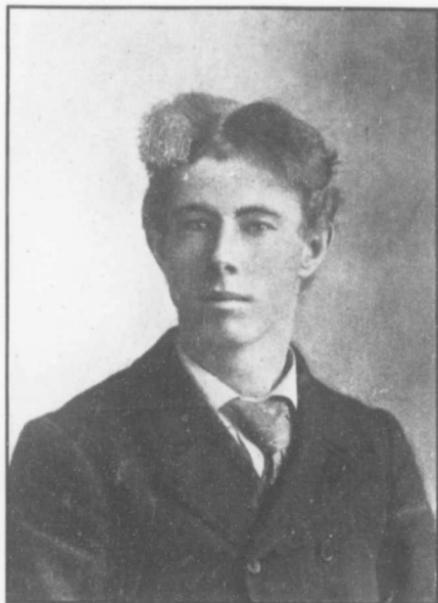


Thoughts of Boyhood  
Happy Days

Caroline

Thoughts of Boyhood



"JARDINE."

THOUGHTS

..... OF .....

HAPPY BOYHOOD

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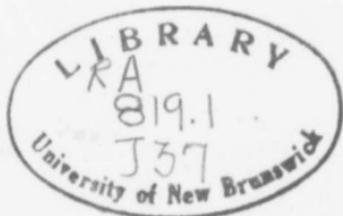
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JARDINE.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. & A. McMILLAN, PRINTERS, BOOKBINDERS, STATIONERS, ETC.

1902.

TO  
BERTIS COLWELL, ESQUIRE,  
OF GRAND LAKE, QUEENS CO.,  
THIS COLLECTION OF POEMS IS INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS OLD FRIEND AND COMRADE,

JARDINE.

*May 24th, 1902.*

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## PREFACE.

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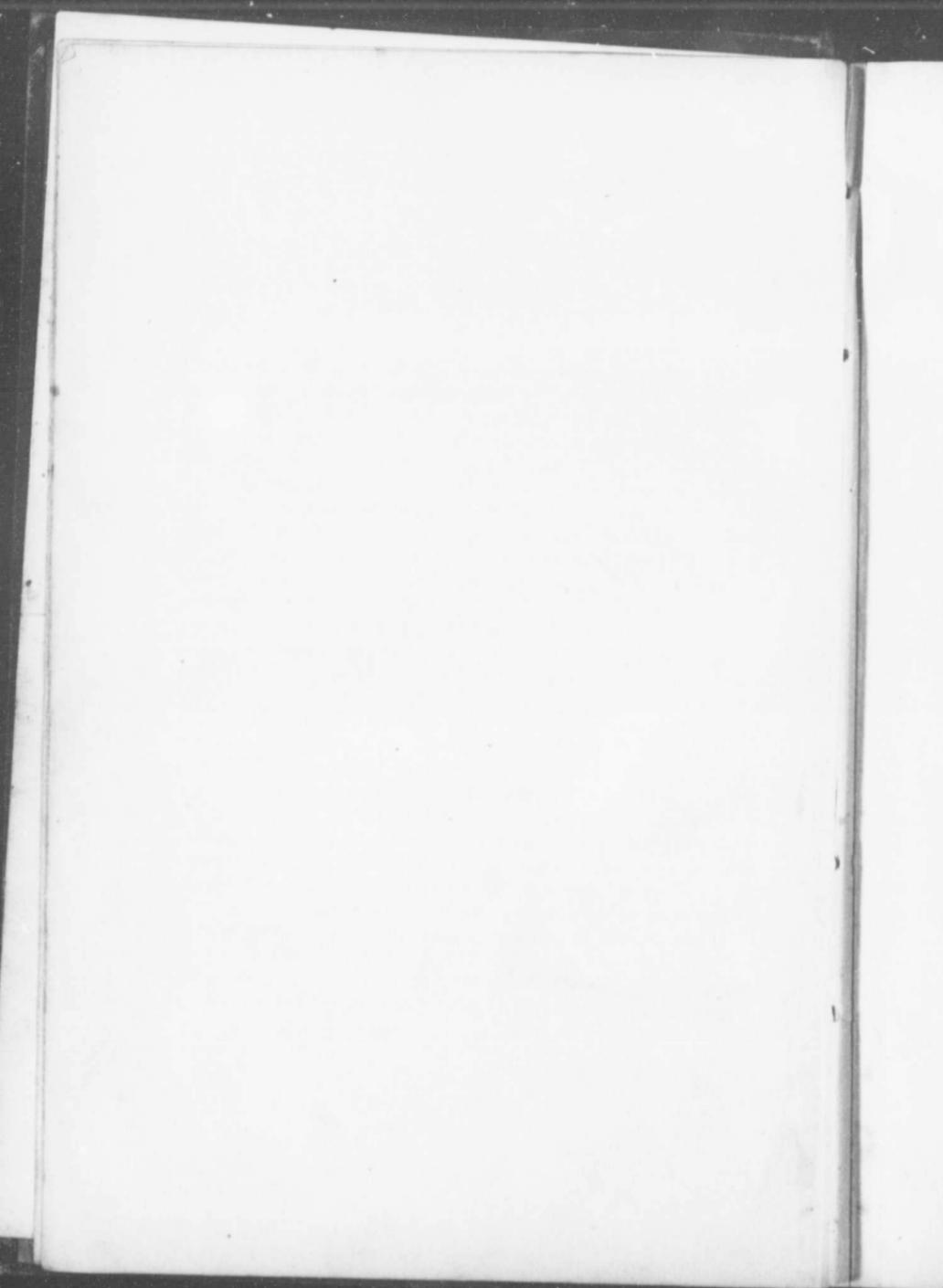
IN placing this little volume of poetry before the public, I am not at all insensible of its many defects. Some of the shorter poems are but the efforts of boyhood, written at a time before the author had become acquainted with any of the many poets of the past, and when he necessarily was obliged to depend almost wholly on his own small stock of information as a source of subjects.

