
Ever watch and wait away.

A-de! A-de! A-de!  
The years have passed away,  
But the blue Alsatian mountains  
Seem to watch and wait away.

## MARSEILLES HYMN.

**Y**E sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives and grandfathers hoary;  
Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
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,  
Th' avenging sword unsheath:  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings' confederates raise:  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And lo! our walls and cities blaze!  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?

O liberty! can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whip 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.

## BAY OF BISCAY.

**L**LOUD roared the dreadful 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 wat'ry pillow—  
None stop 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, all that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,  
Her piteous screams 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!

## ANNIE LAURIE.

**A**XWELTON Bines are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gie'd me her promise true;  
Gie'd me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift,  
Her throat is like the swan,  
Her face is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on—  
That e'er the sun shone on—  
And dark blue is her e'e,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,  
And like the winds in summer sighing  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

## LILLY DALE.

**I** WAS on a calm still night,  
When the moon's pale light  
Shone o'er hill and vale,  
When friends mute with grief,  
Stood around the death-bed  
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Oh, Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,  
Now the wild rose blossoms  
O'er her little green grave,  
'Neath the tree in the flowery vale.

Her cheeks that once glowed  
With the rose tint of health,  
By the hand of disease had turned pale,  
And the death damp  
Was on the pure white brow  
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

I'll go, she said,  
To the land of rest,  
And ere my strength shall fail,  
I must tell you where,  
Near my own loved home,  
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.

'Neath the chestnut tree,  
Where the wild flowers grow,  
And the stream ripples forth through the  
vale,  
Where the wild birds shall warble  
Their songs in spring,  
There lies poor Lilly Dale.

## WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

**W**ILL you come with me, my Phillis, to yon  
blue mountain free?  
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,  
Come, rove along with me.  
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side,  
We'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon,  
And we'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they  
sing so sweet.

I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat  
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my heart  
So jump into the wagon and off we will start.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike, with all his  
wealth?

Could make you half so happy as I with youth and  
health,

We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig, and a cow,  
And you will mind the dairy, while I do guide the  
plough.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and  
neat,

All braided up with dahlias and hollyhocks so sweet.  
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side  
We'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride.

Together on life's journey we'll travel till we stop,  
And if we have no troubles we'll reach the happy top,  
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely  
    bride,  
We'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride.

## DOWN IN THE COAL MINE.

I AM a jovial collier lad,  
As blithe as blithe can be,  
For let the times be good or bad,  
They're all the same to me;  
'Tis little of the world I know,  
And careless for its ways,  
For where the dog-star never glows,  
I wear away my days.

*Chorus.*

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,  
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;  
Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,  
Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are horny, hard and black  
With working in the ve'n,  
And like the clothes upon my back,  
My speech is rough and plain;  
Well, if I stumble with my tongue,  
I've one excuse to say,  
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong,  
'Tis the head that goes astray.

At every shift, be't soon or late,  
I haste my bread to earn,  
And anxiously my kindred wait,  
And watch for my return;  
For death .nat levels all alike,  
Whate'er their rank may be,  
Amid the fire and damp may strike,  
And fling his darts at me.

How little do the great ones care  
Who sit at home secure,  
What hidden dangers colliers dare—  
What hardships they endure!  
The very fires their mansions boast  
To cheer themselves and wives,  
Mayhap were kindled at the cost  
Of jovial colliers' lives.

Then cheer up, lads, and make ye much  
Of every joy ye can,  
But let your mirth be always such  
As best becomes a man;  
However fortune turns about,  
We'll still be jovial souls,  
For what would nations be without  
The lads that look for coals.

J. B. GREGGHEGAN.

## THE OLD BAND.

IT'S mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,  
Considerin' I've be'n away twenty year and more,  
Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a  
    change,  
A-comin' back, and notice things that's new to me  
    and strange;  
Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet,  
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—  
What's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Sax-horn  
    fellers—say?

I want to hear the old band play.

What's come of Eastman, and Nat Snow? And  
    where's War Barnett at?  
And Nate and Bony Meek; Bill Hart; Sam Richa'son  
    and that  
Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big  
    as Jim;  
And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter—say, what's become  
    o' him?  
I make no doubt yer new band now's a competenter  
    band,  
And plays their music more by note than what they  
    play by hand,  
And stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow—  
    anyway

I want to hear the old band play.

Sich tunes as "John Brown's Body," and "Sweet  
    Alicie," don't you know,  
And "The Camels is A-comin'," and "John Ander-  
    son, my Jo";  
And a dozent others of 'em—"Number Nine" and  
    "Number 'Leven"  
Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller 'dreaun o'  
    heaven,  
And when the boys 'ud saranade, I've laid so still in  
    bed  
I've even heered the locus' blossoms droppin' on the  
    shed  
When "Lily Dale," er "Hazel Dell," had sobbed  
    and died away—

I want to hear the old band play.

The new band maybe beats it, but the old band's  
    what I said—  
It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my  
    head;  
And, while I'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes  
    is jes  
Nigh drowned out, and mem'ry squares her jaws and  
    sort o' says  
She won't ner never will fergit, I want to jes turn in  
And take and light right out o' here and git back  
    west ag'in—  
And stay there, when I git there, where I never haf  
    to say

I want to hear the old band play.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



# TRAGEDY.



## THE SISTERS.

HE stainless snow descends from  
Russian skies,  
Hides hill and lowland under its  
white fleece,  
Yet cannot bury out of sight the  
plot  
To slay a monarch. Blood noble  
and low  
Boils hot together, and the boldest  
men

Are not more cool and brave than are fair maids,  
Eager for patriot deeds of high renown.  
O tempered steel, O dagger sharp as death,  
Soft breast of woman warms thy gleaming blade,  
And woman's hand directs the fatal blow!

## NELL.

**Y**OU'RE a kind woman, Nan! ay, kind and true!  
God will be good to faithful folk like you!  
You knew my Ned!

A better, kinder lad never drew breath,  
And loved each other true, and we wed  
In church, like some who took him to his death;  
A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost  
His senses when he took a drop too much.

Drink did it all—drink made him mad when crossed—  
He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.

O Nan! that night! that night!  
When I was sitting in this very chair,  
Watching and waiting in the candle-light,  
And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,  
And turned, and saw him standing yonder, white  
And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!  
And when I caught his arm and called, in fright,  
He pushed me, swore, and to the door he passed  
To lock and bar it fast.

Then down he drops just like a lump of lead,  
Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,  
And—Nan!—just then the light seemed growing  
brighter,

And I could see the hands that held his head,  
All red! all bloody red!  
What could I do but scream? He groaned to hear,  
Jumped to his feet, and gripped me by the wrist;  
"Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell!" he hissed.  
And I *was* still, for fear.

"They're after me—I've knifed a man!" he said.  
"Be still—the drink—drink did it!—he is dead!"

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Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't weep;  
All I could do was cling to Ned and hark,  
And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,  
But breathing hard and deep.  
The candle flickered out—the room grew dark—  
And—Nan!—although my heart was true and tried—  
When all grew cold and dim,  
I shuddered—not for fear of them outside,  
But just afraid to be alone with *him*.  
"Ned! Ned!" I whispered—and he moaned and  
shook,

But did not heed or look!  
"Ned! Ned! speak, lad! tell me it is not true!"  
At that he raised his head and looked so wild;  
Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw  
His arms around me, crying like a child,  
And held me close—and not a word was spoken,  
While I clung tighter to his heart, and pressed him  
And did not fear him though my heart was broken,  
But kissed his poor stained hands, and cried, and  
blessed him.

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold  
With sound o' falling rain—  
When I could see his face, and it looked old,  
Like the pinched face of one that dies in pain;  
Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun,  
We never thought to hide away or run,  
Until we heard those voices in the street,  
That hurrying of feet,  
And Ned leaped up, and knew that they had come.  
"Run, Ned!" I cried, but he was deaf and dumb!  
"Hide, Ned!" I screamed, and held him; "hide  
thee, man!"

He stared with bloodshot eyes, and hearkened, Nan!  
And all the rest is like a dream—the sound  
Of knocking at the door—  
A rush of men—a struggle on the ground—  
A mist—a tramp—a roar;  
For when I got my senses back again,  
The room was empty—and my head went round!

God help him! God *will* help him! Ay, no fear!  
It was the drink, not Ned—he meant no wrong;  
So kind! so good!—and I am useless here,  
Now he is lost that loved me true and long.  
That night before he died  
I didn't cry—my heart was hard and dried;  
But when the clocks went "one," I took my shawl  
To cover up my face, and stole away,  
And walked along the silent streets, where all  
Looked cold and still and gray,

And on I went, and stood in Leicester Square,  
But just as "three" was sounded close at hand  
I started and turned east, before I knew,  
Then down Saint Martin's Lane, along the Strand,  
And through the toll-gate on to Waterloo,  
Some men and lads went by,  
And turning round, I gazed, and watched 'em go,  
Then felt that they were going to see him die,  
And drew my shawl more tight, and followed slow.  
More people passed me, a country cart with hay  
Stopped close beside me, and two or three  
Talked about it! I moaned and crept away!

Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,  
For something gripped me round the heart!—and then  
There came the solemn tolling of a bell!  
O God! O God! how could I sit close by,  
And neither scream nor cry?  
As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,  
I listened, listened, listened, still and dumb,  
While the folk murmured, and the death-bell tolled,  
And the day brightened, and his time had come,  
Till—Nan!—all else was silent, but the knell  
Of the slow bell!  
And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,  
And what I waited for I couldn't tell—  
At last there came a groaning deep and great—  
Saint Paul's struck "eight"—  
I screamed, and seemed to turn to fire, and fell!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FROM THE LAST ACT OF "VIRGINIUS."

Scene—House of VIRGINIUS. Present, VIRGINIUS,  
NUMITORIUS, SERVIA.

Enter ICLIVS.

VIRGINIUS. Come, come, make ready. Bro-  
ther, you and he  
Go on before: I'll bring her after you.

Icliv. Ha!

Numitorius. My Iclivus, what a sight is there!  
Virginus' reason is a wreck, so stripped,  
So broken by the wave and wind, you scarce  
Would know it was the gallant bark you saw  
Riding so late in safety.

Icl. (taking VIRGINIUS's hand). Father, father!  
That art no more a father!

Virg.

Ha! what wet  
Is this upon my hand? a tear, boy? Fie!  
For shame! Is that the weapon you would guard  
Your bride with? First assay what steel can do.

Num. Not a tear has blessed his eye since her  
death! No wonder!

The fever of his brain, that now burns out,  
Has drunk the source of sorrow's torrents dry.

Icl. You would not have it otherwise? 'Twas fit  
The bolt that struck the sole remaining branch,  
And blasted it, should set the trunk on fire!

Num. If we could make him weep—

Icl. I have that will make him,

If you will do it. 'Tis her urn. 'Twas that  
Which first drew tears from me. I'll fetch it. But  
I cannot think you would so wake a man  
Who is at the mercy of a tempest. After  
You suffer him to sleep it through. Exit Iclivus.  
Virg. Gather your friends together—tell them  
Dentatus' murder. Screw the cords of rage  
To the topmost pitch. (Laughs.) Mine own is not  
mine own!

That's strange enough. Why does he not dispute  
My right to my own flesh, and tell my heart  
Its blood is not its own? He might as well.  
But I want my child.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Justice will be defeated!

Virg.

Who says that?  
He lies in the face of the gods! She is immutable,  
Immaculate, and immortal. And, though all  
The guilty globe should blaze, she will spring up  
Through the fire, and soar above the crackling pile,  
With not a downy feather ruffled by  
Its fierceness!

Num.

He is not himself. What new  
Oppression comes to tell us to our teeth  
We only mocked ourselves to think the days  
Of thralldom past?

Luc.

The friends of Appius  
Beset the people with solicitations.  
The fickle crowd, that change with every change,  
Begin to doubt and soften. Every moment  
That's lost, a friend is lost. Appear among  
Your friends, or lose them.

Num.

Lucius, you  
Remain and watch Virginus.

[Exit, followed by all but LUCIUS and SERVIA.

Virg.

You remember—  
Don't you, nurse?

Servia.

What, Virginus?

Virg.

That she nursed  
The child herself. Inquire among your gossips  
Which of them saw it; and, with such of them  
As can avouch the fact, without delay

Repair to the Forum. Will she come or not?  
I'll call myself! She will not dare—

Oh, when did my Virginia dare? Virginia!—  
Is it a voice, or nothing, answers me?

I hear a voice so fine there's nothing lives  
'Twixt it and silence. Such a slender one

I've heard when I have talked with her in fancy!  
A phantom sound! Alas! she is not here.

They told me she was here—they have deceived me—  
And Appius was not made to give her up,  
But keeps her, and effects his wicked purpose,

While I stand talking here, and ask you if  
My daughter is my daughter! Though a legion  
Sentry'd that brothel, which he calls his palace,

I'd tear her from him!

Luc.

Hold, Virginus! Stay!

Appius is now in prison!

*Virg.* With my daughter?  
 Ho has secured her there? Ha! has he so?  
 Gay office for a dungeon! Hold me not,  
 Or I will dash you down, and spoil you for  
 My keeper. My Virginia, struggle with him!  
 Appal him with thy shrieks. No'er faint, ne'er faint—  
 I am coming to thee! I am coming to thee!

[*Rushes out, followed by LUCIUS and SERVIA.*  
 JAMES SHELDON KNOWLES.

#### THE FIRE-BELL'S STORY.

**D**ONG—*Dong*—the bells rang out  
 Over the housetops; and then a shout  
 Of "Fire!" came echoing up the street,  
 With the sound of eager, hurrying feet.  
*Dong—Dong*—the sonorous peal  
 Came mingled with clatter of engine-wheel  
 And whistle shrill, and horse's hoof;  
 And lo! from the summit of yonder roof  
 A flame bursts forth, with a sudden glare.  
*Dong—Dong*—on the midnight air  
 The sound goes ringing out over the town;  
 And hundreds already are hurrying down,  
 Through the narrow streets, with breathless speed  
 Following whither the engines lead.  
*Dong—Dong*—and from windows, high  
 Startled ones peer at the ruddy sky,  
 And still the warning loud doth swell  
 From the brazen throat of the iron-tongued bell,  
 Sending a shudder, and sending a start  
 To many a home, and many a heart.  
 Up in yon tenement, where the glare  
 Shines dimly forth on the starlit air  
 Through dingy windows; where flame and smoke  
 Already begin to singe and choke,  
 See the affrighted ones look out  
 In helpless terror, in horrible doubt,  
 Begging for succor. Now behold  
 The ladders, by arms so strong and bold,  
 Are reared; like squirrels the brave men climb  
 To the topmost story. "Indeed, 'twere time—  
 "They all are saved!" said a voice below,  
 And a shout of triumph went up. But no—  
 "Not all—ah, no!"—'twas a mother's shriek;  
 The cry of a woman, agonized, weak,  
 Yet nerved to strength by her deep woe's power.  
 "Great God, my child!"—even strong men cower  
 "Nenth such a cry. "Oh, save my child!"  
 She screamed in accents sorrowful, wild.

Up the ladders, a dozen men  
 Rushed in generous rivalry then,  
 Bravely facing a terrible fate.  
 Breathless the crowd below await.  
 See! There's one who has gained the sill  
 Of yonder window. Now, with a will,  
 He bursts the sash with his sturdy blow;  
 And it rattles down on the pave below.  
 Now, he has disappeared from sight—  
 Faces below are ashen and white,

In that terrible moment. Then a cry  
 Of joy goes up to the flame-lit sky—  
 Goes up to welcome him back to life.  
 God help him now in his terrible strife!  
 Once more he mounts the giddy sill,  
 Cool and steady and fearless still;  
 Once more he grasps the ladder—see!  
 What is it he holds so tenderly?  
 Thousands of tearful, upturned eyes  
 Are watching him now; and with eager cries  
 And sobs and cheerings, the air is rent  
 As he slowly retraces the long descent,  
 And the child is saved!

Ah! ye who mourn  
 For chivalry dead, in the days long gone,  
 And prate of the valor of olden time,  
 Remember this deed of love sublime,  
 And know that knightly deeds, and bold,  
 Are as plentiful now as in days of old.

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

#### FROM "DAMON AND PYTHIAS."

**P**YTHIAS. Calanthe here! My poor, fond girl!  
 Thou art the first to meet me at the block;  
 Thou'lt be the last to leave me at the grave!  
*Calanthe.* O my Pythias, he yet may come!  
 Into the sinews of the horse that bears him  
 Put swiftness, gods!—let him outrice and shame  
 The galloping of clouds upon the storm!  
 Blow, breezes, with him; lend every feeble aid  
 Unto his motion!—and thou, thrice solid earth,  
 Forget thy immutable fixedness—become  
 Under his feet like flowing water, and  
 Hither flow with him!

*Pyth.* I have taken in  
 All the horizon's vast circumference  
 That, in the glory of the setting sun,  
 Opens its wide expanse, yet do I see  
 No signal of his coming—Nay, 'tis likely—  
 Oh no! he could not! It is impossible!

*Cal.* I say he is false! he is a murderer!  
 He will not come! the traitor doth prefer  
 Life, ignominious, dastard life!—Thou minister  
 Of light, and measurer of eternity  
 In this great purpose, stay thy going down,  
 Great sun, behind the confines of this world!  
 On yonder purple mountains make thy stand;  
 For while thine eye is opened on mankind,  
 Hope will abide within thy blessed beams:  
 They dare not do the murder in thy presence!  
 Alas! all heedless of my frantic cry,  
 He plunges down the precipice of heaven!

*Procles.* Take a last farewell of your mistress, sir,  
 And look your last upon the setting sun;  
 And do both quickly, for your hour comes on.

*Pyth.* Come here, Calanthe—closer to me yet!  
 Ah! what a cold transition it will be  
 From this warm touch, all full of life and beauty!—

*Cal.* Hush! Stand back there!  
There is a minute left; look there! look there!  
But 'tis so far off, and the evening shades  
Thicken so fast, there are no other eyes  
But mine can catch it! Yet, 'tis there! I see it!  
A shape as yet so vague and questionable,  
'Tis nothing, just about to change and take  
The form of something.

*Pyth.* Damon, I do forgive thee!—I but ask  
Some tears unto my ashes. By the gods,  
A horse and horseman!—Far upon the hill,  
They wave their hats, and he returns it—yet  
I know him not—his horse is at the stretch!  
Why should they shout as he comes on? It is—  
No!—that was too unlike—but there, now—there!  
O Life! I scarcely dare to wish for thee;  
And yet—that jutting rock has hid him from me.  
No! let it not be Damon!—he has a wife  
And child! Gods, keep him back!

*Damon (without).* Where is he? (*Rushes in.*)  
Hail he's alive, untouched!

*Pyth.* Damon, dear friend!—

*Dam.* I can but laugh—I cannot speak to thee!  
I can but play the tumiae, and laugh.

Even in the very crisis to have come—  
To have hit the very forehead of old Time!  
By heavens! had I arrived an hour before,  
I should not feel this agony of joy—  
This triumph over Dionysius!

Ha, ha! But thou didst doubt me; come, thou  
didst—

Own it, and I'll forgive thee.

*Pyth.* For a moment.

*Dam.* O that false slave! Pythias, he slew my  
horse,

In the base thought to save me. I'd have killed him,  
And to a precipice was dragging him,  
When, from the very brink of the abyss,  
I did behold a traveller afar,  
Bestriding a good steed. I rushed upon him:  
Choking with desperation, and yet loud,  
In shrieking anguish, I command him  
Down from his saddle: he denied me—but  
Would I then be denied? As hungry tigers  
Clutch their poor prey, I sprang upon his throat—  
Thus, thus, I had him, Pythias! Come, your horse,  
Your horse! I cried. Ha, ha!

JOHN BANIM.

#### ANTONY TO CÆSAR'S BODY.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

**A**NTONY: Oh, pardon me, thou piece of bleed-  
ing earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;  
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry *Duoc* and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

**A**NTONY: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend  
me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest  
(For Brutus is an honorable man,  
So are they all, all honorable men),  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rom—  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;  
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent :  
That day he overcame the Nervii ;  
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through ;  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made !  
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed ;  
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it ;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no :  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel ;  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
Oh, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.  
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up,  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They, that have done this deed, are honorable ;  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it ; they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
Come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend : and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
months,  
And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### SEARCHING FOR THE SLAIN.

**H**OLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so,  
There's more blood to see than this stain on  
the snow ;

There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over  
there,  
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.  
Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-  
night

To search for our dead, you would be a fair sight ?

You're his wife ; you love him—you think so : and I  
Am only his mother ; my boy shall not lie  
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear  
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share.  
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,  
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go ! then no faintings ! Give me the light,  
And follow my footsteps—my heart will lead right.  
Ah, God ! what is here ? a great heap of the slain,  
All mangled and gory ! what horrible pain  
These beings have died in ! Dear mothers, ye weep,  
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep !

More ! more ! Ah ! I thought I could nevermore  
know

Grief, horror, or pity, for nought here below,  
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell  
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.  
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand  
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand ?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,  
That your red hauds turn over toward this dim light  
These dead men that stare so ? Ah, if you had kept  
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,  
You had heard that his place was worst of them all—  
Not 'mid the stragglers—where he fought he would  
fall.

There's the moon through the clouds : O Christ what  
a scene !

Post thou from thy heavens o'er such visions leav,  
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine !

Hark! a groan! there another—here in this line  
Piled close on each other! Ah, here is the flag,  
Torn, dripping with gore;—bah! they died for this  
rag.

Here's the voice that we seek; poor soul, do not start;  
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the  
heart!

Is there nought we can do? A message to give  
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,  
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,  
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled down  
'mong the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?  
Speak, speak, man, or point; 'twas the Ninth. Oh,  
the blood

Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!  
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair  
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,  
My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead! Close his lids, let us go.  
God's peace on his soul! If we only could know  
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has turned  
sick;

Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick?  
I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!  
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of  
War.

He's not here—and not here. What wild hopes flash  
through

My thought, as, foot-deep, I stand in this dread dew,  
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!  
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth  
lie

I turned toward me there, so rigid and white?  
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my son!  
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!  
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast  
Where first he was lulled, with my son's hymn, to  
rest.

Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss  
As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes, you're  
right.

Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-night.  
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and your  
years

May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.  
Yes, take him again;—ah! don't lay your face there;  
See the blood from his wound has stained your loose  
hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted!—her cheek  
Is cold as his now. Say a word to me—speak!  
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has her heart broke  
first?

Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.

I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead?  
Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor he

'll sit by my children until the men come  
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.  
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't move.  
Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.  
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!  
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep!

## FROM "RICHELIEU."

**R**ICHELIEU. Approach, Sir. Can you call to  
mind the hour,  
Now three years since, when in this room,  
methinks,

Your presence honor'd me?

*De Mauprat.* It is, my lord,

One of my most—

*Rich. (dryly).* Delightful recollections.

*De Mau. (aside).* St. Denis! doth he make a jest  
of axe

And headsman?

*Rich. (sternly).* I did then accord you  
A mercy ill requited: you still live.

*De Mau.* To meet death face to face at last.

*Rich.* Your words

Are bold.

*De Mau.* My deeds have not belied them.

*Rich.* Deeds!

O miserable delusion of man's pride!

Deeds! cities sacked, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,

Men butchered! In your hour of doom behold

The deeds you boast of! From rank showers of  
blood,

And the red light of blazing roofs, you build

The rainbow glory, and the shuddering conscience

Cry; *Lo, the Bridge to Heaven!*

*De Mau.* If war be sinful,

Your hand the gauntlet cast.

*Rich.* It was so, Sir.

Note the distinction:—I weigh'd well the cause

Which made the standard holy; raised the war

But to secure the peace. France bled; I groan'd:

But looked beyond, and in the vista saw

France saved, and I exulted. You—but you

Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing nought,

Foreseeing nought, nought hoping, nought lamenting,

And for nought fit, save cutting throats for hire.

Deeds! marry, deeds!

*De Mau.* If you would deign to speak

Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,

Perchance your Eminence might have the pain

Of the throat-cutting to yourself.

*Rich. (aside).* He has wit.

This Mauprat. (*about*) Let it pass; there is against  
you

What you can less excuse. Messire de Mauprat,

Doomed to sure death, how hast thou since consumed

The time allotted thee for serious thought

And solemn penitence?

*De Mau.* (embarrassed). The time, my Lord?

*Rich.* Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.

Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed

Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head  
Have not, with pious meditation, purged  
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not*  
done,

Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,  
Turbulent riot: for the morn the dice-box;  
Noon claimed the duel; and the night the wassail:  
These your most holy, pure preparatives  
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, Sir?

*De Mau.* I was not always thus: if changed my nature,

Blame that which changed my fate. Alas, my Lord,  
Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—  
By bed and board, dogged by one ghostly spectre,  
The while within you youth beat high, and life  
Grew lovelier from the neighboring frown of death;  
The heart no bud, nor fruit, save in those seeds  
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and  
wither

In the same home—were this your fate, perchance  
You would have erred like me!

*Rich.* I might, like you,  
Have been a brawler and a reveller;—not,  
Like you, a trickster and a thief.

*De Mau.* (advancing threateningly). Lord Cardinal!  
Unsay those words!

[*Huguet deliberately raises the carbine.*

*Rich.* (waving his hand). Not quite so quick, friend  
Huguet;

Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,  
And he can wait!—

You have outrun your fortune;—  
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar.  
Each to his taste! But I do charge you, Sir,  
That, being beggared, you would coin false moneys  
Out of that crucible called *Debt*. To live  
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,  
Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets: all  
Not *yours*; ungiven, uninherited, unpaid for;  
*This* is to be a trickster: and no file  
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,  
Life, daily bread, quitting all scores with, "Friend,  
You're troublesome!" Why this, forgive me,  
Is what, when done with a less dainty grace,  
Plain folks call "*Theft!*" You owe eight thousand  
pistoles.

Thine one crown two liards!

*De Mau.* (aside). The old conjurer!—  
'Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups  
I drank at dinner!

*Rich.* This is scandalous,  
Shaming your birth and blood. I tell you, Sir,  
That you must pay your debts.

*De Mau.* With all my heart,  
My Lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money?

*Rich.* (aside, laughing). A humorous dare-devil!  
the very man

To suit my purpose, ready, frank, and bold!

[*Rising and earnestly.*

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;  
I am not;—I am *just!* I found France rent asunder:  
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;  
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;  
Brawls festering to rebellion, and weak laws  
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.

I have re-created France; and from the ashes  
Of the old feudal and decrepit ease  
Civilization on her luminous wings  
Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove!—What was my art?  
Genius, some say; some, Fortune; Witchcraft, some.  
Not so; my art was *Justice!* Force and Fraud  
Misname it cruelty: you shall confute them!  
My champion *you!* You met me as your foe;  
Depart my friend. You shall not die. France needs  
you.

You shall wipe off all stains, be rich, be honored,  
Be great.

[*De Mauprat falls on his knee. Richelieu raises him.*

I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,  
To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match  
Yet not exceed her beauty.

*De Mau.* I, my Lord!—(hesitating)

I have no wish to marry.

*Rich.* Surely, Sir,

To do were worse!

*De Mau.* Scarcely: the poorest coward  
Must die; and but knowingly to march to marriage—

My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion!

*Rich.* Traitor, thou triflest with me!—I know *all!*  
Thou hast dared to love my ward—my charge.

*De Mau.* As rivers

May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,  
And hurrying on!

*Rich.* Thou hast told her of thy love?

*De Mau.* My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,  
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wronged her  
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope  
With one the deathman's gripe might from her side  
Pluck at the nuptial altar.

*Rich.* I believe thee:

Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;  
Take life and fortune with another!—Silent?

*De Mau.* Your fate has been one triumph. You  
know not

How blessed a thing it was in my dark hour  
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish  
Love hath no need of words;—nor less within  
That holiest temple—the heaven-built soul—  
Breathless the recorded vow. Base knight, false lover  
Were he, who bartered all that brightened grief,  
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.  
Revoke your urgency;—I prefer the fate  
I looked for.

*Rich.* Huguet! to the tapestry chamber  
Conduct your prisoner.



(*To Manuprat*) You will there behold  
The executioner: your doom be private:  
And Heaven have mercy on you!

LORD LYTTON.

## QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

FROM "JULIUS CESAR."

**C**ASSIUS.—That you have wronged me doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

**Brutus.**—You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

**Cassius.**—In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

**Brutus.**—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

**Cassius.**—I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

**Brutus.**—The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

**Cassius.**—Chastisement!  
**Brutus.**—Remember March, the Ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed, for justice's sake?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

**Cassius.**—Brutus, bay not me.  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

**Brutus.**—Go to; you are not, Cassius.  
**Cassius.**—I am.  
**Brutus.**—I say you are not.

**Cassius.**—Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

**Brutus.**—Away, slight man!  
**Cassius.**—Is't possible?  
**Brutus.**—Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash cholour?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

**Cassius.**—O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?  
**Brutus.**—All this? Aye, more; fret till your proud  
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bonduon tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

**Cassius.**—Is it come to this?  
**Brutus.**—You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well; for mine own part  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

**Cassius.**—You wrong me every way; you wrong me,  
Brutus;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say "better?"

**Brutus.**—If you did, I care not.  
**Cassius.**—When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have  
moved me.  
**Brutus.**—Peace, peace! you durst not thus have  
tempted him.

**Cassius.**—I durst not?  
**Brutus.**—No.  
**Cassius.**—What? Durst not tempt him?  
**Brutus.**—For your life; you durst not.

**Cassius.**—Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.  
**Brutus.**—You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means;  
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal commers from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;  
Dash him to pieces!

**Cassius.**—I denied you not.  
**Brutus.**—You did.  
**Cassius.**—I did not; he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my  
heart.  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

**Brutus.**—I do not, till you practise them on me.  
**Cassius.**—You love me not.  
**Brutus.**—I do not like your faults.  
**Cassius.**—A friendly eye could never see such faults.  
**Brutus.**—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.



*Cassius.*—Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!  
 Revenge yourself alone on Cassius,  
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world;  
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
 Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
 Set in a note-book, learned, and combed by rote,  
 To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
 And here my naked breast; within a heart,  
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;  
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him  
 better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Brutus.*—Sheathe your dagger:  
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire:  
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
 And straight is cold again.

*Cassius.*—Hath Cassius lived  
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
 When grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

*Brutus.*—When I spoke that I was ill-tempered,  
 too,

*Cassius.*—Do you confess so much? Give me your  
 hand.

*Brutus.*—And my heart, too. [*Embracing.*]

*Cassius.*—O Brutus!

*Brutus.*—What's the matter?

*Cassius.*—Have you not love enough to bear with  
 me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me  
 Makes me forgetful?

*Brutus.*—Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### INTERVIEW OF HADAD AND TAMAR.

FROM "HADAD."

*The garden of ABSALOM'S house on Mount Zion, near  
 the palace overlooking the city. TAMAR sitting by a  
 fountain.*

**T**AMAR. How aromatic evening grows! The  
 flowers

And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha;

Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.

Blessed hour! which He, who fashioned it so fair,  
 So softly glowing, so contemplative,  
 Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.  
 And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice  
 Ascends from out the tabernacle. Heaven  
 Accept the expiation, and forgive

This day's offences!—Ha! the wonted strain,  
 Precursor of his coming!—Whence can this?  
 It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—

*Enter HADAD.*

*Hadad.* Does beauteous Tamar view in this clear  
 fount

Herself or heaven?

*Tam.* Nay, Hadad, tell me whence

Those sad, mysterious sounds.

*Had.* What sounds, dear princess?

*Tam.* Surely, thou know'st; and now I almost  
 think

Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

*Had.* I heard no sounds but such as evening sends  
 Up from the city to these quiet shades—  
 A blended murmur, sweetly harmonizing  
 With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,  
 And voices from the hills.

*Tam.* The sounds I mean

Floated like mournful music round my head  
 From unseen fingers.

*Had.* When?

*Tam.* Now, as thou camest.

*Had.* 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought

To ecstasy; or else thy grandsire's harp  
 Resounding from his tower at even-tide.  
 I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones  
 Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,  
 Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed  
 Viols and heavenly voices answer him.

*Tam.* But these—

*Had.* Were we in Syria, I might say

The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet nymph,  
 The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee.  
 And gave thee salutations; but I fear  
 Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

*Tam.* How like my fancy! When these strains  
 preceed

Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think

Some gentle being who delights in us

Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming;  
 But they are dirge-like.

*Had.*

Youthful fantasy

Attuned to sadness makes them seem so, lady;  
 So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever  
 As signs of rest and peace;—the watchman's call,  
 The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump  
 Announcing the returning moon, the pipe  
 Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,  
 Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

*Tam.* But how delicious are the pensive dreams  
 That steal upon the fancy at their call!

*Had.* Delicious to behold the world at rest!

Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits  
 The curse to elasp the younglings of his cot;  
 Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks—and hark!  
 What merry strains they send from Olivet!  
 The jar of life is still; the city speaks  
 In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes

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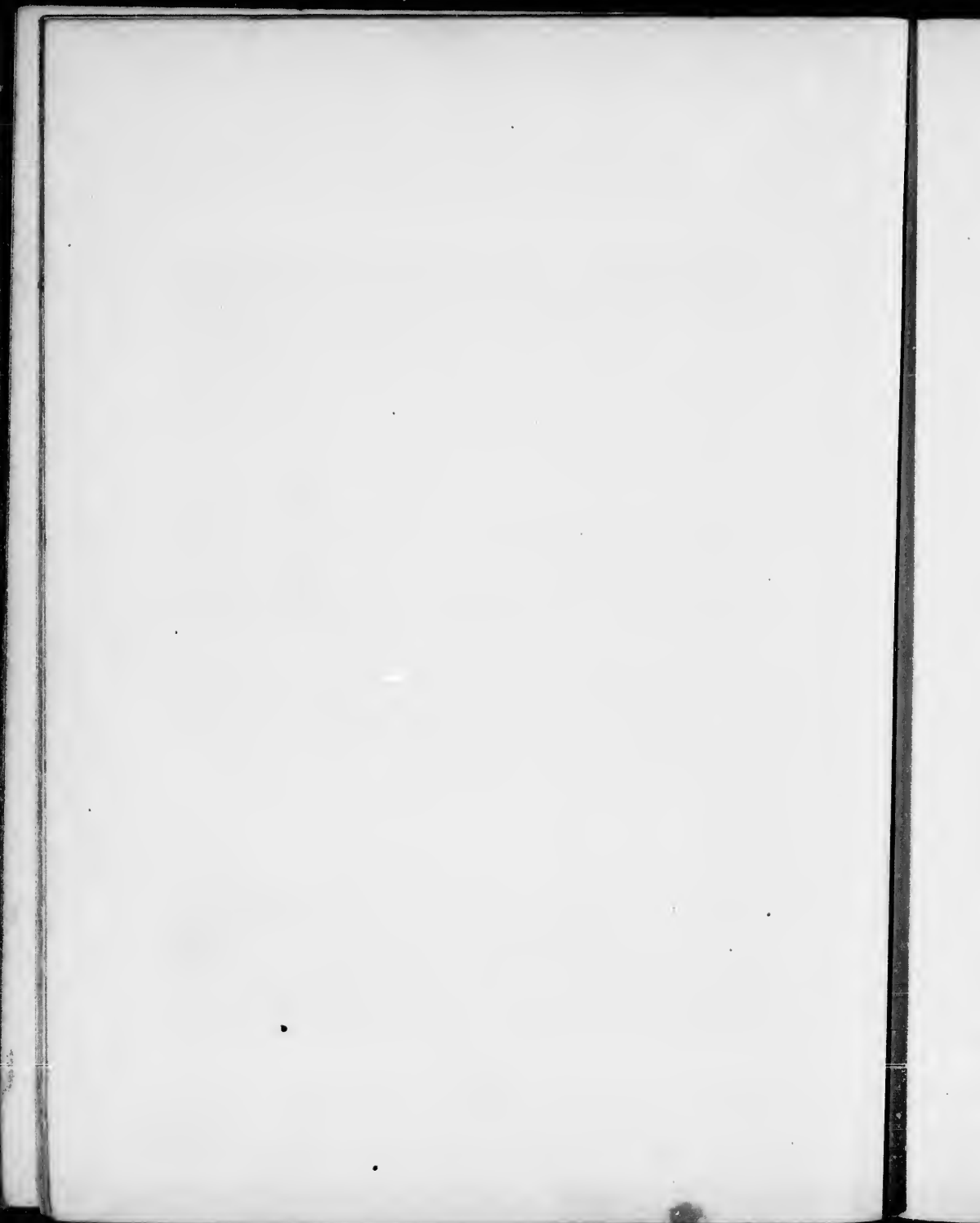
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THE UNINVITED GUESTS.



Waked in the streets and gardens ; loving pairs  
 Eye the red west in one another's arms ;  
 And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields  
 A glimpse of happiness which He who formed  
 Earth and the stars hath power to make eternal.

JAMES HILLHOUSE.

#### THE HUNTER'S VISION.

**U**PON a rock that, high and sheer,  
 Rose from the mountain's breast  
 A weary hunter of the deer  
 Had sat him down to rest,  
 And bared to the soft summer air  
 His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,  
 With dimmer vales between ;  
 And rivers glimmered on their way,  
 By forests faintly seen ;  
 While ever rose a murmuring sound,  
 From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear  
 A strain, so soft and low  
 That whether in the mind or ear  
 The listener scarce might know ;  
 With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,  
 The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,  
 "Thou faint with toil and heat,  
 The pleasant land of rest is spread  
 Before thy very feet,  
 And those whom thou wouldst gladly see  
 Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky  
 Amid the noontide haze,  
 A shadowy region met his eye,  
 And grew beneath his gaze,  
 As if the vapors of the air  
 Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers  
 Showed bright on rocky bank,  
 And fountains welled beneath the bowers,  
 Where deer and pheasant drank.  
 He saw the glittering streams ; he heard  
 The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,  
 There lived and walked again ;  
 And there was one who many a year  
 Within her grave had lain,  
 A fair young girl, the hunter's pride—  
 His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came  
 Right towards his resting place,  
 And stretched her hand and called his name,  
 With that sweet smiling face,  
 Forward with fixed and eager eyes,  
 The hunter leaped in act to rise :

Forward he leaped—and headlong down  
 Plunged from that craggy wall ;  
 He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown  
 An instant, in his fall—  
 A frightful instant, and no more ;  
 The dream and life at once were o'er.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

**S**LEEP!—The ghostly winds are blowing !  
 No moon abroad—no star is glowing ;  
 The river is deep, and the tide is flowing  
 To the land where you and I are going !  
 We are going afar,  
 Beyond moon or star,  
 To the land where the sinless angels are !

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,  
 ('Twas melted away by his looks of fire)—  
 Forgot my God, and my father's ire,  
 All for the sake of a man's desire ;  
 But now we'll go  
 Where the waters flow,  
 And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel—the world is untrue ;  
 Our foes are many, our friends are few ;  
 No work, no bread, however we sue !  
 What is there left for me to do,

But fly—fly  
 From the cruel sky,  
 And hide in the deepest deeps—and die !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

# WIT AND SATIRE.



## THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

HERE are three ways in which  
men take

One's money from his purse,  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the three is worse ;  
But all of them are bad enough  
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant  
day,

And counting up your gains ;  
A fellow jumps from out a bush  
And takes your horse's reins,  
Another hints some words about  
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends  
In such a lonely spot ;

It's very hard to lose your cash,  
But harder to be shot ;  
And so you take your wallet out,  
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—  
Some filthy creature begs  
You'll hear about the cannon-ball  
That carried off his pegs,  
And says it is a dreadful thing  
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,  
His children to be fed,  
Poor, little, lovely innocents,  
All clamorous for bread—  
And so you kindly help to put  
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat  
Beneath a cloudless moon ;  
You hear a sound, that seems to wear  
The semblance of a tune,  
As if a broken life should strive  
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come,  
There's something like a human voice,  
And something like a drum ;  
You sit, in speechless agony,  
Until your ear is numb.

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Poor "Home, Sweet Home," should seem to be  
A very dismal place ;  
Your "Auld Acquaintance," all at once,  
Is altered in the face ;  
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,  
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal chime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time.

But, hark ! the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound ;  
It cannot be—it is—it is—  
A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves  
A fracture in your jaw,  
And pay the owner of the bear,  
That stunned you with his paw,  
And buy the lobster, that has had  
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,  
Put on your fiercest frown,  
And talk about a constable  
To turn them out of town ;  
Then close your sentence with an oath,  
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,  
Not big enough for that,  
Or, if you cannot make a speech  
Because you are a flat,  
Go very quietly and drop  
A button in the hat.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

EL DORADO, 1851.

I'VE just bin down ter Thompson's boys,  
'N feelin' kind o' blue,  
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"  
Ter find out what wuz new ;  
When I seed this sign a-hangin'  
On a shanty by the lake :  
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts  
Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth,  
I've seen Kentucky Pete  
Draw out his shooter, 'n advise  
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;  
But nuthin' ever tuk me down,  
'N made my henders shake,  
Like that sign about the doughnuts  
That my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,  
'N standin' thar instead,  
I seen an old, white farm-house,  
With its d . . . all painted red,  
A whiff came through the open door—  
Wuz I sleepin' or awake?  
The smell wuz that of doughnuts  
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,  
Whar honey-suckles grow;  
A yellow dish of apple-sass  
Wuz settin' thar in view.  
'N on the table, by the stove,  
An old-time "Johnny-cake,"  
'N a platter full of doughnuts  
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see  
In tidy dress of black,  
I almost thought I heard the words  
"When will my boy come back?"  
'N then—the old sign creaked:  
But now it wuz the boss who spake;  
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts  
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,  
'N ez I've "struck pay gravel,"  
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,  
Vamose the ranch, 'n travel,  
I'll make the old folks jubilant,  
'N if I don't mistake,  
I'll try some o' them doughnuts  
Like my mother used ter make.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

## MY FIRST PAIR OF BOOTS.

**F**OW dear to my heart were the boots of my  
boyhood,  
My first pair of boots with the bright copper  
toes.

I prized them as highly as ever a boy could,  
And boldly I ventured through floods and through  
snows.

The tops were illumined with pretty red leather,  
Whose exquisite beauty I cherished with joy,  
I kept them agoing in all sorts of weather,  
The first pair of boots that I wore when a boy.  
The copper-toed treasures, the bright red-topped  
treasures—

The man-making boots that I wore when a boy.

I've gems from the land of the Emerald mountain,  
I've pearls from the coral caves under the waves,  
And sapphires found by far India's fountain,  
And rubies that came from a Pharaoh's grave.  
I've diamonds I prize and rich jewels I treasure,  
I've silver and gold free from dross and alloy,  
But nothing I hold can afford me the pleasure  
The first pair of boots that I wore when a boy.  
The copper-toed beauties, the bright red-topped beau-  
ties—  
The first pair of boots that I wore when a boy.

## BEAUTY—A YANKEE IDEAL.

**O**H, weak alike are pen and tongue  
To picture pretty Mary's graces;  
The amorous poets who have sung  
Of fairy forms and angel faces  
Ne'er looked upon a face so sweet,  
An eye so bright, a cheek so rosy,  
A form so lovely, so complete,  
Of female charms so fair a posy.

The beauty of her face outvies  
The summer garden's rich adorning,  
The tint her velvet cheek that dyes  
Is like the new-blown rose of morning.  
Her tresses, black as jet, aress  
A neck as white as alabaster;  
Who looks upon her loveliness  
Looks surely to his heart's disaster.