I would particularly call the attention of my readers to the little ode entitled "Spring"—the first of my early productions. It would be impossible for me to tell what unbounded pleasure the composition of that first little poem gave me. I was in an ecstasy of delight from the beginning of the first stanza to the completion of the ode. At the time of the writing of this poem I was undergoing a course of training at a college in Westmorland County, as many of the students who attended the institution at that time will remember.

A great many short poems were composed during my sojourn there, but the greater number of these were destroyed by me after a more careful perusal at home. Since that time I have been working at intervals on the volume that I am now placing in the hands of my publishers, J. & A. McMillan, of St. John, N. B.

A few of the productions were published some time ago, receiving, as is usual with everything new, their weight of censure on the one hand, and of approbation on the other; but by far the greater bulk have never before met the public eye.

In conclusion, I can only say to my readers—choose what is choicest, remembering that there is no rose without a thorn. If one single line that I have written may tend to make some heart happier and better, I will feel therein an ample reward for all my labors.



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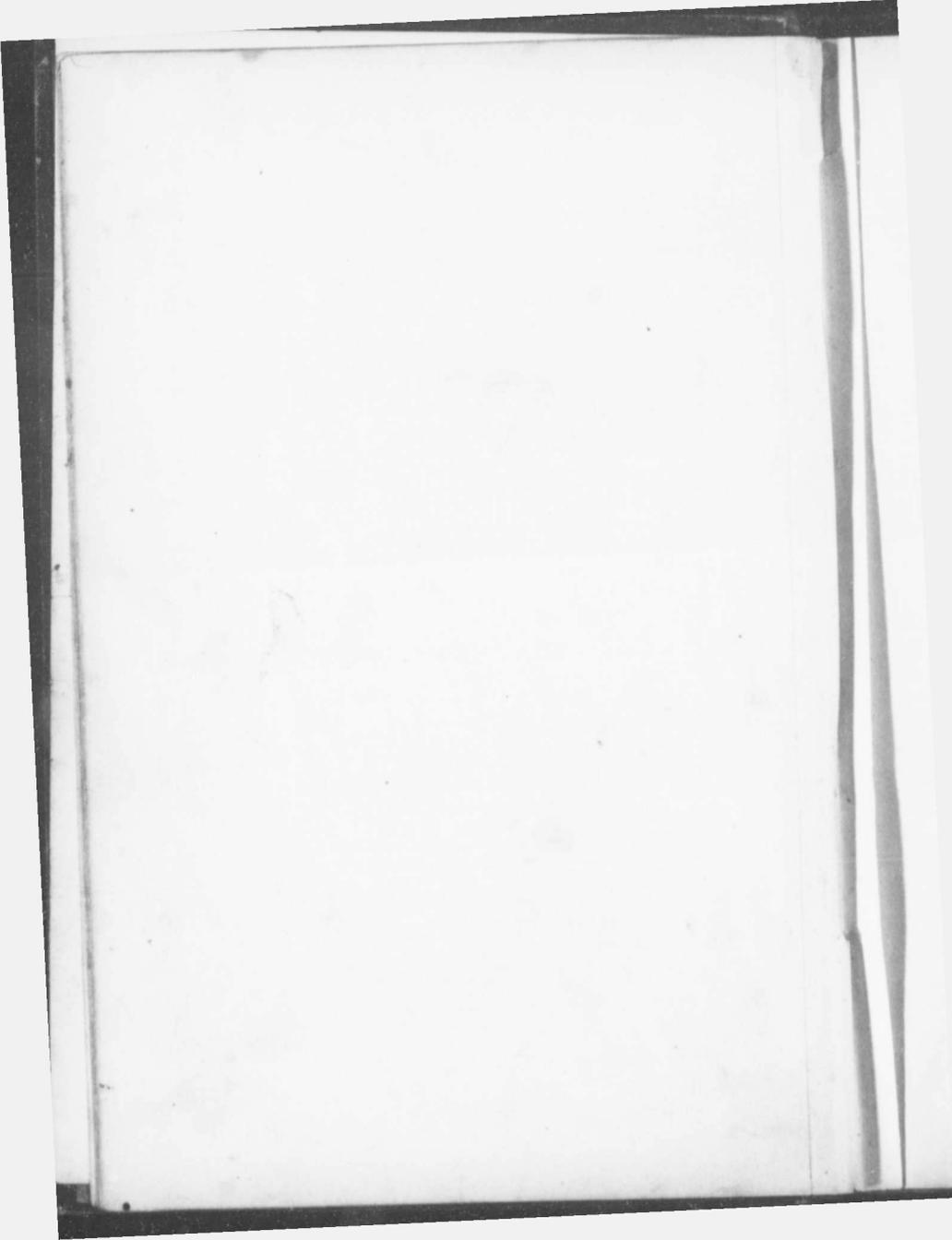
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## THOUGHTS OF HAPPY BOYHOOD.

### LINES ON A PICTURE.

Her large dark eyes for tender glow  
Might rival with the mountain doe,  
'Twere vain indeed their depths to know :  
They seemed a thousand tales to tell  
'Neath those fine brows that arched them well—  
All free the soft brown ringlets fell,  
And o'er the perfect shoulders found  
Sweet rest upon the arms so round,  
Or in bright billows streamed adown  
To mingle with the snowy gown.  
The small, straight nose seemed as 'twere made  
To breathe but in the flowery glade ;  
The chiselled lip, so sweet 'twere formed,  
That all she spoke in rapture warmed ;  
The graceful neck—go look upon  
The matchless contour of the swan !  
Make up a face that well might start  
A longing in the coldest heart.

### A THOUGHT.

One day a little birdie built its nest  
In some fair spot far in the cedar shade—  
None knew. The red sun sunk adown the west  
To other scenes, and in the leafy glade  
No other voice save one sweet warbled note  
Fell soft and low.

## CANADA.

Know ye the land where the birch and the maple  
 The fairest of foliage lift to the sky ;  
 Where the moose and the otter, the bear and the sable,  
 Still wander as free as in days that are by :  
 Where the child of the forest, beneath the dark cedar,  
 All silently dreams through the long summer day ;  
 The smoke from his wigwam ascending, O reader,  
 Aloft to the snowy clouds floating away ;  
 Where a warm-hearted people dwell hap'ly together  
 In friendship and amity, true to their worth,—  
 'Tis Canada, long may they live to defend her,  
 The gem of the ocean, the empress of earth.

There blow the winds softly athrough the pine tassels,  
 And whispering waves woo the far purple shore ;  
 The sea-gull, all white from its foam-crested castles,  
 On bright cleaving pinions exultingly oar ;  
 The raven croaks hoarsely adown where the thistle  
 Its wee fairy parachutes scatters amain—  
 And anon from the swamp comes the measured low  
 whistle,  
 That falls on the ear like the sweetest refrain ;  
 The birdies their choicest of little songs warble,  
 To wake the dull heart to its old former worth,  
 To tune the deep woodland, to praise, to inspire her—  
 The gem of the ocean, the empress of earth.

## THE CEDAR WAXWING.

And now the virgin of the cedar vale,  
 With soft, smooth plumage, in her fair retreat  
 So gentle, trusting, bids us gather near and hear  
 From lips that willing speak—the birdie's tale.

## ON THE QUEEN.

Go ask New Brunswick's tasselled pines  
Why they are sad to-night?  
Why o'er them in the darkened sky  
Appears no tiny light?  
Their sombre heads in sorrow hang,  
And drooping is each leaf—  
From ev'ry cone in anguish fall  
The tears of silent grief,  
They fall to swell the mountain stream  
That, rumbling o'er its bed,  
Repeat in accents mournfully,  
"Victoria is dead."

In Nova Scotia you may see  
The darkened spruce trees weep,  
And lordly hemlocks, robed in moss,  
Low sob themselves to sleep ;  
From far Atlantic's darkened waves  
The snowy sea-birds soar  
To rest their weary pinions there  
Upon the sounding shore ;  
To tell a tale, that oft retold,  
From many a crested head  
Re-echo from the rocky hills,  
"Victoria is dead."

## SWEET THOUGHTS.

While through the long, long, lonely days  
I travel o'er life's stony ways,  
The robin shall my best friend be,  
The warbler and the chickadee  
My dearest comrades.

*A FRAGMENT.*

## THE HERMIT THRUSH.

The hermit thrush, by the inland swamp,  
May be seen in the early spring,  
It does not come to the open fields,  
And seldom is heard to sing.

It loves to dwell where the pathless woods  
Encircle some shining lake,  
And on the shores to build its nest  
'Neath the shade of the bending brake.

Beneath, it is white, like the fleecy clouds  
That dream in the summer sky,  
The throat and breast with dusky spots  
From the black oak standing by.

There, in its home, this silent one  
With its little birdies dwell,  
And only God from the bending sky  
Hears the tale that it has to tell.

## A FRAGMENT.

I hear once more the summer breeze  
In the leaves of the princess pine ;  
I lie once more 'neath the blossomed trees  
With the fairest of the nine ;  
I see the river rolling on  
Where the valley slopes below ;  
The soft, dark spruce on the distant bank,  
The hemlock bending low.  
And once again the little church  
Looms up on the distant hill,  
With many a marble monument  
Round the place, secluded, still.

THE CHICKADEE.

In spring the robin sings its song  
From many a wayside tree ;  
Along the budding hedge is heard  
The black-capped chickadee.  
This little friend remains with us  
Throughout the long, long year—  
Through summer heat, through autumn lone,  
When winter skies are drear.

His coat is colored ash above—  
The head, the throat and chin  
A shiny black, that will not fade  
Nor let the raindrops in ;  
In little squadrons through the wood  
We see them make their way,  
Now flitting here, now resting there  
On many a tiny spray.

Now suddenly with startled flight  
They dart like lightning by,  
Now peering from the winter beech  
Into the cold blue sky ;  
And e'er, anon, that little song—  
Chick-a-de-de-de-de—  
That tells a tale, a strange, sweet tale,  
To the silent lands and me.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

May fairest flowers about your feet  
The path of life make bright,  
And rosy-tinted, peaceful dawn,  
Dispel your darkest night.

## THE MOOSE FIGHT.

Their great horns locked  
 By the inland lake they lie,  
 Unwatched was that fierce fight,  
 Unheard that battle cry—  
 Save by the winds, that moaned  
 In anguish through the wood,  
 As in fierce hate they sought  
 To shed each other's blood.