But not the beauty of her form  
Or face, which every eye enriches,  
Is lovely Mary's sweetest charm;  
Her sweet demeanor more bewitches;  
Her smile is like the morning's eye  
When opening spring the earth rejoices  
And like the richest melody  
Of birds, the music of her voice is.

But was there ever woman yet  
Could stand a critical inspection?  
Since Eve was made, who ever met  
One wholly free from imperfection?  
And Mary, darling, muses weep:  
This maiden fairer than Aurora  
Has her defect—when she's asleep  
She's a most tremendous snorer!

## A BAD CASE OF INFLUENZA.

**T**HE nose of Miss Dolly, as ev'ry one knows,  
Is good as the best that kind nature bestows  
Or any young lady persistently blows,  
With a hand that is dainty and fair.  
And taking her face for the shore by the sea  
A bold pronontory her nose would be,  
And somewhat conspicuous, all would agree,  
As it towers aloft in the air.

We talk of the beauty of form and of cheek,  
 But seldom, indeed, does any one speak  
 Of a nose that is red and rosy.  
 This blooming accomplishment Dolly has now,  
 And under the white of her elegant brow,  
 Adjacent to cheeks that are pure as the snow,  
 Her nose is a crimson posy.

To pronounce the plain statement a fib, when I say  
 That she uses ten handkerchiefs every day,  
 Lace-bordered and scented with lavender spray,  
 Would be but a piece of folly.  
 "Dear mother," she said, with asthmatical sigh,  
 "Ten big muslin sheets, were they ironed and dry,  
 Would hardly suffice for a day—O my!"  
 Thus spoke the dejected Miss Dolly.

If any young fellow denied, on his word,  
 That her voice is the loveliest ever you heard,  
 He'd be reckoned a cold-blooded joker.  
 But her hideous voice has of late been so coarse,  
 That no bullfrog who bellows his big gullet hoarse  
 Could be ranked as so horrid a croaker.

Those eyes of Miss Dolly—how fair to the sight!  
 Oh, glittering stars in the crown of the night,  
 Emblazoned with heaven's immaculate light,  
 Compared with those eyes you are not half so bright  
 As through the deep spaces you're flying.  
 But now they're so dull, with a passionless blink,  
 So red and so tearful, you really would think  
 An onion had set them a-crying.

Beneath those fair eyes, with their dreamy romance,  
 Their tender expression and coquettish glance,  
 Full many a bean has been wilted.  
 Yet a lover about to fall down on his knees,  
 Stretch out his warm hand and implore just a squeeze,  
 Felt a chill seize his frame and his very heart freeze,  
 For all of a sudden she gave such a sneeze  
 That he jumped as if fatally jilted.

Then he glanced at her nose and her watery eyes,  
 Heard the sound of her voice with unmingled sur-  
 prise,  
 And seeméd to have mastered his frenzy.  
 He wanted a girl, he protested, to love,  
 A dear little duck or a sweet turtle-dove,  
 But no girl with the—influenza.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

#### NOT WILLIN'.

SAYS bould Barney Milligan  
 To Biddy McSulligan,  
 "Och, faith! it's meself wud be loikin' a kiss."  
 Cries Biddy McSulligan,  
 "Ye'd better be still agin,  
 Oi'll not be endoorin' sich tratement as this."

"Arrah! dearest Biddy,  
 Be aisy, be stiddy,

Indade, it's no use to be actin' loike this;  
 Oeh! scratch a man's nose off,  
 An' tear all his clo'es off,  
 It's a bit uv a row to be gittin' a kiss."

"Go way, Mr. Barney,  
 No more of your blarney,  
 Or instid uv a kiss ye'll be gittin' a kiek.  
 Ould red-headed Barney,  
 Yer wastin' yer blarney,  
 Fur here comes the missis! Ach! Barney, be  
 quick!"

#### NO FOLLOWERS.

WHAT'S the hardest of all things to follow?  
 An ostrich, I'm told, tries our mettle;  
 But there's something that beats that quite  
 hollow,

As, in singing, a ark beats a kettle.

A chamois, they say, 's not a trifle  
 In steep Alpine passes to follow,  
 But a chamois you'll "down" with a rifle,  
 There's that beats the chamois quite hollow.

A fox is a puzzle sometimes,  
 That baffles the best in a chase;  
 Or, sound-led by far-away chimés,  
 One wanders a wearisome pace.

A lady's a hard thing to follow,  
 Coquettish and full of vagaries,  
 Who feeds you with snubs, hard to swallow,  
 And acts by "the rule of contraries."

To follow professional starving  
 Is very hard following, I guess,  
 Yet harder than mere want of carving  
 Is the thing on your notice I press.

To follow a Nimrod is hard,  
 When plashing through puddles you spank it;  
 Or to follow a lead, when the card  
 Is not in your hand—the deuce thank it.

And I've heard that a flea in a blanket  
 Is a very hard matter to follow;  
 And very hard driving they rank it  
 A certain brute, given to wallow.

I know many hard things to do:  
 'Tis hard, when you're wronged, to say  
 "thankee."

'Tis hard to bamboozle a Jew—  
 But very much harder, a Yankee.

And hard 'tis to take up your bills  
 Without money; and hard to get credit  
 When your failure the newspapers fills,  
 And all your acquaintance have read it.

'Tis then hard to follow, I grant,  
 The remains of a wealthy relation.

Who has left his "own people" in want,  
And his millions has willed to the nation.

But I see you are wearied with guessing,  
I'll tell you what 'tis and be done,  
Perplexity's always distressing,  
So huro is the answer, my son :

Of all things we know, great or small,  
In sea or in air, hill or hollow,  
On this here terrestrial ball,  
Good advice is the hardest to follow.

SAMUEL LOVER.

## BACK-YARD OPERA.

**YE** feline brutes erotic,  
Is there not some strong narcotic,  
Some refined and rare hypnotic,  
Some potent spell,  
Soothing catnip, hellebore,  
Anything to still the chorus  
Of your piercing, wild, sonorous  
Nocturnal yell,

Stirring wrath in souls pacific,  
Thwarting agents soporific,  
Blighting visions beatific  
With horrid din ;  
Moving even spirits saintly  
To utter, almost, low and faintly,  
Words divided very sently  
From words of sin ?

O ye brutes, my windows under,  
Me and sleep ye widely under.  
O for power, for once, to thunder  
Annihilation !  
O for boot-jacks half a hundred—  
O for hand that never blundered,  
Hurling, while the neighbors wondered,  
Pacification !

O for catapults to smite ye !  
O let catalepsy blight ye !  
All catastrophes invite ye,  
Cataclysmal !  
Catacraets be on ye falling !  
Curse, concatenate, appalling,  
Stop your ghoulish caterwauling,  
Paroxysmal !

ALVAH LILLIE FRISBIE.

## THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

**OVER** the billows and over the brine,  
Over the water to Palestine !  
Am I awake, or do I dream ?  
Over the ocean to Syria by steam !  
My say is sooth, by this right hand ;  
A steamer brave  
Is on the wave,

Bound positively for the Holy Land !  
Godfrey of Bulgoin, and thou  
Richard, lion-hearted king,  
Candidly inform us, now,  
Did you ever ?  
No, you never  
Could have fancied such a thing.  
Never such vociferations  
Entered your imaginations  
As the ensuing—

"Ease her, stop her!"  
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"  
"Masens, Masens?" "Ticket, please, sir!"  
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"  
"Jerusalem, lem! lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"  
"Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"  
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"  
"Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?"  
"Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"  
"What gent or lady's for the Nile,  
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes, sir!" Steady!  
"Now where's that party for Engedi!"  
Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,  
Had ye e'er the least idea,  
Even in your wildest flights,  
Of a steam trip to Judea?  
What next marvel Time will show,  
It is difficult to say:  
"Buss," perchance, to Jericho;  
"Only sixpence all the way."  
Cabs in Solywa may ply,  
—'Tis a not unlikely tale—  
And from Dan the tourist hie  
Unto Beersheba by "rail."

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE MEN WHO MISS THE TRAIN.

**I** LOAF' aroun' the deepo just to see the Pullman,  
An' to see the people scamper w'en they hear the  
engine toot ;  
But what makes the most impression on my son w'at  
active brain  
Is the careless men who get there jest in time to miss  
the train.

An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some loudly  
cuss their stars,  
An' some jess gallop down the track an' try to catch  
the cars ;  
An' some with a loud laff an' joke will poultice up  
their pain ;  
Var'us kin's er people get there jest in time to miss  
the train.

An' there is many deepos an' flag-stations 'ithout  
name,  
Along the Grand Trunk railroad that leads to wealth  
and fame ;



An' men rush to these deepos as fast as they can fly,  
As the train of Opportunity jest goes a-thunderin' by.  
They rush down to the station with their hair all stood  
on end,  
As the platform of the tail-end ear goes whirlin' 'round'  
the bend ;  
An' some men groan' an' ery aloud, an' some conceal  
their pain,  
W'en they find that they have got there jest in time  
to miss the train.  
But the ears puff through the valleys an' go a-whirlin'  
by,  
An' float their banners of w'ito smoko like flags of  
victory.  
They leap the flowin' rivers an' through the tunnels  
grope,  
An' cross the Mountains of Despair to the Table-land  
of Hope.  
The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs through  
every clime,  
But the ears of Opportunity they go on schedule time,  
An' never are their brakes reversed ; they won't back  
up again,  
To take the men who got there jest in time to miss  
the train.

s. w. FOSS.

## A VALENTINE.

I STOOD at Rimmel's window, and I saw that there  
were signs  
That the festival approaching was the bold St.  
Valentine's ;  
There were lots of little Cupids in a cloud of dainty  
lace,  
They were podgy in the stomach, they were chubby in  
the face !  
And a dicky-bird I noticed, in its beak a little ring,  
Just the bird to drop the present in a lady's hand and  
sing.  
Then I suddenly remembered that the worthy Mrs. D.  
Last year had very kindly sent a valentine to me,  
So I stepped up to the counter, and a smiling maiden  
brought  
All the best of the collection, thinking one of them I  
sought.  
"For a sweetheart," said she, coyly, "here's a beau-  
tiful design ;"  
'Twas a fan with painted roses, and the legend, "I am  
thine."  
"No, it isn't for a sweetheart, but my wife," I shyly  
said.  
Back that damsel put the boxes, and she tossed her  
little head,  
Crying, "Oh, I beg your pardon !" while she smiled  
at the mistake ;  
"That's the sort of thing you want, sir—it's the cheap-  
est one we make."

GEORGE R. SIMS.

## PAT'S WISDOM.

TIM DOLAN and his wife, wan night,  
Were drinkin' av the crayture,  
Whin something started up a fight,  
And they went at it right an' tight,  
According to their nature.

O'Grady and meself stood near,  
Expecting bloody murther.  
Says he to me : "Let's interfere."  
But I, pretending not to hear,  
Moved off a little further.

"Lave off, ye brute," says he to Tim ;  
"No man wud strike a lady."  
But both the Dolans turned on him,  
And in a whist the two av them  
Were wallopin' O'Grady.

That night whin I was home, in bed,  
Remembering this token,  
I took the notion in my head  
That the wisest word I iver said  
Was the one that wasn't spoken.

## EPITAPH ON A LEG LOST AT WATERLOO.

HERE rests, and let no saucy knave  
Presume to sneer and laugh,  
To learn that mouldering in the grave  
Is laid a British Calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure  
That those who read the whole  
Will find such laugh was premature,  
For here, too, lies a sole.

And here five little ones repose,  
Twin born with other five,  
Unheeded by their brother toes,  
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,  
Rests here of one commanding ;  
Who, though his wits he might retain,  
Lost half' his understanding ;

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,  
Poured bullets thick as hail,  
Could only in this way be taught  
To givo the foe leg-bail ;

And now in England, just as gay  
As in the battle brave,  
Goes to a rout, review, or play,  
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite,  
For he will still be found,  
Should England's sons engage in fight,  
Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg ;  
 She meant not to disarm,  
 For when she lopped the hero's leg,  
 She did not seek his harm.

And but indulged a harmless whim ;  
 Since he could walk with one,  
 She saw two legs where lost on him,  
 Who never meant to run.

GEORGE CANNING.

#### THE PLEASURE OF WINTER.

**I**N meadows where lambskins used to sport  
 No sportive lambs we see ;  
 The nights are long, the days are short  
 And so, alas, are we.

At morn the rooster later crows,  
 Paid off's the yachting crew,  
 Again the nor', nor'-easter blows,  
 The politician too.

Against the pane the rain-drops beat,  
 The hunter beats the wood,  
 In cosy parlor lovers meet,  
 And it is meet they should.

And close together there they sit,  
 A situation grand,  
 And while her gentle heart goes pit-  
 A-pat he pats her hand.

He smooths her silken locks and locks  
 Her to his bosom there,  
 And as she has the rocks he rocks  
 Her in the rocking chair.

He is a youth of good address,  
 For he is dressed to woo,  
 And as he's there his suit to press  
 Her suit he presses too.

To press his suit he is not slow,  
 As fast the moments fly,  
 When he turns the lamp down low  
 Her color rises high.

To kiss her lips, those rosebirds rare,  
 Rare bliss, he thinks, would be,  
 And he would freely kiss her were  
 She with her kisses free.

But in the gloom, from eight to ten,  
 From eight to ten takes he ;  
 They see as well to court as when  
 They courted by the sea.

Oh, witching hours ! oh, honeyed love !  
 Who cares that summer's flown  
 When one beside that parlor stove  
 Can sit and hold his own ?

#### HER REPLY.

**"**THEY fools are not all dead," said he.  
 Her answer took him quite aback ;  
 " I'm very glad of it," said she :  
 I never did look well in black."

#### BILL VERSUS COO.

**"**THEY bill and soo before they're wed,  
 They joy in lovers' laughter ;  
 But when the marriage words are said  
 It's mostly bill thereafter.

#### HOW MICKEY GOT KILT IN THE WAR

**A**PINSON claim agent ! Will, then, sor,  
 You're the mon that I'm wanting to see !  
 I've a claim for a pusion that's due me,  
 And I want yez to get it for me.

Well, no, sor, I niver was wounded,  
 For the fact is I didn't indist ;  
 Though I would have been off to the army,  
 Had I not had a boil on me fist.

But me b'y, me poor Mickey, was kilt, sor ;  
 An', whin poets the story shall tell,  
 Sure the counthry will then be ereetin'  
 A monument there where he fell.

Ho was not ent in two wid a sabre,  
 Nor struck wid a big cannon ball ;  
 But he lepped from a four-story windy,  
 An' bedad ! he got kilt in the fall.

Yis, it was a rash le'p to be making ;  
 But, in faith, thin, he had to, I'm sure ;  
 For he heard them a shlamming an' banging  
 An' thrying to break in the dure.

They were going to capture poor Mickey ;  
 An' to kape from their clutches, poor b'y,  
 He had to le'p out of the windy,  
 An' indeed it was four-stories high.

No, it was not the fall, sor, that kilt him ;  
 It was stopping so sudden, you see,  
 Whin he got to the bottom it jarred him,  
 An' that kilt him as dead as could be.

Och ! he loved the owld flag, did brave Mickey  
 An' he died for his counthry, although  
 He was not killed in battle exactly ;  
 He was lepping the bounties, you know.

'T was the marshal was after him—yis, sor,  
 An', in fact, he was right at the dure,  
 Whin he made the le'p out of the windy,  
 An' he never lepped bounties no more.

So av coorse, I'm intitled to a pinsion,  
 An' the owld woman too is, because

We were both, sor, dependint on Mickey,  
The darlin' brave b'y that he was.

Av coorse ye'll not 'av any trouble,  
So go on wid yez now, sor, an' fill  
Out a lot of thim blank affidavits,  
An' I'll swear to thim all, so I will.

It's swate, yis, to die for wan's counthry ;  
But, beclad ! I can't help bnt abhor  
Thim battles where people get hurted,  
Since Mickey got kilt in the war.

PARODY ON LONGFELLOW'S "HIA-  
WATHA."

HE killed the noble Mudjakiwis ;  
With the skin he made him mittens—  
Made them with the fur side inside,  
Made them with the skin side outside.  
He, to get the warm side inside,  
Put the inside skin side outside.  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side fur side inside.  
That's why he put the fur side inside,  
Why he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.

SAME OLD GAME.

The attempt of the United States Senate to keep its transactions secret gave rise to the following satire. What is done in "secret sessions" is as fully known as if the sessions were public, although persistent efforts have been made to discover and stop the leak.

DO you call to mind the meeting in the village  
years ago  
Where the ladies used to gather just to chat  
a while and sew :  
How they gave the news in toto and dissemssed the  
latest theme,  
And told each other divers things of which "you'd  
never dream !"  
The doors were always tightly closed 'gainst any would-  
be guests  
And solemn secrecy was sought through most impres-  
sive tests,  
But without fail the news got out—none knew how it  
befell,  
Though each secret was preceded by  
"Don't  
You  
Tell !"

In the Senate they are seated, portly, dignified and  
gray,  
The patriarchs discussin in an animated way,  
With closely shut, well-guarded doors and voices half  
suppressed,  
The characters of men 'gainst whom their foes some  
doubts suggest.

And ever and anon they turn with careful eyes to  
sean  
The place, lest in concealment there should be a  
horrid man.  
Yet daily are their secrets told ; the public knows them  
well,  
But they stick to their old customs and their  
"Don't  
You  
Tell !"

A GREAT INVENTION.

HE made a new invention nearly every othe  
week,  
But something always ailed it, and it always  
seemed to shirk ;  
Its functional activity, souehow, was very weak,  
Its whole vitality was low—the blame thing wouldn't  
work.

He made perpetual motion things—but they would  
never move ;  
And then he made a big machine for flying through  
the sky,  
But there was a slight obstruction in the piston-rod or  
groove,  
And the only trouble with it—he could never make  
it fly.

And he made marine toboggans for sliding on the  
sea,  
A very pretty compromise of bicycle and boat,  
And on the second trial trip, he said 'twas his "idea."  
The thing would slide tremendously, if he could  
make it float.

And he made a panacea that would cure every ill—  
The long sought life elixir, to the world so long  
denied ;  
He took the medicine himself, a large, green-looking  
pill,  
And twenty minutes later he laid him down and  
died.

BIDDY AN' TIM.

WHIN the marnin' is foine an' early  
I git out av me confftherble bed,  
An' I shouldher me pick-ax an' shovel,  
An' put me ould tile on me head,  
Thin it's aff to the aqueduct workin',  
Wid a kiss from me Biddy an' Tim ;  
An' beehune you an' me an' the lamp-post  
I'd not do it at all but fer thim.

It's hard work an' mane work an' dirty,  
An' the shweat's dhroppin' aff uv me ehn ;  
There be's days whin I make no advancement,  
No matter how well I begin.

There be's days whin I'd spind fer the lager  
Enough so me thirst it end swim,  
If beehine yon an' 'ue an' the lamp-post  
It wasn't fer Biddy an' Tim!

But when I git home in the avenin'  
The broth av a bye is awake,  
An' hollers an' howls fer his daddy  
Till the ceilin's beginnin' ter shake;  
An' Biddy comes round wid her blarney  
Till backaches an' troubles grow dim—  
Oh, the world would be inpy an' lonesome  
If it wasn't fer Biddy an' Tim!

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

## LITTLE BILLEE.

W<sup>H</sup>ERE were three sailors of Bristol city  
Who took a boat and went to sea,  
But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest, he was little Billee.  
Now, when they got as far as the equator,  
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"I am extremely hungaree."  
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"With one another we shouldn't agree!  
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,  
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh, Billy, we'er going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the button of your chemie."  
When Billy received this information,  
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,  
Which my poor mammy taught to me."  
"Make haste, awake haste," says guzzling Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snickersee.

So Billy went up to the main top-gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee.  
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment  
When up he jumps: "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagasear,  
And North and South Amerikee;  
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

But when they got aboard of the admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;  
But as for little Bill, he made him  
The captain of a seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

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## A MATRIMONIAL DUET.

LADY TERMAGANT.

S<sup>T</sup>EP in, pray, Sir Toby, my picture is here—  
Do you think that 'tis good? does it strike  
you?

SIR TOBY.

Why, it does not as yet; but I fancy, my dear,  
In a moment it will—'tis so like you!

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

## CUPID'S ARROW.

Y<sup>O</sup>UNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan one  
day,

And besought him to look at his arrow.  
"Tis useless," he cried; "you must mend  
it, I say!

"Tis not fit to let fly at a sparrow.  
There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the  
dart,

For it flutters, quite false to my aim;  
'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,  
And the world really jests at my name.

"I have straightened, I've bent, I've tried all, I  
declare;

I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs;  
'Tis feathered with ringlets my mother might wear,  
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;  
But it falls without touching—I'll break it, I vow,  
For there's Hymen beginning to pout;  
He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low  
That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,  
Th' Vulcan the weapon restored,  
"Thee take it, young sir; try it now—if it fail,  
I will ask neither fee nor reward."  
The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made;  
The wounded and dead were untold;  
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,  
For the arrow was laden with gold.

## THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A<sup>C</sup>COINSEL in the "Common Pleas,"  
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,  
Upon the strength of a chance hit,  
Amid a thousand flippancies,

And his occasional bad jokes,  
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,  
Ridiculing and maltreating  
Women, or other timid folks;  
In a late cause, resolved to hoax

A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one  
Who by his uncouth look and gait  
Appeared expressly meant by fate  
For being quizzed and played upon.

So having tipped the wink to those  
 In the back rows,  
 Who kept their laughter bottled down,  
 Until our wag should draw the cork—  
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,  
 And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"

"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you;  
 But on *four* legs instead of *two*."

"Officer," cried the legal elf,  
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,

"Do, pray, keep silence down below there!  
 Now look at me, clown, and attend,  
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"  
 "Yes, very like, I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite lanconic"  
 (The counsel cried, with grin sardonie),

"I wish I'd known this prodigy,  
 This genius of the clods, when I  
 On circuit was at York residing.  
 Now, farmer, do for once speak true,  
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you  
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,  
 Are there as many fools as ever  
 In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no! we've got our share,  
 But not so many as when *you* were there."

#### A BILLET-DOUX.

**S**HE was a winsome country lass;  
 So William, on a brief vacation,  
 More pleasantly the time to pass  
 Essayed flirtation;  
 And as they strolled in twilight dim  
 While near the time for parting drew,  
 Asked if she'd like to have from him  
 A billet-doux.

Of French this simple maid knew naught,  
 But, doubting not 'twas something nice,  
 Upon its meaning quickly thought.  
 Then in a trice  
 Upward she turned her pretty head;  
 Her rosy lips together drew  
 For purpose plain, and coyly said:  
 "Yes, Billy, do!"

*Sequel.*—And William did.

#### WOMAN, POOR THING!

**W**HOO is it that cures the ills of life and gently  
 soothes its shocks?  
 Woman, poor thing!  
 Who is it that mends her husband's clothes  
 and neatly darns his socks?  
 Woman, poor thing!

Who, when the mind is troubled, comes to smooth the  
 ruffled thought

With blessings full of happiness and joys with com-  
 fort fraught?

Whose presence in the household has a thousand  
 pleasures brought?

Woman, poor thing!

Who is it wants a brand new bonnet every month or  
 two?

Woman, poor thing!

Who buys and keeps on buying, and is really never  
 through?

Woman, poor thing!

Who nearly drives her husband to distraction every  
 day

By running up enormous bills which later he must pay,  
 But when she's gone he plans to get another right  
 away?

Woman, poor thing!

#### AFTER THE NEW YEAR.

**O** II, those New Year resolutions, that we made  
 with holy awe,  
 How they melted like the snow banks in a  
 January thaw!

How the man who broke his meerschaum and vowed  
 to smoke no more,  
 Now smokes an old two-cent clay pipe behind the cel-  
 lar door.

#### A LEGAL QUESTION.

**T**HIS true, I love her madly, this maid of high  
 degree,  
 Though but a legal student with Blackstone  
 on my knee.

Her beauty is unequalled, her education high,  
 She's dived in modern science and ancient history;  
 Has mastered Greek and Latin, and French and Ger-  
 man read,  
 For higher mathematics she has a wondrous head.

In music she is surely a mistress of the keys,  
 Plays Handel, Chopin, Mozart and Bach with equal  
 ease.

In painting she is wondrous, her style the critic apes;  
 She copies true from nature both land and water  
 scapes.

She dresses in the fashion, wears silks and jewels rare;  
 Her father has a million, and she his only heir,

And yet when I would woo her she calmly passes by;  
 My smile is never noted, unheeded is my sigh.

My notes come back unopened, all coldly marked  
 "mis-sent."

For months I've thus been tortured, still she does not  
 relent.

For wealth I would not harm her, but what is my re-  
 sort?  
 Oh, should she not be punished for gross contempt of  
 court?

## NOTHING TO WEAR.

## AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

**M**ISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison  
 Square,  
 Has made three separate journeys to  
 Paris,

And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
 That she and her friend Mrs. Harris  
 (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)  
 Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping.

In one continuous round of shopping;  
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;  
 For all manner of things that a woman can put  
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,  
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
 In front or behind, above or below:

For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;  
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;  
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;  
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;  
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all;  
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;  
 All of them different in color and pattern,  
 Silk, muslin, and lace, erape, velvet, and satin,  
 Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,  
 Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;  
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,  
 Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,  
 From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous  
 frills;

In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,  
 While M'Flimsey in rain stormed, scolded, and swore,  
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer  
 Arago

Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,  
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,  
 Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,  
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,  
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested  
 Such particular interest, that they invested  
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows  
 Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,  
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as  
 those;

Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian  
 beauties,

Gave good-bye to the ship, and go-by to the duties.

Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,  
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout  
 For an actual belle and a possible bride;  
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
 And the truth came to light, and the dry goods  
 beside,

Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,  
 Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed  
 since the day  
 This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway  
 This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,  
 The last time we met, was in utter despair,  
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,  
 I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—  
 That she's in a state of absolute nudity,  
 Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;  
 But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,  
 When, at the same moment, she had on a dress,  
 Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,  
 And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,  
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's  
 Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
 I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
 The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
 On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
 Of those fossil remains which she called her "affec-  
 tions."

And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,  
 Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her light,"  
 So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,  
 Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,  
 But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,  
 Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.  
 Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,  
 Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,  
 Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,  
 It was one of the quietest business transactions.  
 With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,  
 And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.  
 On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,  
 She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,  
 And by way of putting me quite at my ease,  
 "You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,  
 And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—  
 And you must not come here more than twice in the  
 week.

Or talk to me either at party or ball,  
 But always be ready to come when I call;  
 So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,  
 If we don't break this off, there will be time enough  
 For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be  
 That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,  
 For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
 Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,  
With the silks, erinelines, and hoops that contained her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder  
At least in the property, and the best right  
To appear as its escort by day and by night ;  
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball—  
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,

And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—  
I considered it only my duty to call,  
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.  
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,  
When the time intervening between the first sound  
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
Than usual—I found—I won't say—I caught her—  
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.  
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,  
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner !"  
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,

And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,  
So being relieved from that duty, I followed  
Inelination, which led me, you see, to your door.  
And now will your ladyship so condescend  
As just to inform me if you intend  
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend  
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)  
To the Stuckups, whose party, you know, is to-  
morrow ?"

The fair Flora looked up with a piteful air,  
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon*  
*cher*,

I should like above all things to go with you there ;  
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear ! go just as you are ;  
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,  
I engage, the most bright and particular star  
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,  
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,  
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery  
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,  
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose  
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,  
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose  
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
No matter how fine, that she wears every day !"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade"  
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a  
shade."

"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy ;" "Your  
pink"—"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."

"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a  
Quaker ;"

"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey  
dress-maker

Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,  
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not ? It's my fancy, there's nothing could  
strike it

As more *comme il faut*—"Yes, but dear me, that  
lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,  
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine ;

That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine*—"

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, beaming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite  
crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you  
sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,  
When you quite turned the head of the Head of the  
nation ;

And by all the grand court were so very much  
courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,  
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and the most of my dresses are ripped  
up !"

Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,

Quite innocent, though ; but, to use an expression

More striking than classic, it "settled my lash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir ? I wonder the ceiling  
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have  
no feeling,

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,

Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is !

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities ?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still  
higher).

"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.

"Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot ;  
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know  
what,"

I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,

Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief ;

But this only proved as spark to the powder.

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder.

It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and  
hailed



Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears  
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,  
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an observation was lost in a tempest of sob.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,  
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,  
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;  
Then, without going through the form of a bow,  
Found myself in the entry—I hardly know how—  
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,  
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair;  
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,  
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar  
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,  
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare

If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited

Abroad in society, I've instituted  
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,  
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,  
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,  
But that there exists the greatest distress

In our female community, solely arising  
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,  
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."  
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts  
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,  
Of which let me mention only a few:

In one single house on the Fifth Avenue,  
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,  
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new

In the way of flounced silks, and, thus left in the lurch,

Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.  
In another large mansion near the same place  
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case  
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.

In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,

Total want, long continued, of camels'-hair shawls;  
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits  
The most pressing need of real crumie tippets;  
One deserving young lady almost unable  
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;  
Another confined to the house, when it's windier  
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.  
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific  
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer "Pacific."

In which were ingulfed, not friend or relation  
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,

Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),  
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars

Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,

And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,  
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,  
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic  
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic,  
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief  
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,  
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare  
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.

But the saddest by far of all these sad features  
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures  
By the husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Titans,

Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds

By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days

Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans or bouquets,  
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,

And deride their demands as useless extravagance;  
One case of a bride was brought to my view,  
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,  
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,  
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.

The consequence was, that when she got there,  
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear  
And when she proposed to finish the season  
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,  
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,  
Except that the waters were good for his gout;  
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,  
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain  
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,  
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity  
Of every benevolent heart in the city,  
And spur up Humanity into a canter  
To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.  
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,

Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?  
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is  
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,  
Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter Cooper  
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-structure,  
like that which to-day links his name  
In the Union unending of honor and fame;  
And found a new charity just for the care  
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,



Which, in view of the cash which would daily be  
 claimed,  
 The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?  
 Won't Stuart, or some of our dry-goods importers,  
 Take a contract for clothing our wives and our  
 daughters?  
 Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,  
 And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and  
 dresses,  
 Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and  
 thornier,  
 Won't some one discover a new California?

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day  
 Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,  
 From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,  
 And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,  
 To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt  
 Their children have gathered, their city have built;  
 Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,  
 Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;  
 Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered  
 skirt,  
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and  
 dirt.

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety  
 stair  
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,  
 Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the  
 cold.

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;  
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,  
 Spoiled children of fashion, you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there *should* be a sphere  
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;  
 Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of time  
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;  
 Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
 Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,  
 Must be clothed for the life and the service above  
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love—  
 O daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!  
 Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

WILLIAM ALLAN BUTLER.

### THE BLARNEY.

There is a certain coign-stone on the summit of Blarney Castle, in the county of Cork, the kissing of which is said to impart the gift of persuasion. Hence the phrase, applied to those who make a flattering speech—"You've kissed the Blarney Stone."

Oh! did you ne'er hear of "the Blarney."  
 That's found near the banks of Killarney?  
 Believe it from me,  
 No girl's heart is free,  
 Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.  
 For the Blarney's so great a deceiver,  
 That a girl thinks you're there, though you leave her

And never finds out  
 All the tricks you're about,  
 Till she's quite gone herself—with your Blarney.

Oh! say, would you find this same "Blarney?"  
 There's a castle, not far from Killarney,  
 On the top of its wall—  
 (But take care you don't fall)

There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.  
 Like a magnet its influence such is,  
 That attraction it gives all it touches;  
 If you kiss it, they say,  
 From that blessed day,

You may kiss whom you please with your Blarney.

SAMUEL LOVER.

### WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

WHY don't the men propose, mamma,  
 Why don't the men propose?  
 Each seems just coming to the point,  
 And then away he goes!

It is no fault of yours, mamma,  
 That ev'rybody knows;  
 You *fete* the finest men in town,  
 Yet, oh, they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, unanna,  
 To make a proper watch;  
 For coronets and eldest sons  
 I'm ever on the watch;  
 I've hopes when some *distingué* beau  
 A glance upon me throws;  
 But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,  
 Alas, he won't propose!

And what is to be done, mamma?

Oh, what is to be done?  
 I really have no time to lose,  
 For I am thirty-one.  
 At balls I am too often left  
 Where spinsters sit in rows;  
 Why won't the men propose, mamma?  
 Why won't the men propose?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

### TOO LATE.

WHERE sat an old man on a rock,  
 And unceasing bewailed him of fate—  
 That concern where we all must take stock,  
 Though our vote has no hearing or weight;  
 And the old man sang him an old, old song—  
 Never sang voice so clear and strong  
 That it could drown the old man's long,  
 For he sang the song, "Too late! too late!"

"When we want, we have for our pains  
 The promise that if we but wait  
 Till the want has burnt out of our brains,  
 Every means shall be present to sate;

While we send for the napkin, the soup gets cold,  
While the bonnet is trimming, the face grows old,  
When we've matched our buttons, the pattern is sold,  
And everything comes too late—too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens,  
Terrapin stew a wild dream,  
When my brain was at sixes and sevens,  
If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,  
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger  
At the restaurant man and fruit-monger :—  
But oh, how I wished I were younger  
When the goodies all came in a stream—in a stream!

"I've a splendid blood-horse, and—a liver  
That it jars into torture to trot;  
My row-boat's the gem of the river—  
Gout makes every knuckle a knot!  
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,  
But no palate for *menus*, no eyes for a dome—  
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,  
When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd got.

"How I longed, in that lonest of garrets,  
Where the tiles baked my brains all July,  
For ground to sow two pecks of carrots,  
Two pigs of my own in a sty,  
A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—  
Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage!—  
Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—  
With a woman's chair empty close by—close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,  
I have shared one seat with the great;  
I have sat—knowing naught of the clock—  
On love's high throne of state;  
But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,  
To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,  
And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed  
Had they only not come too late—too late!"

FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

#### A SONG OF THE UNATTAINABLE.

FOR the few-and-far-between,  
For the very-seldom-seen,  
For the un-catch-hold-uponable I sigh!  
The unclutchable I'd clutch,  
The untouchable I'd touch,  
For the ungrabbed and ungrabable I'd die!

Oh, I burn and sigh and gasp  
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,  
For the far-unavoidable I yearn;  
And the vulgar here-and-now  
I ignore and disavow,  
And the good-enough-for-others, how I spurn!

Oh, I moan and ery and screech  
For the just-beyond-the-reach,  
The too-far-away-to grab I would ensnare;

The ungainable I'd gain,  
The unattainable attain,  
And chase the un-catch-on to his lair.

#### WHERE IS MISS MYRTLE?

WHERE is Miss Myrtle? can any one tell?  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She flirts with another, I know very well;  
And I—am left all alone!

She flies to the window when Arundel rings—  
She's all over smiles when Lord Archibald sings—  
It's plain that her Cupid has two pair of wings:  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?

Her love and my love are different things;  
And I—am left all alone!

I brought her, one morning, a rose for her brow;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She told me such horrors were never worn now;  
And I—am left all alone!

But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair,  
And I guess whom it came from—of course I don't care.  
We all know that girls are as false as they're fair;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
I'm sure the lieutenant's a horrible bear:  
And I—am left all alone!

Whenever we go on the Downs for a ride—  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She looks for another to trot by her side:  
And I—am left all alone!

And whenever I take her down-stairs from a ball,  
She nods to some puppy to put on her shawl:  
I'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl;—  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?

But I'd give a trifle to horsewhip them all;  
And I—am left all alone!

She said that she liked me a twelvemonth ago;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
And how should I guess that she'd torture me so?  
And I—am left all alone!

Some day she'll find out it was not very wise  
To laugh at the breath of a true lover's sighs;  
After all, Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize:  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes;  
And I'll—be no longer alone!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

#### GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT, good-night." She heard him  
speak  
These words with manly grace  
On parlor sofa dim, and eke  
Along the hall-way's space;  
But when they gained the outer door  
His courage seemed to flinch,  
For though he said good night once more,  
He didn't budge an inch.

"Good-night, good-night." 'Twas very hard  
To say that last good-night!  
Long shadows swept the garden sward,  
The moon climbed high and bright.  
That it was late seemed really plain  
To every sense—yet, no—  
Except to say good-night again  
He made no break to go.

'Tis late no longer—early now  
The hour has grown and chill;  
The dawn creeps o'er the mountain's brow—  
"Good-night," he murmurs still.  
"Good-ni"—from window overhead  
A voice in accents strange  
Remarks—"Young man, it's time you said  
Good-morning, for a change."

MADELINE S. BRIGGES.

#### DOCTOR TOM.

OF all the doctors that there be,  
Doctor Tom for my monic;  
He came to cure the cow, you see,  
And finished off by curing me!

Horses and cattle are his trade,  
But he for finer things was made:  
He understands a human ease  
Better than any one in the place.

For fret and trouble day and night,  
Worry and fidget left and right,  
Muddle and trouble everywhere,  
Were growing more than I could bear.

A widow here I dwelt for years,  
And life was full of fret and fears;  
The crops and flocks were growing small—  
I could not manage things at all.

But Doctor with his cheery face  
Brought better than physic to the place:  
He came to keep the cow from harm,  
And morn and night was at the farm.

At last he whispered in mine ear,  
"You're looking like a ghost, my dear!  
But you shall soon be fresh and free  
If you'll entrust your ease to me."

He found me willing, for I knew  
That he was clever, strong, and true,  
And, though the gossips spoke their thought,  
I took the comfort that he brought.

At last, when several weeks had fled,  
"It's time to finish the cure," he said,  
And round my waist his arm he threw—  
And married me before I knew!

The cow is milking down the dell,  
The farm and flocks are doing well:

Was ever doctor half so clever?—  
My complaint is gone forever.

#### THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me—  
Our mutual flame is like the affinity  
That doth exist between two simple bodies:  
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.  
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow  
Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
Is, after all, but metaphysical.  
O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,  
A living acid; thou an alkali  
Endowed with human sense, that brought together,  
We might both coalesce into one salt,  
One homogeneous crystal. O that thou  
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen!  
We would unite to form olefiant gas,  
Or common coal, or naphtha. Would to Heaven  
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime,  
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret!  
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,  
So that thou mightst be Soda; in that case  
We should be Glauber's salt. Wert thou Magnesia  
Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from Epsom.  
Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aquafortis,  
Our happy union should that compound form,  
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.  
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,  
We'd live and love together, until death  
Should decompose the fleshy *tertium quid*,  
Leaving our souls to all eternity  
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs  
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we  
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?  
We will. The day, the happy day is nigh,  
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

#### THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

WID ever swain a nymph adore  
As I ungrateful Nanny do?  
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore—  
Was ever broken heart so true?  
My eyes are swelled with tears; but she  
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny called, did Robin stay,  
Or linger when she bade me run?  
She only had the word to say,  
And all she asked was quickly done:  
I always thought on her, but she  
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
Have I not rose by break of day?  
When did her heifers ever fast?  
If Robin in his yard had hay?  
Though to my fields they welcome were,  
I never welcome was to her!

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,  
I cheerfully did give her two ;  
Did not her lambs in safety sleep  
Within my folds in frost and snow ?  
Have they not there from cold been free ?  
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When'er I climbed our orchard trees,  
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan ;  
Oh, how those hands that drowned her bees  
Were stung, I'll ne'er forget the pain !  
Sweet were the combs, as sweet could be ;  
But Nanny ne'er looked sweet on me.

If Nanny to the well did come,  
'Twas I that did her pitehers fill :  
Full as they were, I brought them home ;  
Her corn I carried to the mill,  
My back did bear her sack, but she  
Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,  
I'm sure they always had the best ;  
Within this week her pigeons have  
Eat up a peck of pens at least ;  
Her little pigeons kiss, but she  
Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,  
And Nanny still on Robin frown ?  
Alas, poor wretch ! what shall I do,  
If Nanny does not love me soon ?  
If no relief to me she'll bring,  
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

CHARLES HAMILTON.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S SEA-DIRGE.

HERE are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,  
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for  
three—

That I hate, but a thing that I hate the most  
Is a thing they call the sea.

Pour some salt water on to the floor—  
Ugly, I'm sure you'll confess it to be ;  
Suppose that it extended a mile or more,  
*That's* very like the sea.

Pinch a dog till it howls outright—  
Cruel, but all very well for a spree ;  
Suppose that it did so day and night,  
*That* would be like the sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids,  
Tens of thousands passed by me,  
All leading children with wooden spades,  
And this was by the sea.

Who invented those spades of wood ?  
Who was it cut them out of the tree ?  
None, I think, but an idiot could,  
Or one that loved the sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float  
With " thoughts as boundless, and souls as free,"  
But suppose you are very unwell in the boat,  
How do you like the sea ?

" But it makes the intellect clear and keen."  
Prove it ! prove it ! how can that be ?  
" Why, what does '*B sharp*' (in music) mean,  
If not the '*natural C* ?'"

What ! keen ? with such questions as : When's  
high tide ?  
Is shelling shrimps an improvement to tea ?  
Were donkeys intended for man to ride ?  
Such are our thoughts by the sea.

There is an insect that people avoid,  
(Whence is derived the verb " to flee,")  
Where have you been by it most annoyed ?  
In lodgings by the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,  
A decided hint of salt in your tea,  
And a fishy taste in the very eggs—  
By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these daunties to drink and to eat,  
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,  
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,  
Then—I recommend the sea.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast,  
Pleasant friends they are to me ;  
It is when I am with them, I wonder most  
That any one likes the sea.

They take me a walk ; though tired and stiff,  
To climb the heights I madly agree ;  
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,  
They kindly suggest the sea.

I try the rocks and think it cool  
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,  
As I heavily slip into every pool  
That skirts the cold, cold sea.

Once I met a friend in the street,  
With wife, and nurse, and children three ;  
Never again such a sight may I meet  
As that party from the sea.

Their cheeks were hollow, their steps were slow,  
Convicted felons they seemed to be ;  
" Are you going to prison, dear friend ?" " Oh, no !  
We're returning from the sea."

## MOTHER RUMOR.

WHAT did Mother Rumor do ?  
Over the whole wide world she flew,  
Upsetting kings, reversing laws,  
In her state coach drawn by pies and daws.

A speaking-trumpet in her hand,  
She cried aloud through every land ;  
English, Spanish, Turkish, Greek—  
Every tongue the witch could speak.

Everywhere her notes were heard,  
By man and woman, beast and bird ;  
Such a babble in the air !  
'Twas chatter, chatter, everywhere !—

From the Sultan's bright seraglio,  
Where languid trousered beauties blow,  
To Goody Blake and Gooly Blane  
Gossiping in an English lane.

Little king or queen could do,  
But noisy Mother Rumor knew ;  
Not a thing, however small,  
But she was warned about it all :

Terrible things and wicked things,  
Court and cottage whisperings,  
Shrieks of pain and cries of power,  
Coolings from my lady's bower.

Kings and courtiers saw her pass,  
Pretty sinners cried "Alas !"  
Treason humbled his back—while she  
Doomed him to the gallows-tree.

The murderer, as he turned to fly,  
Shrieked to hear her dreadful cry,  
And tore his hair :—for as he flew,  
All the pallid people knew !

Two magpies, sitting on a fir,  
Croaked chuckling, as they looked at her,  
"What a world the world must be,  
Ruled by such a witch as she !"

But the lark went up to heaven's gate,  
And sang his ditty early and late—  
"Hither, hither !" was his cry,  
"The witch can never soar as high !"