The pale moon saw the end,  
 She caught each parting breath,  
 No human eye was near  
 To view that scene of death.  
 The little twinkling stars  
 In pity shed their light  
 Upon the rivals dead  
 On that autumnal night.

## ELENORE.

'Tis night upon the deep,  
 No starlight in the sky,  
 The winds in sorrow weep  
 For her who lies asleep  
 Beneath the willows high :  
 " Gently sleep, Elenore, whisper softly all the leaves."

Fair was she to behold,  
 Now so lowly, damp and cold—  
 Eyes that matched the rubies bright  
 In their sparkling depths of light,  
 Now in slumber softly soothed by the night :  
 " Gently sleep, Elenore, whisper softly all the leaves."

## NATURE'S ADVICE.

Come to the vernal wood  
Ye who love solitude,  
There where the babbling brook  
Winds through the hills ;  
List to the bluebird's song,  
Join with the happy throng,  
Singing sweet music that all the wood fills.

Come to the ocean's shore,  
Where the wild billows roar,  
Ye who in fancy sail  
O'er the wide deep ;  
List to the sea-gull's cry,  
Join in the chorus high—  
Echoing, thundering, leap upon leap.

Come to the battle-field,  
Ye who the sword would wield,  
While peace is reigning  
O'er all the broad land ;  
Look at the vanquished dead,  
Glance at the blood he shed,  
Let fall a tear on the still pulseless hand.

Come to the prairie wide,  
Ye who in death would ride,  
Where the wild Indian  
Roams at his will ;  
See the tall grasses wave  
High o'er a lonely grave,  
Where a poor cowboy sleeps lowly and still.

Come to the dreary lands,  
Where in its icy hands  
Earth holds the mountains,

The valleys and streams ;  
    Battle the freezing blast,  
    Cling to the broken mast,  
Sigh for sweet summer, the sun's gentle gleams.

    Come to the prison cell,  
    Where the poor culprits dwell,  
    Look on some handsome face,  
Sin-stained and sad ;  
    Think on his wasted life,  
    Sigh for his weeping wife,  
Comfort the lost one and make his heart glad.

    Come to the mountain chain,  
    Where miners seek in vain—  
    Seek for the treasures  
Forever in sight ;  
    Hear the sad story told  
    Of the mad search for gold,  
Then hasten homeward and live life aright.

    Come where the birdies rest,  
    Deep in the downy nest,  
    Where the dark cedars  
O'ershadow the vale ;  
    List to the cooing sweet,  
    Patter of little feet,  
Then to the maiden go whisper love's tale.

    Come where the waters sweep  
    Over the rocky steep,  
    Where, with deep thunders,  
The dark forests swell ;  
    List to the music grand,  
    Noblest of nature's band,  
Then praise thy God, who hath made all things well.

THE CHALLENGE.

Astride a fallen log he stands,  
His proud head lifted high,  
His gaze fixed on a darkened speck  
Against the sunset sky.

Far, far away, yet well he knows  
He feels therein a foe—  
His flashing eye grim lightning darts,  
His nostrils steady blow

Tell of those passions raging deep  
Unbridled in his breast ;  
A long, low wail steals o'er the lake  
From that far mountain crest.

He hears, and thunders in return,  
Defiance in his roar ;  
His trampings in impatience ring  
Along the sounding shore.

And now far out upon the lake  
A dark form slowly nears,  
That snorting in its maddened haste  
Again the challenge hears.

Yet nearer, and the crimson fire  
Of anger blazes forth  
Like lava from the burning crest  
Of mountains in the north.

The shore is reached, he shakes the surf  
Off from his glossy breast ;  
The massive head and gnarled horns  
Like storm-clouds in the west.

Slow surge and heave, as in great bounds,  
 He meets the waiting foe,—  
 That ere the twilight's glory passed  
 In death lay writhing low.

## THE OLD STAGE ROAD.

There it stretches away  
 Through the dark and silent woods,  
 The road where the stage-coach used to run ;  
 But for many dreary days  
 None have walked its weary ways  
 From the rising to the setting of the sun.

The deer and the moose  
 Now its darkened paths do tread,  
 While the branches of the trees shut out the sky ;  
 But I love it just the same,—  
 It has been a path to fame  
 Of many who now in the grave do lie.

CHORUS: Even now I hear the rattle  
 Of the wheels upon the hillside ;  
 Even now I hear the cheery voice  
 Of him the driver old,—  
 Teaming proudly on the horses  
 As they champ their bits and whinner,  
 Whinner for they know 'tis supper time  
 And they are near the fold.

Oh well do I remember  
 The driver, poor old man,  
 He often with us over night did stay ;  
 But one morn he was found dead—  
 'Twas old age, the people said—  
 Yes, the angels they had ta'en his soul away.

Ah ! but those were happy days  
When the old stage used to run,  
When the rich man amongst us was unknown ;  
We were happy and content,  
And a kind word was well meant  
To comfort the cheerless and alone.

But they'll never come again to us,  
Those dear and bygone days,  
There glories now are vanished like a dream ;  
And the people, too, likewise,  
Have been gathered to the skies,  
As the ocean holds the clear and crystal stream.

## OUR IRISH HEROES.

She called, and from a thousand loyal homes  
A thousand gallant heroes marched away ;  
The bearded Russian in his castle domes,  
The daring scout that on his blanket lay  
Far on the western plains at close of day,  
Each heard the summons, knew the stern command  
That with deep echoes thundered round the world,  
And wondering, paused, to see how hand in hand  
Each loyal Britain hailed the flag unfurled.

Our deep-voiced neighbors wished the word for long,  
That plunged Old England in this bloody war,—  
"Canadians are not loyal" was their song,  
And Ireland bleeds from many a cruel scar—  
She can't forget the days, though faded far,  
When English tyrants spoiled those lovely shores.  
And England roused—must to the fight alone.  
Vain thought, Canadians opened wide their doors,  
And to the south her loyal sons have gone.

*SOMEBODY'S BROTHER.*

And Ireland's heart and pride, from every land,  
 Went forth to battle in the nation's cause—  
 Beside the gun the first to proudly stand,  
 The first to die defending Britain's laws.  
 No marvel at the Boers' untimely pause,  
 For they who fought, who bled at Waterloo,  
 Who placed Napoleon on the lonely isle—  
 Determined they again the same would do  
 To Kruger: he must die in lone exile.

And this my prophecy—'twill not be long  
 Ere war clouds lift and white-robed peace return,  
 With Bobs and Kitchener there to head the throng,  
 The first to see the fires of victory burn,  
 The last to strike a fighting foe, I yearn—  
 With White to counsel, hold, and to advise,  
 Brave White, who dearly earned a soldier's fame;  
 Where lives that foe 'neath heaven's azure skies,  
 That could resist and leave else than a name.

*SOMEBODY'S BROTHER.*

His gun across his breast he lies,  
 Poor fellow, dead!  
 The pale blue violets sadly bloom  
 About his head.  
 So still and cold, so free from care,  
 He peaceful sleeps;  
 No thought of her so far away  
 Who silent weeps.  
 A small red warbler chirrup there  
 Close by his side;  
 It loves the gallant soldier boy  
 Who nobly died.

THE HUNTER'S DREAM.

In a cabin by a river,  
Far within the autumn woodland,  
Sat a hunter lonely, weary,  
    At the closing of the day :  
He was thinking of a dear one  
In a far off hamlet waiting,  
Waiting for the lad who loves her,  
    Though he now is far away.

'Neath the window, all the red leaves  
Of the bending silver maple  
Whisper softly to each other  
    A sweet name that thrills his heart ;  
Once again he sees her bright eyes  
Looking into his so hopeful,  
Hears again the blushing promise  
    From the rosy lips apart.

As he ponders, lo ! a shadow  
Wanders o'er the dark brow slowly,  
And a tiny tear-drop trickles  
    From the saddened dark brown eyes.  
On the hearth the embers dying  
Flicker ghostly in the twilight,  
Spectral fingers touch the features  
    Of the dreamer as they rise.

From the west the bloom of evening,  
By the cooling breezes blowing,  
Slowly fades, and silvered over  
    Is the far horizon's rim ;  
From the swamp the hooting owl  
Hollow echoes low awaken,  
Where the sable twilight settles  
    From the purple woodland's din.

*THE HUNTER'S DREAM.*

Tiny stars along the heavens  
Hang their silver banners trembling,  
Watching for the moon that lingers  
Down behind the eastern hills,  
Whisp'ring to the sleeping cloudlets,  
Gently rocked by waking breezes,  
Wond'ring as they journey onward  
What sweet dreams their cradle fills.

Naught but ashes in the cabin,  
Where the spirit of the pine-wood  
Cast a cheerful glow around it  
And the silent watcher there ;  
Through the moss-filled chinks a ripple  
From the blood-red moon, new risen,  
Robes the cabin with the glory  
Of its splendor rich and rare.

Sudden, as by spirit fingers,  
Is the dampened fire rekindled,  
And a maiden, O so lovely,  
Enters through the open door ;  
Fair her face, as budding roses,  
Blushing sweetly in the sunlight,  
In her hair a simple blossom  
From the rock-bine on the shore.

With a step so gentle neared she,  
Where the weary hunter seated,  
All unconscious of her presence,  
Dreamed a dream of other days—  
As a young leaf flutters slowly  
From a bending limb of roddan,  
Down beside a flower that trembles  
'Mid the summer's scented hays.

Near his shoulders tiny fingers  
Lightly touched the dark curls clustered,  
Wreathing round a brow that rivals

E'en the oak leaves in its hue,  
And a voice as moving waters,  
In its sparkling depths of clearness,  
Whispers in his ear, "Speak, Edwin,  
'Tis your darling come to you."

O'er the sleeper, lo! a tremor  
Passes slowly for a moment,  
As a breeze the golden tassels  
Of a ripened field of corn,  
And the bowed head slowly raises,  
And the dark eyes, looking upward,  
Meet with others deeper, brighter,  
Than the blue of summer's morn.

O 'tis sweet when absent lovers  
See each other after long days,—  
Meet to tell the old, old story,  
Told so oft, so oft before!  
Dwelling in the happy present,  
Thinking never of the future,  
Knowing only endless summer  
And a fair god to adore.

Picture to yourself, dear reader,  
What his thoughts were at that moment,  
As he pressed the lips of her he loved  
So fondly to his own,  
As he took the hand, the little hand,  
That lay in his so lightly,  
Whisp'ring words that moved like snowy clouds  
By summer breezes blown.

As a bird that warbles sweetly  
To its mate among the birches,  
Told she of the old home resting  
    'Mid the hills so far away,  
How its brightness seemed to leave it  
When the lad she loved departed,  
As the moon leaves dark the woodland  
    When it sinks behind the bay.