#### SLAYING THE DEER.

**I**N the woods, hunters say,  
It is glorious and gay  
To rush through their sporting career,  
When the leaves, falling red,  
Yield a ready-made bed,  
Where they rest after slaying the deer ;  
On the venison steak  
Jovial feasting they make,  
And the flask, going round, helps the cheer,  
While the logs, blazing bright,  
Keep them warm through the night,  
When they rest after slaying the deer.

But I know a sport  
Which is safer resort,  
For wives will repine when too far

You are tempted to steer  
In pursuit of the deer,  
And they wonder "wherever you are."  
So give me the sleigh  
On the white frozen way,  
With woman beside me to cheer,  
Who is never complaining  
How long you're remaining  
When thus you are *sleighing the dear*.

While we gallop full speed,  
As we run we may read  
She rejoices how fast we have got on,  
While the proud little mixx,  
Wrapped in bear-skin or lynx,  
Just looks like a diamond in cotton.  
Her cheek, red as rose  
(We won't speak of her nose),  
(Oh, beauty's a delicate thing,  
Of a bloom on the cheek  
Any poet can speak,  
But a rose on the nose we can't sing.

But never did I  
In a sleigh hear a sigh ;  
In fact, there's no time there for fretting ;  
As fast as the wind  
We leave sorrow behind,  
While the cold is our appetite whetting.  
When the stomach's in order,  
No mental disorder  
Upon any mortal can prey :—  
If your dear's temper's crost,  
Pray at once for the frost,  
And fix her right into a sleigh.

If she would, she can't scold,  
For the weather's so cold,  
Her mouth she can't open at all ;  
In vain would she cry,  
For the tears in her eye  
Would be frozen before they could fall ;  
Then hurra for the snow !  
As we merrily go,  
The bells my fleet horses can cheer,  
While the *belle* by my side  
Is my joy and my pride,  
Oh—there's nothing like *sleighing the dear* !

SAMUEL LOVER.

#### THE EMPIRE GOWN.

**T**AKE a large sized tablecloth,  
Stitch two sides together,  
Run a pucker round the top  
On a ribbon tether.

Cut some armholes near the neck,  
Put the belt below them,  
Just to touch the shoulder blades,  
So as not to show them.

Let the skirt be flowing loose,  
Like a sail that's flapping  
In the vagrant southern breeze,  
Mast and yardarms tapping.

Tack some buttons up the back,  
Two or three is plenty,  
For you know an Empire gown  
In the waist is scanty.

Put some lace about the neck,  
Sew it there or pin it,  
Then, to make the gown complete,  
Let the girl get in it.

## SHE SHOWED HIM STARS.

FOR every shooting-star he claimed a kiss.  
She, seeming coy, at first demurred to this;  
But he, persisting, would not be denied,  
When he, at length, a flying meteor spied.  
And so, as evening grew apace, their eyes  
Oft scanned the glittering aspect of the skies;  
And when a darting star caught either's sight  
A sound of kissing broke upon the night,  
And so it came to pass anon that she  
Looked for a shooting star as much as he,  
Nay, if by chance a star escaped his view,  
She called his wand'ring fancy to it, too.  
When intervals seemed long between each hug,  
She called him on a passing lightning bug;  
And, ever taxing her ingenious mind,  
Her ready wit enabled her to find  
More shooting stars in three short fleeting hours  
Than would compose whole meteoric bowers.  
But when she did her last pretext exhaust,  
And was about to yield her cause as lost,  
She saw a switchman's lantern circling swing,  
And got the youth down to a steady thing.

## ADVICE TO LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

WHATEVER you wish in landscape to excel,  
London's the very place to mar it;  
Believe the oracles I tell,  
There's very little landscape in a garret.  
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,  
'Tis badly copying them for goats and sheep;  
And if you'll take the poet's honest word,  
A bug must make a miserable bird.

A rushlight in a bottle's neck, or stick  
Ill represents the glorious orb of moon;  
Nay, though it were a candle with a wick,  
'Twould be a representative forlorn.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,  
For trees, to copy legs of a joint stool;  
Or even by them to represent a stump;  
Also by broomsticks—which, though well he rig  
Each with an old fox-colored wig,  
Must make a very poor autumnal clump.

You'll say, "Yet such ones oft a person sees  
In many an artist's trees;  
And in some paintings we have all beheld  
Green baize hath surely sat for a green field;  
Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;  
Cats for ram-goats, and eurs for bulls and cows."

All this, my lads, I freely grant;  
But better things from you I want.  
As Shakspeare says (a bard I much approve),  
"List, list! oh, list! if thou dost painting love."

Claude painted in the open air!  
Therefore to Wales at once repair,  
Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find;  
Besides this great advantage—if in debt,  
You'll have with creditors no tête-à-tête;

So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;  
Who, hunt you with what noise they may,  
Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

JOHN WOLCOT.

## YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,  
Vot gomes selnst to mine knee;  
Der qucerest schap, der createst rogue,  
As efer you dit see.  
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings  
In all barts off der house:  
But vot of dot? he vas mine son,  
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumps  
Und eferding dot's out;  
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,  
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.  
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—  
Dot vas der roughest chouse:  
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy  
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,  
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,  
To make der sehtieks to beat it mit—  
Mine eracious dot vas drue!  
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart,  
He kicks oup sooch a touse:  
But nefer mind; der poys vas few  
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:  
Who baints mine nose so red?  
Who vaz it cut dot schmootht blaec out  
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?  
Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp  
Venc'er der glim I douse.  
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain  
To dot schmalk Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild  
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,

Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,  
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;  
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,  
So quiet as a mouse,  
I prays der Lord, "Dake aynding,  
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

#### THE CLORIOUS FOURTH.

"**T**IS an everlasting pity that the youngsters in the city

Cannot celebrate the lesson which we gave to George the Third;

When the Nation had to sit on the insufferable Briton—

Why, its scandalous. What ails the city fathers, anyhow? The old town won't burn up. A conflagration or two would help to make things lively, and would rouse the Fire Department from its chronic state of innocuous desuetude. I'll load up with all sorts of explosives, and my youngsters can be patriotic in the back lot—

And we'll have the biggest jubilee the neighbors ever heard."

So he loaded up his pockets, with torpedoes and with rockets,

And a dozen packs of crackers tucked away beneath his arm.

Devil chasers, squibs and fizzes, everything that pops and whizzes—

And, on the morning of the Fourth, he distributed them among his offspring with a lavish hand. They blew up miniature fortifications; defeated the British one by one; constructed a Vesuvius or two, and were wildly happy until, accidentally or otherwise, a pack of crackers went off in the old man's coat pocket and they had to turn the garden hose on him before—

He recovered his composure or dispelled his wife's alarm.

Though his coat was burned and tattered, still he said it little mattered,

For the garment was an old one and his losses would be slight.

And again in wild ascendance rose the vim of Independence—

Until his little 8-year-old wanted papa to "tum an' see de big boo" he was making. Bing, bang, boom! "Dere 'tis!" shouted the youngster, as the appreciative old man hurried in that direction, and found half a pack of fire-crackers knocking his new silk tie to ribbons, and he turned the youngster wrong' end up—

And warmed it to the last degrees of sultry Fahrenheit.

Then his ardent patriotic grew unconsciously ecstatic, He would stop this jubilation ere it set the town agog. Fun was fun in due restrictions, but—ten thousand maledictions!!—

Just then his favorite spaniel ran between his legs and bit off a generous slice of calf in passing. A whole pack of crackers was attached to the animal's tail, exploding at the rate of five per second. The cur made a bee-line for the stable and ran under the foundation and they had to turn the horses loose and rip up the floor before—

They could quench the conflagration or resuscitate the dog.

Shades of Lucifer and Hades! if it wasn't for the ladies

We could show the scope of language when the temper has its way:

That a warm vocabulary melts restrictions arbitrary—

And several other things, but just then we left, for another youngster burned his fingers and dropped a piece of hot punk in the box containing the balance of the fireworks, and in a minute the air was volcanic with sky-rockets, Roman candles, pin wheels, blue devils and explosives. To cap the climax, a rocket struck the old gentleman amidships, and—that settled it. Enough was enough.

He gathered his offspring all about him—

And he kept them in the cellar for the balance of the day.

#### SONG BY ROGERO.

SCENE FROM "THE ROVERS."

This was levelled at Schiller's "Robbers," and Goethe's "Stella." It is introduced by a soliloquy, supposed to be spoken by Rogero, a student who had been immured eleven years in a "subterraneous vault" in the Abbey of Quiddinturgh.

**W**HENE'ER with haggard eyes I view  
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
I think of those companions true  
Who studied with me at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen—  
-niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—

Sweet kerchief, cleecked with heavenly blue,

Which once my love sat knotting in!—

Alas! Matilda then was true!—

At least I thought so at the U-

-niversity of Gottingen—

-niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line, Rogero clings his chains in cadence.]



Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!  
Ye bore Matilda from my view;  
Forlorn I languished at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen—  
-niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!  
This blood my veins is clotting in!  
My years are many—they were few—  
When first I entered at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen—  
-niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!  
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-  
-tor, Law Professor at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen—  
-niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in!  
Here doomed to starve on water-gru-  
-el, never shall I see the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen—  
-niversity of Gottingen.

[*Dario*; the last stanza, *Rogero* dashes his head  
repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and  
finally so hard as to produce a visible con-  
tusion. He then throws himself on the floor  
in an agony. The curtain drops, the music  
continuing to play.]

GEORGE CANNING.

#### THE PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

**I**N building up "natur" he thought the Creator  
Had blundered unspeakably queer,  
And he said he and Darwin and Billy McVarren  
Could prove the whole thing out of gear.  
He said the whole pattern from Neptune to Saturn  
Was cut by a bungling design,  
And that no particular was plumb perpendicular,  
And exact every time to the line.

He said that no critic, with brain analytic,  
Could tolerate things that he saw.  
He said he would suffer if any old duffer  
Couldn't pick out a bluish or flav.  
Any man with a cranium as big's a geranium  
Could see the whole thing was a botch,  
See where "natur" had blundered in points by the  
hundred  
In the space of five ticks of his watch.

And so day and night he advised the Almighty  
With advice he believed of great worth,  
And his wife took in sewing to keep life a-going  
While he superintended the earth.

#### PUTTING UP O' THE STOVE:

OR THE RIME OF THE ECONOMICAL HOUSEHOLDER.

**T**HE melancholy days have come that no house-  
holder loves,  
Days of the taking down of blinds and putting  
up of stoves;  
The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow of the  
shed,  
Dinged out of symmetry they be and all with rust are  
red;  
The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed  
there anon,  
And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg are  
gone.  
So fared it with good Mister Brown, when his spouse  
remarked: "Behold!  
Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths &  
cold,  
Swift be yon stove and pipes from out their storing  
place conveyed,  
And to black-lead and set them up, lo! I will lend my  
aid."

This, Mr. Brown he trembling heard, I trow his heart  
was sore,  
For he was married many years and had been thro  
before,  
And timidly he said, "My love, perchance the better  
plan  
'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him send  
a man?"

His spouse replied indignantly: "So you would have  
me then  
To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's  
journeymen?  
'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal of  
pelf,  
Go! false one, go! and I will black and set it up my-  
self!"

When thus she spoke the husband knew that she had  
sealed his doom:  
"Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gimmo  
down that broom,"  
He cried; then to the outhouse marched. Apart the  
doors he hove  
And closed in deadly conflict with his enemy, the stove.

*Round 1.*—They faced each other; Brown, to get an  
opening, spurred  
Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on its guard.  
Brown led off with his left to where a length of stove-  
pipe stood  
And nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed  
First Blood.*)

*Round 2.*—Brown came up swearing, in Græco-  
Roman style  
Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at it a  
weary while;



At last the leg he held gave way; flat on his back fell  
Brown,  
And the stove fell on top of him and elained the  
*First Knock-down.*

The fight is done and Brown has won; his hands are  
rasped and sore,  
And perspiration and black lead stream from his every  
pore;

Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a shove,  
He cries, "Where, my good angel, shall I *put* this  
bless'd stove?"

And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates the spot,  
And bids him keep his temper and remarks that he  
looks hot,

And now comes in the sweet o' the day; the Brown  
holds in his gripe

And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-inch pipe;  
He hammers, flattens, bends, and shakes, while his  
wife scornfully

Tells him how *she* would manage if only she were he.

At last the joints are jointed, they rear a pyramid  
in air,

A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,  
And on chair and supporters are the stove-pipe and  
the Brown.

Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fighting for the crown;  
While Mistress Brown she cheerily says to him, "I  
expect"

'Twould be just like your eluusiness to fall and break  
your neck."

Scarcely were the piteous accents said before she was  
aware

Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music in  
the air,"

And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor rained  
down

Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes, anathemas and—  
Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen on  
the cat;

She was too thick for a book-mark but too thin for a  
mat,

And he was all wounds and bruises, from his head to  
his foot,

And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with the  
soot.

"O wedded love, how beautiful, how sweet a thing  
thou art!"

Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she saw  
him falling, start,

And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her inmost  
heart-strings gripe,

"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone and  
smashed that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mister Brown, as one that  
had been wode

And big his bosom swelled with wrath, and red his  
visage glowed;

Will rolled his eye as he made reply (and his voice  
was sharp and shrill),

"I have not, madam, but, by—by—the nine gods,  
I will!"

He swung the pipe above his head, he dashed it on  
the floor,

And that stove-pipe, as a stove-pipe, it did exist no  
more;

Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his face  
was stern and wan,

As in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed: "*Send for  
that tinsmith's man!*"

#### THE KANKAKEE OR THE KOKOMO.

**E** stood in the station; she at his side,  
(She is a fair, young blushing bride).  
On their honeymoon they're starting now;  
It always follows the marriage vow.

He looks at the flaring railroad maps,  
At the train of ears and his baggage traps,  
And whispers, "Pettie, how shall we go?  
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

"These railroad maps confuse the eye,  
There's the C. B. Q., and the R. N. Y.,  
And this one says your life's at stake  
On any road but the Sky Blue Lake.  
The N. E. R. L. P. Q. J.

Have sleepers on the entire way,  
But I've heard these trains are much more slow  
Than the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

She murmured, "Sweetie, I've heard pa say  
What a fine old road is the P. G. K.,  
But mamma seemed to disagree,  
And prefers the X. S. H. O. P.  
This chart says, baby, the views are fine  
On the Texas-Cow-Boy-Mustang Line,  
But still, perhaps, we'd better go  
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

A conductor chanced to pass them by,  
And the bridegroom caught his gentle eye.  
He said, "Oh, man, with the cap of blue,  
Inform me quick, inform me true,  
Which road is best for a blushing, pure,  
Young timid bride on her wedding tour,  
And tell us quickly what you know  
Of the Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The conductor's eyes gave a savage gleam.  
These words rolled out in a limpid stream:  
"There's the A. B. J. D. V. R. Z.  
Connects with the Flip-Flap-Biff-Bang-B.  
You can change on the Leg-off-Sueville-Grand,  
And go through on the Pan-eake-Aee-Full-Hand.  
That road you named is blocked by snow,  
(The Kankakee and the Kokomo).

"The Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh Through,  
Connects with the Oshkosh Kalamazoo.  
With a smoking ear all afternoon,  
Just the thing for a honeymoon;  
And the Central Scalp-Tooth-Bungville-Switch  
Goes through a vine-elad country rich.  
Of the road you named I nothing know,  
Tho Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The bride said, "Baby, 'tis best, by far,  
Like the dollar, we return to pa.  
(That's a pun I heard while on a train  
On the U. R. N. J. Jersey main)."  
The conductor smiled; his eye-teeth showed;  
He had spoiled the trade of a rival road.  
He knew in his heart there was no snow  
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo.

And the bride and groom returned to pa,  
Who heard it all, and then said, "Pshaw!  
If you found you couldn't go that way,  
Why didn't you go on the Cross-eyed Bay?"  
The bridegroom gave a howl of pain;  
The railroad names had turned his brain.  
He raves, insane, for evermore.  
In a mad-horse, chained unto the floor,  
He'll gibber, "Tootsie, shall we go  
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

LOUIS HARRISON.

A SLIP.

**A** BROOKLET and a pretty maid o'er mossy  
stones went tripping,  
And then the pretty maiden said, "I'm awful  
'fraid of slipping."  
The sauey brooklet laughed aloud as it ran o'er a  
boulder,  
And whispered, "She'd have surely slipped if he'd  
been here to hold her."

W. A. KETCHUM.

THE EDITORIAL THREE.

PENCIL:

**I** AM the stub of a Faber,  
Well worn with labor  
That lasts from sun to sun.  
I toil with creation,  
With ne'er a vacation:  
I'm the all-important one.

PASTE:

O, I'm made of flour,  
And used every hour:  
I'm so very important you see,  
That no editor's table  
Has ever been able  
To prosper at all without me.

SHEARS:

With a familiar clatter  
I've clipped the best matter  
That's come to this office for years:  
So when you have read it  
Please give me the credit,  
I'm the editorial shears.

ALL:

O, we are three powers  
So important all hours—  
We're the editorial three.  
No one is inferior  
But all are superior  
To the editorial "we."

AL M. HENDEE.

EPIGRAM.

**S**WANS sing before they die: 'twere no bad  
thing  
Did certain persons die before they sing.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LARRIE O'DEE.

**N**OW the Widow McGee,  
And Larrie O'Dee,  
Had two little cottages out on the  
green,

With just room enough for two pig-pens between.  
The widow was young and the widow was fair.  
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;  
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the  
morn  
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the  
corn,  
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand  
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:

"Och I Misthress McGee,  
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,  
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs!"  
"Indade sur, it is!" answered Widow McGee,  
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.  
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and wane,  
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaxidely near  
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,  
And yit kape n' cruel purtition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"

Answered Larrie O'Dee,

"If ye fale in your heart we are wane to the pigs,  
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?  
Och! it made me heart ache whin I paped through the  
cracks  
Of me shanty, lasht Mareh, at yez shwingin' yer  
axe:

An' a bobbin' yer head an' a shtompin' yer fate,  
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,  
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,  
When one litte shtove it would kape us both warm !"

"Now, piggy," said she ;  
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,  
Wid his dilicate tunder allusions to you ;  
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do :  
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout ;  
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape your nose out.  
Now Larrie, for shame ! to be bribin' a pig  
By a-tossin' a handful of eorn in its shwig !"  
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.  
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

W. W. FINK.

### THE NOBLE STRANGER.

#### FANNY'S LETTER.

I SAW him, Luey, only once ;  
'Twas down the lighted hall ;  
He moved to music gracefully,  
A stranger to us all—  
A stranger with a pale, white brow,  
And dark and meaning eye,  
Which flashed like lightning on my own  
Whene'er I passed him by.

Those soul-lit eyes, they haunt me still ;  
So passionately deep !  
Like those which sometimes beam on us  
In visions of our sleep.  
So sad, as if some shadowy grief  
Had o'er his spirit gone,  
Yet brightening whene'er it caught  
The answer of my own.

I knew him not, and yet whene'er  
I turned me from the dance  
I saw those dark eyes follow me—  
It could not be by ehance.  
I knew him not, and yet his tones  
Were breathed upon my ear  
So sweetly low and musical,  
I could not choose but hear.

He spoke of disappointed hopes ;  
Of dreams which faded soon ;  
The dew-drops of life's joyous morn,  
Which vanished ere its noon.  
And then, dear Luey, how he sighed !  
My eyes grew strangely dim !  
It pained my heart to hear him sigh :  
I could have wept for him.

He spoke of sunny Italy ;  
Of Venice and her isles ;  
Of dark-mustachioed cavaliers  
And fair signoras' smiles ;

Of music melting on the ear ;  
Of moonlight upon bowers ;  
And fair hands wreathing silken curls,  
With gay and fragrant flowers.

He said his father's castle  
Frowned upon a distant shore,  
(A castle, Luey, think of that—  
He is a Count, or more !)  
That solitude was in its walls,  
Drear, prison-like and lone ;  
Ungladdened by the smile of love,  
Or woman's kindly tone.

We parted at my father's door,  
The moonlight sweetly shone ;  
And I was standing at his side,  
My arm upon his own.  
He pressed my hand at parting ;  
And to-night he will be here,  
While pa is at his game of chess,  
And ma is nowhere near.

Excuse me, dearest Luey,  
But, indeed, I cannot write.  
To-morrow I will tell you more ;  
He will be here to-night.

[An interval of twenty-four hours has elapsed.]

Oh, dearest Luey, pity me !  
I really think I'm dying !  
My heart is like a heart of lead ;  
My eyes are red with crying !  
For yesterday the bank was robbed,  
And of a large amount !  
My father caught the robber  
And—oh, dear, it was my Count !

### BACON AND GREENS.

I HAVE lived long enough to be rarely mistaken,  
And borne my full share of life's changeable  
scenes,  
But my woes have been solaced by good greens  
and bacon,  
And my joys have been doubled by bacon and greens  
What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they awaken.  
Of childhood's gay morning and youth's merry  
scenes,  
When one day we had greens and a plate full of bacon,  
And the next we had bacon and a plate full of  
greens.

Ah ! well I remember when sad and forsaken,  
Heart wrung by the scorn of a miss in her teens,  
How I rushed from her sight to my loved greens and  
bacon,  
And forgot my despair over bacon and greens.

When the banks refused specie and credit was shaken,  
I shared in the wreck and was ruined in means :  
My friends all declared I had not "saved my bacon,"  
But I lived—for I still had my bacon and greens.

Oh, there is a charm in this dish rightly taken,  
That from eustards and jellies an epicure weans :  
Stick your fork in the fat—wrap your greens 'round  
the bacon,  
And you'll vow there is nothing like bacon and  
greens.

If some fairy a grant of three wishes would make one  
So worthless as I, and so laden with sins,  
I'd wish all the greens in the world—then the bacon—  
And then wish for a little more bacon and greens.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I return to confess that for once I'm mistaken :  
As much as I've known of this world and its scenes,  
There's one thing that's equal to both greens and  
bacon,  
And that is a dish of good bacon and greens.

## THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

IT'S easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph !  
Job hed nothin' to try him !  
Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks  
wouldn't have dared come nigh him.  
Trials, indeed ! Now I'll tell you what—ef you want  
to be sick of your life,  
Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm  
an inventor's wife.

And seeh inventions ! I'm never sure, when I take up  
my coffee-pot,  
That 'Bijah hain't ben "improvin'" it, and it mayn't  
go off like a shot.  
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that would  
keep itself a-rockin' ;  
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head  
bruised shoekin' ?

And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful  
thing, I'll say ;  
But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the apple  
was peeled away.  
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and  
reapers, and all seeh trash,  
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they don't  
bring in no *cash*.

Law ! that don't worry him—not at all ; he's the  
aggravatin'est man—  
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle,  
and think, and plan,  
Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-  
fangled powder-horn.  
While the children's goin' barefoot to school and the  
wreeds is chokin' our corn.

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When 'Bijah and me kep' company, he warn't like  
this, you know ;  
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that  
was years ago.

He was handsome as any pietur then, and he had such  
a glib, bright way—  
I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue  
my weddin' day ;

But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and  
tend to the farm beside.

And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped  
down and eried.

We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was in-  
ventin' a gun ;

But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st  
before 'twas done.

So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to  
give thieves a fright—

'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he  
set it off at night.

Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does such  
eur'ous things.

Hev I told you about his bedstead yit ?—'Twas full of  
wheels and springs ;

It had a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the  
head ;

All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour  
you said.

That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on  
the floor,

And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't  
sleep any more.

Wa'al 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at  
half-past five,

But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear me !  
sakes alive !

Them wheels began to whiz and whirl ! I heerd a fear-  
ful snap !

And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet  
up jest like a trap !

I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no use ; then I  
worked that hull long night

A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in e  
fright ;

I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he  
might be dyin' ;

So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in.—There was  
'Bijah, peacefully lyin'.

Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was all very  
well to say,

But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd left  
him in all day.

Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder  
I'm tired of life ?

Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's  
wife ?

MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

## HANS AND FRITZ.

**H**ANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,  
 Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride:  
 With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,  
 And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,  
 And, lacking a part of the *Geld*—as they say—  
 Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan  
 To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,  
 And gave the required amount to his friend;  
 Remarking—his own simple language to quote—  
 "Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—  
 "I Hans, gets from Fritz feesty tollars to-day;"  
 When the question arose, the note being made,  
 "Vieh von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geepts dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know  
 You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot ish so:  
 Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,  
 Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,  
 Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.  
 Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies,  
 "Yaw:

Now who dahles dot baper aecordings by law?"

"I geepts dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you sec,

I always remempers you paid dot to me."  
 Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it vas now shust so blain,  
 Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

## WIDOW MALONE.

**D**ID you hear of the Widow Malone,  
 Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
 Alone!

O, she melted the hearts  
 Of the swains in them parts:  
 So lovely the Widow Malone,  
 Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone.  
 Of lovers she had a full score,  
 Or more,  
 And fortunes they all had galore,  
 In store;

From the minister down  
 To the clerk of the Crown

All were courting the Widow Malone,  
 Ohone!  
 All were courting the Widow Malone.  
 But so modest was Mistress Malone,  
 'Twas known  
 That no one could see her alone,  
 Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,  
 They could ne'er catch her eye,  
 So bashful the Widow Malone,  
 Ohone!  
 So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mis-ther O'Brien, from Clare,  
 (How quare!  
 It's little for blushing they care  
 Down there,)

Put his arm round her waist—  
 Gave ten kisses at last—  
 "O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,  
 My own!  
 O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,  
 My eye!  
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—  
 For why?

But, "Lucius," says she,  
 "Since you've now made so free,  
 You may marry your Mary Malone,  
 Ohone!  
 You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,  
 Not wrong;  
 And one comfort, it's not very long,  
 But strong—

If for widows you die,  
 Learn to kiss, not to sigh;  
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,  
 Ohone!  
 O, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

CHARLES LEVRE.

## FISHING.

**O**NE morning, when spring was in her teens—  
 A morn to a poet's wishing,  
 All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—  
 Miss Bessie and I went fishing:

I, in my rough and easy clothes,  
 With my face at the sunshine's mery;  
 She, with her hat tipped down to her nose,  
 And her nose tipped—*vice versa*;

I, with my rod, my reel and my hooks,  
 And a hamper for lurching recesses;  
 She with the bait of her comely looks,  
 And the seine of her wolden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dyke,  
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,  
And I went to fishing, like quaint old Ike,  
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,  
And dreamily watched and waited ;  
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,  
And the baiter alone was baited.

And, when the time for departure came,  
The bag was flat as a flounder ;  
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—  
A hundred-and-eighty pounder.

## THE DEVIL.

**M**EN don't believe in a Devil now, as their  
fathers used to do ;  
They've forced the door of the broadest  
creed to let his Majesty through ;  
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart  
from his bow,  
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has  
voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies  
heart and brain,  
And loads the earth of each passing year with ten  
hundred thousand slain ?  
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the  
fiery breath of hell,  
If the Devil isn't and never was ? Won't somebody  
rise and tell ?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the  
pits for his feet ?

Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God  
sows his wheat ?

The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing  
is true ;

But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone  
should do ?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion  
now ;

But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting  
row,

To be heard in home, in church and state, to the  
earth's remotest bound,

If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be  
found ?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make  
his bow and show

How the frauds and the crimes of the day spring up  
—for surely we want to know.

The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the  
Devil is gone ;

But simple people would like to know who carries his  
business on.

## JILTED.

These lines were improvised when two ladies, with whom the author had been walking in the garden, forced him from their presence to attend to a visitor of importance. One of the ladies afterwards became his wife.

**T**HUS Adam looked, when from the garden  
driven,  
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.  
Like him, I go, but yet to go I'm loath ;  
Like him, I go, for angels drove us both.  
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind ;  
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind !  
EDWARD YOUNG.

## BARNEY O'LINN AND THE LEECHES.

**B**AD was the wife of Barney O'Linn,  
Worse did she get, and more sallow and thin ;  
Nothing but taters could Barney obtain,  
Wife had had them again and again ;  
Sickened was she and one morning did cry,  
"Barney, my darling, I'm sure I shall die."

Barney was busy, just scratching his head,  
But left his amusement and ran to the bed ;  
"Was it dying ye mentioned?" said Barney, thro  
thru,

"Don't die till I fetch you old Dr. MacDrue."  
The doctor appeared and went off to the bed,  
Counted her pulse and shook his bald head,  
Then, taking a rickety tub for a seat,  
"Barney," quoth he, "what's your wife had to  
eat?"

"Praties, your honor, and salt now and then,  
But it's seldom that same's seen by Barney O'Linn."  
"Barney, some leeches I'll send her to try ;  
If she don't have them soon, she'll speedily die."

The dozen of leeches made Barney to stare ;  
"Tare an ages!" said he, "but they look mighty  
quare,

And bottled he's sent them, as true as I'm here,  
But how we're to cook them I've not an idea."  
"His worship left word, Barney, didn't he, eh?"  
"No, sorra a sentence his honor did say.

But sure we can't tell how they'll be till we've tried,  
So six shall be biled, and the rest shall be fried."

Well, Barney biled six with taters, he did,  
And the other half dozen he fried in the lid.  
"The quare little spalpeens are doing divinely,  
Holy Virgin," said he, "but my mouth waters finely.  
It's long, wife dear, since you had such a trate."

Said he, as he brought her a knife and a plate ;  
Then he raised her in bed and the leeches he brought  
her.

And stood by to wait as a gentleman ought ter.  
Wife look pleased, very much, and she smiled  
As she daintily stuck her fork into a biled ;  
Then with great satisfaction the odd little eratur  
She popped in her month with a piece of pertater.

She munched, but her face, it grew longer and longer;  
The doubt on her features grew stronger and stronger,  
Still the leech wit! an effort she managed to swallow,  
But a storm of disgust the boiled leeches did follow.  
Barney, who wife in wonder had eyed,  
Said, "Darling, don't eat 'em; try one of the fried."  
Wife tried two, and by some means or other,  
She bolted them down, but she tried not another;  
Barney did press her, but still, we must own,  
He wouldn't feel hurt if she left them alone.  
No dinner he'd had, and he thought that his taters  
Would be greatly improved by the fat little eaters  
So he finished the nine without any more fussing,  
While she, in her heart, the young varmin's was  
cussing.

But Barney, who wasn't o'er nice in his taste,  
Thought no one with leeches could quarrel the laste.

The tale of the leeches is pretty well ended;  
We've only to say Barney's wife quickly mended.  
No doubt 'twas the leeches; you stare, perhaps grin;  
"Yes, likely," say you; well, ask Barney O'Liun,  
And he'll tell you when wife has spasms or screeches.  
He cures her directly by just saying "leeches."

#### BETTY AND THE BEAR.

**I**N a pioneer's cabin out west, so they say,  
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,  
And seated himself on the hearth, and began  
To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan  
Of milk and potatoes--an excellent meal--  
And then looked about to see what he could steal.

The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,  
And, hearing a racker, he ventured to peep  
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,  
And was seared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering *froie*,  
"Thar's a bar in the kitchen as big's a cow!"  
"A what?" "Why, a bar!" "Well, murder him,  
then!"  
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in."  
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,  
While her man shut the door, and against it he squeezed.

As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,  
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,  
Her man through the key-hole kept shouting within,  
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin,  
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,  
Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out."  
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*  
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,  
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,  
And there was the grizzly, stretched on the floor.  
Then off to the neighbors he hastened, to tell  
All the wonderful things that that morning befell;

And he published the marvellous story afar,  
How "me and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar!"  
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev sid it,  
Come see what we did, ME and Betty, we did it."

#### MY DAUGHTER.

**W**HERE came to port, last Monday night  
The queerest little craft,  
Without an inch of rigging on;  
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she  
Should cross the unknown water,  
And moor herself right in my room--  
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

She has no manifest but this,  
No flag floats o'er the water;  
She's too new for the British Loyds--  
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and *tame* ones, too!  
Ring out the lovers' moon!  
Ring in the little worsted socks!  
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the nurse! ring in the nurse!  
Ring in the milk and water!  
Away with paper, pen and ink!  
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

GEORGE W. CABLE

#### A LOVER WITHOUT ARMS.

**A** CAPTAIN went to Gettysburg  
And plunged into the fray,  
And while he led his brave command  
Both arms were shot away.

This Captain's name was Peter Field,  
And he was tall and stout;  
But when he found himself disarmed  
His courage "petered out."

Now Peter, at a country fair,  
A fair young maid had met;  
While in the hospital he sat,  
His heart on her was set.

Poor Peter mourned his sorry loss,  
Which nothing could replace;  
He wanted much a brace of arms,  
His maiden to embrace.

While Peter Field was sorely maimed,  
And far down in the dumps,  
She took occasion to declare  
She'd take him with his stumps.

This manly offer made him weep,  
He was almost unmanned;  
He told her she could have his heart,  
But couldn't have his hand.



His hand this maiden could not get,  
For he was incomplete;  
And so this feat she did perform,  
She took his heart and feet.

Some lovers say, "Come to my arms!"  
And quick the maiden jumps;  
But Peter changed the phrase and said,  
"Come, darling, to my stumps!"

Long time did Peter long to wed,  
His true and faithful mate;  
The lovers felt a weight of woe,  
Because compelled to wait.

The Captain had no stocks or bonds,  
No horses and no lands;  
And, without arms, he could not take  
A wife upon his hands.

For keeping books he had a taste,  
Yet had to shun the pen;  
But if a pension could be had,  
He would get married then.

The pension came, the wedding too,  
His fortunes to retrieve;  
"Please join your hands," the parson said,  
But Peter joined his sleeve.

Now Peter's joy is quite complete,  
And peaceful is his life;  
While marriage was a happy stroke,  
He never strikes his wife.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

## BACHELOR'S HALL.

**B**ACHELOR'S Hall! what a square-lookin' place  
it is!  
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!  
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is  
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,  
Placing his taykettle over the fire;  
Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough  
(If he were present) to fight with the squire.

Then, like a hog'in a mortar-bed wallowing,  
Awkward enough, see him kneading his dough;  
Troth! if the bread he could ate widout swallowing,  
How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dishcloth is missing: the pigs are devouring it;  
In the purnsit he has battered his shin;  
A plate wanted washing—Grinalkin is scouring it;  
Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left sitting so;  
Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you can!

But hunger returns—then he's fuming and fret-  
ting so,  
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Pots, dishes, pans, and such grasy commodities,  
Ashes, and prata-skins, kiver the floor;  
His emboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,  
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shiverin',  
Niver a bit is the bed made at all!  
He crapes, like a tarrapin, under the kiverin'—  
Bad luck to the pieter of Bachelor's Hall!

JOHN FINLEY.

## TAUTOLOGICAL.

**I**SPOKE to her of books renowned  
That had marked epochs on our earth;  
Of poets whom time's laurels crowned,  
And I bewailed our decade's dearth  
Of men of letters and its need,  
To which she lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

I spoke to her of ancient art;  
Described famed marbles, and the one  
That showed Junionian serpents dart  
About Troy's priest Laocoön—  
The tale in Virgil she could read,  
To which she lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

I spoke of glorious works that shone  
Irradiate through centuries dark—  
The great cathedral of Cologne,  
And mediæval works of mark—  
Then stopped to ask if she gave heed,  
To which she lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

The hours wore drearily away;  
I searched the storerooms of my brain,  
And wondered what on earth to say,  
That her response might change its strain  
I spoke of science, love, her creed—  
She only lisped, "O, yes, indeed!"

Until, in agonized despair,  
I turned and took her hand and said:  
"Miss Vera, you are sweet and fair,  
Your lips of such bewitching red—  
Conld you forgive the dreid mislead  
Of kissing them?" "O, yes, indeed!"

FELIX N. GERSON.

MOURNFUL TALE OF A CAT AND CHLO-  
ROFORM.

**C**MUSE, approach no fun unto,  
I'm sad from floor to ceilin';  
No heartless pun, nor doggerel now,  
My theme is quite too feelin'.



I muse of one who mews no more,  
Of one who spent the season  
Down by the sea, and lived and died  
With insufficient reason.

Some people die what's got the gout,  
And some what's got the mitten,  
And some what haunt got nothin', but  
'Twant that what ailed our kitten.

I tell not of a man who died  
Some moral cause a-shovin',  
A virtuous feline's fate I sing,  
Who died of too much lovin' ;

A-lovin' of two maidens fair,  
A-lovin' of the ocean—  
He had not read of Circe's sweet  
But not remedial potion ;

A-lovin' of soft hands and ways  
That was most wondrous movin' ;  
A-lovin' that at last did not  
Quite prove to be improvin'.

There was another cause, alas,  
For his last, his worst failin' ;  
Ah, me, he lost his health so hale  
By indiscreet inhalin'.

The tale is true, as oft retailed,  
One you may put your faith in,  
He somehow kind o' lost his breath  
A-doing too much breathin'.

A gentle maiden on him breathed—  
He dreamed of her and Eden ;  
Up through the ether passed, and left  
A-musin' now the maiden !

O, learn this lesson well, ye men,  
Fair woman is Eve's daughter,  
And never take from temptinest hands  
A thing ye hadn't oughter !

Now mourn we all, with honest tears,  
The life so shortly ended ;  
A life in which so cunning ways  
And gentle graces blended.

I call to mind the Thracian bard  
That set wild beasts a-sleepin' ;  
A greater here, a sleepin' brute,  
Has set us all a-weepin'.

Well, Percy, when the time shall come  
For me to take my leavin',  
May I have sweetened life and love.  
And, like you, leave 'em grievin' !

DENIS WORMAN.

THE TALL GENTLEMAN TO HIS LADY  
LOVE.

UPBRAID me not ! I never swore  
Eternal love to thee ;  
For thou art only five feet high,  
And I am six feet three :  
I wonder, dear, how you supposed  
That I could look so low ;  
There's many a one can tie a knot,  
Who cannot tie a beau !

Besides, you must confess, my love,  
The bargain's scarcely fair :  
For never could we make a match,  
Although we made a pair ;  
Marriage, I know, makes one of two,  
But there's the horrid bore,  
My friends declare if you are one,  
That I at least am four !

'Tis true, the moralists have said,  
That love has got no eyes ;  
But why should all my sighs be heaved  
For one who has no size ?  
And on our wedding-day, I'm sure  
I'd leave you in the lurch ;  
For you never saw a steeple, dear,  
In the inside of a church !

'Tis usual for a wife to take  
Her husband by the arm—  
But pray excuse me, if I hint  
A sort of foud alarm,  
That when I offered you my arm,  
That happiness to beg,  
Your highest efforts, dear, would be  
To take me by the leg !

I do admit I wear a glass,  
Because my sight's not good,  
But were I always quizzing you,  
It might be counted rude.  
And though I use a convex lens,  
I still cannot but hope  
My wife will e'er " look up to me "   
Through Herschel's telescope !

Then fare thee well, my gentle one,  
I ask no parting kiss ;  
I must not break my back, to gain  
So exquisite a bliss :  
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt  
So delicate a flower :  
The tears that fall from such a height  
Would be a thunder shower.

Farewell ! and pray don't throw yourself  
In a basin or a tub ;  
For that would be a sore disgrace  
To all the Six-Foot Club !

But if you ever love again,  
Love on a smaller plan,  
For why extend to six feet three  
The life that's but a span?

## THE LEARNING OF HUDIBRAS.

HE was in logic a great critic,  
Profondly skilled in analytic  
He could distinguish, and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;  
On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute;  
He'd undertake to prove by force  
Of argument a man's no horse;  
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
And that a lord may be an owl—  
A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—  
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.  
He'd run in debt by disputation,  
And pay with ratiocination;  
All this by syllogism, truo  
In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope  
His mouth but out there flew a trope;  
And when he happened to break off  
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,  
H' had hard words, ready to show why,  
And tell what rules he did it by:  
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,  
You'd think he talked like other folk;  
For all a rhetorician's rules  
Teach nothing but to name his tools.  
But, when he pleased to shew't, his speech  
In loftiness of sound was rich;  
A Babylonish dialect,  
Which learned pedants much affect:  
It was a party-colored dress  
Of patched and piebald languages;  
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore on satin.  
It had an odd promiscuous tone,  
As if he'd talked three parts in one,  
Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel;  
Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
A leash of languages at once,  
This, he as volubly would vent,  
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;  
And truly, to support that charge,  
He had supplies as vast and large:  
For he could coin or counterfeit  
New words, with little or no wit;  
Words so debased and hard, no stone  
Was hard enough to touch them on:  
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
The ignorant for current took 'em;  
That had the orator, who once  
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones

When he harangued, but known his phrase,  
He would have used no other ways.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

## THE MOSQUITO HUNT.

NOT a sound was heard but a terrible hum,  
As round the chamber we hurried,  
In search of the mosquito whose trumpet  
and drum  
Our delectable slumber had worried.

We sought it darkly at dead of night,  
Our coverlet carefully turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And our candle dimly burning.

No useless garment confined our breast,  
But in simple night-dress and slippers,  
We wandered about like spirits distressed,  
Or the sails of piratical skippers.

Short and few were the words we let fall,  
Lest the sound should disturb the mosquito,  
But we steadfastly gazed on the white-washed wall,  
And thought how we had been bit oh!

But half an hour seemed to elapse  
Ere we met with the wretch that had bit us,  
And raising our boot gave some terrible slaps,  
And made the mosquito *quietus*.

Quickly and gladly we turned from the dead,  
And left him all smashed and gory;  
We blew out the candle and popped into bed,  
Determined to tell you the story.

## BARNEY O'HEA.

NOW let me alone!—though I know you won't,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea!  
It makes me outrageous,  
When you're so contagious,  
And you'd better look out for the stout Corny  
Creagh,  
For he is the boy  
That believes I'm his joy,  
So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea!  
Impudent Barney!  
None of your blarney!  
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

I hope you're not going to Bandon fair,  
For indeed I'm not wanting to meet you there,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea!  
For Corny's at Cork,  
And my brother's at work,  
And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,  
So, as none will be there  
Of poor me to take care,  
I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea!

Impudent Barney!  
None of your blarney!  
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

But as I was walking up Bandon street,  
Just who do you think 'twas myself should meet,  
But that impudent Barney O'Hea!

He said I looked killin',  
I called him a villain,  
And bid him, that minute, get out of my way.

He said I was jokin'—  
And looked so provokin'—  
I could not help laughing with Barney O'Hea!

Impudent Barney!  
'Tis he has the blarney!  
That impudent Barney O'Hea!

He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,  
For he is the rogue up to every wile,  
That impudent Barney O'Hea!

He coaxed me to choose him,  
For, if I'd refuse him,  
He swore he'd kill Corny the very next day,

So, for fear 'twould go further,  
And—just to save murther,  
I think I must marry that madeup O'Hea.

Bothering Barney!  
'Tis he has the blarney!  
To make a girl Misthress O'Hea!

SAMUEL LOVER.

## TRAGIC FATE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

**MR.** CAUDLE had a scolding wife;  
(A most uncommon thing in life.)  
His days and nights were spent in strife  
unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,  
Sweet contradiction, still her song,  
And all the poor man did was wrong and ill done.  
A truce without doors, or within,  
From speeches long as tradesmen spin,  
Or rest from her eternal din, he found not.  
He every soothing art displayed;  
Tried of what stuff her skin was made:  
Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed, to take her.

Once walking by a river side,  
In mournful terms, "My dear!" he cried,  
"No more let feuds our peace divide—I'll end them,  
Weary of life, and quite resigned,  
To drown I have made up my mind,  
So tie my hands as fast behind, as can be—  
Or nature may assert her reign,  
My arms assist, my will restrain,  
And, swimming, I once more regain my troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,  
While joy stands glistening in her eyes;  
Already in her thoughts, he dies before!