How she longed for his returning  
From the forests of the far lands ;  
How she feared that danger lurked about  
    His little log abode,—  
Often wond'ring if he thought of her  
When storms hung o'er the heavens,  
When lightning flashed and thunder crashed  
    Along the mountain road.

When lonely night winds, sighing,  
Breathed in anger through the green boughs  
Of the lilac and the rose bush,  
    Blooming near the kitchen door ;  
When the whip-poor-will had ceased to sing  
Within the blossomed hedges,  
And the frog had ceased its moaning  
    In the bog beyond the shore.

Told she of his poor old mother,  
Of the tears that fell like raindrops,  
Of the saddened eye that seemed to speak,  
    Its tale of sorrow tell ;  
Of a sister and a brother,  
Looking to a happy meeting  
In the old home by the river side  
    That he had loved so well.

Thus beside each other nestled  
Did they spend the hours together,  
While the moon along the nightly sky  
Her golden splendour flung ;  
While the glitt'ring constellations,  
Moving ever in their circuits,  
Wound around the never changing pole  
Their twinkling lights among.

Slowly dying, slowly dying,  
Is the breeze among the maples,  
And the pines' green hanging tassels  
Tremble on each pitchy stem ;  
Scarce a ruffle on the surface  
Of the brook's far-reaching waters :  
All unnoticed by the lovers  
This has naught to do with them.

Sudden, mighty wings resounding  
Drum adown the hillside rumbling,  
And a great dark bird in soon alights  
Beside the cabin door,—  
Wild his crimson eyes oft turning,  
Glance along the pathway wending,  
Where a partridge with its little brood  
Are nesting near the shore.

Oft, anon, the low sweet cooing,  
From the brown leaved nest ascending,  
Breathe athrough the leafy glade, and fall  
Upon the night-bird's ears ;  
Restless, moving, looks he downward,  
Watching with intent and longing,—  
Whetting oft the sable beak upon  
The talons as he hears.

Then with cry that in grim echoes  
 Break and die far in the woodland,  
 And a whirr of wings that startles  
   E'en the cricket in its song,  
 Down the way, like flash of lightning,  
 Darts the bird of prey and plunder  
 Down upon the unsuspecting ones  
   That little dream of wrong.

In the cabin, lo! the hunter,  
 Startled, shivers for a moment,  
 Then arises from the seat where he'd  
   Been sleeping all the while—  
 Gone the loved one from his hearing,  
 Gone he knew not where or whither,  
 Only knew that he'd been dreaming  
   Of a maid in far Maurile.

Naught but ashes in the cabin,  
 Where the spirit of the pine-wood  
 Cast a cheerful glow around it  
   And the silent watcher there.  
 From the west the moon descending  
 Gathered up its golden splendor,  
 Paused one moment on the hilltops,  
   Then descended to his lair.

## A FRAGMENT.

The goblet may like amber shine  
 When filled to brim with choicest wine ;  
 The plighted youth may take it up,  
 The kiss of beauty pledge the cup :  
 I envy not, and oft have laughed  
 To think I drink a fairer draught.

## TO CARRIE.

Cooing softly, cooing come,  
 And with voices low,  
 Round the cot, the little cot,  
 Rest while soft winds blow :  
 In sweet slumber now I see her,  
 E'en as mountain snow.

Coming, coming, gently coming,  
 Are the sunbeams—all  
 Rising, falling—falling, rising—  
 Resting on the wall :  
 In long shafts of golden splendour  
 Silently they fall.

Ceaseless, ceaseless, tiny fingers,  
 As the pillows white  
 Reach athrough the careless ringlets—  
 Rays of golden light :  
 Is it true that angels guard her  
 E'en when day is bright ?

## AN ACROSTIC.

Early in years he died—the good, the true ;  
 Religious light was stamped upon his brow.  
 No wickedness knew this good boy, I know !  
 Ever together, I miss his company now.  
 Surely we shall meet again on high,  
 To be companions still—no more to die.

Among the spruce and cedars near the school  
 Romped we together, scarce a week before !  
 Both of us happy—not one thought of care.  
 O Death, why did'st thou make my heart so sore ?

## THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

The long, long days wore wearily on,  
Hung heavy o'er the soldier's cheerless heart,  
As each succeeding night and rosy dawn  
Brought not the news, and oft a tear would start  
Slow trickling from its source,—the lips apart,  
The pallid brow deep lined : the wasted form,  
Like some green tree round which the lightning dart  
Had wound its cruel fangs while roared the storm,  
Now bent beneath its wounds, deep, scarred and torn.

About the city reigned an awful gloom,  
Each rocky hill its deadly missiles poured,  
Hurled forward on their woeful work of doom.  
Can hope be with them still? The cannons roared  
The grim defiant answer to the Boer,  
The red shot tore along the mountain crest,  
And bursting, fell where sheltering rock ignored  
The seekers' cry ; where many a heaving breast  
A moment throbbled, then lay in calmest rest.

And thus the seething guns unceasingly,  
Day after day in booming thunder deep,  
Pealed from the ramparts and the far kopje :—  
Reverberating echoes leap on leap,  
The death knell of brave heroes in their sleep,  
The long last sleep that no awaking knows,  
Incessantly, in rumbling murmurs keep  
Triumphant watch, while howling to their foes.

Why comes he not on whom for such long time  
Their cherished hopes depended—aye, began?  
Can he have failed? Have they, that stalwart line  
That long have faced the world, their record ran?

Must she too fall, like Egypt in the van  
And numbered be 'midst nations of the past?  
Such thoughts ne'er harbour in the breast of man,—  
For England, mighty England, to the last  
Shall firmly stand against the heaviest blast.

Far off, yet ever nearer comes a sound  
That like sweet music falls upon the ear,  
And now the very hills, the rocks, the ground  
Ring forth the joyful tidings—cheer on cheer  
Break from the brave defenders :—He is near.  
With eager eyes they scan the western plain  
From which the Boers have turned in sudden fear,  
No more they'll thunder on those hills again—  
That cruel tyrant's power will surely wane.

Not long wait they,—the roll of distant drum  
Is heard beyond the range, and now the call,  
The clear notes of the bugle echoing come,—  
Yet nearer, and the glint of rifles fall  
Across the summits. Now the city wall  
Breaks forth afresh and louder than before,  
Hurrah ! we're saved ! rise from the hearts of all,  
As down the steep Dundonald's heroes pour.

## A FRAGMENT.

The summer sky looked down and smiled  
Upon that fair young face,  
The summer breeze all gently moved  
The tresses in their place ;  
And as she nestled by my side,  
I saw in those blue eyes  
The love-light of a fairy bride  
Descended from the skies.

## TO DEAR LITTLE ALICE.

O, Death ! what sadness thou canst bring to me  
And to a sister fair such endless joy.  
Why leave this spirit merged in agony,  
In clouds of sorrow that must e'er annoy ?

E'en now beside me in her blooming youth  
I see her stand as when I saw her last ;  
Her angel face the very font of truth !  
Can it be so ? Are all our meetings past ?

Once more I hold her gently by the hand  
As when we parted at the convent door ;  
I hear again, but from another land,  
The sad farewell I heard in days of yore.

Oft when the summer's flowers bedeck the fields,  
When bright winged butterflies in glory roam,  
We'll miss you, sister, where the garden yields  
Its sweetest fragrance round your play-house home.

The little ones, your playmates, mourn for you—  
Aye, many a sad tear now bedims their eye ;  
They think of her, the little friend and true,  
Who shared their pleasures as the days went by.

The little play-house looks so lonely now,  
Where once thy childish voice in laughter rung ;  
The trees that bend around it, clust'ring low,  
In silence weep for her, so good, so young.

Oft times at evening, when the sun is set,  
And soft winds whisper through the sleeping trees,  
In accents sweet, a voice I'll ne'er forget  
Comes faintly inward on the waking breeze.

As soft as tinkling waterfalls and low :

“ Dear brother, weep no more, but dry your tears,  
I'm ever near you, though you do not know  
I hear you speak, I know your little fears.”

About thy grave the dark brown leaves are strown  
That with thee died, when summer's bloom was o'er ;  
They watch the little stranger there alone,  
And sigh for one we'll see on earth no more.

But when the spring-time cometh with the flowers,  
And warm winds gently fan the peeping bloom ;  
The little birdies, through the long, long hours,  
Their sweetest songs will warble round your tomb.

Among the boughs that bend in beauty, near  
A downy nest, so cozy, will be seen,—  
And little footsteps lightly you will hear  
When summer robes thy bed with grasses green.

Sleep gently, sister, till we meet again,  
Where sad farewells will never more be known ;  
I feel that you are near me every hour,  
And that I never, never am alone.

#### THE GOLDEN WARBLER.

Where bending willows swing adown  
To kiss the sleeping stream,  
Where golden daisies lightly lie  
Along the sunny gleam ;

The golden warbler makes its home,  
And builds its tiny nest  
Among the bending bushes  
In the spot it loves the best.

THE INDIAN AT THE DEATH-BED OF HIS  
SPOUSE.

Lonely and sad, lonely and sad,  
Sighing all lonely while others are glad ;  
Child of the river, the mountain, and sea,  
Sob with the winds that are sobbing for thee.

Sob, but thy tears cannot bring thee relief ;  
Sigh, but thy sighing can never be brief.  
Wonder thee not that the winds lon'ly moan !  
They are unhappy, for thou art alone.

KRUGER'S DESTINY.

There's a bright happy land far away to the eastward,  
That sits like a gem in the midst of the sea,  
Atlantic's blue waves sing their sweet songs around her,  
And tell to the world that " Old England " is free.

Yea ! speak the wild waves, we will guard her as truly  
As in the dark days when Spain's prestige was high ;  
And with lashing and crashing of sky-soaring billows,—  
We'll lay the next foe where the fated do lie.

Why speak to her foes when the bright sun is shining ?  
Why tell them that we guard those beautiful shores ?  
They will not believe till their last ship is sinking,  
And fierce in his might Death exultingly roars.

From afar, on the wings of the wind, comes a story,—  
'Twas whispered, when shadows lie thickest and deep ;  
None heard save the mermaids—those beautiful creatures  
That come when 'tis sunset to sing me to sleep.

Yea! telling of how in that land to the southward,  
Where once roamed the Negro triumphantly free  
"Our boys" have been fighting for freedom and country,  
And many are dying—O God, can it be?

Those bright happy lads whom so gladly we welcomed,  
So proudly we carried to Africa's shore:  
They knew that an enemy, treach'rous and cruel,  
Were trampling her rights as they'd oft done before.

Old England is patient, not easy to anger,  
But when she's aroused, there's a lion abroad;  
And Kruger will yet rue the day that he scorned her,  
E'en now her great cavalry trample the sod.