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,  
Nature revolts"—he said; "beside,  
I would not be a suicide, and die thus.  
It would be better, far, I think,  
While close I stand upon the brink,  
You push me in—nay, never shrink—but do it."

To give the blow the more effect,  
Some twenty yards she ran direct.  
And did what she could least expect she should do  
He slips aside himself to save,  
So souse! she dashes in the wave,  
And gave what ne'er before she gave—much pleasure.  
"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;  
"Thou best of wives"—the man replied,  
"I would, but you my hands have tied—Heaven help  
you!"

## JOHN DAY.

A Day After the Fair.—OLD PROVERB

The famous tailor stylishtis "A Pathetic Ballad." The reader will understand that the "Crown" is the name of an English public house and the "Dart" is the name of a stage-coach. The term "stone" means, in England, fourteen pounds when applied to a person's weight. "Carried sixteen stone" implies that the portly coachman, John Day, weighed 224 pounds.

**JOHN DAY** he was the biggest man  
Of all the coachman kind,  
With back too broad to be conceived  
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight  
When he was in the rear,  
And wished his box a Christmas-box  
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,  
What armor can avail?  
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through  
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,  
From whom he never ranged,  
For though he changed his horses there,  
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,  
So fondly love prefers;  
And often, among twelve outsides,  
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down  
Beside the porter-pump—  
He came and knelt with all his fat  
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn  
To like so hure a man.  
So I must beg you will come here  
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,  
With vows, and sighs, and tears,  
Yet could not pierce her heart, although  
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued ;  
The maid was cold and proud,  
And sent him off to Coventry,  
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,  
And thence all back to town,  
The course of love was never smooth  
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine  
To merely bones and skin ;  
But still he loved like one resolved  
To love through thick and thin.

'Oh! Mary, view my wasted back,  
And see my dwindled calf ;  
Though I have never had a wife,  
I've lost my better half.'

Alas! in vain he still assailed,  
Her heart withstood the dint ;  
Though he had carried sixteen stone,  
He could not move a flint.

Worn out at last he made a vow  
To break his being's link ;  
For he was so reduced in size  
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,  
And waste a deal of breath,  
But John, though he drank nothing else—  
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love  
Found out the fatal close,  
For looking in the butt, she saw,  
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,  
But that is only talk—  
For after riding all his life,  
His ghost objects to walk.

THOMAS HOOD.

#### A CALL WANTED.

TO THE DESTITUTE CHURCH IN HESITATION.

I'VE read in *The Examiner*  
Of your declining state,  
And hasten to suggest a cure,  
Ere it should be too late.  
To fill your vacant pulpit  
I am the very man,  
Although it is with diffidence  
That I suggest the plan.

'Tis long to wait for eighteen months,  
But I have waited more,  
To see the ways of Providence—  
The opening of its door ;  
And though I feel resigned to go  
Where'er my lot shall fall,  
And wait to see my duty plain,  
I do not get a call.

When first I was ordained to preach,  
A letter duly came  
From members of a Broadway church,  
"Might they suggest my name?"  
And then I went a candidate  
Beneath that marble pile  
Where wealth and fashion proudly walk  
Along its yielding aisle.

The pulpit had been occupied  
By Rev. Dr. Hewes,  
And all the time I felt that I  
Could never fill his shoes ;  
Bright Monday morning came, and I  
Was called on by "the few,"  
But then they merely came to say  
They thought I would not do!

From there I went to Ivygrove,  
A quiet inland town,  
And stayed a month, perhaps 'twas more,  
With Deacon Abram Brown :  
Attended meetings, preached and prayed,  
And spake to one and all,  
But oh! these people were so poor,  
They could not give a call.

And then I preached at Rivertown,  
And there my way seemed clear,  
Though three hundred and donations  
Was all they gave a year.  
Though this, to me, seemed rather small,  
In fact not liberal pay,  
Yet after all I might have staid,  
And been there to this day—

Had not rich 'squire Nettleton  
Declared I was not deep,  
Although through all the sermon time  
The man was sound asleep ;  
Beside, some knowing one spake low  
And feared I would not wear ;  
While widow Rattleton disliked  
The color of my hair.

And when I left that place behind,  
One thing seemed very clear,  
I never could be called to preach  
Where none were called to hear.  
But reading of this opening,  
I thought I would look in,  
And should it be your mind, my friends,  
I'll stay through thick and thin.

And very much I want to have  
Your pulpit well supplied ;  
To see the door of duty closed,  
Which now stands open wide.  
And should the Rev. Shallow Splurge  
Decline your guide to be,  
I humbly would suggest that you  
Should turn your thoughts to me.

Please address

REV. JONATHAN LOOKOUT.

#### SOUR GRAPES.

**M**Y love, thou'rt fairer than the dawn  
Of April's brightest day,  
And the beauty of thy cheek outvies  
The loveliest tints of May !

The odoriferous perfumes  
That load the spicy gale,  
To thy sweet, life-inspiring breath,  
Are virtueless and stale.

Oh, how enchantlying around  
That polished neck of thine,  
Those artless raven tresses bright,  
In glossy ringlets twine !

And then they wave so feelingly  
O'er fields of purest pearl,  
Ten thousand beauties sport around  
Each captivating curl !

Those eyes, do turn them, dear, away,  
So ravishingly they roll,  
Those sun-eclipsing diamonds,  
They pierce my inmost soul.

Those lips, how do they sparkle forth  
The ruby's brightest glow !  
And thy neck outshines in purity  
The winter's drifted snow !

Thy voice, oh ! how divinely sweet,  
'Tis like the seraph's note,  
And, fairy-like, an angel form  
Seems in the air to float.

Words cannot tell, nor thought can dream  
The pangs I undergo  
For thee—and wilt thou not be mine,  
My lovely angel ! No ?

Zounds ! you red-haired, freckled thing—  
You garlie-breathed old maid !  
You raw-boned, crooked, overgrown,  
Ungainly, croaking jade !

What ! rid of thee ! Ye lucky stars !  
I'm thunder-struck with joy !  
I wouldn't marry such a chub  
For all the wealth of Troy !

#### "LEADVILLE JIM."

**H**E came to town one winter day,  
He had walked from Leadville all the way ;  
He went to work in a lumber yard,  
And wrote a letter that ran : " Dear Pard,  
Stick to the claim whatever you do,  
And remember that Jim will see you through."'  
For, to quote his partuer, " they owned a lead  
Mit der splendidest brospeets, and notings to end."

When Sunday came he brushed his coat,  
And tied a handkerchief round his throat,  
Though his feet in hob-nailed shoes were shod  
He ventured to enter the house of God.  
When, sharply scanning his ill-clad feet,  
The usher gave him the rearmost seat.  
By chance the loveliest girl in town  
Came late to the house of God that day,  
And, scorning to make a vain display  
Of her brand new, beautiful Sunday gown,  
Beside the threadbare man sat down.  
When the organ pealed she turned to Jim  
And kindly offered her book to him,  
Held half herself, and showed him the place,  
And then with genuine Christian grace,  
She sang soprano, and he sang bass,  
While up in the choir the basso growled,  
The tenor, soprano and alto howled,  
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.  
The preacher closed his sermon grand  
With an invitation to " join the band."  
Then quietly from his seat arose  
The miner, dressed in his threadbare clothes,  
And over the carpeted floor walked down  
The aisle of the richest churder in town ;  
In spite of the general shudder and frown,  
He joined the church and went his way ;  
But he did not know he had walked that day  
O'er the sensitive corns of pride, rough-shod ;  
For the miner was thinking just then of God.

A little lonely it seemed to him  
In the rearmost pew when Sunday came ;  
One deacon had dubbed him " Leadville Jim,"  
But the rest had forgotten quite his name.  
And yet 'twas never more strange than true,  
God sat with the man in the rearmost pew,  
Strengthened his arm in the lumber-yard.  
And away in the mountains helped his " Pard."

But after a while a letter came  
Which ran : " Dear Yim—I haf sell our claim,  
Und I send you a jeek for half der same.  
A million, I dough, was a pooty good brice,  
Und my heart said to sell, so I took its advice—  
You know what I mean if you lose a fraulein ;  
Goot-by. I am going to marry Katrine."

The hob-nailed shoes and rusty coat  
Were laid aside, and another note  
Came ripping out of the public throat.

The infir was now no longer "Jim,"  
 But the Deacons "Brothered" and "Mistered"  
 him :  
 Took their buggies and showed him round.  
 And, more than the fact of his wealth, they found  
 Through the papers which told the wondrous tale  
 That the fellow had led his class at Yale.  
 Ah ! the maidens admired his splendid shape,  
 Which the tailor had matched with careful tape ;  
 But he married the loveliest girl in town,  
 The one who once by his side sat down,  
 When up in the choir the basso growled,  
 The tenor, soprano, and alto howled,  
 And the banker's son looked back and scowled.

W. W. FINK.

## PUZZLED.

YOU ask me whether I'm high Church,  
 You ask me whether I'm low,  
 I wish you'd tell the difference,  
 For I'm sure that I don't know.  
 I'm just a plain old body,  
 And my brain works pretty slow ;  
 So I don't know whether I'm high Church,  
 And I don't know whether I'm low.

I'm trying to be a Christian  
 In the plain, old-fashioned way  
 Laid down in my mother's Bible,  
 And I read it every day ;  
 Our blessed Lord's life in the gospels,  
 Or a comforting Psalm of old,  
 Or a bit from the Revelation,  
 Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I generally pray when I'm praying,  
 Though I don't always kneel or speak out,  
 But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking  
 Till I fear he is all tired out—  
 A piece of the Litany sometimes,  
 The collect perhaps for the day,  
 Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother  
 So long ago taught me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,  
 And often and often I find  
 That never a prayer from the prayer-book  
 Will seem to come into my mind.  
 But I know what I want, and I ask it,  
 And I make up the words as I go ;  
 Do you think, now, that shows I ain't high Church ?  
 Do you think it means I am low ?

My blessed old husband has left me,  
 'Tis years since God took him away.  
 I know he is safe, well and happy,  
 And yet when I kneel down to pray,  
 Perhaps it is wrong, but I never  
 Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,  
 But I ask the Lord to do for him  
 What I would do were I there.

Of course he can do it much better ;  
 But he knows, and he surely won't mind  
 The worry about her old husband  
 Of the old woman left here behind.  
 So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,  
 And I'm sure that I shall till I die,  
 So maybe that proves I ain't low Church,  
 And maybe it shows I am high.

My old father was never a Churchman,  
 But a Scotch Presbyterian saint ;  
 Still, his white head is shining in heaven,  
 I don't care who says that it ain't ;  
 To one of our blessed Lord's mansions  
 That old man was certain to go,  
 And now do you think I am high Church ?  
 Are you sure that I ain't pretty low ?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,  
 Too much for a body like me,  
 I'll wait till I join my old husband,  
 And then we shall see what we'll see.  
 Don't ask me again, if you please, sir ;  
 For really it worries me so,  
 And I don't care whether I'm high Church,  
 And I don't care whether I'm low.

ANNIE TREMBULL SLOSSON.

## A SIMPLE SIGN.

IT was in a grocer's window  
 That she saw a simple sign,  
 And she stopped and slowly read it  
 While her blue eyes seemed to shine.

Then with scornful lips she murmured,  
 As she tossed her pretty hat,  
 "How I wish that men were labled  
 With a good plain sign, like that."

So when she had passed, I ventured  
 Near that favored grocer's shop,  
 And espied this simple legend :  
 "This Corn Warranted to Pop."

## A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY.

ONE day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,  
 And saw a peer woman, the picture of  
 gloom ;  
 She glared at the mud on her doorsteps (twas  
 raining),  
 And this was her wail as she wielded the broom :

"Oh ! life is a toil, and love is a trouble,  
 And beauty will fade and riches will flee ;  
 And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double,  
 And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worryment goes to a bonnet ;  
 There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt ;

There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on  
it;  
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is mud; it's slush in December;  
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;  
In fall the leaves litter; in muggy September  
The wall-paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the  
roses,  
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies;  
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,  
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;  
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;  
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;  
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,  
Forever at war and forever alert,  
No rest for a day, lest the enemy enter—  
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night, in my dreams, I was stationed forever,  
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;  
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor,  
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

"Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it!  
I yield: I am helpless my fate to avert!"  
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,  
Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt.

#### HOW COLUMBUS FOUND AMERICA.

COLUMBUS stood upon the deck;  
"Go home!" the sailors cried;  
"Not if I perish on the wreck,"  
Great Christopher replied.

Next day the crew got out their knives  
And went for Captain C.  
"Go home," they yelled, "and save our lives."  
"Wait one more day," said he.

"Then if I cannot tell how far  
We're from the nearest land  
I'll take you home." "Agreed, we are!"  
Answered the sea-sick band.

That night when all were fast asleep  
Columbus heaved the lead,  
And measuring the water deep,  
Took notes and went to bed.

To-morrow dawned. Naught could be seen  
But water, wet and cold;  
Columbus, smiling and serene,  
Looks confident and bold.

"Now, Cap! How far from land are we?"  
The mutineers out cried.  
"Just ninety fathoms," Captain C.  
Most truthfully replied.

"And if you doubt it heave the lead  
And measure, same as I."  
"You're right," the sailors laughed. "Great head!  
We'll stick to you or die."

And thus, in fourteen ninety-two,  
America was found,  
Because the great Columbus knew  
How far off was the ground.

H. C. DOGGE.

#### PAT'S MISTAKE.

WITH an aching tooth, one morning bright,  
Pat Domnegan left his home;  
The "murtherin' blackguard," all the  
night,  
Had made poor Domnegan moan.

With sorrowful phiz and watery eye,  
Pat tracked along in the rain,  
When these words his optics chanced to spy,  
"Teeth pulled without any pain."

Down went his shovel, and in went Pat,  
Like a "broth of a bye" as he was,  
And down in the dentist's chair he sat,  
With wide distended jaws.

In went the nippers and out came the tooth—  
"Ye miserable snag," said Pat,  
"You'll trouble me now no more, forsooth,"  
And he made for his old white hat.

"My pay, if you please," said the dentist man.  
"Och, murther! what's that yer sayin'?"  
Ye wretched old pirate, don't it say on yer sign,  
"Teeth pulled widout any pa'in'?"

#### WHY BEN SCHNEIDER DECIDED FOR PROHIBITION.

YOU schust vants me to dells you apout it, does  
you?  
Vell, it von't dake me long, and mine sehtroy  
is drue.

Dot vee poy, sehtanding oop, mit his head on te  
ground,  
Ish mine leetle poy Fritz; dare's no prighter poy  
round.

And, sir, soomdimes I diinks dot ven grown oop is he,  
Schust so schmart like his fadder dot youngster vill be.  
Vell, von day in te garden ven trinking mine peer.  
Dot poy, Fritz, he comes oop and sez he, "Fadder,  
dear,

De pright peer look so coot, schust a leetle gif me,  
For I vants him so pad ven I effer him see.



Do gif me some, von't you? I so likes te peer."  
But I sets down my mug and pretends I no hear;  
And I looks at mine poy, all so pright and so schmart,  
And holds myself shtill, though so fast peats my  
heart;

Den I puts oud mine hand and sez, "Fritz, eoom oop  
here,  
And say how you know dot so eoot am te peer."

"Vell, mine fadder," sez he, "ven I first goes in  
haste

For yourn peer, he sehlop oud, and a leetle I taste,  
But he taste ferry pad; den you sends me for more,  
And so pright te peer look dot I taste as pefore.  
And so better he gets, dot I's glad ven you say,  
'Come, Fritz, and bring fudder his peer for to-day.'  
Py-and-py, den, I like him so vell as I can,  
And vill trink all te time ven I gets a big man.  
Oh! te peer makes me feel so cholly and gay,  
Dot ven I grows oop I'll trink all te long day."

Oh, sir! 'twas shust awful to hear dot vee lad  
Talking on in dot vay; oh, it hurt me so pad  
I shust vished dot one eart'quake vould open te  
ground

And schwallow me oop, out of sight and of sound.  
Ten, me tinks, I can't tie, for mine Fritz I must save,  
Or dey'll find him soon night in a poor trunkard's  
grave;

Or dey'll seoop him oop out of te gutter soom tay,  
And off te calapoose dake him away;  
Or, he do soom pad crime, te first ting I know,  
Den pehind iron pars in Selhate's prison he'll go.  
If I dells him te peer is not eoot for him, ten  
He vill say it tasts eoot, and it don't hurt te men.  
If I say it is vicked to trink, he vill say,  
"Den, fadder, vot makes you so vicked each day?"

If I say he must not te peer drink, den, I know,  
Ven te peer t'irst come on, to dot grog-shop he'll go,  
And dey'll gif him te trinks for te pennies he'll  
shpend.

Oh, if te dot plae I had neffer him send!  
But he know te road easy; for near a two year  
He has been effry day to pring me my peer;  
And I thought it so schmart ven he big enuff gits  
To go for te peer. Oh, mine leetle poy Fritz!  
If neffer I'd sent him, how tankful I'd be!  
But now, how shall I safe him? Oh! who can tell  
me?

Den, methinks, now I haf it, te Cherman Liepig  
Say peer is not eoot for mans, leetle or big;  
But ven I vanted peer, den I say, He don't know,  
But now I'll git pooks, and find out it is so,  
And I, den, vill tell Fritz, in te pooks I schust read,  
How dot peer is not eoot for *any* podies, dey said.

Fadder dinks it is drue, so vo'll trink not a dhrop,  
And he'll vant like his fadder to be, so he'll sehlop.  
Den, I toaught, dot's all right, only maybe he'll do  
As his fadder did vonce, von't believe it is drue.

Den, all te saloons I vished under te ground,  
And noddings of visky or peer could be found.  
Den tere comes to my mind how van man did vonce  
say,

De saloons vould all go if men fote as tey pray,  
And if effry man his known duty vould do,  
And fote prohibition, dot ticket all droo,  
In den years dere vould be no saloons in te land,  
And no blace vere a liquor-shop effer could sehntand.

Oh! how mad I vas den, but schust now, in some  
vay,

It don't make me so mad; it sounds eoot, and I say  
To Katrina, mine frau, I's schust going to sehlop  
Dis trinking te peer ven I comes from mine schop.  
Den, laughing, she say, schust to try me, I tinks,  
"Vait till Jim eooms along, pretty quick vill you  
trinks."

Den, "Katrina," says I, "you spose noddings I earo  
For dot leetle poy Fritz, vot is sehumping out dere?"  
Vell, den, by-and-by dot man Jim, he comes here  
And sez, "Come along, Ben, let us go for some peer."  
But I dells him, I's going right down to te sehlore,  
And, as for te peer, I shall trink him no more;  
And he petter not ask me to go in dot vay,  
For von demperance man I vas, now, effry day.  
"Vots dot did you say?" and he sehumps from his  
chair;

"You von demperance erank?" den oh, how he  
schwear!

And I dells him "Yes, dwo eranks, but schust you  
look here,

I shall dake no more visky, or prandy, or peer."  
Den he say dot te beer is no hurt, it neffer hurt him.  
Den I say, "How you got dot plack eye, dell ue dot,  
vill you, Jim?"

Den says he, "From te cellar vay down to de garret I  
fall,

And shtuck a knot-hole in mine eye on de vall."  
Den I dells him, if I always demperance sehlay,  
No knot-holes I gets in mine eyes in dot vay.

Now, I dells you, mine friend, I vas petter man now,  
And I gets in no troubles from any big row;  
And Katrina, she say, how much petter I looks,  
And I has so much time for te reading eoot books,  
And te money I safes makes de home look so neat.  
And Katrina, so schmilng, so happy, and schweet.  
Ven a man sehsmokes and trinks he gets noddings to  
be

But a parrel on legs and a schmoke-sehtack, ye see;  
So I quits de pipe, too, for I'm schure 'tis no schoke.  
In effry man's face to be puffing te schmoke.

"I's a prohibition erank, droo and droo, did ye say?"  
Vell, dot erank is a erank you can turn but one vay.  
And so schure as Ben Schneider's my name, I shall  
try

To make dis land safe for mine Fritz, py-and-py;



For it' from te peer I can't make him to schtay,  
I vill fote for te peer to be out of his vay.  
So von prohibition erank you may effer me eall,  
I shall fote to save Fritz, sir, now dot is shust all;  
For a parrel of peer I muscht neffer him see,  
Mit a schmoke-schtack on top, vere te prais ought to  
be.

VIRA HOPKINS.

## WHAT ONE BOY THINKS.

A STITCH is always dropping in the everlasting  
knitting.  
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you  
couldn't count to-day;  
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head  
was splitting.  
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they  
lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the  
Epistles,  
When the other boys were burning tar barrels down  
the street;  
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard  
their willow whistles,  
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in  
both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her when she went to  
evening meeting,  
When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off;  
And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two  
of greeting,  
First on one foot and the other and 'most strangled  
with a cough.

"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till you  
are scarlet—  
It's Old America that has the inside of the track!"  
Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a  
young varlet.  
And then she looks so woe-begone I have to take it  
back.

But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in her  
pocket,  
There never was a pocket that was half so big and  
deep;  
And she lets the candle in my room burn way down to  
the socket,  
While she stews and putters round about till I am  
sound asleep.

There's always somebody at homo when every one is  
scattering;  
She spreads jam upon your bread in a way to make  
you grow;  
She always takes a fellow's side when every one is  
battering;  
And when I tear my jacket I know just where to go.

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I  
shouldn't,  
And mother has her slipper off according to the  
rule,  
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says "I  
wouldn't;  
The boy that won't go fishing such a day would be a  
fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she  
gave a blessing,  
And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a  
mouse—  
And who is she by this time there is no need of guess-  
ing,  
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have  
about the house!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

## A FOOLISH LITTLE MAIDEN.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little  
bonnet,  
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace  
upon it;  
And that the other maidens of the little town might  
know it,  
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday,  
just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a  
dime,  
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;  
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped  
their ringing,  
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks  
were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the  
door,  
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed  
them down before.  
"Hallelujah, hallelujah!" sang the choir above her  
head—  
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the  
words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,  
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head  
a toss;  
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about  
her bonnet,  
And the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace  
upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon nor the  
prayer,  
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the  
stair,

Till she reached her little bureau, and, in a band-box  
on it,  
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little  
bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will  
find

In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;  
And the little head that's filled with silly little airs  
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

## A SERENADE.

"LULLABY, oh, lullaby!"

Thus I heard a father cry.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

The brat will never shut an eye;  
Hither come, some power divine!  
Close his lids or open mine!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

What tho mischief makes him cry?

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Still he stares—I wonder why;  
Why are not the sons of earth  
Blind, like puppies, from their birth?

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

Thus I heard the father cry;

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

Mary, you must come and try!  
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—  
The more I sing, the more you wake!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

Fie, you little creature, fie!

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Is no poppy-syrup nigh?  
Give him some, or give him all,  
I am nodding to his fall!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

Two such nights and I shall die!

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

He'll be bruised, and so shall I—  
How can I from bedposts keep,  
When I'm walking in my sleep?

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

Sleep his very looks deny;

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Nature soon will stupefy—  
My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—  
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

THOMAS HOOD.

## "WE ALL LIKE SHEEP."

"WE ALL LIKE SHEEP," the tenors shrill  
Begin, and then the church is still,  
While back and forth across the aisle  
Is seen to pass the "enticing" smile.

"We all like sheep," the altos moan  
In low, and rich, and mellow tone,  
While broader grows the merry grin  
And nose gets farther off from chin.

"We all like sheep," sopranos sing  
Till all the echoes wake and ring;  
The young folks titter, and the rest  
Suppress the laugh in bursting chest.

"We all like sheep," the bassos growl,  
The titter grows into a howl,  
And e'en the deacon's face is *graced*  
With wonder at the singer's *taste*.

"We all like sheep," runs the refrain,  
And then, to make their meaning plain,  
The singers altogether say,  
"We all like sheep have gone astray."

## A BIT OF SHOPPING FOR THE COUNTRY.

MY very dear friend:

This is simply addenda to what I last wrote,  
But the price-list I see, from which I there  
quote,

Improves every day. I'm fairly delighted  
(Perhaps you might call my condition excited)  
At what I've just read in *The Star* and *The Sun*.  
What soul-stirring bargains must be going on!  
I enclose you straightway a whole Ten Dollar note  
To go with the list I have just made you out—  
One moment, dear Carrie, with impudence bear  
If I ask you to handle the enclosure with care.  
Try to stretch it as far, now, please, dearest, do,  
As ever "a ten-stroke" has been known to go.  
You'll lift it, I'm sure, as a thing of some weight  
When I tell you it outweighs twelve bushels of wheat.

Imprimis, my room. And Madras, I see,  
Is just down as low as curtains can be;  
As mine, now, are hanging most limp and threadbare,  
I'll trouble you, Carrie, to get me two pair.  
Twenty yards, I suppose—twenty yards more or less—  
I can't be exact; but I know you can guess.  
The walls need a paper—gilt paper I'd choose;  
Some eight or ten pieces would do, I suppose.  
Then, the dear, old arm-chair decidedly hints  
She'd like a new dress of the cretonne or ehintz.  
A lounge cover, too, may as well come along,  
Since cretonne is selling for just "a mere song."  
I can't slight the mantle! Send a lambrquin, too;  
The old would look shabby with so much brand-new  
I want all alike—the cretonne for these,  
Not the sort that is thin and slazy, dear, please—  
You remember 'tis rather a weakness of mine.  
I like the price low, but the quality fine.

Next for myself. And so far gone is *this*  
I think there is nothing that could come amiss  
But then I must limit my wishes, of course,  
Or else my demands might outrun my purse.

Once begin and I hardly know when I shall stop,  
For order's sake, then, we'll begin at the top.  
A bonnet—I want just the simplest frame,  
With a scrap of green surah to cover the same  
(Please pin it on, love, with the top-knot and strings).  
Of course I don't dream of those fine Frenchy things,  
But I want enough flowers and lace to look nice,  
And something in jet to tip off the device.

Some collars and cuffs—the size just for you;  
Say a dozen of each; and of handkerchiefs, too  
(By the way, I see bordered and beautiful ones  
Can be had for ten cents at Nichols and Sons').  
And gloves, some eight-buttoned at Donald's and  
Deut's;

The best of Jouran's at—I think, fifty cents.  
Six is my number. I must own the fact  
That in matter of gloves I am *very* exact.

Next for my boots. O Carry, dear, *please*  
Get softest French leather in good number threes.  
I see that Waukeasy and some of the rest,  
For less than a dollar are selling "the best."  
But my poor tender toes—O Carrie, my dear,  
Of those ironside corn-crushers please you beware!  
Those pitiless soles that pierce you like thorns  
Right into the quick of your tenderest corns!

As to the dress I need say nothing more.  
The order stands just as I wrote you before.  
I don't care how cheap you get the sateen  
Just so it is fine, and pretty sage green.

And now, I believe I have made out the bill,  
Which I hope, love, will give you no trouble to fill.  
Of course you'll retain what will have it expressed,  
Or, send it by mail, just as you think best.

And then with what's over don't worry about;  
It makes no great odds how you lay it out.  
'Twill be but a trifle, and I'm not precise,  
Any cute little notion, that's useful and nice.

And now, dear, forgive if I should here repeat  
The gentle reminder regarding the wheat.  
For money *is* money these dreadful hard times,  
And reckless extravagance ranks with the crimes.  
Please send on the package as soon as can be,  
Of course these returns I'm distracted to see.

Curiosity's sharpened distressingly keen  
Of—truly and fondly, your own, EVA GREEN.

### "VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

VAS marriage a failuro? Vell, now, dot da  
pends  
Altogeddher on how you look at it, mine  
friends.

Like dhoso double-horse teams dot you see at der races.  
It depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;  
Eef dhey don't pool togeddher right off at der sthert,  
Ten dimes outd off mine dhey was beddler apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;  
Dhose dot's outd would be in, dhose dot's in would be  
outd;

Der man mit oxberience, goot looks und dash,  
Gets a wife mit some fife hundord dousand in cash;  
Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey?  
She haf der oxberience—he haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case,  
Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race?  
Vot you diink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders" would  
say,

Dot came in der Sunflower to oldt Plymouth bay,  
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,  
Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shnst go, ere you tell,  
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren fell;  
Dink off Vashington, Franklin und "Honest Old  
Abe"—

Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth  
babe.

I was only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot!  
I pelief every dime, in such "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,  
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.  
Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come her eef  
you please,"

Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und little Loweezo  
By dhero shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying der  
prayer,

Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas dhere some failures  
dhere?"

CHARLES F ADAMS.

# MASTERPIECES OF ELOQUENCE.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.



At the revival of letters in modern Europe, Eloquence, together with her sister muses, awoke, and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins. In the interval her voice was gone; her favorite languages were extinct; her organs were no longer attuned to harmony, and her hearers could no longer understand her speech. The discordant jargon of feudal anarchy had banished the musical dialects, in which she had always delighted. The theatres of her former triumph were either deserted, or they were filled with the dabblers of sophistry and chicanery. She shrunk intuitively from the former, for the last object she remembered to have seen there was the head of her darling Cicero planted upon the rostrum.

She ascended the tribunals of justice; there she found her child, Persuasion, manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; there she beheld an image of herself, stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes. Her heart fainted within her. She lost all confidence in herself. Together with all her irresistible powers, she lost proportionably the consideration of the world, until, instead of comprising the whole system of public education, she found herself excluded from the circle of science, and declared an outlaw from the realms of learning.

She was not however doomed to eternal silence. With the progress of freedom and of liberal science, in various parts of modern Europe, she obtained access to mingle in the deliberations of her parliaments. With labor and difficulty she learned their languages, and lent her aid in giving them form and polish. But she has never recovered the graces of her former beauty, nor the energies of her ancient vigor.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

### WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient suffering of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a mi-

nority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were in the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and bootings and scourgings—dying the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! if a man stands up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stands for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obliquity and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall angels”

gathered round him, and God Himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

### WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY.

Delivered at the centennial celebration of Washington's Inauguration, New York, April 30, 1889.

**B**LOT out from the page of history the names of all the great actors of his time in the drama of nations, and preserve the name of Washington, and the century would be renewed.

We stand to-day upon the dividing line between the first and second century of constitutional government. There are no clouds overhead and no convulsions under our feet. We reverently return thanks to Almighty God for the past, and with confident and hopeful promise march upon sure ground toward the future. The simple facts of these hundred years paralyze the imagination, and we contemplate the vast accumulations of the century with awe and pride. Our population has grown from four to sixty-five millions. Its

centre, moving westward five hundred miles since 1789, is eloquent with the founding of cities and the birth of States. New settlements clearing the forests and subduing the prairies and adding four millions to the few thousands of farms which were the support of Washington's republic, create one of the great granaries of the world and open exhaustless reservoirs of national wealth.

The flower of the youth of the nations of continental Europe are conscripted from productive industries and drilling in camps. Vast armies stand in battle array along the frontiers, and a Kaiser's whim or a minister's mistake may precipitate the most destructive war of modern times. Both monarchial and republican governments are seeking safety in the repression and suppression of opposition and criticism. The volcanic forces of democratic aspiration and socialistic revolt are rapidly increasing and threaten peace and security. We learn from these gathering storms to the British Isles and find their people in the throes of a political crisis involving the form and substance of their government, and their statesmen far from confident that the enfranchised and unprepared masses will wisely use their power.

But for us no army exhausts our resources nor consumes our youth. Our navy must needs increase in order that the protecting flag may follow the expanding commerce, which is to successfully compete in all the markets of the world. The sun of our destiny is still rising, and its rays illuminate vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people. The questions which affect the powers of government and the expansion or limitation of the authority of the Federal Constitution are so completely settled and so unanimously approved, that our political divisions produce only the healthy antagonism of parties which is necessary for the preservation of liberty.

Our institutions furnish the full equipment of shield and spear for the battles of freedom, and absolute protection against every danger which threatens the welfare of the people will always be found in the intelligence which appreciates their value, and the courage and morality with which their powers are exercised. The spirit of Washington fills the executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character, conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations, will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to Union and Liberty. With their inspiring past and splendid present the people of these United States, heirs of a hundred years marvelously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their Constitution and an abounding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy.

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW.

#### THE ULTIMA THULE.

WHEN we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race; surveying the progress of man, from his cradle in the east to these limits of his wanderings; when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thralldom, over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian elimes; we cannot but exclaim, with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate, who bestowed his benefactions, as well as blessings, on our country—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The first four acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

This exclamation is but the embodiment of a vision, which the ancients, from the earliest period, cherished of some favored land beyond the mountains and the seas; a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets placed it in the Islands of the Blest; the Doric bards dimly beheld it in the Hyperborean region; the mystical sage of the Academy found it in his lost Atlantis; and even the stern spirit of Seneca dreamed of the restoration of the golden age in distant worlds, hereafter to be discovered.

Can we look back upon these uninspired predictions, and not feel the weight of obligations which they imply? Here must these bright fancies be turned into truth; here must these high visions be realized, in which the seers and sages of the elder world took refuge from the calamities of the days in which they lived. There are no more continents to be revealed; Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean; the farthest thule is reached; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes.

EDWARD EVERETT.

#### CALIFORNIA AND PLYMOUTH ROCK.

LET us vote upon the measures before us, beginning with the admission of California. Let us vote her in. Let us vote, after four months' talk. The people who have gone there have done honor to the American name. Starting from a thousand points, and meeting as strangers far removed from law and government, they have conducted themselves with the order, decorum and justice, which would have done honor to the oldest established and best regulated community. They have carried our institutions to the furthest verge of the land—to the coast of the Pacific, and lit it up with the lights of religion, liberty, and science—lights which will shine across the broad ocean, and illuminate the dark recesses of benighted Asia. They have completed the work of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Would to God that those who landed on the Rock, and on the banks of the James river, more than two

hundred years ago, and who crossed the stormy Atlantic in search of civil and religious liberty, and who did so much for both in their day and generation, could now see what has been done in our day! could look down from their celestial abodes, and see the spark which they struck from the flint now blazing with a light which fixes the gaze of the world—see the mustard seed which they planted, now towering to the skies, and spreading its branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With what rapture would they welcome the Pilgrims of California into the family circle, while we, their descendants, sit here in angry debate, repulsing our brethren, calculating the value of the Union, and threatening to rend it asunder if California is admitted.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

EULOGIUM ON ANDREW JACKSON.

NO man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him—no public man of this century ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas—no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true. Up to the last, he dared to do anything that it was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps the record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of the American mind. And the secret of his greatness is this: by intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time. He expressed them with dauntless intrepidity; he enforced them with an immovable will; he executed them with an electric power, that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not one great thought, of which he was not the boldest and clearest expositor.

History does not describe the man that equalled him in firmness of nerve. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not wide-spread clamor, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair, in the least degree, the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. Andrew Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battle-fields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship; and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned that last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and escaped from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality. His body has its fit resting-place in the great central

valley of the Mississippi; his spirit rests upon our whole territory; it hovers over the vales of Oregon, and guards, in advance, the frontier of Del Norte. The fires of party spirit are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done lives, and will live forever.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

INJUSTICE TOWARD KOSSUTH.

THE Emperor of Russia demands of Turkey that the noble Kossuth and his companions shall be given up. This demand is made in derision of the established law of nations. Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power. But there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake—that is, the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world.

Let no one imagine that mere force can subdue the general sentiment of mankind. It is much more likely to extend that sentiment, and to destroy that power which he most desires to establish and secure. The bones of poor John Wickliffe were dug out of his grave seventy years after his death, and burnt, for his heresy, and his ashes were thrown upon a river in Warwickshire. Some prophet of that day said:

“The Avon to the Severn runs,  
The Severn to the sea,  
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad  
Wide as the waters be.”

Gentlemen, if the blood of Kossuth is taken by an absolute, unqualified, unjustifiable violation of national law, what will it appease—what will it pacify? It will mingle with the earth—it will mix with the waters of the ocean—the whole civilized world will snuff it in the air, and it will return with awful retribution on the heads of those violators of national law and universal justice. I cannot say when, or in what form; but depend upon it, that if such an act take place, the thrones and principalities and powers must look out for the consequences.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE SOURCE OF PARTY WISDOM.

I HAVE seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which to measure all terrestrial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people when



our enthusiasm has passed. When the emotions of this hour have subsided we shall find that calm level of public opinion below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republican party to be declared. Not here, where I see the faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates waiting to cast their votes in the urn and determine the choice of the republic, but by four million Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by the love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and a knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by—there God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heats of June, but in the sober quiet that comes to them between now and November; in the silence of deliberate judgment will the great question be settled.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

#### DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

HE was an emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters, not ennobled; whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a plebeian; and he had no heir to wait for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again, and again fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities upon his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburgh's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle.

Now he was indeed a monarch—a legitimate monarch—a monarch by divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content, he would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies, from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder-Zee—from Jura to the ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp. But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended.

The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride forsook him when the hour of fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer emperor, nor

consul, nor general, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him here. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off at the earliest dawn and in evening's latest twilight, toward that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity.

The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a lieutenant, a general, a consul, an emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again invested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The marshals of Europe awaited his command. The legions of the old guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Denmark and England gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft and cried "TETE D'ARMEE." The feverish vision broke—the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosened, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the end of earth. The Corsican was now content.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

#### TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

CASTING our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern the succession of unmerciful slaughters, by which their progress has been marked. Even as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. O, let it not be in the future ages, as in those which we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of men be discerned, not in bloody victories, or in ravenous conquests, but in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and, with all-embracing arms, clasps every land, while, on its heaving bosom, it bears the products of various climes; so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it, commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, justice is arrested, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton—not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown—but when we regard him in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and, at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war.

CHARLES SUMNER.

VICISSITUDES OF 1849.

**T**HIS fatal year, '49—will it never have done with its desolations? Pestilence has stalked, and still stalks, with desolating tread over the broad earth, defacing its green sod to make room for innumerable graves—graves not alone of the weak and the wretched, but also of the mighty, the glorious, the gentle, the lovely, the widely and keenly deplored. And that darker scourge, despotism, the dominion of brute force and blind selfishness—the lordship of the few for their own luxury and aggrandizement over the many whom they scorn, and sweat, and starve—when before has a year been so fruitful as now, of triumphs to the realm of night? Sicily betrayed and ruined—Lombardy's chains riveted—Sardinia crushed—Rome, generous, brave, ill-fated Rome, too!—she lies beneath the feet of her perfidious, perjured foes, and in her fall has dragged down the republicans of France, adjudged guilty of the crime of daring to resist the assassination of a sister republic.

But this is not all, nor half. Germany, through her vast extent, has passed over to the camp of absolutism—her people still think, but dare not speak, for the bayonet is at their throats, and democracy is once more treason, since its regal enemies have recovered from their terror, and found their military tools as brainless and as heartless as ever. At last Hungary mounts the funeral pyre of freedom and the sacrifice is complete, for Venice must trail her flag directly on the tidings of Görgey's victory. She has stood out nobly, for a noble, a priceless cause—so has Hungary struggled nobly and nobly fallen. For the present, all is over, save that a few desperate, heroic patriots will yet sell their lives in fruitless casual conflicts with the minions of despotism. Nothing now remains but that the wolves should divide and devour their prey.

HORACE GREELEY.

NO EXTENSION OF FREEDOM BY FORCE.

**S**IR, our institutions are telling their own story by the blessings they impart to us, and indoctrinating the people everywhere with the principles of freedom upon which they are founded. Ancient prejudices are yielding to their

mighty influence. Heretofore revered, and apparently permanent systems of government, are falling beneath it. Our glorious mother, free as she has ever comparatively been, is getting to be freer. It has blotted out the corruptions of her political franchise. It has broken her religious intolerance. It has greatly elevated the individual character of her subjects. It has immeasurably weakened the power of her nobles, and by weakening in one sense has vastly strengthened the authority of her crown, by forcing it to rest for all its power and glory upon the breasts of its people.

To Ireland too—impulsive Ireland—the land of genius, of eloquence, and of valor, it is rapidly carrying the blessings of a restored freedom and happiness. In France, all of political liberty which belongs to her, is to be traced to it; and even now it is to be seen cheering, animating, and guiding the classic land of Italy, raking the very streets of Rome itself to ring with shouts of joy and gratitude for its presence. Sir, such a spirit suffers no inactivity, and needs no incentive. It admits of neither enlargement nor restraint. Upon its own elastic and never-tiring wing, it is now soaring over the civilized world, everywhere leaving its magic and abiding charm. I say, then, try not, seek not to aid it. Bring no physical force to succor it. Such an adjunct would serve only to corrupt and paralyze its efforts. Leave it to itself, and, sooner or later, man will be free.

REVERDY JOHNSON.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE WEST.

**A**LL that we ask is to be equal with the other States of this Confederacy in freedom, sovereignty, and independence. Grant us only this, and you will see this whole country, like the giant that gathered strength in his wrestle with Hercules, every time he touched the earth, spring up with an elastic bound to new vigor and power, and the proud galaxy that adorns your stars and stripes shine forth with a rich splendor which nothing but regenerated liberty can give. Enable us to make our roads and canals, to carry on our works of internal improvement, to manage our own internal police, as our genius and necessities may require, and you will soon witness the wonderful change which the uncontrolled and plastic power of self-government can alone accomplish; the waste lands speedily sold and settled, the desert made to smile and blossom as a garden, the country improved and cultivated to its utmost limits, industry stimulated, labor rewarded with rich returns, the people prosperous and happy, and the country rich with every blessing.

What a guarantee to the perpetuity and stability of the government, living in the hearts of its own people, and borrowing its own lustre and glory from their proud, prosperous, and independent condition. And, permit me to tell you, that deep and firm as may be the foundations of our country, still deeper will they be made by the policy which is before you. Let us



beseech you to cast aside your prejudices, to throw off from your eyes the scales which have so long blinded you, and to come up to this mighty and momentous question with nothing but the holy impulses of patriotism directing your heart; and you will see inscribed upon our banners Truth and Justice, as all for which we would appeal to you, or ask at your hands. Our strength will be yours. The glory that may surround us will radiate its effulgence to every portion of our common country, and the same destiny that awaits us and our children will be indissolubly connected with your own; and should any great event in the changes of life and the vicissitudes of the affairs of nations ever take place, to pull up the deep foundations of our government, and tear down our noble edifice, let me tell you that in the general wreck of the liberties of the country, the last spark will be found flickering on the plains of the West in the domiciles of the humble tillers of the earth.

A. G. HARRISON.

#### INVIDIOUS DISTINCTIONS.

SIR, as a Southern man, I represent equally rent, capital, and wages, which are confounded in our estates; and I protest against attempts to array, without cause, without a color of pretext or plausibility, the different classes of society against each other, as if, in such a country as this, there could be any natural hostility or any real distinction between them—a country in which all the rich, with hardly an exception, have been poor, and all the poor may one day be rich—a country in which banking institutions have been of immense service, precisely because they have been most needed by a people who had all their fortunes to make by good character and industrious habits.

Look at that remarkable picture—remarkable not as a work of art, but as a monument of history—which you see in passing through the rotunda. Two out of five of that immortal committee were mechanics, and such men! In the name of God, sir, why should any one study to pervert the natural good sense and kindly feelings of this moral and noble people—to infuse into their minds a sullen envy towards one another, instead of that generous emulation which everything in their situation is fitted to inspire—to breathe into them the spirit of Cain, muttering deep curses and meditating desperate revenge against his brother, because the smoke of his sacrifice has ascended to heaven before his own! And do not they who treat our industrious classes as if they were in the same debased and wretched condition as the poor of Europe, insult them by the comparison?

Why, sir, you do not know what poverty is. We have no poor in this country, in the sense in which that word is used abroad. Every laborer, even the most humble, in the United States soon becomes a capitalist, and even, if he choose, a proprietor of land; for the West, with all its boundless fertility, is open to

him. How can any one dare to compare the mechanics of this land (whose inferiority, in any substantial particular, in intelligence, in virtue, in wealth, to the other classes of our society, I have yet to learn) with that race of outcasts, of which so terrific a picture is presented by recent writers—the poor of Europe? a race, among no inconsiderable portion of whom famine and pestilence may be said to dwell continually; many of whom are without morals, without education, without a country, without a God! and may be said to know society only by the terrors of its penal code, and to live in perpetual war with it. Poor bondmen! mocked with the name of liberty, that they may be sometimes tempted to break their chains, in order that, after a few days of starvation in idleness and dissipation, they may be driven back to their prison house to take them up again, heavier and more galling than before; severed, as it has been touchingly expressed, from nature, from the common air, and the light of the sun; knowing only by hearsay that the fields are green, that the birds sing, and that there is a perfume in flowers. And is it with a race whom the perverse institutions of Europe have thus degraded beneath the condition of humanity, that the advocates, the patrons, the protectors of our working-men, presume to compare them? Sir, it is to treat them with a scorn at which their spirit should revolt, and does revolt.

HUGH S. LEGARE.

#### THE "MAYFLOWER."

ETHINKS, I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous 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 uncertain, 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 provisions, 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, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of 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 weight against the staggering vessel.

I see them escape from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any

principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, men of military science, in how many months they were all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries 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, prepare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter storm, beating upon the homeless 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 recollections of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some or all of them, united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that 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, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, a glorious

EDWARD B. HERRICK.

GENOA IN HER BEAUTY

LET me bring to your mind Genoa, called the Superb City of Palaces, dear to the memory of American childhood as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, and one of the spots first enlightened by the morning beams of civilization, whose merchants were princes, and whose rich argosies, in those early days, introduced to Europe the choicest products of the East, the linen of Egypt, the spices of Arabia, and the silks of Samarcand. She still sits in queenly pride, as she sat then—her mural crown studded with towers—her churches rich with marble floors and rarest pictures—her palaces of ancient doges and admirals yet spared by the hand of time—her close streets, thronged by one hundred thousand inhabitants—at the foot of the maritime Alps, as they descend to the blue and tideless waters of the Mediterranean Sea—leaning with her back against their strong mountain-sides, overshadowed by the foliage of the fig-tree and the olive, while the orange and lemon fill with their perfume the air where reigns perpetual spring. Who can contemplate such a city without delight?

CHARLES SUMNER.

EFFECT OF STEADINESS OF PURSUIT.

THE most interesting instance of the efficacy of this steadiness of pursuit was given by the city of Athens; the most interesting, because the object was most so. From the earliest times, Athens aspired to literature and the elegant

arts. By a steady pursuit of the policy adopted with a view to this end, the city of Athens became such a monument of the arts, that even her imperfect and dilapidated remains are at this day the wonder of the world. What splendors, then, must she have emitted in the day of her splendor! When, in her freshness, she met the morning sun, and reflected back a rival glory! When she was full of the masterpieces of genius in every art—creations, that were said to have exalted in the human mind the ideas of the divinities themselves! The fervid eloquence of Demosthenes failed, unequal to the task, to do justice to those immortal splendors, when employed, as it occasionally was, for that purpose, in his addresses to the Athenian people. It was by the steady pursuit of the same policy, that their literary works of every kind came to be equally the masterpieces of human genius; and being more diffused, and less impaired by the injuries of time, than the other monuments of the arts, they were, and still are, the wonder of the world, that, after it, the Athenians themselves could never surpass them; whilst others have never been able to equal them.

Now, what has been the effect? Literature and arts have gathered around that city a charm that was, and is, felt by all mankind; which no distance, no time, can dispel. No scholar, of any age or clime, but has made (in fancy, at least) a pilgrimage to its shore; there to call around him the shades of the mighty dead, whose minds still live, and delight and astonish in their immortal works. It is emphatically the city of the heart, where the affectionate delight to dwell; the green spot of the earth where the fancy loves to linger. How poor is brute force—even the most magnificent, even the Roman—compared to the empire of mind, to which all other minds pay their voluntary homage! Her literature and her arts acquired to Athens this empire, which her remains still preserve, and always will preserve. In contemplating the phenomenon of her literary achievements, a great and profound writer could not forbear saying, "that it seemed a providential event, in honor of human nature, to show to what perfection the species might ascend." Call it providential if you please—as every event is, in some sense, providential—but it was the effect of artificial causes, as much so as the military power of the Romans; it was the effect of a policy, early adopted, and always after steadily pursued.

ASHER ROBBINS.

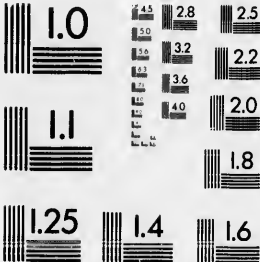
INDEMNITY TO THE NIAGARA SUFFERERS.

LET me say to the gentleman, that in Buffalo, he might, on one day, have found a family well housed, well clothed, surrounded with every comfort of life, who, from its hospitality in throwing open its doors to the American soldier, was the next day houseless and homeless, destitute of all things; if he had chanced, eight months afterwards, to



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be wandering on the flats of the Ohio, he might there see a family scarcely covered by a wretched house, in squalid poverty, one day shivering with ague, and the next consumed with raging fever; if his compassion should lead him to enter and inquire into their situation, he would hear them say, our father lived in plenty and comfort, on the Niagara frontier—he saw the American soldiery ready to perish—he opened his door to take them in—and for that we are here, ruined and in wretchedness. Sir, the sufferings of the French, on their retreat from Moscow, present not too strong a picture to convey a just idea of what was endured while the whole country on the Lakes was converted into one wide cantonment. Had the gentleman seen an American regiment on that frontier drawn up on a frosty morning, and supporting arms while their limbs were chilled to the bone, standing, in their cotton dress, in snow two and three feet deep; had he seen these claimants opening their houses to receive men in immediate danger of perishing (many of them did perish), and afterwards turned out of house and home for doing it, he would not, he could not, deny that something ought to be done for their relief.

The gentleman has insinuated, that the inhabitants of the frontier are actuated wholly by a principle of selfishness; that, unless stimulated by a sense of interest, they will do nothing in their own defence, and will surrender up their property an easy prey to the enemy. But, sir, that gentleman surely did not consider the feelings of the American people when he advanced such a sentiment. If nothing had operated on their minds but selfishness, the army of the frontier could not have been kept together a single day. No, sir, not a single day. There were our soldiers, lying naked and perishing on one bank of the Niagara river, while, directly opposite, they could see the British sentry parading backward and forward in a good comfortable watchcoat, and hear him cry out, cheerfully, "all's well." They had only to cross *en masse* to the British side, to exchange a lodging on the ground, in their cotton that admitted the rain, and, when the rain was over, froze upon their bodies, for warm clothing and good quarters. Had selfishness been the ruling principle, where would have been your militia? Where would have been your regulars?—at their own homes, or over the British lines?

JOSEPH VANCE

#### EULOGIUM ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

The reader will feel a special interest in this and the following selection from the famous debate between Hayne and Webster. Perhaps no such intellectual gladiators ever met before or since on the floor of the United States Senate.

**I** CALL upon any one who hears me, to bear witness that this controversy is not of my seeking. The Senate will do me the justice to remember, that at the time this unprovoked and un-called-for attack was made upon the South, not one word had

been uttered by me in disparagement of New England, nor had I made the most distant allusion either to the Senator from Massachusetts, or the State he represents. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for reasons best known to himself, to strike the South, through one, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold, I will struggle while I have life, for our altars and our firesides; and if God give me strength, will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provoke war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemies' territory and not consent to lay down my arms, until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future."

It is with unfeigned reluctance that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty—I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to a performance of my duty. Be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to the homely adage, that "he lives in a glass house"—on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal, for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union (and I say it not in any boastful spirit), that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord has ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle; but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the cause of their brethren with generous zeal which did not

suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalry; they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during that revolution. The whole State, from the mountain to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens—black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumners and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumners, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because

it happened to spring up beyond the limits of my own State and neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or galled by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithes of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if weakness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end, by the side of the cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, on the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

REMEMBRANCE OF WRONGS.

WE are above all this. Let the highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and poisonous hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die, let her "remember the wrongs of days long past;" let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness or sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, "decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy,"

shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake in a time of peace? No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times no!

Why, I protest, I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for on so many more than classical fields of revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the Constitution, on the deck of the Java, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days?" And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country I deny it. We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them, from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still; and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep; but there is no hatred at all; no hatred; all for honor, nothing for hate! We have—we can have—no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

RUFUS CRUATE.

## LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

THE whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his Empire rest on a single chance.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one

after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse that Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him.

Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdainful to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them.

But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

J. T. HEADLEY.

## INVECTIVE OF HUNGARY.

THE spirit of popular freedom in Europe during the late struggle of Hungary, is a solemn question. The Executive called upon to say yea or nay. Hungary listened with anxious hopes. She was impatient for the response, and the eloquence of truth, of a righteous cause, burst forth in every word she uttered. But it has been all in vain, and now, in tones of eloquent and burning reproof, she thus turns to her Russian invader. You seek to encompass the earth with your ambition. The world exclaims against you, and reproachfully calls you sovereign of a barbarian horde. Asia speaks out: Your neighborhood has only served to bring upon my borders bloody and protracted wars. Say



Persic: For a century you have desolated my remote frontiers and provinces, with the horrors of a cruel warfare. Circassia asks: When will you cease to massacre my people, and grant me that liberty and independence which my victorious arms deserve? England reproves: I see you in the swift-coming future advancing to the banks of the Indus, and about to bring war upon my dominions in the East. Turkey adds: You have converted my cities into forts, and for centuries obliged me to watch your threatened descent upon my fair capital. France sends her legions to Italy, as she sees her influence about to be felt upon the banks of the Tiber. Poland yet cries beneath her fetters: When will you unbar the prison-door? Europe chides: Upon the partition of Poland you claimed the lion's share, and claimed it too at the peace of Vienna.

And now, you offer Siberia in exchange for fair Hungary. Yet, I was at peace with you. I sought freedom from Austrian tyranny, and you interfered to crown my misfortunes with your cruelties. You warred against my national existence. You drove my once happy people to flee for refuge to the mountains; to abandon their hearths; to forsake their altars; to poison their waters, lest they might quench your thirst; to destroy their bread, lest they might feed you; to fire their own dwellings, lest they might shelter you. The work of destruction, which they had not time to complete, you finished. You wantonly desolated their wheat-fields; you tortured their patriot clergy, and inflicted even upon female patriotism your proverbial cruelties. And now, from the unchanging snows of Siberia, may be heard the wails of unseen Poland, as she rises from her cenotaph, ejaculates the woes and sufferings you have in store for my children, and with a warning voice whispers, "fight on!—fight on!"

Such is the first invective of Hungary against her mediating oppressor. From this she now turns and appeals to the world. To us especially does she thus appeal for sympathy. "You were oppressed; so were we. You declared and fought for independence, and triumphed upon the field of battle; so did we. You have had the experience of nearly three generations, and will you now by silence and inactivity, manifest before the world a trembling distrust in the justice and wisdom of your principles? In the days of your weakness the world sent you a Montgomery, a Kosciusko, and a La Fayette; and now, in the days of your pride and strength, fear not to make some just return."

A. W. BUEL.

MEANS OF HEALTH.

SEE how the means of sustenance and comfort are distributed and diversified throughout the earth. There is not a nood of body, from the wantonness of health to the languor of the death-bed, for which the wonderful alchemy of

nature does not proffer some luxury to stimulate our pleasures; or her pharmacy some catholicon to assuage our pains. What textures for clothing—from the gossamer thread which the silk-worm weaves, to silk-like furs which the winds of Zembla cannot penetrate! As the materials from which to construct our dwellings, what Quineys and New Hampshires of granite, what Alleghanies of oak, and what forests of pine, belting the continent! What coal-fields to supply the lost warmth of the receding sun! Nakedness, and famine, and pestilence are not inexorable ordinances of nature. Nudity and rags are only human idleness or ignorance out on exhibition. The cholera is but the wrath of God against uncleanness and intemperance. Famine is only a proof of individual misconduct, or of national misgovernment. In the woes of Ireland, God is proclaiming the wickedness of England, in tones as clear and articulate as those in which He spoke from Sinai; and it needs no Hebraist to translate the thunder.

And if famine needs not to be, then other forms of destitution and misery need not to be. But amid the exuberance of this country, our dangers spring from abundance rather than from scarcity. Young men, especially young men in our cities, walk in the midst of allurements for the appetite. Hence, health is imperiled; and so indispensable an element is health in all forms of human welfare, that whoever invigorates his health has already obtained one of the greatest guarantees of mental superiority, of usefulness, and of virtue. Health, strength, longevity, depend upon immutable laws. There is no evasion about them. There is no arbitrary interference of higher powers with them. Primarily, our parents, and secondarily, ourselves, are responsible for them. The providence of God is no more responsible, because the virulence of disease rises above the power of all therapeutics, or because one quarter part of the race die before completing the age of one year—die before completing one seventieth part of the term of existence allotted to them by the Psalmist;—I say the providence of God is no more responsible for these things, than it is for picking pockets or stealing horses.

HORACE MANN.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

SORROW for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider our duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved,



and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond recollections and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

The grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death with all its stilled griefs; its noiseless attendants; its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, faltering, thrilling (oh! how thrilling!) pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour

the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in thy discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

#### DRESS REFORM.

A CONVENTION has recently been held in Vineland, attended by the women who are opposed to extravagance in dress. They propose, not only by formal resolution, but by personal example, to teach the world lessons of economy by wearing less adornment and dragging fewer yards of silk. We wish them all success, although we would have more confidence in the movement if so many of the delegates had not worn bloomer dresses. Moses makes war upon that style of apparel in Deuteronomy xxii. 5: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man." Nevertheless we favor every effort to stop the extravagant use of dry goods and millinery.

We have, however, no sympathy with the implication that women are worse than men in this respect. Men wear all they can without interfering with their locomotion, but man is such an awkward creature he cannot find any place on his body to hang a great many fineries. He could not get round in Wall Street with eight or ten flounces and a big handled parasol, and a mountain of back hair. Men wear less than women, not because they are more moral, but because they cannot stand it. As it is, many of our young men are padded to a superlative degree, and have corns and bunions on every separate toe from wearing tight shoes.

Neither have we any sympathy with the implication that the present is worse than the past in matters of dress. Compare the fashion-plates of the seventeenth century with the fashion-plates of the nineteenth, and you decide in favor of our day. The women of Isaiah's time beat anything now. Do we have the kangaroo fashion Isaiah speaks of—the daughters who walked forth with "stretched forth necks?" Talk of hoops! Isaiah speaks of women with "round tires like the moon." Do we have hot irons for curling our hair? Isaiah speaks of "wimples and crisping pins." Do we sometimes wear glasses astride our nose, not because we are near-sighted, but for beautification? Isaiah speaks of the "glasses, and the earrings, and the nose jewels." The dress of to-day is far more sensible than that of a hundred or a thousand years ago.

But the largest room in the world is room for improvement, and we would cheer on those who would attempt reformation either in male or female attire.

Mean while, we rejoice that so many of the pearls, and emeralds, and amethysts, and diamonds of the world are coming into the possession of Christian women. Who knows but the spirit of consecration may some day come upon them, and it shall be again as it was in the time of Moses, that for the prosperity of the house of the Lord the women may bring their bracelets, and earrings, and tablets, and jewels? The precious stone of earth will never have their proper place till they are set around the Pearl of Great Price.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE.

DEATH shall hereafter work alone and single-handed, unaided by his most terrible auxiliary. The world shall repose in quiet. Far down the vista of futurity the tribes of human kind are seen mingling in fraternal harmony, wondering and shuddering as they read of former brutality, and exulting at their own more fortunate lot. They turn their grateful eyes upon us. Their countenances are not suffused with tears, nor streaked with kindred blood. We hear their voices; they are not swelling with tones of general wailing and despair. We look at their smiling fields, undevastated by the hand of rapine; they are waving with yellow harvests, or loaded with golden fruits; and their sunny pastures are filled with quiet herds, which have never known the wanton ravage of war. We turn to the peaceful homes where our infancy has been cradled; they stand undespoiled by the hand of the destroyer. The scenes where we indulged our childish sports have never been profaned by hostile feet; and the tall groves, where we performed our feats of school-boy dexterity, have never been desecrated to obtain the implements of human destruction.

Then our thoughts extend and embrace the land of our birth, the institutions and laws we so much venerate, and something whispers us they shall endure forever; that all time shall witness their increasing perfection; that all nations shall copy from its example, and derive interminable benefits from its influence; for war, the destroyer of every valuable institution, the great and sole cause of all national ruin, is soon to be seen no more forever.

TREVELYAN FABER.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

WITH malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A MARVELLOUS CLOCK.

OUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up at once for all, then closes the cases, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of resurrection. "Tic-tac, tic-tac!" go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster. Death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our aching foreheads.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MEN WHO NEVER DIE.

WE dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,  
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;  
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once can never die."

EDWARD EVERETT.

STOPPING THE MARCH OF FREEDOM.

IT is not for men long to hinder the march of human freedom. I have no fear for that ultimately; none at all—simply for this reason: that I believe in the infinite God. You may make your statutes; an appeal always lies to the higher law, and decisions adverse to that get set aside in the ages. Your statutes cannot hold Him. You may gather all

the dried grass and all the straw in both continents; you may braid it into ropes to bind down the sea; while it is calm, you may laugh, and say, "Lo, I have chained the ocean!" and howl down the law of Him who holds the universe as a rose-bud in his hand—its every ocean but a drop of dew. "How the waters suppress their agitation," you may say. But when the winds blow their trumpets, the sea rises in his strength, snaps asunder the bonds that had confined his mighty limbs, and the world is littered with the idle hay! Stop the human race in its development and march to freedom! As well might the boys of Boston, some lustrous night, mounting the steeples of the town, call on the stars to stop their course! Gently, but irresistibly, the Greater and the Lesser Bear move round the pole; Orion, in his mighty mail, comes up the sky; the Bull, the Heavenly Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Maid, the Seales, and all that shining company, pursue their march all night, and the new day discovers the idle urchins in their lofty places all tired, and sleepy, and ashamed.

THEODORE PARKER.

#### INVECTIVE IN THE "WILKINSON TRIAL."

**G**ENTLEMEN, although my clients are free from the charge of shedding blood, there is a murderer, and, strange to say, his name appears upon the indictment, not as a criminal, but a prosecutor. His garments are wet with the blood of those upon whose deaths you hold this solemn inquest. Yonder he sits, allaying for a moment the hunger of that fierce vulture, conscience, by casting before it the food of pretended regret, and false but apparent eagerness for justice. He hopes to appease the manes of his slaughtered victims—victims to his falsehood and treachery—by sacrificing upon their graves a hecatomb of innocent men. By base misrepresentations of the conduct of the defendants, he induced his imprudent friends to attempt a vindication of his pretended wrongs, by violence and bloodshed. His clansmen gathered at his call, and followed him for vengeance; but when the fight began, and the keen weapons clashed in the sharp conflict—where was the wordy warrior? Aye, "where was Roderick then?" No "blast upon his bugle horn" encouraged his companions as they were laying down their lives in his quarrel; no gleam of his dagger indicated a desire to avenge his fall; with treacherous cowardice he left them to their fate, and all his vaunted courage ended in ignominious flight.

Sad and gloomy is the path that lies before him. You will in a few moments dash, untasted, from his lips, the sweet cup of revenge; to quaff whose intoxicating contents he has paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen. I behold gathering around him, thick and fast, dark and corroding cares. That face, which looks so ruddy, and even now is flushed with shame and conscious guilt, will from this day grow pale, until the craven blood

shall refuse to visit the haggard cheek. In his broker and distorted sleep his dreams will be more fearful than those of the "false, perjured Clarence;" and around his waking pillow, in the deep hour of night, will flit the ghosts of Meeks and Rothwell, shrieking their curses in his shrinking ear.

Upon his head rests not only the blood shed in this unfortunate strife, but also the soul-killing crime of perjury; for, surely as he lives, did the words of error and falsehood fall from his lips, ere they were hardly loosened from the holy volume. But I dismiss him, and do consign him to the furies, trusting, in all charity, that the terrible punishment he must suffer from the scorpion-lash of guilty conscience will be considered in his last account.

SARGENT S. PRENTISS.

#### THE BALLOT-BOX.

**I** AM aware that the ballot-box is not everywhere a consistent symbol; but to a large degree it is so. I know what miserable associations cluster around this instrument of popular power. I know that the arena in which it stands is trodden into mire by the feet of reckless ambition and selfish greed. The wire-pulling and the bribing, the pitiful truckling and the grotesque compromises, the exaggeration and the detraction, the pseudo-dramatic issues and the sham patriotism, the party watchwords and the party nick-names, the schemes of the few paraded as the will of the many, the elevation of men whose only worth is in the votes they command—vile men, whose hands you would not grasp in friendship, whose presence you would not tolerate by your fireside—ineompetent men, whose fitness is not in their capacity as functionaries, or legislators, but as organ pipes;—the snatching at the slices and offal of office, the intemperance and the violence, the finesse and the falsehood, the gin and the glory; these are indeed but too closely identified with that political agitation which circles around the ballot-box.

But, after all, they are not essential to it. They are only the masks of a genuine grandeur and importance. For it is a grand thing—something which involves profound doctrines of right—something which has cost ages of effort and sacrifice—it is a grand thing that here, at last, each voter has just the weight of one man; no more, no less; and the weakest, by virtue of his recognized manhood, is as strong as the mightiest. And consider, for a moment, what it is to cast a vote. It is the token of inestimable privileges, and involves the responsibilities of an hereditary trust. It has passed into your hands as a right, reaped from fields of suffering and blood. The grandeur of history is represented in your act. Men have wrought with pen and tongue, and pined in dungeons, and died on scaffolds, that you might obtain this symbol of freedom, and enjoy this consciousness of a sacred individuality. To the ballot have been transmitted, as it

were, the dignity of the sceptre and the potency of the sword.

And that which is so potent as a right is also pregnant as a duty; a duty for the present and for the future. If a will, that folded leaf becomes a tongue of justice, a voice of order, a force of imperial law; securing rights, abolishing abuses, erecting new institutions of truth and love. And, however you will, it is the expression of a solemn responsibility, the exercise of an immeasurable power for good or for evil, now and hereafter. It is the medium through which you act upon your country—the organic nerve which incorporates you with its life and welfare. There is no agent with which the possibilities of the republic are more intimately involved, none upon which we can fall back with more confidence than the ballot-box.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

DANGER OF VAST FORTUNES.

VAST fortunes are a misfortune to the State. They confer irresponsible power; and human nature, except in the rarest instances, has proved incapable of wielding irresponsible power, without abuse. The feudalism of Capital is not a whit less formidable than the feudalism of Force. The millionaire is as dangerous to the welfare of the community, in our day, as was the baronial lord of the middle ages. Both supply the means of shelter and of raiment on the same conditions; both hold their retainers in service by the same tenure—their necessity for bread; both use their superiority to keep themselves superior. The power of money is as imperial as the power of the sword; I may as well depend upon another for my head as for my bread. The day is sure to come, when men will look back upon the prerogatives of Capital, at the present time, with as severe and as just a condemnation as we now look back upon the predatory chieftains of the Dark Ages.

Weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, or even in the clumsy scales of human justice, there is no equity in the allotments, which assign to one man but a dollar a day, with working, while another has an income of a dollar a minute, without working. Under the reign of Force, or under the reign of Money, there may be here and there a good man who uses his power for blessing and not for oppressing his race; but all their natural tendencies are exclusively bad. In England, we see the feudalism of Capital approaching its catastrophe. In Ireland, we see the catastrophe consummated. Unhappy Ireland! where the objects of human existence and the purposes of human government have all been reversed: where rulers, for centuries, have ruled for the aggrandizement of themselves, and not for the happiness of their subjects; where misgovernment has reigned so long, so supremely, and so atrociously, that, at the present time, the "Three Estates" of the realm are Crime, Famine, and Death.

HORACE MANN.

THE WORLD OF BEAUTY AROUND US.

BUT a higher and holier world than the world of Ideas, or the world of Beauty, lies around us; and we find ourselves endued with susceptibilities which affiliate us to all its purity and its perfectness. The laws of nature are sublime, but there is a moral sublimity before which the highest intelligences must kneel and adore. The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measure, with inimitable exactness, the hours of ever-flowing time; the laws by which the planets roll, and the sun vivifies and paints; the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry, and the amazing velocities of electricity; the laws of germination and production in the vegetable and animal worlds;—all these, radiant with eternal beauty as they are, and exalted above all the objects of sense, still wane and pale before the Moral Glories that apparel the universe in their celestial light.

The heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. Virtue shines in native colors, purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism, can reflect. Arabian gardens in their bloom can exhale no such sweetness as charity diffuses. Beneficence is godlike, and he who does most good to his fellow-man is the Master of Masters, and has learned the Art of Arts. Enrich and embellish the universe as you will, it is only a fit temple for the heart that loves truth with a supreme love. Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration, but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvellous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air and walks by its light has found the lost paradise. For him a new heaven and a new earth have already been created. His home is the sanctuary of God, the Holy of Holies.

HORACE MANN.

SOCIETY WITHOUT MORALITY.

THE mass is changing. We are becoming another people. Our habits have held us long after those moral causes which formed them have in a great degree ceased to operate. These habits, at length, are giving way. So many hands have so long been employed to pull away foundations, and so few to repair the breaches, that the building totters. So much enterprise has been displayed in removing obstructions from the current of human depravity, and so little to restore them, that the stream at length is beginning to run. It may be stopped now, but it will soon become deep, and broad, and rapid, and irresistible.

The crisis then has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves probably, the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved, or thrown away—whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight, or a loathing—whether

the taverns on that holy day shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers—whether riot and profanity shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land; or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times—whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived. Human nature in this nation is like human nature everywhere. All actual difference in our favor is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions and habits. It is a moral influence which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently desirable. The same influence which has formed it, is indispensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New England will remain till the last conflagration; but, let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children be neglected, the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no more surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence.

LYMAN BEECHER.

#### GETTING THE RIGHT START.

**T**HERE is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help, a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter coming in at a convenient moment to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly.

To me one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders and a hundred and fifty pounds more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder.

When, therefore, a young man has ascertained and fully received the fact that he does not know anything, that the world does not care anything about him, that what he wins must be won by his own brain and brawn, and that while he holds in his own hands the

means of gaining his own livelihood and the objects of his life, he cannot receive assistance without compromising his self-respect and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

The next lesson is that of patience, thoroughness of preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is, perhaps, one of the most difficult to learn of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results.

As manhood dawns, and the young man catches in its first light the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities, and the purpling hills of great delights, and then looks down upon the narrow, simious, long, and dusty path by which others have reached them, he is apt to be disgusted with the passage and to seek for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Beginning at the very foot of the hill and working slowly to the top seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwreck of their lives.

Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise is not only essential in securing the success which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind requisite for the enjoyment of your successes and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, work on, and in that process gain strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked forth, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor will prove itself in the end the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

JOSEPH GILBERT HOLLAND.

#### THE THINKER.

**W**HAT is the hardest task in the world? To think. I would put myself in the attitude to look in the eye of an abstract truth, and I cannot. I blench and withdraw on this side and that. I seem to know what he meant, who said, "No man can see God face to face, and live." For example, a man explores the basis of civil government. Let him intend his mind without respite,



without rest, in one direction. His best heed long time avails him nothing. Yet thoughts are flitting before him. We all but apprehend, we dimly forebode the truth. We say, I will walk abroad, and the truth will take form and clearness to me. We go forth, but cannot find it. It seems as if we needed only the stillness and composed attitude of the library, to seize the thought. But we come in, and are as far from it as at first. Then, in a moment, and unannounced, the truth appears. A certain wandering light appears, and is the distinction, the principle, we wanted. But the oracle comes, because we had previously laid siege to the shrine. It seems as if the law of the intellect resembles that law of nature by which we now inspire, now expire, the breath by which the heart now draws in, now hurls out the blood: the law of modulation. So now you must labor with your brains, and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great soul showeth.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH CHILDREN.

**S**WEET has been the charm of childhood on my spirit, throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them.

When our infaney is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler women, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

MUSIC.

**M**USIC is well said to be the speech of angels. In fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal sea of light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate

of nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. The singer was a *vates* admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WORK.

**I**T is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best.

JOHN RUSKIN.

TRUE POLITENESS.

**N**OW as to politeness, many have attempted its definition. I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table; what is it but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasures of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention (by habit it grows easy and natural to us) to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonies, formal compliments, stiff civilities will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with. Benevolence in great matters takes a higher name, and is the Queen of Virtue.

LORD CHATHAM.

ITALY.

**W**HAT light is shed upon the world at this day, from amidst these rugged palaces of Florence! Here, open to all corners, in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient sculptors are immortal, side by side with Michael Angelo, Canova, Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, poets, historians, philosophers—those illustrious men of history, beside whom its crowned head and harnessed warriors show so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten. Here, the imperishable part of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defence are overthrown; when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when pride and power are so much cloistered dust. The fire within the stern streets, and among the massive palaces and towers, kindled by rays from heaven, is still burning brightly, when the flickering of war is extinguished, and the household fires of generations have decayed;

as thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the hour, have faded out of the old squares and public haunts, while the nameless Florentine lady, preserved from oblivion by a painter's hand, yet lives on in enduring grace and truth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

#### EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC.

HAVING placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was now at hand. Still, she continued to expose her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch; and, for this end, Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation.

Never, from the foundation of the earth, was there such a *trial* as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its malignity of attack. O, child of France, shepherdess, peasant-girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect—quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark—that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser means.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister woman! cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men—you can die grandly! On the twentieth of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day guarded by eight spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre, bearing the inscription, "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*" Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifest in a most remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw

not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment, did this noblest of girls think only for him—the one friend that would not forsake her—and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God. "Tie down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to Heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in Him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death.

Few spectators of this martyrdom were so hardened as to contain their tears. All the English, with the exception of a few soldiers who made a jest of the affair, were deeply moved. The French murmured that the death was cruel and unjust. "She dies a martyr!" "Ah, we are lost, we have burned a saint!" "Would to God that *my* soul were with *hers*!" Such were the exclamations on every side. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the funeral-pile, hearing Joan's last prayer to her Saviour, suddenly turned away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove, rising upon white wings to heaven from the ashes where she stood.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

#### AT THE LAST.

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the most luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, be-

cause I love this world as my fatherland; because the truth compels me as it compelled Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

VICTOR HUGO.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

THE notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung out on the rock here, and the world is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and, at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by nature only an appendage of France; "Another Isle of Oleron to France." So it was by nature, by Napoleon-nature; and yet look how in fact—Here am I: He cannot understand it; inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his programme of it; that France was not all-great; that he was not France. "Strong delusion," that he should believe the thing to be which is not! The compact, clear-seeing, Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden down underfoot, to be banded into masses, and built together, as he liked, for a pedestal for France and him; the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now? He had gone that way of his; and nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with reality, he tumbles helpless in vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as men seldom did; and break his great heart, and die—this poor Napoleon; a great implement, too soon wasted, till it was useless; our last great man!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BOOKS.

IN the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intel-

lectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

HUMILITY.

THE only true independence is in humility; for the humble man exacts nothing, and cannot be mortified—expects nothing, and cannot be disappointed. Humility is also a healing virtue; it will cicatrize a thousand wounds, which pride would keep forever open. But humility is not the virtue of a fool; since it is not consequent upon any comparison between ourselves and others, but between what we are and what we ought to be—which no man ever was.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

PORTRAIT OF A DUTCHMAN.

THE renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comforted themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers.

There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by-the-way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about!"

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect



sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the back of his back-bone just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face—that infallible index of the mind—presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzbergen apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher; for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

#### A GOOD DAUGHTER.

**A** GOOD daughter!—there are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection, that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tender-

ness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smiles. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but all-expressive proofs of love.

And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener, of a mother's cares! what an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart! A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as ungrateful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

#### CHARACTER OF MAJOR ANDRE.

**T**HERE was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is

never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity; the clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andre's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit Andre, while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame that he once intended to prostitute a flag; about this a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

OUR WORLD.

I THINK I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of them all. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THE HERO.

THE true hero is the great, wise man of duty—the whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

But if bravery be not the same as courage, still it is a very imposing and plausible counterfeit. The man himself is told, after the occasion is past, how heroically he bore himself, and when once his nerves have become tranquillized, he begins even to believe it. And since we cannot stay content in the dull, uninspired world of economy and work, we are as ready to see a hero as he to be one. Nay, we must have our heroes, as I just said, and we are ready to harness ourselves, by the million, to any man who will let us fight him out the name. Thus we find out occasions

for war—wrongs to be redressed, revenges to be taken, such as we may feign inspiration and play the great heart under. We collect armies, and dress up leaders in gold and high colors, meaning, by the brave look, to inspire some notion of a hero beforehand. Then we set the men in phalanxes and squadrons, where the personality itself is taken away, and a vast impersonal person called an army, a magnanimous and brave monster, is all that remains. The masses of fierce color, the glitter of steel, the dancing plumes, the waving flags, the deep throb of the music lifting every foot—under these the living acres of men, possessed by the one thought of playing brave to-day, are rolled on to battle. Thunder, fire, dust, blood, groans—what of these?—nobody thinks of these, for nobody dares to think till the day is over, and then the world rejoices to behold a new batch of heroes. And this is the devil's play, that we call war.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

SELF-RELIANCE.

INSIST on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the emulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Sepulchre of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

APPEAL FOR QUEEN CAROLINE.

SUCH, my lords, is the case before you! such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to deprive of a civil right, ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence, scandalous, if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows, monstrous to ruin the honor and blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against a defenceless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause; I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall pass against the queen. But it will be the only judgment

you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it.

Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril. Reverse that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is in jeopardy, the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my lords, you have willed, the church to the queen, have willed that she should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplication to the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.

LORD BROUGHAM.

#### RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

**G**REAT was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy

plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World."

As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escort him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension, to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct.

The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

#### FUTILITY OF EFFORTS TO STAY REFORM.

**I**HAVE spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer, as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons—because I have not the slightest idea it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and a greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us, there are but two things certain in this world—death and taxes. As for

The possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrific storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with a mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

SYDNEY SMITH.

PLEA OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ, IN "BARDELL VERSUS PICKWICK."

My plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford. Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!" Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion—all was confidence and reliance.

"Mr. Bardell," said the widow; "Mr. Bardell was a man of honor—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to

a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villany. I say systematic villany, gentlemen, and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washer-woman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy; and shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley-tors or commonys* lately (both of which I understand to be species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression—"How would you like to have another father?"

CHARLES DICKENS.

## TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Stratford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as rarely has excited the fears or emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and every art. There were seated around the queen the fair-haired daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a Senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age.

The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, of the art of adapting his reason-

ings and his style to the capacity of his hearers; but in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern.

LORD MACAULAY.

## PERORATION IN THE ORATION AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

MY lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have feared no odium whatsoever in the long warfare we have carried on with the crimes—with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war, my lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought, at your lordship's bar, for the last seven years.

My lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions, that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanness of us will, by means of it, more or less, become the concern of posterity—if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity; but this is in the hand of the great Disposer of events; it is not ours to settle how it shall be. My lords, your house yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, it stands in the midst of ruins—in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed or shattered this globe of ours.

My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing and one thing only, which defies all mutation, that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself—I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but if you stand—and stand I trust you will—together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy—together with

the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.

EDMUND BURKE.

UNIVERSALITY OF CONSCIENCE.

THIS theology of conscience has been greatly obscured, but never, in any country, or at any period in the history of the world, has it been wholly obliterated. We behold the vestiges of it in the simple theology of the desert; and, perhaps, more distinctly there, than in the complex superstitions of an artificial and civilized heathenism. In confirmation of this, we might quote the invocations to the Great Spirit from the wilds of North America. But, indeed, in every quarter of the globe, where missionaries have held converse with savages, even with the rudest of nature's children—when speaking on the topics of sin and judgment, they did not speak to them in vocables unknown. And as this sense of a universal law and a Supreme Lawgiver never waned into total extinction among the tribes of ferocious and untamed wanderers—so neither was it altogether stifled by the refined and intricate polytheism of more enlightened nations. When the guilty Emperors of Rome were tempest-driven by remorse and fear, it was not that they trembled before a spectre of their own imagination. When terror mixed, which it often did, with the rage and cruelty of Nero, it was the theology of conscience which haunted him. It was not the suggestion of a capricious fancy which gave him the disturbance—but a voice issuing from the deep recesses of a moral nature, as stable and uniform throughout the species as is the material structure of humanity; and in the lineaments of which we may read that there is a moral regimen among men, and therefore a moral governor who hath instituted, and who presides over it. Therefore it was that these imperial despots, the worst and haughtiest of recorded monarchs, stood aghast at the spectacle of their own worthlessness.

This is not a local or a geographical notion. It is a universal feeling—to be found wherever men are found, because interwoven with the constitution of humanity. It is not, therefore, the peculiarity of one creed or of one country. It circulates at large throughout the family of man. We can trace it in the theology of savage life; nor is it wholly overborne by the artificial theology of a more complex and idolatrous paganism. Neither crime nor civilization can extinguish it; and, whether in the "conscientia scelerum" of the fierce and frenzied Catiline, or in the tranquil contemplative musings of Socrates and

Cicero, we find the impression of at once a righteous and reigning Sovereign.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

IT is asked, whether liberty has not gained much of late years, and whether the popular branch ought not therefore to be content? To this, I answer, that, if liberty has gained much, power has gained more. Power has been indefatigable, and unwearied in its encroachments; everything has run in that direction through the whole course of the present reign. Nothing, therefore, I say, has been gained to the people, whilst the constant current has run towards the crown; and God knows what is to be the consequence, both to the crown and the country. I believe we are come to the last moment of possible remedy. I believe that at this moment the enemies of both are few; but I firmly believe, that what has been seen in Ireland, will be experienced also here; and that, if we are to go in the same career with convention bills and acts of exasperation of all kinds, the few will soon become the many, and that we shall have to pay a severe retribution for our present pride.

What a noble lord said some time ago of France, may be applicable to this very subject. What, said he, negotiate with France? With men, whose hands are reeking with the blood of their sovereign? What, shall we degrade ourselves by going to Paris, and there asking in humble diplomatic language to be on good understanding with them? Gentlemen will remember these lofty words; and yet we have come to this humiliation; we have negotiated with France! and I shall not be surprised to see the noble lord himself going to Paris, not at the head of his regiment, but on a diplomatic commission to those very regicides, to pray to be on a good understanding with them. Shall we then be blind to the lessons, which the events of the world exhibit to our view? Pride, obstinacy, and insult, must end in concessions, and those concessions must be humble in proportion to our unbecoming pride.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

DEMAND FOR JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

I WILL never be guilty of the crime of despairing of my country; and to-day, after two centuries of suffering, here I stand amidst you in this hall, repeating the same complaints, demanding the same justice which was claimed by our fathers; but no longer with the humble voice of the suppliant, but with the sentiment of our force and the conviction that Ireland will henceforth find means to do, without you, what you shall have refused to do for her! I make no compromise with you; I want the same rights for us that you enjoy; the same municipal system for Ireland as for England and Scotland; otherwise, what is a union with you? A union upon parch-



ment! Well, we will tear this parchment to pieces, and the Empire will be sundered!

I hear, day after day, the plaintive voice of Ireland, crying, Am I to be kept forever waiting and forever suffering? No, fellow-countrymen, you will be left to suffer no longer: you will not have in vain asked justice from a people of brothers. England is no longer that country of prejudices where the mere name of popery excited every breast and impelled to iniquitous cruelties. The representatives of Ireland have carried the Reform bill, which has enlarged the franchises of the English people; they will be heard with favor in asking their colleagues to render justice to Ireland. But should it prove otherwise, should Parliament still continue deaf to our prayer, then we too should suffer itself to be blinded by its prejudices, we will enter the fastnesses of our mountains and take counsel but of our energy, our courage, and our despair.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

#### DEFENCE FROM THE CHARGE OF TYRANNY.

THEY call me a tyrant! If I were so, they would fall at my feet: I should have gorged them with gold, assured them of impunity to their crimes, and they would have worshipped me. Had I been so, the kings whom we have conquered would have been my most cordial supporters. It is by the aid of scoundrels you arrive at tyranny. Whither tend those who combat them? To the tomb and immortality! Who is the tyrant that protects me? What is the faction to which I belong? It is yourselves! What is the party which, since the commencement of the Revolution, has crushed all other factions—has annihilated so many specious traitors? It is yourselves; it is the people; it is the force of principles! This is the party to which I am devoted, and against which crime is everywhere leagued. I am ready to lay down my life without regret. I have seen the past: I foresee the future. What lover of his country would wish to live, when he can no longer see or oppress innocence? Why should he desire to remain in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth—where justice is deemed an imposture—where the vilest passions, the most ridiculous fears, fill every heart, instead of the sacred interests of humanity? Who can bear the punishment of seeing the horrible succession of traitors, more or less skilful in concealing their hideous vices under the mask of virtue, and who will leave to posterity the difficult task of determining which was the most atrocious?

In contemplating the multitude of vices which the Revolution has let loose pell-mell with the civic virtues, I own I sometimes fear that I myself shall be sullied in the eyes of posterity by their calumnies. But I am consoled by the reflection that, if I have

seen in history all the defenders of liberty overwhelmed by calumny, I have seen their oppressors die also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. No, Chatterette! "Death is *not* an eternal sleep!"—Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim, engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral pall over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence: write rather, "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible legacy, which well becomes the situation in which I am placed; it is the awful truth, "Thou shalt die!"

ROBESPIERRE.

#### THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

THE first thing that I came upon here was the great crater of the eruption of 1794—now dry and scorious, and black as a bosom in which sensual passion has burnt itself to exhaustion. Though crusted over and closed, it was steaming and smoking through sundry apertures. Traversing it, I arrived at the large crater of 1850—a still raw and open ulcer of earth. The wind was blowing from us, and the circumstances were favorable for viewing the cavity. It was filled with a dense volume of white gas, which was whirling and rapidly ascending; but the breeze occasionally drove it to the opposite side and disclosed the depths of the frightful chasm. It descended a prodigious distance, in the shape of an inverted, truncated cone, and then terminated in a circular opening.

The mysteries of the profound immensity beyond, no human eye might see, no human heart conceive. We hurled some stones into the gulf and listened till they struck below. The guide gravely assured me that ten minutes elapsed before the sound was heard; I found, by the watch, that the interval was, in reality, something over three-quarters of a minute;—and that seems almost incredibly long. When the vapor, at intervals, so far thinned away that one could see across, as through a vista, the opposite side of the crater, viewed athwart the mist, seemed several miles distant, though in fact but a few hundred feet. The interior of the shelving crater was entirely covered over with a bed of knob-like blossoms of brilliant white, yellow, green, red, brown—the sulphurous flowers of hell.

I cannot describe this spectacle, for, in impression and appearance, alike, it resembles nothing else that I have seen before or since. It was like death—which has no similitudes in life. It was like a vision of the second death. As the sun gleamed at times through the white breath that swayed and twisted about the maw of the accursed monstrosity, there seemed to be an activity in the vaulted depth; but it was the activity of shadows in the cone of nothingness. It seemed the emblem of destruction, itself, extinct. There was something about it revoltingly beautiful, disgustingly splendid. One while, its circling rim looked

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like the parched shore of the ever-absorbing and ever-empty sea of amihilation. Another while, it seemed like a fetid cancer on the breast of earth, destined one day to consume it. To me it was purely uncomfortable and wholly uninspiring. It seemed to freeze back fancy and sentiment to their sources. It was not terrible, it was merely horrible. It is a thing to see once, but I care not to see such a thing again in this world; and Jesus grant that I may see nothing like it in the next.

HORACE B. WALLACE.

ON THE FUNERAL OF HENRIETTA.

IT is not surprising that the memory of a great queen—the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs—should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed.

You will see in her single life the extremes of things: felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe—all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious—all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause attended at first with so much success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained, at length reigned triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands—usurpation and tyranny, under the name of liberty—a fugitive-queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea-voyages undertaken against her will by a queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously re-established.

Behold the lesson which God has given to kings! thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomp and grandeur. If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to private individuals to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—"Hear, O ye great of the earth! Take lesson, ye rulers of the world!"

SUET.

WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

I HAVE somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town, and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; but, wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their

faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they will take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and files piping their shrill defiance. They looked around for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons—the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends, it lies before you." "But is there nobody here to fight?" "No; we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for—a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight *with*, of course we cannot fight," said he: "it is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment, on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

JOHN DAVENPORT'S INFLUENCE UPON NEW HAVEN.

IF we of this city enjoy, in this respect, any peculiar privileges—if it is a privilege that any poor man here, with ordinary health in his family, and the ordinary blessing of God upon his industry, may give to his son, without sending him away from home, the best education which the country affords—if it is a privilege to us to live in a city in which learning, sound and thorough education, is, equally with commerce and the mechanic arts, a great public interest—if it is a privilege to us to record among our fellow-citizens some of the brightest names in the learning and science, not of our country only, but of the age, and to be conversant with such men, and subject to their constant influence in the various relations of society—if it is a privilege that our young mechanics, in their associations, can receive instruction in popular lectures from the most accomplished teachers—if, in a word, there is any privilege in having our home at one of the fountains of life for this vast confederacy—the privilege may be traced to the influence of John Davenport, to the peculiar character which he, more than any other man, gave to this community in its very beginning. Every one of us is daily enjoying the effects of his wisdom and public spirit. Thus he is to-day our benefactor; and thus he is to be the



benefactor of our posterity through ages to come. How aptly might that beautiful apostrophe of one of our poets have been addressed to him :—

"The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;  
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,  
Thy hands, unsparing and unweaned, sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with aparanthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal  
bowers."

LEONARD BACON.

## WRONGS OF IRELAND.

**H**EREAFTER, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop to declare, that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic traces of gratitude : they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury ; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people changed, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment : neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty ; I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of British chain clanking in his rags : he may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted : and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live : and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, shall not die with the prophet, but survive him.

HENRY GRATTAN.

## THE RURAL DISTRICTS OUR COUNTRY'S STRENGTH.

**T**HE importance of the progress and improvement of the country towns is plain, when we consider that here, and not in the great cities—New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia—are the hope, strength, and glory of our nation. Here, in the smaller towns and villages, are indeed the majority of the people, and here there is a weight of sober thought, just judgment, and virtuous feeling, that will serve as rudder and ballast to our country, whatever weather may betide.

As I have so recently travelled through some of the

finest and most renowned portions of the European continent, I find myself constantly comparing the towns and villages which I see here with those foreign lands. One thing is clear, that there are in continental Europe no such country towns and villages as those of New England and some other portions of this country. Not only the exterior but the interior is totally different. The villages there resemble the squalid suburbs of a city ; the people are like their houses—poor and subservient—narrow in intellect, feeling, and habits of thought. I know twenty towns in France, having from two to ten thousand inhabitants, where, if you except the prefects, mayors, notaries, and a few other persons in each place, there is scarcely a family that rises to the least independence of thought, or even a moderate elevation of character. All the power, all the thought, all the genius, all the expanse of intellect, are centered at Paris. The blood of the country is drawn to this seat and centre, leaving the limbs and members cold and pulseless as those of a corpse.

How different is it in this country ! The life, vigor, power of these United States are diffused through a thousand veins and arteries over the whole people, every limb nourished, every member invigorated ! New York, Philadelphia, and Boston do not give law to this country ; that comes from the people—the farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants—independent in their circumstances, and sober, religious, virtuous in their habits of thought and conduct. I make allowance for the sinister influence of vice which abounds in some places ; for the debasing effects of demagogism in our politicians ; for the corruption of selfish and degrading interests, cast into the general current of public feeling and opinion. I admit that these sometimes make the nation swerve, for a time, from the path of wisdom ; but the wandering is neither wide nor long. The preponderating national mind is just and sound, and, if danger comes, it will manifest its power and avert it.

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

## LIFE ON THE NILE.

The life thou seek'st  
Thou'lt find beside the eternal Nile.

MOORE'S ALCEPHON.

**T**HE Nile is the Paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveller's restless life could reach—enjoyment more varied and exciting, but far less serene and enduring, than that of a quiet home ; but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of nature. Every day opens with a jubilee, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a

the European comparing the which those foreign ere in continental villages as those ous of this the interior is resemble the e are like their ow in intellect, ow twenty towns, housand inhab- ects, mayors, ch place, there st independence ion of character. e genius, all the ris. The blood eat and centre, and pulseless as

The life, vigor, fused through a e whole people, er invigorated! do not give law the people—the merchants—in- sober, religions, and conduct. l ee of vice which basing effects of the corruption of into the general t. I admit that erve, for a time, he wandering is lating national ger comes, it will

L. G. GOODRICH.

LE.

Nile.  
MOORE'S ALCEPHON.

avel. I thought l the depths of ller's restless life re varied and ex- ing, than that of ed a fountain too I never before nce from all the ands, such perfect anlonment to the ay opens with a ving. If such a

balm and blessing as this life has been to me, thus far, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.

Other travellers undoubtedly make other experiences and take away other impressions. I can even conceive circumstances which would almost destroy the pleasure of the journey. The same exquisitely sensitive temperament, which in our case has not been disturbed by a single untoward incident, might easily be kept in a state of constant derangement by an unsympathetic companion, a cheating dragonman, or a fractious crew. There are also many trifling disagreements, inseparable from life in Egypt, which some would consider a source of annoyance; but, as we find fewer than we were prepared to meet, we are not troubled thereby.

Our manner of life is simple, and might even be called monotonous; but we have never found the greatest variety of landscape and incident so thoroughly enjoyable. The scenery of the Nile, thus far, scarcely changes from day to day, in its forms and colors, but only in their disposition with regard to each other. The shores are either palm-groves, fields of cane and dourra, young wheat, or patches of bare sand blown out from the desert. The villages are all the same agglomerations of mud walls, the tombs of the Moslem saints are the same white ovens, and every individual camel and buffalo resembles its neighbor in picturesque ugliness. The Arabian and Libyan Mountains, now sweeping so far into the foreground that their yellow cliffs overhang the Nile, now receding into the violet haze of the horizon, exhibit little difference of height, hue, or geological formation. Every new scene is the turn of a kaleidoseope, in which the same objects are grouped in other relations, yet always characterized by the most perfect harmony.

These slight yet ever-renewing changes are to us a source of endless delight. Either from the pure atmosphere, the healthy life we lead, or the accordant tone of our spirits, we find ourselves unusually sensitive to all the slightest touches, the most minute rays, of that grace and harmony which bathes every landscape in cloudless sunshine. The various groupings of the palms, the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain-walls, the green of the wheat and sugar-cane, the windings of the great river, the alternations of wind and calm—each of these is enough to content us, and to give every day a different charm from that which went before. We meet contrary winds, calms, and sand-bags, without losing our patience; and even our excitement in the swiftness and grace with which our vessel sends before the north wind is mingled with a regret that our journey is drawing so much the more swiftly to its close. A portion of the old Egyptian repose seems to be infused into our natures; and lately, when I saw my face in a mirror, I thought I perceived in its features something of the patience and resignation of the sphinx.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

OXFORD BOAT-RACE.

GOING into Christ Church Meadows, in company with several gownsmen, we soon joined a crowd of under-graduates and others who were seeking the banks of the Isis. The rival boats were still far up the stream; but here we found their flags displayed upon a staff, one above the other, in the order of their respective merit at the last rowing-match. The flag of Wadham waved triumphant, and the brilliant colors of Balliol, Christ Church, Exeter, etc., fluttered scarce less proudly underneath. What an animated scene those walks and banks exhibited, as the numbers thickened, and the flaunting robes of the young academics began to be seen in dingy contrast with the gayer silks and streamers of the fair! Even *toien*, as well as *goben*, had sent forth its representatives, and you would have said some mighty issue was about to be decided, had you heard their interchange of breathless query and reply.

A distant gun announced that the boats had started, and crowds began to gather about a bridge in the neighboring fields, where it was certain they would soon be seen, in all the speed and spirit of the contest. Crossing the little river in a *punt*, and yielding to the enthusiasm which now filled the hearts and faces of all spectators, away I flew towards the bridge, and had scarcely gained it when the boats appeared—Wadham still ahead, but hotly pressed by Balliol, which in turn was closely followed by the crews of divers other colleges, all pulling for dear life, while their friends, on either bank, ran at their side, shouting the most inspiring outcries! The boats were of the sharpest and narrowest possible build, with out-rigged thole-pins for the oars. The rowers, in proper boat-dress, or rather undress (close-fitting flannel shirt and drawers), were lashing the water with inimitable strokes, and "putting their back" into their sport, as if every man was indeed determined to do his duty. "Now, Wadham!" "Now, Balliol!" "Well pulled, Christ Church!" with deafening hurrahs and occasional peals of laughter, made the welkin ring again.

I found myself running and shouting with the merriest of them. Several boats were but a few feet apart, and, stroke after stroke, not one gained upon another perceptibly. Where there was the least gain, it was astonishing to see the pluck with which both winner and loser seemed to start afresh; while redoubled cries of "Now for it, Merton!" "Well done, Corpus!" and even "Go it, again!"—which I had supposed an Americanism—were vociferated from the banks. All at once—"a bump!" and the defeated boat fell aside, while the victors pressed on amid roars of applause. The chief interest, however, was, of course, concentrated about "Wadham," the leader, now evidently gained upon by "Balliol." It was indeed most exciting to watch the half-meh losses which the former was experiencing at every stroke. The goal was near; but the plucky Balliol crew was not

to be distanced. A stroke or two of fresh animation and energy sends their low arm's-length forward. "Hurrah, Balliol!"—"Once more!"—"A bump!"—"Hurrah-ah-ah!"—and a general cheer from all lungs, with hands waving and caps tossing, and everything betokening the wildest excitement of spirits, closed the contest; while amid the uproar the string of flags came down from the tall staff, and soon went up again, with several transpositions of the showy colors—Wadham's little steamer now fluttering *paucho-post*, but victorious Balliol flapping proudly over all. It was growing dark; and it was surprising how speedily the crowd dispersed, and how soon all that frenzy of excitement had vanished like the bubbles on the river.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

#### VIRTUE ALONE BEAUTIFUL.

"HANDSOME is that handsome does—hold up your hands, girls," is the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right.

Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubuſe's Eve, or that statue of Venus which enchants the world, could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good-looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of those around you, and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words or admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is given you on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

"Hold up your heads, girls;" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kind and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick Park seemed the dark maids of Sigo, as they sung their low and simple songs of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn." Oh! talk as you may of beauty, as a thing to be chiselled upon marble or wrought on canvas—speculate as you may upon its colors and outline—what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty

of another kind—looking through outward environments, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections—mitigating the awe and the mystery of the mother's miraculous allotment with the inexpressible love, the unutterable tenderness, of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's sweetest and holiest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven—how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.

I KNOW it is said that it is impossible to civilize Africa. Why? Why is it impossible to civilize men in one part of the earth more than in another?

Consult history. Was Italy, was Greece, the cradle of civilization? No. As far back as the lights of tradition reach, Africa was the cradle of science, while Syria, and Greece, and Italy were yet covered with darkness. As far back as we can trace the first rudiments of improvement, they come from the very head waters of the Nile, far in the interior of Africa; and there are yet to be found, in shapeless ruins, the monuments of this primeval civilization. To come down to a much later period, while the West and South of Europe were yet barbarous, the Mediterranean coast of Africa was filled with cities, academies, museums, churches, and a highly cultivated population.

What has raised the Gaul, the Belgium, the Germany, the Scandinavia, the Britain of ancient geography to their present improved and improving condition? Africa is not now sunk lower than most of those countries were eighteen centuries ago; and the engines of social influence are increased a thousandfold in numbers and efficacy. It is not eighteen hundred years since Scotland, whose metropolis has been called the Athens of modern Europe, the country of Hume, of Smith, of Robertson, of Blair, of Stewart, of Brown, of Jeffrey, of Chalmers, of Scott, of Brougham, was a wilderness, infested by painted savages. It is not a thousand years since the north of Germany, now filled with beautiful cities, learned universities, and the best educated population in the world, was a dreary, pathless forest. Am I told that the work we have in hand is too great to be done? Too great, I ask, to be done *when*? too great to be done by *whom*? Too great, I admit, to be done at once; too great to be done by this society; too great to be done by this generation, perhaps; but not too great to be done. Nothing is too great to be done, which is founded on truth and justice, and which is

pursued with the meek and gentle spirit of Christian love.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

EXECUTIVE clemency, on its frequency, has been a temptation to dishonesty. Who will fear to be a culprit when a legal sentence is the argument of mercy, and the prelude of pardon? What can the community expect but growing dishonesty, when juries connive at acquittals, and judges condemn only to petition a pardon; when honest men and officers fly before a mob; when jails are besieged and threatened, if felons are not relinquished; when the executive, consulting the spirit of the community, receives the demands of the mob, and humbly complies, throwing down the fences of the law, that base rioters may walk unimpeded, to their work of vengeance, or unjust mercy? A sickly sentimentality too often enervates the administration of justice; and the pardoning power becomes the master-key to let out unwashed, unrepentent criminals. They have fleeced us, robbed us, and are ulcerous sores in the body politic; yet our heart turns to water over their merited punishment.

A fine young fellow, by accident, writes another's name for his own; by a mistake equally unfortunate, he presents it at the bank; innocently draws out the large amount; generously spends a part, and absent-mindedly hides the rest. Hard-hearted wretches they are, who would punish him for this! Young men, admiring the neatness of the affair, pity his misfortune, and curse a stupid jury that knew no better than to send to a penitentiary, him, whose skill deserved a cashiership. He goes to his cell, the pity of a whole metropolis. Bulletins from Sing-Sing inform us daily what he is doing, as if he were Napoleon at St. Helena. At length pardoned, he goes forth again to a renowned liberty!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DANGER OF MILITARY SUPREMACY.

RECALL to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,

The school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian, if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, "No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be

eternal." If a Roman citizen had been asked, if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country!

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the west, to enlighten and animate, and gladden the human heart. Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust, by trampling, or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

HENRY CLAY.

INJUSTICE THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL RUIN.

DO you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states eat up the little; as with fish, so with nations. Aye, but how do the great states come to an end? By their own injustice, and no other cause. Come with me, my friends, come with me into the Inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevite dove upon thy emerald crown. What hid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground." Oh queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who trodest the people under thee, bridged the Hellespont with ships, and pourest thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds!" Thou, unsexlike, Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy

sweet witchery, speaking in art, and most seductive song, why liest thou there with the beauteous yet dishonoured brow, reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the levelness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than *Latin speech*. But the beauty of justice, the *loyalties of law*, I trod them down to earth! Lo, therefore, have I become as those Barbarian states—as one of them!"

Oh manly, majestic Rome, thy seven-fold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low; for thy Great Book of Law is *displaced* with these words, Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his Right!" "It was not the saint's ideal, it was the hypocrite's pretence! I made iniquity my law, I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces—where thou *whispered* the fox and hear the owl—it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet councillors—the flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see."

THEODORE PARKER.

## THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THE interposition of Divine Providence was eminently conspicuous, in the first general Congress; what men, what patriots, what independent, heroic spirits! chosen by the unbiassed voice of the people; chosen as all public servants ought to be, without favor and without fear; what an august assembly of sages! Rome in the height of her glory, fades before it. There never was in any age, or nation, a body of men who for general information, for the judicious use of the results of civil and political history, for eloquence and virtue for true dignity, elevation and grandeur of soul, that could stand a comparison with the first American Congress! See what the people will do when left to themselves; to their unbiassed good sense, and to their true interests! The ferocious Gaul would have dropped his sword at the hall-door, and would have fled thunderstruck as from an assembly of gods! Whom do I behold? a Hancock, a Jefferson, an Adams, a Henry, a Lee, a Rutledge!—Glory to their immortal spirits! On you depend the destinies of your country; the fate of three millions of men; and of the countless millions of their posterity! Shall these be slaves, or will you make a noble stand for liberty, against a power whose triumphs are already co-extensive with the earth; whose legions trample on thrones and sceptres; whose thunders bellow on every ocean? How tremendous the occasion! How vast the responsibility! The President and all

the members of this august assembly take their seats. Every countenance tells the mighty struggle within. Every tongue is silent. It is a pause in nature, that solemn, awful stillness, which precedes the earthquake and tornado.

At length Demosthenes arises; he only is adequate to the great occasion, the Virginian Demosthenes, the mighty Henry! What dignity! What majesty! Every eye fastens upon him. Firm, erect, undaunted, he rolls on the mighty torrent of his eloquence. What a picture does he draw of the horrors of servitude, and the charms of freedom! At once he gives the full rein to all his gigantic powers, and pours his own heroic spirit into the minds of his auditors; they become as one man, actuated by one soul—and the universal shout is, "Liberty or Death!" This single speech of this illustrious man gave an impulse, which probably decided the fate of America. His eloquence seized and moved the assembled sages; as the descending *hurricane*, bursting in thunder, rending the forest, and shaking the mountains. God bestows on nations no greater gift than great and good men, endowed with the high and commanding powers of eloquence. Such a man as Patrick Henry may, on some great occasion, when the happiness or misery of millions depends on a single decision, render more important service to a nation than all the generations of a century.

J. MAXEY.

## INVECTIVE AGAINST ÆSCHINES.

TAKE then the whole course of your life, Æschines, and of mine; compare them without heat or acrimony. You taught writing, I learned it: you were an instructor, I was the instructed; you danced at the games, I presided over them; you wrote as a clerk, I pleaded as an advocate; you were an actor in the theatres, I a spectator; you broke down, I lissed; you ever took counsel for our enemies, I for our country. In fine, now on this day the point at issue is—Am I, yet unstained in character, worthy of a crown? while to you is reserved the lot of a calumniator, and you are in danger of being silenced by not having obtained a fifth part of the votes.

I have not fortified the city with stone, nor adorned it with tiles, neither do I take any credit for such things. But if you would behold my works aright, you will find arms, and cities, and stations, and harbors, and ships, and horses, and those who are to make use of them in our defense. This is the rampart I have raised for Attica, as much as human wisdom could effect; with these I fortified, not the Piræus and the city only, but the whole country. I never sank before the arms or cunning of Philip. No! it was by the supineness of your own generals and allies that he triumphed.

DEMOSTHENES.

... take their seats.  
... struggle within.  
... se in nature, that  
... es the earthquake

... only is adequate  
Demosthenes, the  
... at majesty! Every  
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... all the generations

J. MAXEY.

#### ESCHINES.

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... your own generals



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## STANDARD RULES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE

FAVORITE SONGS, POPULAR MELODIES, CHOICE INSTRUMENTAL PIECES, ETC.

CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM THE BEST WORKS OF AMERICAN, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, GERMAN AND ITALIAN COMPOSERS

—FORMING—

## \*A Rich Treasury of Song for the Home\*

*Like the gale that sighs along  
Beds of oriental flowers,  
Is the grateful breath of song,  
That once was heard in happier hours;  
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,  
Though the flowers have sunk in death;  
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in Music's breath."*

—THOMAS MOORE.

There are few persons who cannot appreciate the force and beauty of the saying that music is the speech of angels.—WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.





## HOW TO SING.

**I**F I desire to preface our selections for the lover of music with some brief remarks about how to sing, which will aid in acquiring some degree of perfection in the art. The singer must combine the arts of the musician, the public speaker, and, to a certain extent, the actor. Clearness of pronunciation and correctness of emphasis are included in the range of his study. Nor are these so easy of acquirement as many persons suppose. To a novice, the almost inevitable nervousness inseparable from the prominent position which a solo singer necessarily holds in the company, or before the audience to which he is singing, is very apt to render the enunciation less distinct and more rapid than is natural to him. His ear guides him less safely; and, in fact, every sense, influenced by the abnormal state of his nerves, is apt to play him more or less false. It is only by having carefully studied and mastered every detail of manner, posture, and speech, as well as of the music to be performed, that a singer can rise superior to the treachery of his nerves, in whatever form that treachery may show itself.

**Nervousness.**—A few words as to nervousness. You will often hear persons boast that they are not the least nervous in public; and, perhaps, will feel inclined to envy them. Get rid of any such notion at once. If by "nervous" is meant "fright-

ened," that is another thing altogether; and it is perfectly true that there are hundreds of persons who are not in the least afraid of appearing in public, nor affected by timidity when so appearing. But fear is only one form of nervousness. I firmly believe that it is impossible for a real artist ever to appear in public without being nervous. But the nerves act in many ways: the fervor of an eloquent speaker carried away by his subject; the "abandon" of a fine actor thoroughly entering into his part and identifying himself with it; the sustained energy of a declamatory singer; the faultless and unerring agility of a florid *soprano*, who astonishes her hearers by wonder on wonder of execution—all these things are due, in their subtle charm, to nervousness—*i. e.*, to delicate nervous organization in active play. These artists are not frightened, it is true, but excited, stimulated, roused from the normal state of eating, walking, and sleeping; something of the spiritual kindles the mere physical forces in them—some breath of inspiration sustains that living power which so influences the hearers. In some way or other every great artist is always nervous; were it not so, the essence of their power would vanish. Persons of cold and phlegmatic temperament lack the very life-breath of art; and, though they may train themselves into fair imitations of some great artists, they will generally be detected

in case, by any hearer of true sensibility, as imitations, not the real thing. Therefore do not be ashamed to admit that you are nervous, if it be so. Nerves are a cruel master, but a splendid servant; instead of letting them overcome you, force them to do your bidding; and instead of "nervousness" meaning "fear," you will find that it means courage and power to do your best.

**Pronunciation.**—Study correctness of pronunciation and propriety of emphasis quite apart from singing. Remember that in speaking or singing in a large space and to a number of persons, every sound must have not only additional force, but additional volume. And that comes to mean that every vowel-sound in the words sung must be intensified, and every consonant be delivered with more accuracy than is necessary in ordinary speaking. If you were to pronounce the syllable "die" (for instance), in singing, *exactly* as you do in speaking, you would produce on the notes or note to which that word belonged a thinness of tone which would be very ugly, and probably would not "carry" far. And the same with any vowel-sound—even "Ah," or "Oh,"—which, though not producing a thin tone, would certainly produce a coarse one, if sung exactly as spoken in ordinary conversation.

**Vowel-Sounds.**—The reason of the need of this slight change is as follows. Every vowel-sound, like every musical sound (for vowel-sounds are nothing less than musical sounds), is composed of *two* sounds. Combined with the prominent and chief sound which first attracts the ear is a second, which, though not prominent, lends point and force to the other. Thus our English vowel-sound "A" is really *Eh-è*; "E" is *E-è*; "I" is *Ah-è*; "O" is *O-oo*, or even *Aw-oo*; "U" is *Ec-oo*. Of course I do not mean to say that those absurd-looking syl-

lables really express exactly the sounds which we produce in speaking the vowels, for no combination of letters can do that, or can bring within reach of the eye the subtleties of sound in human speech; but if you attempt to pronounce those syllables, you will find that you are really pronouncing the vowels from which I "translated" them.

Now, in conversation or rapid speaking, the subordinate sound of the vowel is scarcely noticeable, while the more prominent sound is heard for the short interval of time required. But in singing or public speaking, where the production of tone is more deliberate, the space to be filled with sound larger, or, in other words, the column of air to be set vibrating is greater and heavier, the *complex* sound of the vowel must not be ignored. It is impossible to lay down any set of rules by which the student may overcome this difficulty; but every one, by bearing in mind the absolute necessity of attention to this point, may easily accustom himself to the slight change of pronunciation (as it will at first appear) which is required to give vowel-sounds when sung, or spoken "*ore rotundo*," the same tone, to the hearer's ear, as they have in ordinary speaking. As a general rule this is done by keeping the throat more open, the larynx (or "Adam's apple") as low down as possible, and the root of the tongue flat, depressed, even hollowed like the bowl of a spoon. The truth of all this may easily be tested by singing any short passage deliberately and distinctly, with the exact pronunciation of ordinary speaking, and then repeating it with attention to the above hints. In the first instance the result will be meagre, hard to be heard at a moderate distance, and very likely extremely ludicrous to the hearer. In the second, you will find that the tone of the notes gains in roundness and fulness, while

the words are clearly heard in every part of the room with the exact effect belonging to them. I purposely refrain from attempting to write down the difference discernible in any words so sung, because, as I have already said, *letters* cannot accurately express distinctions so delicate, yet so all-important to the singer, speaker and hearer.

**Consonants.**—In pronouncing consonants, be careful to give each its due value, but without exaggeration. Be especially particular to sound the *last* letter of each word distinctly. But take care to avoid adding a slight sound (as of an *e* mute) after the final letter: for instance, do not say "When other-*e* lips," etc., or "bright-*e* days," and so on. Do not over-aspirate the letter "*H*," "*N*," "*L*," "*M*," "*B*," "*P*," and "*V*" are all letters requiring care in firm pronunciation.

Avoid prefixing a slight sound of "*V*" to the first word of a song or passage in singing. It is a common trick with beginners to do this, and they frequently do it without being in the least conscious of it. It is produced by a kind of nervous feeling of the teeth with the tongue, as if to make sure that all is right for the start! I have heard an aspiring youth actually begin a well-known song thus: "*Nwaft her Rangels Nthrough the sky*," etc.

**English Words.**—The English language is not the most suitable one under the sun for singing purposes; nevertheless, it is not nearly so intolerable and unfavorable an one as it is the fashion to make out. The grand old Scripture passages which Handel, Mendelssohn, and others have set to music testify to this. Yet musical care *is* needed when singing English words, and especially in pronouncing the "sibilants," as *S*, etc. These "sibilants" must never be enunciated rapidly, or their ill effects will soon be found in a series of *hissings*. Let it be your study, then, to avoid this ill

effect in singing English words, and to utter such sounds slowly and carefully, with the endeavor to produce a soft and agreeable effect; for it is, indeed, unpardonable to hear an English singer unable to render perfectly the words (if not the music) of his native country's songs and ballads.

**Emphasis.**—Having accustomed yourself to carefulness over each letter in your pronunciation, the next thing is to study correctness of emphasis, etc. All this is apart from the strictly musical portion of your studies, and, while you can work at this without music, you will certainly spoil the effect of your singing (however good your voice and voice production may be), unless you do so study your "words." I should recommend you to practise reading aloud for not less than a quarter of an hour at a time, say once a day. Read *standing*; place your book on a desk, on a level with your eyes, and speak out deliberately, and with full tone of voice, and as much variety of intonation as the matter read requires. Shakespeare is your best author for this study. You will feel at first as if you were doing a very absurd thing, but never mind that—do it, and do it as well and as carefully as you can.

**Position of the Lips.**—In speaking and reading aloud during your preliminary training for singing, be very careful that there be no change in the aperture of the mouth or position of the lips while uttering any one sound, however prolonged. If the lips move from their first position, however slightly, the tone immediately changes, and the pronunciation ceases to be pure and refined.

**Study of Words.**—The words of a song are as much worthy of the singer's study as the music; that is, if the song is worth singing at all. I do not mean to say that in themselves they must necessarily be of

equal merit, but that they require as much attention on the part of the singer to bring out their meaning. Study the text, therefore, apart from the music. Read the words aloud deliberately; master the sentiment of them, and note the prominent words and phrases, so as to be able to give them their due value when you have to combine them with the music. Avoid giving prominence to such words as "of," "for," "the," "and," "in," etc., etc., but yet let each be distinctly pronounced, and not slurred over in an indefinite murmur. Learn the words of your song by memory. Master the text, and consider the whole from an elocutionist's point of view before you attack the musical side of the matter. A singer when singing in public should not be troubled with his words and music too.

#### VOICES AND THEIR VARIOUS QUALITIES.

THE life of the singing voice is so comparatively short, that the study of singing is rendered more difficult than that of any other art. You may buy a violin or a pianoforte, ready-made and perfect, in your childhood, and nothing remains for you but to study the instrument diligently under a good master. But the vocal instrument cannot be said to exist at all, for purposes of singing study, before the age of eighteen or twenty in males, and (in our climate) sixteen in females. Even at those ages the organ is necessarily immature and undeveloped. Consequently the study of the art has to be carried on during the progress of the instrument to maturity.

To counterbalance this disadvantage, however, we must bear in mind that that very study materially helps to perfect the instrument. Singing is by no means all "style," and the study of it includes the

formation of the voice and production of a good tone, and it is, of course, easier to manipulate an unfinished article than a finished one—to educate youth and suppleness than to bring maturity and stiffness into subjection to new conditions.

Therefore begin your study in the youth of your voice; but recollecting that its life is the most short-lived of your faculties, let your study be most earnest and painstaking. Especially if singing is to be your profession, act upon the wise advice of Dr. Burney, and "Never go to bed till you have learned something which you did not know the previous night."

**Voices.**—"What is your voice?" is a very common question, sometimes expressed in the rather less polite but more intelligent form, "What do you call your voice?" The answer almost invariably is either "Soprano," "Contralto," "Tenor," "Bass," or "Barytone." Here is a warning for you at starting. Do not limit your notions of what voices are to those four or five generic names. Because choral music is generally written in four parts, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, the non-musical public, and a great many musical people (some composers included) seem to think that those names are an inclusive description of every human voice.

This would be of very little consequence if it were only a question of names; but it is of no use to say "What is in a name?" if the result of a wrong name is to lead to mischief. The misfortune of wrongly naming your voice is that it will lead you to practise wrongly, and to choose the wrong style of music for study and performance. For instance, a young lady may call herself a *soprano* because she can "sing up to C," and may therefore fancy that the whole repertoire of a Tietjens or a Clara Novello is within her reach; and acting on this notion, she may fatally dam-

age a naturally bright and pleasing voice by giving it work to do which belongs of right to a voice of totally different calibre, the *mezzo-soprano*.

**Naming the Voice.**—Remember always that the character of a voice is determined not by compass or range of notes, but by quality, or body and *timbre*, of tone. Two ladies may have voices ranging from A to A—two octaves—and yet one might be a pure light soprano, and the other a genuine contralto; while in length of compass a mezzo-soprano may even beat them both. And so with male voices (the variety in which is even greater than in female), you may have a voice of pure tenor quality, and yet of such limited compass that your energetic barytone friend next door may make your life miserable with jealousy of the ease with which he bellows high Gs, G sharps, and even on great occasions an A or so.

But compass has nothing whatever to do with the name of the voice: it may limit the quantity of music which can be performed, but it should have no influence on the choice of the style of music to be studied. This is a point of the greatest importance, therefore I repeat it briefly once more—*Your voice must be described and used with reference to its quality, or volume and timbre, and not with reference to the number of notes which you can sing.*

**Male and Female Voices.**—The actual varieties in tone and quality in different voices cannot, of course, be expressed on paper; but a careful use of your ears in listening to good public singers will soon teach you to discriminate. Female voices are of at least four kinds: soprano, mezzo-soprano, mezzo-contralto, and contralto. Male are of five or six, or even more. Alto; tenore-leggiero or light tenor; tenore-robusto or strong heavy-voiced ten-

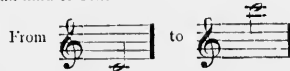
or; barytone—basso-cantante (erroneously identified with the barytone by some persons); basso-profondo or bass.

Besides all these divisions or species, voices must be again classed according to their power. Any one who has ever heard an opera singer in a moderate-sized private drawing-room, will readily appreciate the difference between a *voce di camera*, or "chamber voice," and a *voce di teatro*.

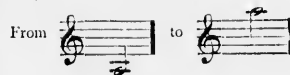
**Compass.**—The respective compasses of the several voices may be roughly set down as follows, but it should be borne in mind that it is by no means a matter of course that a singer of any particular voice should possess or cultivate the whole range of notes supposed to belong to that voice. He or she may be none the less a tenor or a soprano because the one cannot produce an "*Ut de poitrine*," or the other "*F in Alt*." There is a special individuality in every voice, as in every face, and therefore every voice must be treated, by a good teacher, on its own merits, as a thing in some respects unique.

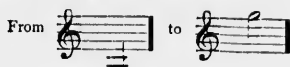
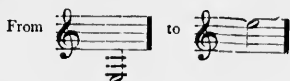
Perhaps it will be best, therefore, instead of saying that the compass of any given kind of voice is from — to —, to say that music for such and such a voice is generally written between such and such limits. The range allotted by composers to the various voices is about two octaves to each—for solo work, of course—and is as follows, it being understood that the male voices are an octave lower in pitch than the female:—

*Soprano*, and *Tenore-Leggiero*, and in operatic music a certain kind of *Tenore-Robusto*—



*Mezzo-Soprano* and *Tenore-Robusto*—



*Memo-Contralto and Barytone—**Contralto and Bass—*

The basso-cantante is a low barytone, or high bass with a lighter quality of tone than the basso-profondo. The alto voice, or counter-tenor as it used to be called, is not a natural voice at all, but is artificially produced by training the *falsetto* to the exclusion of the other parts of the voice. It is totally distinct from the contralto voice of a female, in quality, average compass, and the style of music best suited to it. It is of more use in part-singing and cathedral music than for solo work, although in some oratorios solo parts have been allotted to it. It is rarely pleasing when heard alone, for very few alto singers are able to avoid the appearance of singing with effort; and the whole performance, except in some instances, appears unnatural and forced. The alto voice ranges generally



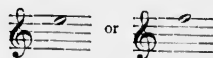
but its best notes are confined to the octave of B flat.

**Soprano.**—The soprano is generally clear, bright, and penetrating in tone; capable, if rightly produced, of "carrying" far without any appearance of force or effort. Its lower register is often weak and ineffective, and the forcing of those notes by a bad singer often damages the voice, and spoils the evenness of tone, which is of far more importance than power and noise in singing. Low notes, even if naturally weak, may be trained to take their

proper share of the work of the voice, and every year will add to their natural power. Most soprano voices have a "break" on



and another, and more difficult one to deal with, on



The lower notes are the (so-called) "chest" register; the middle ones, between the breaks, the "falsetto," and the upper ones the "head" notes. I shall speak of these often-used and frequently-misapplied words presently; I merely mention them now for the sake of pointing out to soprani, what many young lady amateurs utterly ignore, that they have these "breaks," and possess "chest," "falsetto," and "head" notes, as well as male singers.

Soprano voices are frequently capable of great flexibility, and passages are easy to them which tax the powers even of a light mezzo-soprano severely. The high notes, especially, are in many cases easily produced in a staccato manner, like notes of a piccolo flute, and an effect is thus made, which, though pretty and pleasing if judiciously employed, becomes a great snare to many singers, who, for the sake of astonishing their audience, work the upper part of their voices unfairly, and, neglecting steady use and practice of the lower registers, will very soon find that they have weakened the power and thinned the tone of the whole voice.

But there are many voices of pure soprano tone which lack this flexibility: let the fair owners console themselves with the recollection that good *sostenuto* singing is quite as pleasing, in the long run, as displays of vocal gymnastics. You may not be

able to attempt the "*Dinorah*" Shadow Song, or the "Rejoice Greatly" in the "*Messiah*," but you will find that you have plenty of good work left for you in such music as "Dove Sono," "Deh vieni, non tardar" ("*Figaro*") or "Jerusalem" ("*S. Paul*").

Moreover, you may possibly have what is a much rarer gift (in a pure soprano) than flexibility—you may have a tone of voice capable of executing declamatory music with fine effect. Music of this kind is generally appropriated by some mezzo-soprano of high compass, and more properly belongs to voices of that class; nevertheless, the effect of sustained declamatory music, well executed by a real soprano, is unrivalled in its way.

**Mezzo-Soprano.**—The mezzo-soprano voice is perhaps the commonest of all female voices, and yet one of the rarest met with in perfection. It is fuller and rounder in quality than the soprano—less flexible, and more adapted to a *sostenuto* or declamatory style. Mezzo-soprano voices vary so much that it is difficult to name any note on which the "break" will be found. Sometimes it is on the same notes as a soprano—sometimes on the same as a contralto—on the average, perhaps, nearer the former. Wherever it may be, however, a judicious teacher will soon point it out, and put the student into the way of rightly treating it. Teaching, and good teaching, is especially necessary for voices of this class, or their fortunate possessors are generally ignorant of the value of the treasure which they possess in a good mezzo-soprano; and if it be of light quality, they fancy themselves sopranos, and force the upper register of the voice in trying to "stretch their compass;" or if their low notes develop first, they think that "with practice" they are to be contraltos; and by over-exercise and fondness for dis-

playing those deep notes, they run the risk of widening the break and rendering the quality of the whole voice hopelessly uneven.

What lies within the sphere of a good mezzo-soprano has been shown in late years by a Grisi and a Tietjens, the latter of whom will live in the recollection of all who ever heard her as the perfect model for every mezzo-soprano in the production of the pure tone and even quality.

**Mezzo-Contralto.**—The name mezzo-contralto speaks for itself. It is by no means an uncommon voice, and if used with discrimination is an effective and useful one. Both in compass and quality it lies between the contralto and the mezzo-soprano. Heavier in tone, less resonant, and less flexible than the mezzo-soprano, it is yet lighter than the contralto. Pure contralto voices are so rare that many mezzo-contralto singers appear as exponents of contralto music, and by paying chief attention to the lower register of their voices they become fair imitations, and more than passable substitutes, for the real article. The possessor of this voice must be guided by the advice of a good teacher as to the direction in which her voice should be trained. Sometimes the natural quality of the voice renders it advisable to attempt rivalry with the mezzo-soprano, rather than with the contralto; sometimes the reverse. It is a question for decision by a competent adviser in each individual case, and therefore I shall not attempt to lay down any decided rule, except my oft-repeated one, "GO TO A MASTER, AND A FIRST-RATE ONE"—a point on which I shall have more to say further on. How impossible it is to lay down rules for a mezzo-contralto is shown by the fact that an eminent living "mezzo-contralto" is gladly accepted on our opera stage as a leading contralto, and yet succeeds admirably in such a part as Rossini wrote



for a mezzo-soprano of the most florid kind—*Rosina* in "*Il Barbieri*."

**Contralto.**—The quality of a true contralto voice is so peculiar that it is impossible to mistake it for any other voice, although other voices may be mistaken for it. Of course there are exceptional cases in which the contralto and mezzo-contralto are combined in one voice: the lower range being of full and pure contralto quality, while instead of the somewhat limited upper notes of the contralto a rich mezzo-contralto range of notes may develop themselves; and in such a case careful training will be able to soften these two into each other, so that a complete voice of peculiar charm and great usefulness will result. But such cases, if not rare, are certainly the exception and not the rule, the deep and powerfully resonant tone of the true contralto being comparatively seldom met with. There is generally an awkward break between the low B and the D above it in this voice, and E<sup>b</sup> or E are the highest notes within reach of the average contralto. Voices of this class are better adapted for a species of ballads, for solemn declamation, or music of a calm and flowing character, than for elaborate execution or lively melodies. But here again exceptions must be made in favor of those who have the physical means, as well as the artistic skill, to study such music as that of the *Page* in "*Les Huguenots*," *Arsace* in "*Semiramide*," or "*La Cenerentola*." For an average English contralto, however, the best line of study is in good songs and ballads, and, chief of all, oratorio music.

**Alto.**—The alto, or counter-tenor voice, is said by a well-known English alto singer to be "simply a development of the *falsetto*—generally the *falsetto* of an inferior bass voice." It is said to be almost peculiar to English singers, and to that fact is ascribed its extensive and effective use in

the fine works of the English Cathedral School of composers. Of course, in a voice which is so artificial, there must be expected a worse "break" than usual—the break in this case being the point below which the falsetto cannot be extended, and where the natural "chest" quality of tone has to be used. This break generally lies near the same place as the contralto break—if anything, rather higher—say between C and E in the middle of the voice. The effective notes of an alto usually lie in the octave of B or B<sup>b</sup>, and the repertoire of music for which this voice is suited is comparatively limited. That repertoire, however, includes the greater number of oratorios, a good deal of fine old Italian music, and a few old English songs; while a singer of cleverness and cultivation will find many ballads which he may make his own by the help of transposition and style of delivery.

Great pains must be taken by the possessor of an alto voice in the formation and production of a good tone. The voice must be made to sound as *natural* as possible; and, if necessary, power must unhesitatingly be sacrificed to sweetness. There is great danger of producing a harsh, reedy, or nasal tone, which, to the hearer, is simply distressing or offensive.

Above all, let him be content to develop his own means, and to keep to music suited to or written for his voice. A good alto will make no effect, and will do his voice and style harm, if he "poaches on the preserves" of other voices—tenors, for instance, or basses—(singing the songs of the latter an octave higher). I once heard an alto—a fair singer so long as he stuck to his own work—make an absurd exhibition of himself by attempting the great song "Love Sounds the Alarm," in "*Acis and Galatea*," at a public concert.

Let him also beware of the snare of contralto music. The alto in a man is to



tally distinct from the contralto in a woman. The tone is utterly different—the best notes of the one are certainly not the best notes of the other; and although in certain cases a contralto may sing with good effect music written for a male alto (*c. g.* in some oratorios), yet the converse is scarcely ever true. The low notes, which are so fine in a contralto, and so unlike any other tone except perhaps a few notes of some tenors, are utterly wanting in charm, and generally in power, in a male alto; while the sweet and ringing middle notes of the latter are far more effective in alto music than the (frequently) weak and uncertain middle notes of a contralto. Choose your music as you name your voice, by the quality of tone you can produce, and not by the range of notes.

**Tenore-Leggiero.**—The *tenore-leggiero*, or "light tenor," is the male voice corresponding to the female soprano; it is perhaps the most delicate and difficult to manage of all human voices. In the present day, when fashion is all in favor of noise, it is difficult for any but the strong-minded to stand firm against the tendency to shout and bawl, which appears to be the highest aim of many singers, and the highest admiration of most audiences. Now for a light tenor to attempt this style of singing is simply suggestive of the old fable of the frog who tried to make himself as big as the bull, and burst in the attempt. There is a modern school of singing, which, though it may be suitable enough for heavy voices such as basses and robust tenors, is fatal to light and delicate voices. The style of singing, and of music to be sung, by this voice, is quite different from that appropriate to strong and full organs; and, if you are the possessor of a light tenor, you must at once rid yourself of the common amateur fancy (a fancy, too, by no means confined to amateurs) that you must

imitate a certain ever-popular living tenor, whose name has passed almost into a proverb as typical of the perfection of English singing. You *cannot* be a "Reeves" or a "Braham," therefore it is only waste of time and strength for you to try. But there is a great deal of music which neither a "Reeves" nor a "Braham" could sing, which is well within your reach; and more than that, there is a great deal of excellent music which, though you cannot sing it *like* them, you may render very effective in a totally different style. Very often a *pianissimo* is quite as expressive as a *fortissimo*, and grace and sweetness are frequently an excellent substitute for power and force. You must be content to recognize that the latter are out of your reach, and that the effects which you can produce are to be attained by other means.

However, while assuring you that power and force are not given to you, I do not mean to say that voices of your class need be at all inaudible in a space however large. The tone of a light tenor is generally clear, resonant, and penetrating; sometimes there is a metallic ring about it which is extremely pretty, if not forced.

A light tenor must be careful not to force up the lower register of his voice beyond its natural and easy limit. The charm of the voice is in the perfect blending together of the lower, middle, and upper registers, and to do this the upper notes of each register should be equally at command, as the upper notes of that register or the lower notes of the one above it. In order to attain this, the change from one register to another should generally be made considerably lower than the place where the real "break" in the voice comes. For instance, supposing the "break" to be on E<sup>2</sup>, the singer should be able to change his register as low as B or B<sup>1</sup>, and to take

all the notes between those two places, either in the upper or lower register, with equal effect.

In voices of this character there is often one note which requires to be *made*—*i. e.*, which is so naturally defective in tone and quality that it can only be produced effectively by imitating as nearly as possible the quality of the register above or below it. This note is generally E, F, F $\sharp$ , or (sometimes) G, between the middle and upper registers; and if you find that you unfortunately have such a refractory note, remember not to try and force the tone of it from the next note above or below; *e. g.*, if your bad note is F, do not try to improve it by singing E well and then passing on to F; but try and form the note from the fifth above or below (whichever it happens to resemble most in tone). Rounden the refractory note—give it a full tone in practising, and produce it well from the chest, letting the sound reverberate from the centre of the roof of the mouth—neither too far back towards the throat, nor too much on the teeth. Your teacher, if he knows his business, will soon put you into the way of this. Voices vary so much that these very general remarks must suffice here; but each voice, if it has its peculiar difficulties, has also, doubtless, its peculiar charm; and for light tenors, rich in both charms and difficulties, the rule is all-important: Do not try to imitate anybody else, but let your aim be to do the best that can be done with such natural gifts as you may have, aided by the best training that you can procure for them.

**Tenore Robusto.**—The robust or strong tenor is the male voice corresponding to the mezzo-soprano of a female. It is not an uncommon voice, but is rarely met with in anything like perfection. A robust tenor voice of large compass and round full tone is a treasure of the utmost value.

The fact is, that too frequently the possessor of a good voice of this kind, instead of taking care of it and training it for the future, begins using it too soon, strains and forces it into coarseness, and spoils it forever. People do not realize that a voice may be strong in quality and powerful in tone, and yet in itself be an excessively delicate thing to keep in order.

Moreover, voices of this kind in their youth frequently resemble barytones, and their owners, fired with ambition to rival some popular barytone singer, mistake their vocation, and shout and bellow on the very part of the voice—the upper “chest” register—which requires the tenderest nursing to fit it for future difficulties. Consequently, when the voice develops with age, and the singer finds that barytone work is too heavy for the lower part of the voice, and that he can without much difficulty extend his compass beyond the barytone limits, he discovers that what he has been using as the top of his voice is nearer the middle of it, and that the mode of using those notes which he has practised is excessively difficult, if not impossible, with those which now lie above them. The result is either the creation of a very awkward “break,” which even time and practice can never entirely remove, or else (and this is a commoner case) the same process of forcing which has been employed hitherto is applied to the upper notes, as far as strength can take it! This is the reason why so many tenor singers are utterly unable to produce the real tenor “tone,” and sound like barytones forced up to a higher compass. There is no sweetness in the upper notes so produced—nothing but force and noise; while the hapless perpetrator of the howls which represent high notes turns scarlet in the face, and quivers all over with his exertions. I therefore give to tenors

of this class exactly the same warning that I gave to sopranis: Do not ignore the fact that you have three, or at all events two, distinct registers of the voice, the (so-called) "chest," "throat," and "head." Do not suppose, when you hear a great singer produce on a high note exactly the same quality of tone as he produced on a low one, that he did it exactly the same way, or "got it from the same place," as some people say. The perfection of his training and the diligence of his practice have enabled him to assimilate the quality of one register to that of another so completely as to deceive your ear. The proof that this is true may be found in inspecting a great deal of music written for and sung by the most famous operatic tenors of the past—the singers of that pure Italian school of which so few disciples now remain.

There are notes and passages in that music which no "chest" register could by any physical possibility execute, but some of which have been sung within the recollection even of the "rising generation" with all the effect intended, and with the very tone that critical slang calls "chest notes" (simply because it so closely resembles the tone of chest notes that few, if any, can detect that they are differently produced from the low notes).

I have entered into this at some length because it is a point which is more and more ignored by the singers and teachers of this generation. I might almost say that a school of singing exists the whole aim of which is to abolish the natural upper part of the voice, in order to stretch and force the one lower register up beyond its natural compass. I do not deny that in certain cases a voice results from this treatment which is powerful, effective, and capable of executing a good deal of music with much success and satisfaction to the

performer; but for one case where this treatment so far succeeds, it fails in twenty to produce a voice both pleasing and useful; it is, moreover, in singers trained on this method that we most commonly hear the odious (and involuntary) trembling of the upper notes commonly called the *vibrato*.

Therefore, to sum up those who find, when their voices begin to form, that the natural quality of their voice is lighter than that of a bass, had better make up their minds at once to give the voice fair play, and let it alone for a time; then consult a good master, or one really experienced in hearing singers, as to what the future of the voice is to be. It is by no means easy always to decide at that early period whether the permanent quality of the voice will be tenor or barytone, and therefore it is folly to try and settle the question for yourself by singing, in untaught style, music which may prove to have been all along unsuited to you. Your patience in waiting till the voice really declares itself will amply repay you afterwards by the absence of the difficulties which too early a use of the voice would have created for you to overcome.

**Barytone and Basso-Cantante.**—The barytone voice is thus described in Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms: "A voice of fuller quality than a tenor, and lighter than a bass, having a compass partly included in both. . . . This voice has only been distinguished by name as being of a separate character within the present century. Early writers indicate its existence by the use of its special clef. The term barytone is unmeaning unless it be looked upon as a corruption of a barytenor; but it is quite possible it was borrowed from the instrument barytone or bardone, which occupied a place between the tenor and bass viols."

The derivation of the name from "bary-tenor" is slightly absurd, considering that half that extraordinary word is Greek and the other half Latin; whereas the name barytone is a Greek word, used by Aristotle, and meaning "deep-sounding."

The distinctive character which this voice has assumed within the present century is due, I believe, to the great change in the pitch of musical instruments which has taken place. In the last century the pitch was so much lower than that at present in use, that a "high barytone" was much the same as a "robust tenor." Consequently, music was not written exclusively for the barytone voice, its existence as a separate class of voice not being sufficiently recognized. Gradually, as the pitch was raised, the barytone separated itself clearly from other voices, and has now a repertoire of music and a style of singing of its own; and instead of appropriating tenor music, it, if anything, has stolen away some of the property of the bass; for the raising of the pitch which placed tenor music beyond the reach of a barytone has also rendered a good deal of music originally written for a bass far more suitable for a barytone, or at all events for a basso-cantante. I am well aware that by many musicians the basso-cantante is identified with the barytone. The distinction is so slight that it is not worth while to quarrel over names; but that the two voices are distinct I am persuaded. The basso-cantante is of fuller and rounder quality than the barytone proper; less flexible, less metallic in tone, and generally rather lower in compass. But the method of using both voices is the same, and for all purposes of amateur singers no distinction need be insisted upon. Professionals, however, who have to deal with heavy work on a large scale, will soon find that there is a good range of music more suited to the rich

voice of greater volume and less flexibility (which I distinguished as the basso-cantante) than to the bright, flexible voice which has something of the tone of a full "tenore-robusto," and which is the barytone proper. Neither of these voices is much troubled with a "break," although there is a perceptible difference between the natural quality of the lower and upper octaves of the voice when quite uncultivated. This difference, however, which



makes itself felt in the region of these notes, is got rid of in practice without any of the same difficulty which is encountered by tenors or contralti in managing the decided breaks in their voices. The possessors of barytone voices may therefore be looked upon as having comparatively "easy times of it." There is a large repertoire of music at their disposal, including much of the most popular ballad music of this century and the last; the voice is generally a favorite with an audience; the style of barytone singing is undisputed, and the singer will not find himself violently criticised by the partisans of a rival school of singing to that in which he himself has been trained, which is inevitably the fate of tenors!

Only let him avoid the temptation to shout, and to sing up to the very top of his compass at full pitch. Unfortunately, an audience does like a noise, and appreciates plenty more than beauty of tone. It is tolerably easy for a barytone to be a showy singer, and therein lies the greatest danger to his chance of ever being a really good one. He must be content to go through his training quite as self-denyingly and perseveringly as any one else who is gifted with fewer natural advantages.

**Bass.**—Of the bass voice less need be

said here, not because it is a less important voice than any of the others, but because it is more generally known and better understood. A perfectly pure bass voice is, however, a rare thing. This voice has no upper register, properly speaking; the whole voice consisting of "chest" notes, and not admitting of even the process of developing upper notes of extraordinary quality, which is part of the training of a barytone or a basso-cantante. Power and richness are the chief qualities of charm in a bass, while flexibility and true intonation are the qualities most rarely found in that voice. The young singer who finds that he certainly is not meant by nature for a tenor, and also that with all his efforts the upper notes of a barytone are quite out of his reach, need not be discouraged by any lightness or thinness of quality in his voice from the hope that he may develop into a good bass. The full and rich quality of this voice is later in showing itself than is the case with any other voice, and the young singer must be content to study for some time with the compass of a bass and the quality of a kind of barytone, till Nature puts him in full possession of his powers. Only he must study bass music, and not try, because his voice is of barytone quality, to sing barytone music. Let him, on the contrary, avoid trying to extend the compass of his voice in the upper notes, and give his best attention to the lower ones. The upper ones will be well within his command in time, and if he will be content to let them alone at first, he may become a truly "celebrated bass;" but, if he persists in shouting at them now, he will never have anything but coarse upper notes, only fit to be heard in "comic" songs at the Music Halls.

**Buffo.**—The last remark reminds me that I have said nothing about a class of bass singers very useful in certain Italian

and French operas—the *buffo*, or comic bass. The development of voice with these singers is of less consequence than the study of a peculiar style, a good deal of the point of their songs consisting in the entire elimination of anything like musical tone from many notes and passages. A clever and good buffo singer may very likely be able to sing other music well, but the style is so entirely dramatic and so utterly out of place anywhere except on the stage, that no amateur should ever attempt it, and no professional should appear *in a concert-room* as the exponent of such music. Therefore, for those who wish to sing, any remarks on the peculiarities of a buffo bass would be superfluous; those who wish to study that line as a profession, for stage work, must learn all that they need from a regular dramatic teacher; while those who wish to execute English "comic" songs may spare themselves any anxiety as to their voices: if they have any voice naturally, "comic" singing will soon destroy its charm, and that will not matter to them, for the last thing necessary to sing a "comic" song is the possession of a voice of any kind. Therefore, if you have a bass (or any other voice, indeed), avoid "comic" songs, and leave the "buffo" business to those who can do nothing better.

#### **Qualities of Voice, Good and Bad.**—

It may not be unwelcome to the student to have pointed out to him those qualities of voice which are to be aimed at or cultivated, and also those which are to be avoided or overcome.

The charms of a voice are found among the following qualities: clearness, sweetness, evenness, flexibility, power, extent of compass, variety, brilliancy, firmness, persuasiveness.

On the opposite side must be ranked roughness, huskiness, feebleness (or want of

power), shrillness (or want of depth), hardness and want of flexibility, dulness, or want of "ring," etc.

It is, of course, impossible for any one voice to unite in itself all these merits or all these defects; and you cannot give yourself merit which Nature has withheld; but you may marvellously improve what natural merits you have, and do wonders in overcoming any difficulties which Nature has placed in your way.

#### ON INSTRUCTION, SINGING-MASTERS, AND TUTORS.

THE voice, and how to use it, is a subject which has troubled many minds, and no doubt this will continue to be the case; but the difficult problem will not be solved by running to pettifogging teachers, who advertise to teach all that is known of singing, and a little more, in twelve easy lessons, without previous knowledge or practice at home, for the small fee of five dollars! Let it be stated once for all: singing cannot be taught in twelve easy lessons, and can scarcely be acquired in one hundred very severe lessons. Therefore distrust at once any one who holds out so tempting a bait to you; remember that there is no "royal road" to singing, any more than there is to the acquirement of any other art; and the person who tells you that he can teach you to do without trouble that which costs great artists the study of a lifetime, proclaims himself, *ipso facto*, to be a humbug.

**Schools of Singing.**—There are several so-called Schools of Singing. There is a French School, which for any language but French is bad, and which very seldom turns out a pleasing singer. There is a German School, which is worse, being simply the production of coarse noise. Some people say that there is an English School. I hope there may be some day,

but at present its existence is rather doubtful, unless those who talk of an English school of singing mean the Cathedral style—which for solo work is detestable—or the old school of Oratorio singing, with its Handelian traditions, which was not an English, but an Italian, and the best Italian, school.

In fact, there is but one school of singing in the world, and that is the Italian. Whatever language you wish to sing in, whatever style of music you wish to study principally, you must train your voice, produce it, and learn to use it in the Italian method, if you hope ever to deserve the name of a singer.

**Masters.**—If possible, study only under a master whom you know to have lived in Italy, and to have studied there for some years under some good master or in some good Conservatoire—Naples, Milan, and Florence generally supply the best. A good singer is not necessarily a good teacher, nor is it necessary for a first-class teacher to be able to sing at all. Nor need you necessarily look for your master among foreigners with fine sounding names. There are two or three good teachers of singing in this country who are foreigners; but there is also some native talent equally capable of teaching singing, as it is accepted in this country at the present time.

**Bad Lessons.**—Never take a bad singing lesson till you know how to sing. You may then do so (if you care to), and learn the "how not to do it" of singing. It is commonly supposed that the earliest singing lessons may be administered by any "dabbler," and the last touches given afterwards by a "finishing master." Never was there a greater error. Pay your high prices first, and your low prices afterwards. If you cannot afford to have good instruction in beginning to sing, you will be still less able to take it afterwards, for artistic rea-

sons. Remember that every bad singing lesson which you take hardens old faults and creates new ones, and, moreover, takes you farther and farther away from your original starting-point. So, when you begin under the right man and the right method, you have to *undo* all this that you have expended toil and money to acquire.

**Bad Teachers.**—It is astonishing how much money is wasted by people who want to sing, through not going at once to the fountain-head for the necessary training. Because a man is a musician many people conclude that he must necessarily be able to teach singing! Such an idea is scarcely less monstrous than that of a man being a good physician and consequently competent to amputate a limb, or to take out and reset an eye. Do not follow this "multitude to do evil." Be as careful in inquiring about your singing-master as you would be about your doctor. Everywhere there are "professors" whose knowledge of singing stops at professing—the class of people who (very likely) keep a music-shop, tune your piano, play polkas and waltzes for your evening parties, and have a brass plate on their doors to this effect:

<p>MR. HANDEL MOSCHELES IGNAZIO JONES,          PROFESSOR OF THE PIANOFORTE, HARMONY,          THE VIOLIN, ITALIAN, AND SINGING.</p>
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All honorable professions, no doubt; but to profess to combine them all is dishonorable, and insulting to the common sense of those who know anything of any one of the subjects professed. A singing-master, if he is worth anything, must be a man of one trade—singing. For the teaching of singing is a "specialty," and the man who can teach it *properly* is not likely to be a man of all (musical) work.

**Books of Exercises, etc.**—There are numerous "Singing Tutors" published, giving rules, exercises, *solfeggi*, etc. Many of these are excellent, and some nearly perfect. But all alike are useless or worse than useless to the tyro, without a master. You might as well suppose that a child could learn to be a carpenter by having some fine wood and a box of good tools.

I have before observed that voices vary as faces do; no two are exactly alike, each voice having its peculiar merit and its peculiar defect. Now, a good master will treat each voice on its own merit, and not place it at first on the Procrustean bed of a book of rules and exercises. He will probably write down his own exercises expressly for his pupil, and if not that, he will select certain exercises from the book, and forbid others to be attempted for a time. You must also let your master select such a book for you, so that you may have one in which the rules do not contradict those which he has already given you verbally, or else you will be perplexed with a multitude of counsellors.

It is not till a certain stage in singing has been reached, under the training of a master, that any book of exercises can be of service to you. When that stage is reached, you will find such a work of great use in a part of your labors.

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#### ON THE PRACTICE OF SINGING.

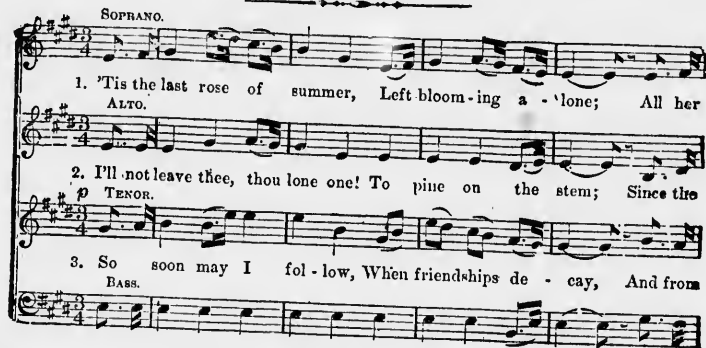
REMEMBER that the voice is of all instruments the most difficult one to study, and to bring perfectly under control, especially for the first year or two. Do not attempt to cultivate it with the view to professional remuneration, unless you can set apart at least two hours daily for most careful study, and can also afford to wait at least eight or ten years for any *substantial* pecuniary reward for your labors.



# The Last Rose of Summer.

FLOTOW.

SOPRANO.



1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her

ALTO.

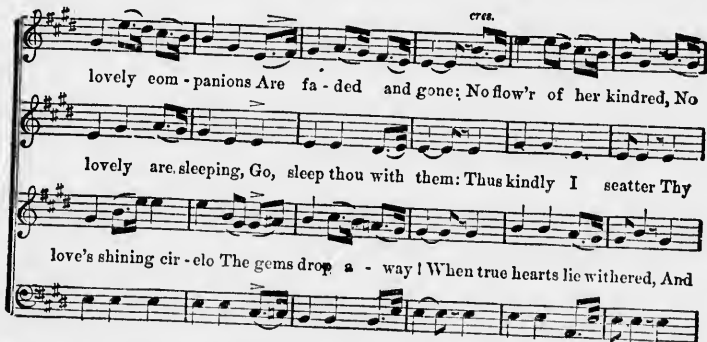
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

TENOR.

3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from

BASS.

*cres.*

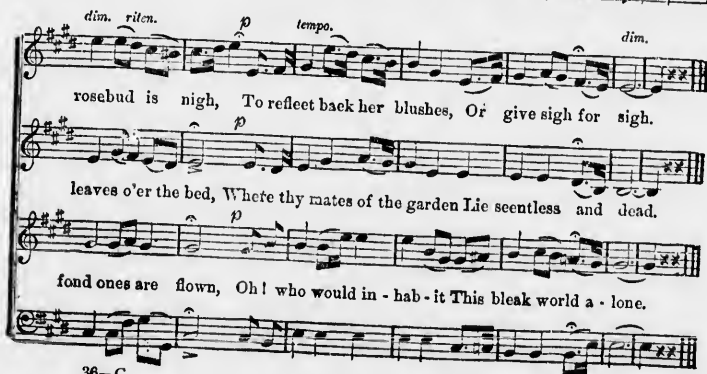


lovely com - panions Are fa - ded and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, No

lovely are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them: Thus kindly I scatter Thy

love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, And

*dim. ritcn.* *p* *tempo.* *dim.*



rosebud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.

fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.



# Hearts and Homes.

J. BLOCKLEY.

*Moderato.*

1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Mu - sic breath - ing as ye  
2. Hearts and homes, sweet words re - veal - ing, All most good and fair to

fall, Mak - ing each the oth - er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed los - ing  
see, Fit - ting shrines, for pur - est feel - ing, Temples meet to bend the

all. Homes, ye may be high or low - ly, Hearts a - lone can make you  
knee, In - fant hands bright garlands wreathing, Hap - py voi - ces in - cense

ho - ly. Be the dwell - ing e'er so small, Hav - ing love it boasteth  
breathing, Emblems fair of realms a - bove "For love is heav'n, and heav'n is

HEARTS AND HOMES.

all— Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleas-ure, Mu - sic breath - ing as ye  
love?— Hearts and Homes, etc.

*p* *mf*

This system features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings *p* and *mf*.

fall; Mak-ing each the oth-er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed, los - ing

*rall. e dim.*

This system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano part concludes with a *rall. e dim.* marking.

all. Hearts and Homes, Hearts and Homes,

*mf* *ad lib.* *mf* *mf*

This system features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf*, *ad lib.*, and *mf*.

*mf* *sf*

This system features a piano accompaniment with dynamic markings *mf* and *sf*.

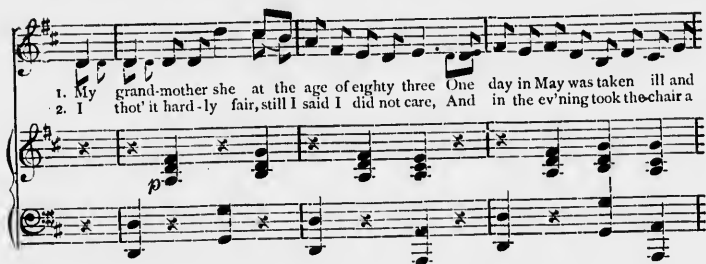
# Grandmother's Chair.

Written, Composed and Sung by JOHN READ.



*f cres.*

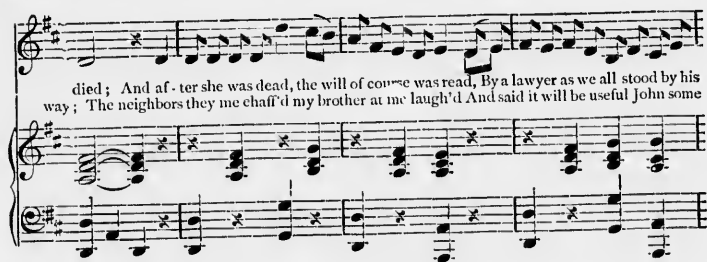
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The dynamics are marked *f cres.*



1. My grand-mother she at the age of eighty three One day in May was taken ill and  
2. I tho't it hard-ly fair, still I said I did not care, And in the ev'ning took the chair a

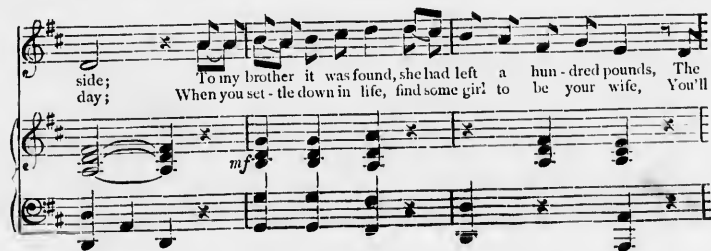
*p*

The first vocal line is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below, with 'x' marks indicating where the piano plays chords. The dynamics are marked *p*.



died; And af-ter she was dead, the will of course was read, By a lawyer as we all stood by his  
way; The neighbors they me chaff'd my brother at me laugh'd And said it will be useful John some

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment continues with 'x' marks. The dynamics are not explicitly marked in this section.



side; To my brother it was found, she had left a hun-dred pounds, The  
day; When you set-tle down in life, find some gir'l to be your wife, You'll

*mf*

The third vocal line concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment continues with 'x' marks. The dynamics are marked *mf*.

same un - to my sis - ter I de - clare, But when it came to me, the  
find it ver - y handy I de - clare, On a cold and fros - ty night, when the

*cres.*

law - yer said, "I see, She has left to you her old arm chair."  
fire is burn - ing bright, You can then sit in your old arm chair.

**CHORUS.**

And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd, How my brother and sis - ter laugh'd,

*mf*

When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny had on - ly left to me her old arm chair.

*cres.*

3. What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,  
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;  
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,  
Took her to church and when she was my wife;  
The old girl and me, were as happy as could be,  
For when my work was over I declare,  
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home,  
And be seated in my old arm chair.—CHORUS.
4. One night the chair fell down, when I pick'd it up I found  
The seat had fallen out upon the floor;  
And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes,  
A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more;  
'When my brother heard of this, the fellow I confess,  
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair,  
But I only laughed at him, then said unto him "Jem,  
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?—CHORUS.

# Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth?

COMIC DUET.

JOHN PARRY.

*Alegretto Moderato.*

HORNS. CLAR.T.

FLUTE.

*f*

SIMON.

1. Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!  
2. Wilt thou prom - ise to be mine, maid - en fair?  
3. Love like ours can nev - er cloy, Humph! humph! humph!

DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?

RUTH.

As I fain would speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea!  
 Take my hand, my heart is thine. There, there, there. (*Salutes her*)  
 While no jeal - ous fears an - noy, Humph! humph! humph!

*p* *crec.* *f*

SIMON.

Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth;  
 Let us thus the bar - gain seal, O, dear me, heigh - hol  
 O, how blest we both should be. Hey down, ho down hey!

RUTH.

That has been the case with me, Dear en - gag - ing youth!  
 Lauk! how ver - y odd I feel! O, dear me, heigh hol  
 I could al - most dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey!

*f*

# Sweet Love of Mine.

SONG.

Words by S. M. SAMUEL.

Music by FRED. COWEN.

*Molto andante.*

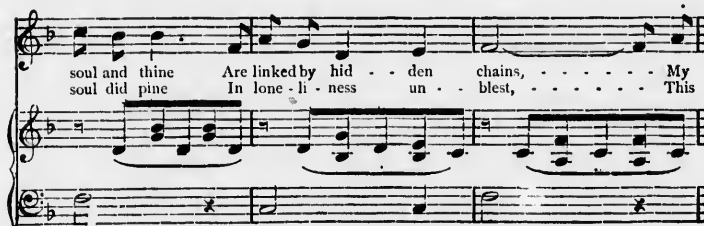


mf *dim.*

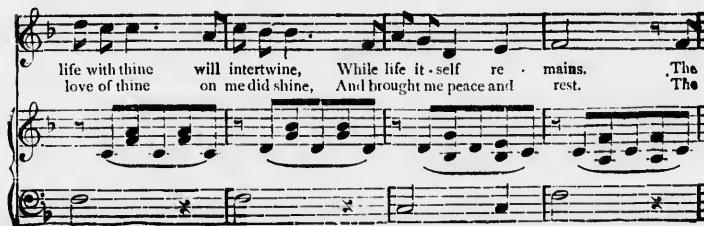


*S: p*

1. Sweet love of mine, my  
2. Sweet love of mine, my



soul and thine Are linked by hid - den chains, My  
soul did pine In lone - li - ness un - blest, This



life with thine will intertwine, While life it - self re - mains. The  
love of thine on me did shine, And brought me peace and rest. The



SWEET LOVE OF MINE.

*crec.*

ro - ses rare that scent the air, In win - ter fade a - way, . . . But  
 swal - low flies to kind - er skies, When ear - ly fades the day, . . . My

*crec.*

*dim.* *p*

joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart, my heart is thine al - way, . . . But  
 summer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart, my heart is thine al - way, . . . My

*dim.* *ri* *p*

*rall. e dim.*

joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart is thine al - way, . . .  
 summer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart is thine al - way, . . .

*rall. e dim.* *mf* *D.C.*

**2**

way, My heart my heart is thine . . . . al - way.

*dim. colla voce.* *p*



# The Old Oaken Bucket.

KIALLMARK.

*Soave.*

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When  
2. The moss-cover'd buck - et I hail as a treasure, For  
3. How soon from the green mossy rim to re - ceive it, As

fond re - col - lec - tion pre - sents them to view, The or - chard, the meadow, the  
oft - en at noon when re - turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an  
pois'd on the curb it re - clin'd to my lips, Not a full flowing gob - let could

deep tangled wildwood, And ev - 'ry low'd spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The  
ex - qui - site pleasure, The pur - est and sweetest that na - ture can yield. How  
tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

wide-spreading stream, the mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the  
 ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled  
 now far removed from the loved sit - ti - a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in -

cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And  
 bot - tom it fell; Then soon with the em - blem of health o - ver - flow - ing, And  
 tru - sive - ly swell; As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And

CHORUS.

een the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The old oaken buck - et, the  
 drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well.  
 sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well.

ri.   
 i - ron - bound buck - et, The moss - cover'd buck - et that hung in the well.  
 rit.

# If my Wishes would Come True.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Music by SEP. WINNER.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *p*

1 If my wishes would come true..... I would wish thee joy to-day,  
2 If my wishes would come true..... I would have thee near me now  
3 If my wishes would come true..... What would be my heart's desire?

*p* *cres.*

Health and friends to cheer thee too;..... On a bright and happy way,  
I would speak thy praises too;..... As I gazed up-on thy brow,  
May I ask the same of you;..... Need I ven-ture to in-quire?

I would wish that to thy life..... All the moments might be sweet,  
I would have thee by my side..... Cheer-ing with thy gen-tle voice  
If my wishes would come true.... I would wish thee mine a-lone,

By per. SEP. WINNER.

IF MY WISHES WOULD COME TRUE.

*rall.*

Free from care and void of strife.....      Bles - sings fall - ing at thy feet.....  
 Since thou art a - lone, my pride.....      Mak - ing my sad heart re - joice.....  
 Wish - ing still a wish a - new.....      Thou wou'd'st take me as thine own....

*rall.*

CHORUS.

*a tempo.*

AIR. If my wishes would come true,.....      If my hopes were not in vain ;

ALTO.

PIANO. *cres.*

*rit - ard.*

I would fondly wish that you..... that you, too Might the joys of life at - tain.....

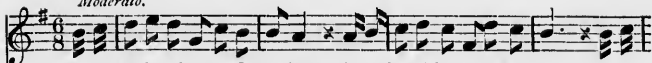
*p* *rit - ard.*

*f* *p* *rit - ard.*


# A Garden of Roses.

Words and Music by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

*Moderato.*

Voices. 

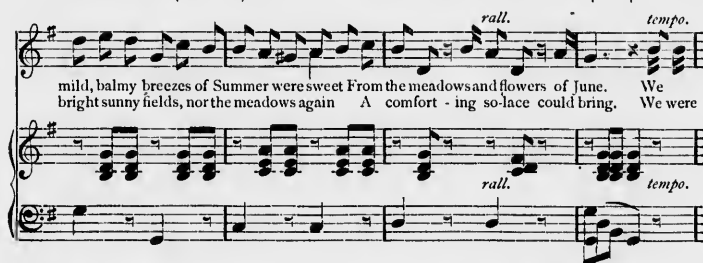
1. In a garden of ro-ses I met her, On a beanti-ful bright after-noon, And the  
 2. In a garden of ro-ses we laid her, On a sorrowful morning in Spring, But the

Piano. 

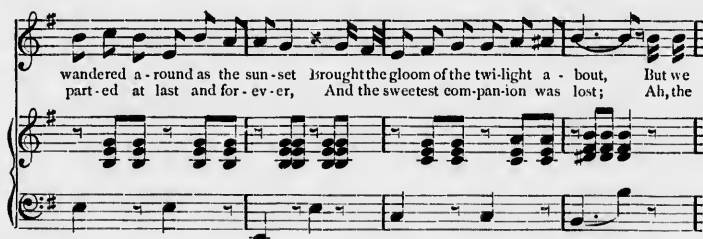
*rall.* *tempo.*

mild, balmy breezes of Summer were sweet From the meadows and flowers of June. We  
 bright sunny fields, nor the meadows again A comfort - ing so-lace could bring. We were

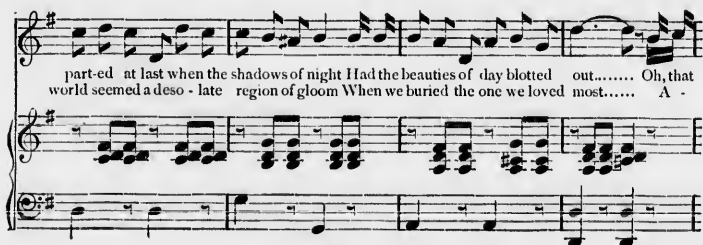
*rall.* *tempo.*



wandered a - round as the sun - set brought the gloom of the twi - light a - bout, But we  
 part - ed at last and for - ev - er, And the sweetest com - pan - ion was lost; Ah, the



part - ed at last when the shadows of night I had the beauties of day blotted out..... Oh, that  
 world seemed a deso - late re - gion of gloom When we buried the one we loved most..... A -



A GARDEN OF ROSES.

beau-ti - ful gar - den of ro - ses On my mind hath its sweet pic - ture set; And the  
las! for the hearts that are broken When near ones and dear ones are gone; A -

moments, sweet moments of pleasure enjoyed In its beauties I nev - er for - get. I  
las! for all sigh - ing and weeping is vain When we find we are left all a - lone. In a

nev - er for - get for a moment Those eyes that en - chant - ed me there, Nor the  
'gar - den of ro - ses I'm sigh - ing, Nor peace for the fu - ture I see, Yet I

charm of that voice, so per - sua - sive to joy, In that gar - den of ro - ses so fair.  
rather would grieve for my dar - ling so dear Than that she should be weeping for me.

*rall.* *tempo.* *rall.* *tempo.*

# I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems, Than  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love! I love to tell the  
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the  
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet, I love to tell the  
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of

sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As  
 sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I  
 sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From  
 gle - ry, I sing the *New, New Song*, 'Twill be the *Old, Old Sto - ry*. That

## CHORUS.

no - thing else would do, }  
 tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in  
 God's own Ho - ly Word. }  
 I have loved so long. }

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

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# The Jovial Farmer Boy.

Arr. from "Trumpet of Reform." By per.

*Allegretto.*

1. A j-c-vial faria-er boy I'll be, As free as birds that sing, And car-ol forth my  
 2. No place for me the crowd-ed town With pavements hard and dry With lengthened streets of  
 3. The squirrel leaping from the limb, U-pon the tree-top high, The lark that soars with

songs of glee A-mong the flow'rs of spring; I'll plow, and sow, and drive my team, Be-  
 dus-ty brown, And gloomy hous-es high, Where ev-'ry boy must bound his ball U-  
 ma-tin bynn, Is not more gay than I. I'll go and come a farm-er boy, From

fore the ris-ing sun, I'll swim and sail in silvery stream, When all my work is done,  
 on a neighbor's ground, And ev-'ry shout and ev-'ry call Disturbs the folks a- round,  
 cit-y trammels free, I'll live the life that I en-joy, A farmer boy I'll be.

*Interlude to be whistled.*

**ACCOMPANIMENT.**

*Repeat pp after last verse.*



# Dublin Bay.

*Andante con spirito.*

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line in G minor, 6/8 time. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the first measure of the bass staff.

The second system continues the musical notation. The treble staff has the lyrics: "They sail'd a - way in a gallant bark, Roy Neill and his fair young bride; They had Three days they sail'd and a storm arose, And the lightning swept the deep, And the".

The third system continues the musical notation. The treble staff has the lyrics: "ven - tur'd all in that bounding bark, That sped o'er the silv' - ry tide. But his thun - der-crash broke the short repose, Of the wea - ry sea - boy's sleep. Roy".

The fourth system concludes the musical notation on this page. The treble staff has the lyrics: "heart was young and his spirit light, And he dash'd the tear away, As he watch'd the shore - Neill, he clasped his weeping bride, And he kiss'd her tears away, O, love! 'twas a fa - tal".

DUBLIN BAY.

cede from sight, Of his own sweet Dublin Bay. . .  
 hour, she eried, When we left sweet Dublin Bay. . . 3. On the crowded deck of the

doomed ship, Some stood in their mute despair, And some more calm with a holy lip, Sought the

*pp* *f*  
 God of the storm in pray'r. She has struck on the rock! the seamen eried, In the breath of their wild dis-

may, And the ship went down, and the fair young bride, That sail'd from Dublin Bay.

# When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear.

Words and Music by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

1. When the  
2. When the

*moderato.*

PIANO.

This system contains the first musical system. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The tempo is marked 'moderato.' and the piano part is labeled 'PIANO.' The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics '1. When the' and '2. When the'.

corn is waving, An-nie dear, O meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle  
corn is waving, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-side the gentle,

This system contains the second musical system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'corn is waving, An-nie dear, O meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle' and 'corn is waving, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-side the gentle,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile. The moon will be at full, love, The  
flowing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where wild flow'rs in their beau-ty, Will

This system contains the third musical system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile. The moon will be at full, love, The' and 'flowing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where wild flow'rs in their beau-ty, Will'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE DEAR.

stars will bright-ly gleam,      Oh come my Queen of      night, live, And grace the beauteous  
 scent the ev'-ning breezes,      Oh haste! the stars are      peeping, And the moon's behind the

CHORUS.

*ATR.* *mf*  
*ALTO.* scene.      The corn is wav - ing, Annie dear, Oh meet me by the  
 trees.  
*TENOR.* *mf*  
*BASS.*  
*mf*  
 stile,      To hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, and greet thy winning smile. *Repeat ppp*  
*Repeat ppp*  
*Repeat ppp*

# Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By APSLEY STREET.

The musical score is arranged for piano-forte and consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'He is gone where the woodbine twineth, With the vine on the ivied wall, 'Neath the gone where the woodbine twineth; Let him rest, for his sleep is sweet, No gone where the woodbine twineth, From the hearts that were kind and near; He has

The second system continues the lyrics: 'shade of the weeping willow, Where its long drooping branches fall. Re- more on the field of battle, Shall he march to the drum's low beat. His part-ed with friends for ever, For the flag that he held so dear. He

The third system concludes the piece with the same piano accompaniment.

By permission of SEP. WINNER & SON.

GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.

mem - ber then the sol - dier, Once no - ble and so brave, And  
 heart no more shall quicken To the hu - gle's thrilling blow, For  
 sought to win the glo - ry That a he - ro on - ly knows; His

east thy lit - tle to - ken - A flow - ret on his grave.  
 death has found a vic - tim, And his head at last lies low.  
 name shall live in sto - ry While he finds a calm re - pose.

*rall.*  
*rall.* *tempo.*

CHORUS.

*Air.*  
*Alto.* Then go where the woodbine twineth, When spring is bright and

*Tenor.*

*Bass.*

PIANO

fair, And to the soldier's rest - ing - place Some lit - tle tri - bute bear.

# John Anderson, My Jo.

*Slow and with feeling.*

1. John An-der-son, my  
2. John An-der-son, my  
3. John An-der-son, my  
4. John An-der-son, my

o, John, when Nature first, be - gan To try her can - ny hand, John, her  
Jo, John, yo were my first con - ceit; I think nae shame to own, John, I  
Jo, John, when we were first ae - quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, your  
Jo, John, we claiab the hill thegither, And mony a can - ty day, John, we've

*ad libitum.*

mas - ter work was man, And you among them a' John, so trig from top to  
lo'ed ye ear and late. They say ye're turn - ing auld, John, and what tho' it be  
bon - ny brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the  
had wi' ane a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll

toe, She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my Jo.  
so? Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my Jo.  
snow, Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.  
go, And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

# One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

CARY.

PALMER.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
 2. Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur dens down;  
 3. Father, perfect my trust, Strengthen the might of my faith,

I'm nearer my home to-day Than I ever have been be-fore;  
 Nearer leaving the cross; Near-er gaining the crown;  
 Let me feel as I would When I stand on the rock of the shore of death;

Nearer my Father's house, When the ma-ny man-sions be;  
 But lying darkly bet-ween, Wing-ing down . . . through the night,  
 Feel as I would when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink,

Nearer the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea.  
 Is the deep and unknown stream, That 'leads at last to the light.  
 For I may be nearer my home, Near-er now than I think.

*To be sung only after the 3d stanza. In these last four measures Soprano should be light and Alto strong.*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, There's no place like home.



# My Little Child.

W. T. WRIGHTON.

*Espressivo.*

**VOICE.**

1. Your lit - tle arms are round my neck, Your eyes of pur - est blue Are

**PIANO OR ORGAN.**

*p*

gaz - ing fondly in - to mine, With childhood's love so true, With childhood's love so true. And

*cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

*a tempo.* *rall.* *tempo.*

childhood's earliest words break forth Like music of the birds, Whilo all another's heart wells o'er With

*a tempo.* *rall.*

love too deep for words. My child, my dearest child, My child, my little child.

*rall.* *ad lib.*

2. Against my cheek your cheek is press'd,  
A rose-leaf soft and warm,  
My arm is girled round your waist,  
[To shield your tender form:]  
Yet, in the far-off years to come,  
What changes we may see;  
I may become the feeble child,  
Your arms encircle me,  
My child, etc.

3. Tears, burning tears, may dim these eyes,  
Dark cares o'ercloud my path;  
For who can tell what smiles or tears  
[The unseen future hath?]  
So let them come, I will not shrink,  
But still to God give praise,  
If He but spare my little child  
To cheer my latest days.  
My child, etc.

# Go Down, Moses.

1. When Is - rael was in Egypt's land: Let my peo - ple go,  
 2. When Is - rael out of E - gypt came, Let my peo - ple go,  
 3. O come along, Moses, you'll not get lost, Let my peo - ple go,

Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo - ple go.  
 And left the proud op - pres - sive land, Let my peo - ple go.  
 Stretch out your rod and come a - cross, Let my peo - ple go.

Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,  
 Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,  
 Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,

Tell ole Pha - - raoh, Let my peo - ple go  
 Tell ole Pha - - raoh, Let my peo - ple go.  
 Tell ole Pha - - raoh, Let my peo - ple go.

4.  
 As Israel stood by the water side,  
 Let my people go,  
 At the command of God it did divide,  
 Let my people go.  
 Go down, Moses, &c.

5.  
 Pharaoh said he would go across,  
 Let my people go,  
 But Pharaoh and his host were lost,  
 Let my people go.  
 Go down, Moses, &c.

6.  
 O bretheren, bretheren, you had better be  
 Let my people go. [engaged,  
 For the devil he's out on a big rampage,  
 Let my people go.  
 Go down, Moses, &c.

7.  
 O take your shoes from off yer feet,  
 Let my people go,  
 And walk into the golden street,  
 Let my people go.  
 Go down, Moses, &c.

# Douglas, Tender and True.

Words by MISS MULOCK.

Music by LADY JOHN SCOTT.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an instrumental introduction in the right hand, marked *soave.* and *rit.*, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: "1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! In the old like-ness that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true." The score is in a key with two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords.

*soave.* *rit.*

1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! In the old like-ness  
that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Doug-las!  
Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

DOUGLAS! TENDER AND TRUE.

2. Nev - er a scorn - ful word should pain you, I'd smile as sweet as  
 3. Oh! to call back the days that are not; Mine eyes were blinded, your

An - gels do, Sweet as your smile on me shone ev - er;  
 words are few; Do you know the truth now up in Hea - ven?

Doug - las! Doug - las! ten - der and true.  
 Doug - las! Doug - las! ten - der and true.

4 I was not half worthy of you, Douglas!  
 Not half' worthy the like of you,  
 Now all men besides are to me like shadows,  
 Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

5 Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas!  
 Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew;  
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas!  
 Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

# The Good-Bye at the Door.

Words by J. S. CARPENTER.

Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. Of all the memories of the past, That come like summer dreams, Whose  
 2. Gnat time and place have quite estranged, Each ear - ly friend we knew, How

*Ardente*

*dim.*

rain - bow hues still round us cast, Their bright, their bright but fleeting beams, The  
 few remain, how many changed, Of those, of those we deemed so true. Those

*a tempo* *cres.*

dear - est, sweetest that can be, Of days gone long be-  
 hap - py hours a-gain to me, But mem' - ry can re-

*sfz.*

THE GOOD-BY AT THE DOOR.

Are those that oft re-call to me,      The  
 The flag' ring thought will ever be,      The

*mf*      *dim.*  
 "good-by,"      the "good-by" at the door,      Are those      that bring to mind to  
 "good-by,"      the "good-by" at the door,      And life's      last moments seem to

*ritard.*  
 me,      The "good-by" the "good-by" at the door  
 be,      The "good-by," the "good-by" at the door.


*ritard.*      *f*      *a tempo.*

*dim.*      *p*      *ff*

# Marseilles Hymn.


## QUARTET.

*f* SOPRANO.




1. Ye sons of freedom wake to glory, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise, Your children,

*f* ALTO.




*f* TENOR.



2. Oh, liberty: can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrants'

*f* BASS.



wives and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their



*f* TENOR.



bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? And thus thy



tears and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants, mischief breeding, With hireling



*f* TENOR.



no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our country wept, bewailing, The blood-stain'd



MARSEILLES HYMN.

host, a ruf- fian, band, Affright and des- o - late the land, While  
 sword our conquerors wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, And

peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The  
 all their arts are un-a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The

pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,  
 pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,



MARSEILLES HYMN.

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march

This system contains the first two systems of the hymn. The top system shows the vocal melody in a treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system shows the piano accompaniment in a bass clef.

on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or

on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or

This system contains the second and third systems of the hymn. The top system shows the vocal melody in a treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system shows the piano accompaniment in a bass clef.

death!

death!

This system contains the third and fourth systems of the hymn. The top system shows the vocal melody in a treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system shows the piano accompaniment in a bass clef, including a dynamic marking of *ff*.

# What Will You Do, Love?

GENT.

LOVE

"What will you do, love, when I am go - ing, With white sail flowing, The seas be-

yond? What will you do, love, when waves divide us, And friend may chide us for being

LADY.  
fond? "Tho' waves divide us and friends be chiding, In faith a - bid-ing I'll still be

truc. And I'll pray for thee on the stormy o - cean, In deep devo - tion, That's what I'll do."

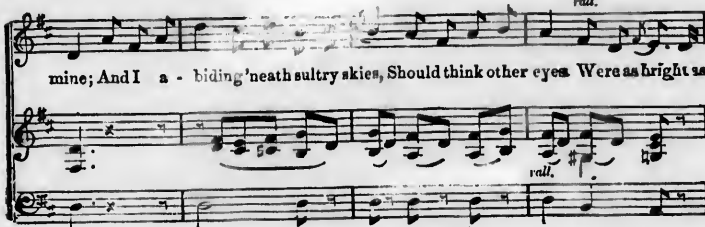
WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

*GENTL.*



What would you do, love, if distant tid - ings Thy fond con - fid - ings Should an - der

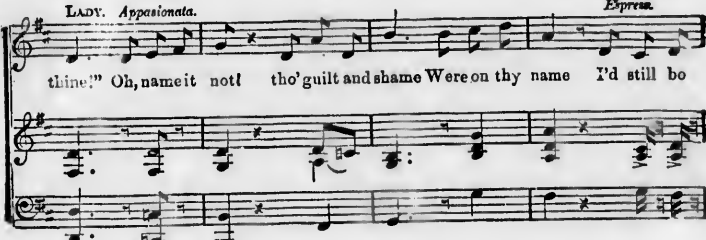
*rall.*



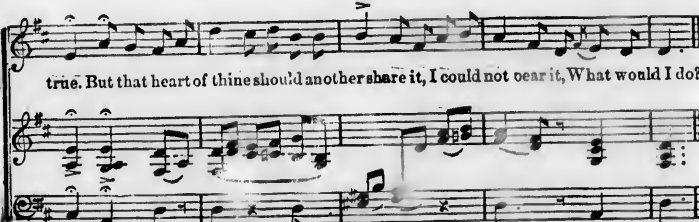
mine; And I a - biding 'neath sultry skies, Should think other eyes Were as bright as

*rall.*

*LADY. Appassionata. Espress.*



thine." Oh, name it not! tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name I'd still be



true. But that heart of thine should another share it, I could not bear it, What would I do?

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

Garr.

What would you do, love, when home returning, With hopes high burning With wealth for

*espress.*  
you, If my bark which bounded o'er foreign foam, Should be lost near home. Ah! what would you

LADY. *con anima.*

*con tenera.*

do? So thou wert snared, I'd bless the morrow. In want and sorrow, That left me

*espress.*

you! and I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow, This hearty pillow, That's what I'd do!

# In Happy Moments.

Composed by W. V. WALLACE.

PIANO.

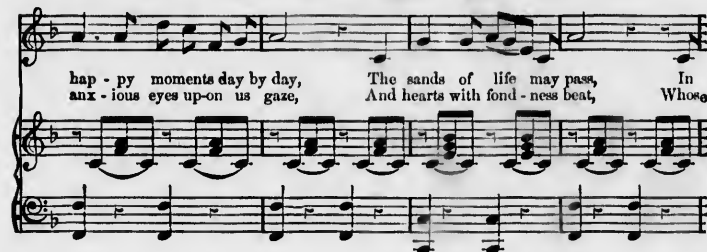


The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.



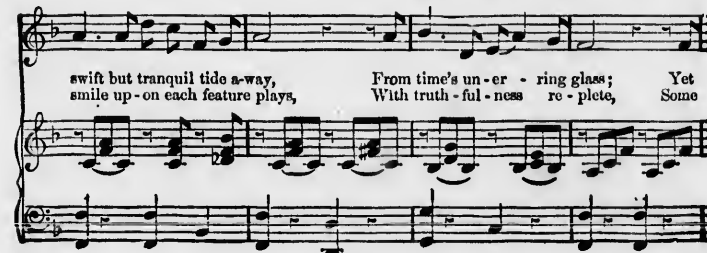
The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "In Tho'". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *dim.* and *p*.

hap - py moments day by day,      The sands of life may pass,      In  
anx - ious eyes up-on us gaze,      And hearts with fond - ness beat,      Who's



The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

swift but tranquil tide a-way,      From time's un - er - ring glass;      Yet  
smile up - on each feature plays,      With truth - ful - ness re - plete,      Some



The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

hopes we used as bright to deem, Re-mem-brance will re-call, Whose  
 thoughts none oth-er can re-place, Re-mem-brance will re-call, Which

pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear-er than them all, Whose  
 in the flight of years we trace, Is dear-er than them all, Which

pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear-er than them all.  
 in the flight of years we trace, Is dear-er than them all.

*mf*

# 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 ever hold  
 2. There are friends that we never for - get..... Tho' the seas may di-vide us for

dear..... Tho' we meet with a kiss in a mo-ment of bliss, Yet we part with a  
 years..... Yet we lin-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

By permission of Sep. Winner.



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.*



# We'd Better Bide a Wee.

Written and Composed by CLARIBEL.

*Andante moderato.*

The

*mp*

This system contains the first musical notation. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato'. The word 'The' is written below the vocal line at the end of the first measure.

poor old folk at home, you mind, Are frail and fail - ing, sore, And

This system contains the second musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'poor old folk at home, you mind, Are frail and fail - ing, sore, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

well I knew they'd miss me, lad, When I came home no more, The

This system contains the third musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'well I knew they'd miss me, lad, When I came home no more, The'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly three, I

can-not leave the old folk now, We'd better bide a wee, I cannot leave the

old folk now, We'd better bide a wee.

*mf* *dim.*

2 When first we told our story, lad,  
 Their blessings fell so free,  
 They gave no thought to self at all,  
 They did but think of me;  
 But, laddie, that's a time away,  
 And mother's like to die,  
 I cannot leave the old folk now,  
 We'd better bide a wee, etc.

3 I fear me sore, they're failing both,  
 For when I sit apart,  
 They'll talk of Heaven so earnestly,  
 It well nigh breaks my heart!  
 So, laddie, do not urge me more,  
 It surely will not be,  
 I cannot leave the old folk now,  
 We'd better bide a wee, etc.

# The Old Arm Chair.

COOKE.

RUSSELL.

*Andante con espressione.*

I 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

ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs; 'Tis

bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

link will start. Would ye learn the spell, a mother sat there, And a

sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.

I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eye grew dim, and her

locks were grey, And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd, And turn'd from her Bible to

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

bless her child. Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My i-ol 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. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I

gaze on it now With quivering breath, and throbbing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

there she died; And mem - 'ry flows with la - va tide.

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are "there she died; And mem - 'ry flows with la - va tide." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both playing chords and moving lines.

Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the scald - ing drops start

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the scald - ing drops start". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures.

down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and can - not 'tear My

The third system features the lyrics "down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and can - not 'tear My". The piano accompaniment includes some melodic movement in the right hand.

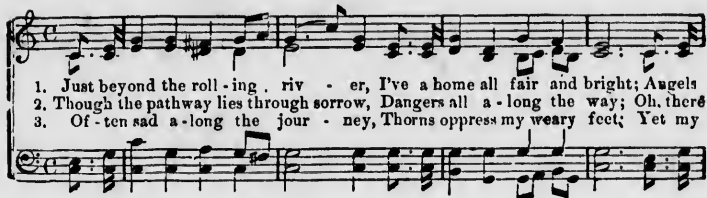
soul from a mother's old arm chair.

The fourth system concludes the piece with the lyrics "soul from a mother's old arm chair." The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings: *f* (forte) at the beginning, *p* (piano) in several places, and *mf* (mezzo-forte) towards the end. The system ends with a double bar line.

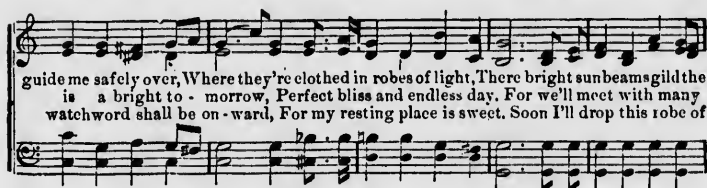
# Hark! I Hear the Angels Calling.

MALONEY.

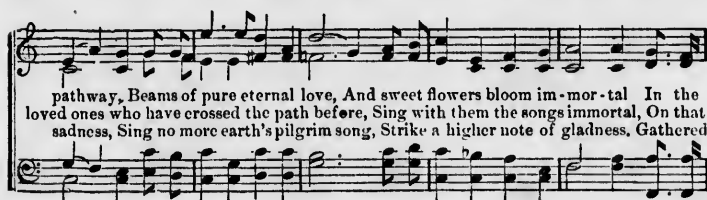
GEIBEL.



1. Just beyond the roll - ing . riv - er, I've a home all fair and bright; Angels  
2. Though the pathway lies through sorrow, Dangers all a - long the way; Oh, there  
3. Of - ten sad a - long the jour - ney, Thorns oppress my weary feet; Yet my



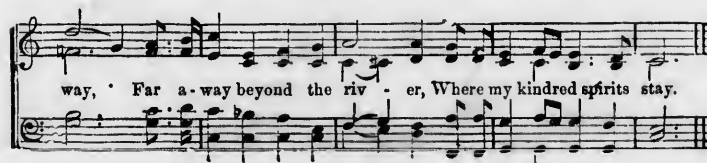
guide me safely over, Where they're clothed in robes of light, There bright sunbeams gild the  
is a bright to - morrow, Perfect bliss and endless day. For we'll meet with many  
watchword shall be on - ward, For my resting place is sweet. Soon I'll drop this robe of



pathway, Beams of pure eternal love, And sweet flowers bloom im - mor - tal In the  
loved ones who have crossed the path before, Sing with them the songs immortal, On that  
sadness, Sing no more earth's pilgrim song, Strike a higher note of gladness, Gathered



pilgrim's home a - bove. Hark! I hear the angels call - ing; Yes, they're calling me a  
glad and hap - py shore. Hark! I hear the angels call - ing; Yes, they're calling me a -  
with a ho - ly throng. Hark! I hear the angels call - ing; Yes, they're calling me a -



way, Far a - way beyond the riv - er, Where my kindred spirits stay.



# Annie Lawrie.

## SCOTCH SONG.

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly falls the  
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the  
 3. Liko dew on the gowan ly-ing Is the fa'o' her fairy

dew, And'twas there that An-nie Law-rie, Gave me her prom-ise  
 swan, Her face is as the fair-est, That e'er the sun shon  
 feet, And like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and

true, Gave me her prom-ise true, And ne'er for-get will  
 -on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her  
 sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to

I, But for bonnie An-nie Law-rie, I'd lay me down and die,  
 e'e, And for bonnie An-nie Law-rie, I'd lay me down and die.  
 me, And for bonnie An-nie Law-rie, I'd lay me down and die.



# Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?

BALLAD.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By CLARIBEL.

PIANO.

1. You are not what you  
2. On Sun-day af - ter

were, Robin, Why so sad and strange? You once were blithe and gay, Robin,  
church, Robin, I looked a-round for you, I thought you'd see me home, Robin, As

What has made you change? You nev - er come to see me now As once you used to  
once you used to do; But now you seem a - fraid to come, And at-most ev - ry

WONT YOU TELL ME WHY, ROBIN?

do;..... I miss you at the wick-et gate, You al-ways let me through; Its  
day..... I meet you in the meadows And you look the oth-er way— You

ve - ry hard to o - pen, But you nev - er come to try.....  
nev - er bring me po - sies now, The last is dead and dry.....

Wont you tell me why, Robin? Wont you tell me why?.....

Wont you tell me why, Robin? Oh, wont you tell me why?

3 The other night we danced, Robin, beneath the hawthorn-tree,  
I thought you'd surely come, Robin, if but to dance with me;  
But Allan asked me first, and so I joined the dance with him,  
But I was heavy-hearted, and my eyes with tears were dim,  
and, oh, how very grave you looked, as once we passed you by,  
wont you tell me why, Robin? oh, wont you tell me why?



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.45

1.50

1.56

1.63

1.71

1.80

1.88

1.96

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# Good-by, Dear Mother.

Words and Music by Alice Hawthorne.

*Moderato.*

PIANO  
OR  
ORGAN.

1. Out up-on the o-ccean sail-ing Soon our gal-lant ship will be,

And wth stead-y winds pre-vail-ing She will dash a-cross the sea.

Soon will be the hour of part-ing,— On the com-ing day, Let's

By permission of Sep Winner.

GOOD-BY, DEAR MOTHER.

say good-by be - fore our start - ing Thro' the snow - y spray.

Refrain.

Fare-well, fare-well, From thee I go, The sigh I can-not smoth-er, Good

by, good-by, No fear I know, Good-by good-by, dear moth-er.

2.  
 Storms are many on the ocean,  
 Wrecks are many on the sea,  
 Oh, with what a sad emotion,  
 Do I now depart from thee.  
 Dangers threaten every quarter  
 Wheresoe'er we roam,  
 But duty calls me o'er the water,  
 Far from thee and home.—*Refrain.*

3.  
 When I rock upon the billow  
 O'er the bosom of the deep,  
 As I rest upon my pillow  
 Dreams of thee shall sweeten sleep.  
 Days may bring their passing pleasures,  
 Brief and few I own,  
 But I shall seek earth's rarest treasures  
 All for thee alone.—*Refrain.*

# Don't Leave the Farm, Boys.

W. W. P. By per.

1. Come boys, I have something to tell you, Come near, I would whisper it  
 2. You talk of the mines of Aus - tra - lia, They're wealth - y in gold without  
 3. The great bus - y West has in - duce - ments, And so has the bus - i - est  
 4. The farm is the saf - est and sur - est, The or - chards are load - ed to -

low, You are think - ing of leaving the homestead, Don't be in a hur - ry to  
 doubt, But there sure - ly is gold on the farm, boys, If on - ly you'll shovel it  
 mart, But large wealth is not made in a day, boys, Don't be in a hur - ry to  
 day, You're as free as the air in the mountains, And monarch of all you sur -

go; The ci - ty has man - y at - tractions, But think of the vi - ces and  
 out. The mer - cantile trade is a hazard, The goods are first high and then  
 start! The bank - ers and brok - ers are wealthy; They take in their thou - sands or  
 vey; Then stay on the farm a while long - er Tho' pro - fits come in rather

sins, When one in the vortex of fashion, How soon the course downward begins  
 low, 'Tis bet - ter to risk farming longer, Don't be in a hur - ry to go.  
 so, Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions, Don't be in a hur - ry to go.  
 slow, Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys, Don't be in a hur - ry to go.

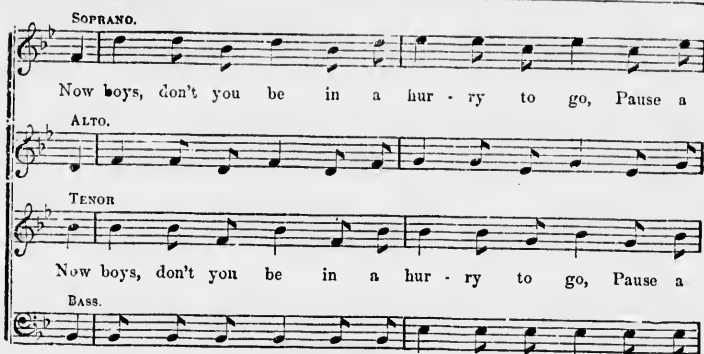
DON'T LEAVE THE FARM, BOYS.

SOPRANO.  
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a

ALTO.  
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a

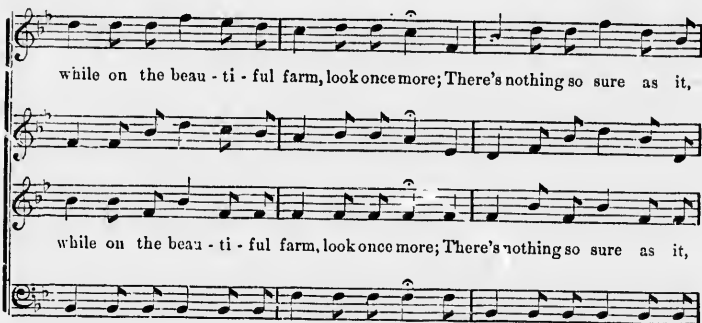
TENOR  
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a

BASS.  
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a



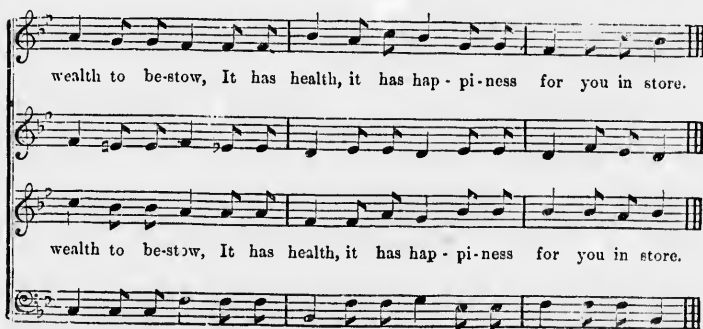
while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,

while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,



wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi-ness for you in store.

wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi-ness for you in store.





# How Can I Leave Thee?

SOLO OR DUET.

H. CRAMER.

*Moderato.*

*AIR.*

1. How can I leave thee? Oh, it can nev-er be!

*Alto.*

All of my heart is thine, True, as I live.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?

First system of musical notation. It consists of four staves: a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics, a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 7/8.

All of my soul is thine, Whol - ly and sole - ly thine,

Second system of musical notation. It consists of four staves: a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics, a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 7/8.

My spir - it's min - strel - sy Breathes but for thee.

*cres.*

Third system of musical notation. It consists of two staves: a piano accompaniment in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 7/8.

*p* *fz*

2.  
 Hid in the vine leaves,  
 Sweet blows the vintage bud;  
 Take it and cherish it:  
 It speaks of me.  
 What though the blossom fade  
 Swiftly as hope decayed,  
 Love, like the mortal fruit,  
 Clings to its root.

3.  
 Had I a dove's wings,  
 How would I speed to thee  
 Falcon and falconet  
 Holding for naught.  
 What if a feather'd dart  
 Fell'd me upon thy heart!  
 Under thy tearful eye  
 I crave to die.

# Sweet Birdie, Sing.

SONG.

Words by WALTER EGERTON.

Music by W. F. TAYLOR.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

*mf*

Sva.....

1 Sweet  
2 Thy

*both peds.* *tre corde.*  
Ped. \*

Bir-die, sing a - gain, Thy song send up on high, Float thy glad mel-o-  
song speaks all of joy, For hap-pi-ness that's giv'n, 'Tis a glad song of

dy thanks Up - on the sum - mer sky; Poised by thy flut' - ring  
And praise sent up to Heav'n; Thy sweet notes then peal

SWEET BIRDIE, SING.

wings out Up - on the li - quid air, I love to hear thee  
 Un - til the wel - kh. ring, I love to hear thy

*cres.*

*rall.* *ad. lib.*  
 sing..... Thy song of beau - ty rare. Sweet Bir - die,  
 song A - gain sweet Bir - die sing. *colla voce.*

*8va.....* Sweet Bir - die, *8va.....* Sing, oh sing a - gain.

*both peds.* *tre corde.*

# The Bloom is on the Rye.

FITZBALL.

BISHOP.

*Andantino espressivo.*

*Dolce.*

*Sosten.*

1. My pret - ty Jane! my pretty Jane! . . . Ah! nev-er, nev-er look so.  
 2. But name the day, the wedding day, . . . And I will buy the

shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve - 'ning, While the  
 ring. The lads and maids in fav - ors white, And

bloom is on the rye. . . . The spring is wan - ing)  
 village bells, the village bell shall ring. . . . The spring is wan - ing

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

fast, my love, The corn is in the ear, The summer nights are  
fast, my love, The corn is in the ear; The summer nights are

com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my  
com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my

dear - est Jane, Ah! never look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the  
dear - est Jane, Ah! never look so shy. But meet me, meet me in the

eve - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .  
eve - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .

# Twenty Years Ago.

Words by G. J. CHESTER.

Music by A. SCOTT GATTY.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. Those bonny glades of  
2. We walk'd togeth-er

*mf* *p* *mf* *p*

Gir-van woods, full twen-ty years a-go, When stars came out to  
thou and I, we part-ed, ah! too soon, But e'er we left our

*culmato.*

look at us who wander'd to and fro, There oft we linger'd,  
lips had met be-neath the sum-mer moon; Yes, oft I dream of

hand in hand, and what kinds words were said, With ten-der light shed  
Gir-van woods, but oft-ten-er of thee, For Gir-van woods are

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

*piu. lento.* *a tempo.*

o - ver through branches o - ver head, With ten - der light shed  
all laid 'ow, But thou still lov - est me. For Gir - van woods are

*cres.* *Andante con molto espressivo.*

o - ver us through branches o - ver head. Ah! oft I dream of  
all laid low, but thou still lov - est me. Ah! oft I dream of

*cres.* *colla voce.* *p calmato.*

Gir - van woods, the woods we loved so well..... And these dear al leys

*p rall.* *After last verse.*

Where the shade of white boll'd beach trees fell.

*colla voce.* *dim.*



# Only a Face.

By VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

**PIANO.**

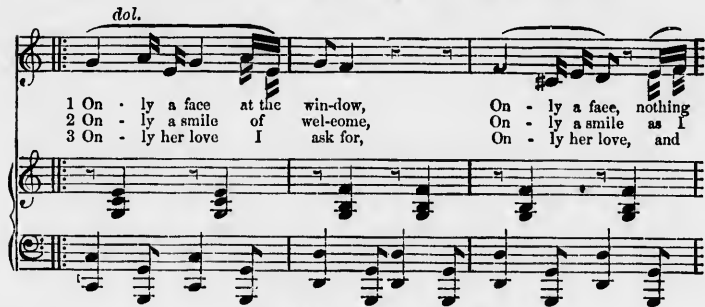


Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.



Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The melody continues in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The word "Fine." is written at the end of the second staff.

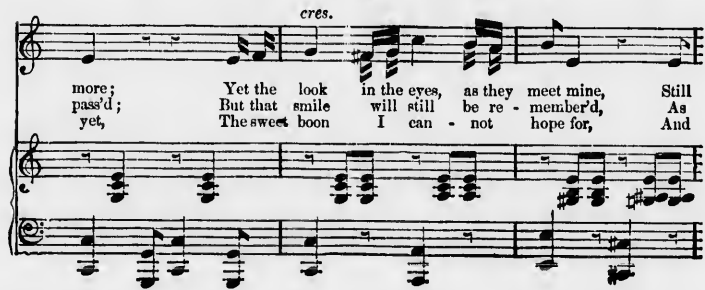
*dol.*



Musical notation for the first vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The word "dol." is written above the first staff.

1 On - ly a face at the win-dow, On - ly a face, nothing  
2 On - ly a smile of wel-come, On - ly a smile as I  
3 On - ly her love I ask for, On - ly her love, and

*cres.*



Musical notation for the second vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The word "cres." is written above the first staff.

more; Yet the look in the eyes, as they meet mine, Still  
pass'd; But that smile will still be re - member'd, As  
yet, The sweet boon I can - not hope for, And

ONLY.

*dim.*

comes to me o'er and o'er.  
 long as my life shall last,  
 so I must strive to for-get.

On - ly a word of greet - ing,  
 On - ly a wo-man you tell me I  
 On - ly a word low-ly spo - ken,

On - ly a word, that was all;  
 On - ly a woman! to thee;  
 On - ly a "yes" would she say;

Yet all day, in my heart it  
 But there's naught that this mere earth con-  
 It would give the sweet face at the

*dim.*

echoed,  
 taineth,  
 window

Like the sound of an an - gel's call.  
 Half so dear of this wo-man to me.  
 To be mine for - ev - er and aye.

*colla voce.*

# Baby's Gone to Sleep.

SMITH.

MURRAY.

1. There's a pair of lit - tle hands Laid to rest for-ev - er - more;  
 2. There's an - oth - er bud re - moved, Ere it felt the blight of sin;  
 3. She will wake in fair - er lands, Where the an - gel voi - ces sing;

There's two pear - ly dim - pled cheeks, Whose rich blossom - ing is o'er;  
 Thro' the door the an - gels made Dar - ling ba - by has pass'd in;  
 There the flow'rets shall ex - pand, There shall love per - fec - tion bring;

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
 Death has seal'd two lit - tle eyes, That will no more smile or weep; Ti - ny  
 Far beyond the a - zure skies, Where the ti - ny star - eyes peep, From all  
 She has reach'd the golden shore, Thro' the riv - er cold and deep; An - gels

*rit.* *a tempo.*

*rit. e dim.* *a tempo.*  
 windows of the soul; Little baby's gone to sleep, Little baby's gone to sleep.  
 earth's sad doubts and fears, Little baby's gone to sleep, Little baby's gone to sleep.  
 bore her safe - ly there: Little baby's gone to sleep, Little baby's gone to sleep.

*rit. e dim.* *a tempo.*

BABY'S GONE TO SLEEP.

*rit.*  
An-gels bore her safe-ly home; So for her we may not weep; Soft-ly

*rit. e dim.* *pp* *a tempo.*  
to the doorway come, Little baby's gone to sleep; She has on-ly gone to sleep.

THOMPSON.

SO I CAN WAIT.

SWENEY. *By per.*

1. I know that heav'n lies just be-yond This earth-ly state, this earth-ly state;  
2. I know the heart-aches of this life Will all be healed, will all be healed;  
3. I know that when my time shall come To dwell a-bove, to dwell a-bove,

That Christ himself holds death's cold wand; So I can wait, so I can wait.  
When the blest peace that ends earth's strife Shall be re-veal'd, shall be re-veal'd.  
Je - sus his child will welcome home With tend'rest love, with tend'rest love.

I know the dark mys-te-rious ways My feet may tread, my feet may tread  
I know that 'mid the world's tur-moil God giv-eth rest, God giv-eth rest;  
His an-gel guards will o-pen wide Heav'n's pear-ly gate, heav'n's pear-ly gate;

Will all be plain when heav'nly rays Are on them shed, are on them shed.  
His arm is round me in its toil; And I am blest, and I am blest.  
And I shall then be sat-is-fied: So I can wait, so I can wait.

# Only Friends and Nothing More.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE. Music by SEPTIMUS WINNER.

PIANO.



*rit.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

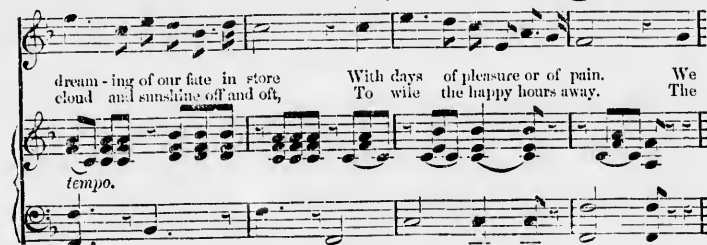
1. We met as many have before Nor wish'd nor hoped to meet again; Ne'er  
2. We sat upon the trellised porch Full many an eve and pleasant day, In



*rit.*

The first system of the song features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment includes a treble clef staff with chords and a bass clef staff with a more active line. A *rit.* marking is placed at the end of the system.

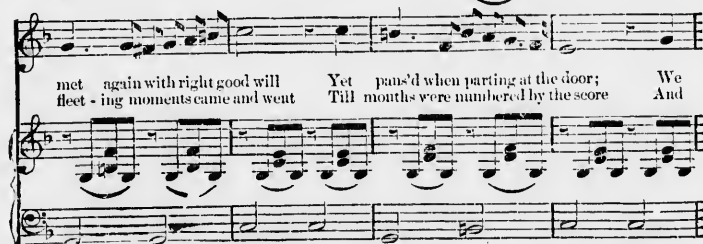
dream - ing of our fate in store With days of pleasure or of pain. We  
cloud and sunshine off and oft, To wile the happy hours away. The



*tempo.*

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment features a treble clef staff with chords and a bass clef staff with a more active line. A *tempo.* marking is placed at the beginning of the system.

met again with right good will Yet pans'd when parting at the door; We  
fleet - ing moments came and went Till months were numbered by the score And



The final system of the song features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment includes a treble clef staff with chords and a bass clef staff with a more active line.

By permission of SEP. WINNER & SON.

ONLY FRIENDS AND NOTHING MORE.

lin - ger'd with a sigh, but still      As on - ly friends and nothing more,      We  
 still our passing days were spent      As on - ly friends and nothing more,      And

*Chorus.*  
 lin - ger'd with a sigh, but still      As on - ly friends and nothing more.      We  
 still our passing days were spent      As on - ly friends and nothing more.      We

met as ma - ny oth - ers have met,      And just as oth - ers have be - fore;      We

meet from time to time, and yet,      As on - ly friends and nothing more.

# Kiss Me, as I Fall Asleep.

BIRDSEYE.

DOUGHERTY.

*Andante.*

1. Ma - ma, you are tired I  
 2. Ma - ma, I re - mem - ber  
 3. You will miss your lit - tle

know, . . . Watch - ing by me night and day; . . .  
 now, . . . Broth - er Char - lie lay just so, . . .  
 boy, . . . And I'd rath - er stay with you; . . .

Soon you'll rest, for I must go, . . . I must die, I heard them  
 And you kiss'd him, lips and brow, . . . When he said that he must  
 Think, dear Ma - ma, of the joy . . . When we meet where all is

say, . . . That means go - ing to the skies; . . .  
 go, . . . Soon, dear Ma - ma, we shall meet, . . .  
 day . . . You have told me of the land . . .

KISS ME, AS I FALL ASLEEP.

Ma - ma, does that make you weep? . . . Dim - mer grow my wea - ry  
 Be a - gain as brothers are, . . . Play - ing thro' the hap - py  
 Where the skies are e - - er fair; . . . I am go - ing, take my

eyes; . . . Kiss me, as I fall a - sleep. . . .  
 street . . . Of that sun - ny land a - far. . . .  
 hand, . . . We shall be to - geth - er there! . . .

SOPRANO.

O, your tears fall on my face; . . . Ma - ma, mama, do not weep! . . .

ALTO.

TENOR.

O, your tears fall on my face; . . . Ma - ma, mama, do not weep! . . .

BASS.



KISS ME, AS I FALL ASLEEP.

Heav'n is such a pretty place; . . . Kiss me as I fall a - sleep!

Heav'n is such a pretty place; . . . Kiss me as I fall a - sleep!

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are further piano accompaniment, with the fifth staff showing a dense texture of chords.

ZION'S CHILDREN.

Oh! Zi-on's children coming a-long, Coming a-long, Coming a-long, O

Zi-on's chil-dren com-ing a-long, Talking a-bout the wel-come day.

1. I hail my moth-er in the morn-ing, Com-ing a-long,  
 2. Oh! dont you want to live up you-der, Com-ing a-long,  
 3. I think they are might-y hap-py, Com-ing a-long,

com-ing a-long, I hail my moth-er in the

morn-ing, Talk-ing a-bout the wel-come day.

*D.C.*

The musical score consists of six staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are further piano accompaniment. The sixth staff is a vocal line with lyrics and a *D.C.* marking.

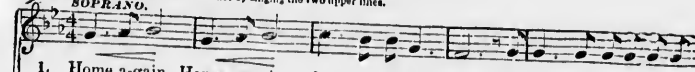
# Home Again.

## QUARTET.

PIKE.

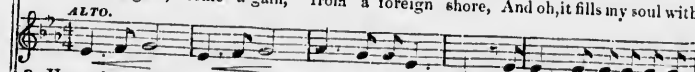
NOTE. — This can be used as a Duet by singing the two upper lines.

*SOPRANO.*



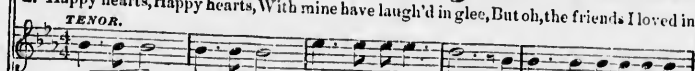
1. Home a-gain, Home a-gain, from a foreign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with

*ALTO.*



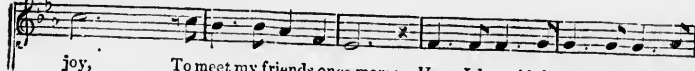



2. Happy hearts, Happy hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in

*TENOR.*

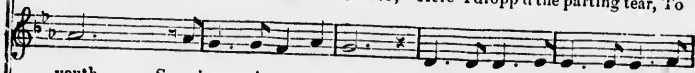


3. Mu - sic sweet, mus - ic soft, Lingers round the place, And oh, I feel the childhood

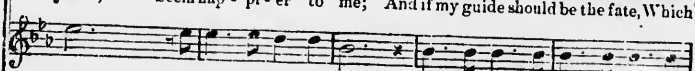
*BASS.*



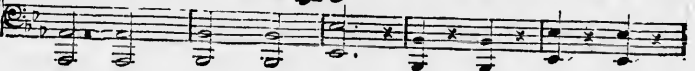


joy, To meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the parting tear, To



youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which



charm That time can-not ef - face; Then give me but my homestead reof, I'll



HOME AGAIN.

cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those      With  
 bids me lon - ger roam; But death a - lone can break the tie      That  
 ask no pal - ace dome; For I can live a hap - py life      With

The first system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom four staves are instrumental accompaniment, including a piano part with chords and a bass line.

kindly greet me home. Home a - gain, Home again, from a foreign  
 bids my heart to home. Home a - gain, Home again, from a foreign  
 those I love at home Home a - gain, Home again, from a foreign

The second system of the musical score also consists of six staves. It continues the vocal and instrumental parts from the first system, with lyrics on the top two staves.

HOME AGAIN.

shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

The musical score consists of six staves. The first three staves are vocal lines for three different voices, each with the lyrics: "shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more." The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a melody in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The fifth and sixth staves are the piano accompaniment, showing the continuation of the melody and chords.

# Jolly Brothers Galop.

FRANZ BUDIK.

VIOLIN. *f*

INTRODUCTION. GALOP.

1.

2.

*f*

*D. S. to S*

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It begins with an introduction in 4/4 time, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The main section is a galop, also in 4/4 time. The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system includes the 'INTRODUCTION.' and 'GALOP.' labels. The second system contains the first measure of the galop. The third system contains the second measure, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth system contains the third measure, marked with a first ending bracket labeled '1.'. The fifth system contains the fourth measure, marked with a second ending bracket labeled '2.' and a dynamic marking of *f*. The score concludes with the instruction *D. S. to S*.

JOLLY BROTHERS GALOP.

TRIO.

*p*

1. 2.

D.C.

# "Wild Flower."

POLKA REDOWA.

JAMES L. ABBOTT.

*Moderato.*

The musical score is presented in five systems, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The first system is marked *Moderato.* and the second system includes a *mf* dynamic marking. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

WILD FLOWER.

The musical score for 'Wild Flower' is presented in six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The piece begins with a piano introduction in the bass clef. The first system features a melodic line in the treble clef and a supporting bass line. The second system continues the melodic development. The third system shows a change in the bass line's texture. The fourth system includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the bass clef. The fifth system also features a dynamic marking of *f*. The sixth system concludes with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and the initials 'D.C.' (Da Capo) at the end of the piece.



# Sharp-Shooters' March.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By CARL FAUST.

PIANO.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with several rests. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics markings include *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano).

The second system continues the piece with similar melodic and accompanimental lines. It features various note values and rests, maintaining the rhythmic pattern.

The third system includes a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the lower staff, indicating a change in volume. The melodic line in the upper staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The fourth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *v* (accrescendo).

SHARP-SHOOTERS' MARCH.

S.....

*f*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

S.....

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with some rests, while the lower staff maintains the accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

S.....

The third system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' at the end of the system. The lower staff continues with its accompaniment.

2 D. C. TRIO.

The fourth system introduces a new section. The upper staff has a first ending bracket labeled '2' and then changes to a key signature of one flat (Bb) for the 'D. C. TRIO.' section. The lower staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and continues with the accompaniment.

The fifth system continues the 'D. C. TRIO.' section with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with rests, and the lower staff provides the accompaniment.

The sixth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has two first ending brackets labeled '1' and '2'. The lower staff includes a forte (*f*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic, and ends with the instruction 'D. C.'.

# Cecelia March.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By B. BILSE.

PIANO

Marzaille. March.

*f* *pp* Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

\* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

1vo. 2do.

Ped. *f* *f*

642

CECELIA MARCH.

First system of musical notation for 'CECELIA MARCH.' It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music begins with a dynamic marking of *f* and a *Ped.* instruction. The upper staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A second *Ped.* instruction with an asterisk is placed above the lower staff.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the grand staff from the first system. The upper staff has a *Ped.* instruction above it. The lower staff has a *Ped.* instruction with an asterisk above it. The system concludes with a *Fino.* marking above the lower staff.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with a dynamic marking of *pp*. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff has a *Ped.* instruction above it. The lower staff has a *Ped.* instruction with an asterisk above it.

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff has a dynamic marking of *f* and a *Ped.* instruction above it. The lower staff has a *Ped.* instruction with an asterisk above it.

Sixth system of musical notation. The upper staff has a *Ped.* instruction above it. The lower staff has a *Ped.* instruction with an asterisk above it. The system concludes with a *D.C.* marking above the lower staff.

# Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz.

Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

*Tempo di valse.*

PIANO.

*Fine.*

BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE WALTZ

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some slurs and accents. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of chords, primarily dyads and triads, with some triplets.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a prominent slur over a group of notes. The lower staff continues the chordal accompaniment with consistent rhythmic patterns.

The third system shows the continuation of the waltz. The upper staff has a melodic line with a slur and a fermata-like marking. The lower staff maintains the accompaniment with some changes in chord voicing.

The fourth system marks the beginning of the TRIO section. The upper staff has a melodic line with a slur and a fermata. The lower staff is marked *dolce.* and features a more complex accompaniment with triplets and chords.

The fifth system continues the TRIO section. The upper staff has a melodic line with a slur and a fermata. The lower staff features a complex accompaniment with triplets and chords.

The sixth system continues the TRIO section. The upper staff has a melodic line with a slur and a fermata. The lower staff features a complex accompaniment with triplets and chords.

The seventh system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a slur and a fermata. The lower staff features a complex accompaniment with triplets and chords. The system ends with the marking *D. C.*

# The Black Hawk Waltz.

By MARY E. WALSH.

Sec.....

Sec.....CODA.

CODA.

Dal Segno

Repeat in Octaves.

THE BLACK HAWK WALTZ.

The musical score for 'The Black Hawk Waltz' is presented in eight systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is marked with 'Solo' at the beginning of each system. The first system shows a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass and a melody in the treble. The second system includes a first ending bracket with a '2' above it. The third system features a melodic line in the treble and a dense chordal accompaniment in the bass. The fourth system has a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with some rests. The fifth system shows a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with rests. The sixth system has a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with rests. The seventh system has a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with rests. The eighth system concludes the piece with a final melodic line in the treble and a bass line.



# Grafulla's Favorite Waltz.

Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass clef accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp. The music includes a dynamic marking of *p dolce*. The treble clef part has a melodic line with some grace notes and a change in rhythm. The bass clef part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp. The music continues with a melodic line in the treble clef and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp. The music ends with a final chord in the treble clef and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef.

GRAFAULLS FAVORITE WALTZ.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a waltz-like melody with eighth-note patterns.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff provides harmonic support. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appears in the lower staff towards the end of the system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a more melodic line with some slurs. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with several slurs. The lower staff continues with a consistent accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase. The lower staff ends with a final chord. The notation includes a *D.C.* (Da Capo) marking at the end of the system.

# Attack Galop.

F. ZIKOFF.

PIANO.

*Introduction.* *Galop.*

First system of musical notation. The left hand (bass clef) plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melody. Dynamics include *f*, *fz*, and *p*. The tempo is marked *PIANO.*

Second system of musical notation. The left hand continues with eighth notes. The right hand melody includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. Dynamics include *fz* and *p*.

Third system of musical notation. The left hand continues with eighth notes. The right hand melody includes first and second endings. Dynamics include *fz* and *ff*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The left hand continues with eighth notes. The right hand melody includes accents (*>*) and dynamic markings *ff* and *con forza*.

ATTACK GALOP.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and accents. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *fz* is present in the middle of the system.

The second system continues the piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p dolce* is placed above the treble staff.

The third system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has slurs and accents. The bass staff has a consistent rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system features a more active treble staff with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment. Dynamic markings of *fz* and *p* are visible.

The fifth system includes a crescendo marking *cres.* and a dynamic marking of *f*. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment.

The sixth system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* is present. The system ends with the instruction *D. C. to Galop.*

A baby'  
A barkin'  
A beauti  
Above t  
Abram  
A brook  
A captai  
A cobble  
A couns  
A count  
A cottag  
A dew-d  
A far in  
A fair g  
A fearle  
A foolis  
Against  
Against  
Ah, Cle  
A hidde  
A jovia  
Ah, hov  
Ah, ma  
Ah, swe  
Ah, swe  
Ah! 'ti  
Ah, yes  
Alas, th  
A letter  
Alexis e  
A little  
A long  
All Afri  
All day  
All day  
All day  
All hail  
All hail  
All mov  
All silen  
All the  
Althoug  
Amidst  
A mona  
Among  
A mon  
A moth  
A moth  
A moth  
An ang  
And ca  
And is

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