E'en now at his heels see the redcoats advancing  
From Kimberley, Glencoe, Colenso, and all;  
Wait but a short time for the wind's coming story,  
How England has won, and of Kruger's downfall.

## TO GERTRUDE.

Why am I sad on this night of glee?  
Brightly the lamps in the niches hang,  
Sweetly the strings of the banjo twang!  
Sweet, thou art not with me!

Fair be the faces that throng the hall,  
Silvered with smiles that I can not see;  
Many the laughs through the sounding wall,  
Sweet, thou art not with me!

Music hath charms to soothe the soul,  
So says the poet—it can not be—  
Three violins and an organ roll,—  
Sweet, thou art not with me!

## ON LEAVING HOME FOR MANITOBA.

[Dedicated to MICHAEL WHELAN, "The Bard of Renous."]

My native land, good night!—*Byron.*

Adieu, adieu! I now must go  
Far from my home and friends;  
The night winds circle up, and low  
My native sun descends.  
A little while and it shall rise,  
But not on those dear scenes,  
Its glow shall brighten other skies  
Far from my own ravines.

A little while, and as a dream  
The old home I will see;  
The leafy lane, the leaping stream,  
The stately willow tree.  
'Twas there I met my youthful friends,  
Now long since gone away—  
Alike myself, each footstep bends  
Unto the dying day.

'Tis sad to look upon the past,  
To see with sullen tear  
The forms of loved ones fading fast,  
And faces strange appear;  
But I have done with grief, and now  
Will sigh but one sigh more,  
The west shall soothe my burning brow,  
And not my native shore.

The cloud-capped hills that looked so warm  
Behind the ev'ning light  
Will melt away, each pleasing form  
Grow dimmer in the night;

The dark green maples bending low  
Along the forest track,  
E'en now are whisp'ring as they blow,  
"O, speed the wand'rer back."

Long in the fields, each painted bloom,  
By warm winds gently fanned,  
Will blossom in the midnight gloom  
Far from my native land ;  
And sweet tuned singers that I love,—  
Around my pillow white—  
The robin, and the snowy dove,  
Make glad the hours of night.

And thou, O friend, O cherished friend,  
Whose face shall ever be  
The brightest likeness to the end  
That burns my memory,—  
Accept these few poor lowly lines,  
Nor ask not why 'tis so,  
For friendship oft holds hidden mines  
That friends must never know.

Adieu, adieu ! the rumbling wheels  
Grate harshly on mine ear,  
The lighted coach beneath me reels  
As if a thing of fear,—  
Around a distant curve I see  
The engine's crimson light :  
I care not where 'tis bearing me—  
My native land—good night.

## TRUTH.

'Tis resolution paves the way to good  
And makes man be the spirit that he would.

## THE DEAD HERO.

All night the booming cannon told  
Their messages of death,  
By many a worn and weary form,  
And many a fading breath.

By many a tear that trickling fell  
Upon a comrade's brow,  
Upon whose handsome features lay  
A rarer beauty now.

The morning saw his flashing eye,  
His lips determined mould,  
The careless locks that backward fell  
In waves of shining gold.

The reckless step, as by the gun  
He proudly took his stay ;  
But he'll fight no more for England,  
" Old England " far away.

Look back ! look back ! the fading past,  
Another picture holds  
A brighter scene before mine eyes,  
Its pleasing form unfolds.

Near to the great Oogoodi, that  
In kingly grandeur sweeps  
Through many a verdant forest track,  
Round many a rocky steep.

There by a little babbling brook  
An humble cottage stands,  
Encircled by its wealth of trees  
And cultivated lands.

And there, within its humble shade,  
A mother, old and gray,  
Stands by her boy, who soon must fight  
For England far away.

Remember, lad, your father's words  
When last he held your hand,  
"Whatever fate befall you, Jack,  
Be true to motherland."

A tear dropped from the sad blue eyes  
Upraised to hers in love :  
"I promise, mother, with the help  
Of Him who reigns above—

"To do my duty faithfully,  
To ever firmly stand  
True to the flag, the dear old flag,  
Of home and motherland."

She kissed the lips of him she loved,  
His arms around her fell,  
And with his head on mother's breast  
He breathed a long farewell.

## TO CARRIE.

O may the scent of fairest flowers  
Waft through the window tall,  
And round thy cot, my little one,  
Like sunny dewdrops fall.

May little love-songs, warbled sweet  
In many a leafy bower,  
Blow inward through the window tall  
To soothe thee every hour.

## THOUGHTS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

What art thou thinking of, Moon,  
As you ride along, midst that silent throng  
Of fleecy clouds, like a lonely loon?

Hast thou looked in at my home,  
So far away, with its roofs of gray,  
In your wanderings lone?

And what did you see there, Moon?  
Do tell me now, for I know that thou  
Wilt be setting soon!

“ A mother sat watching late,  
Close by the light of a lamp in the night  
Near the open grate.

“ She held in her hand a book,  
A volume small, from the mantel tall,  
And sad was her look.

“ Her thoughts were not there, O Jack !  
For her eyes oft turned, where a pale star burned  
In the west—aback !

“ They are where thou art, O lad !  
And e'er will be, till thy bright blue e'e  
Comes to make her glad.

“ But now I must say adieu,  
For lo ! every star in the dark sky far  
Is changing its hue !

“ That blaze that you see so low,  
Where pale crimson clouds wrap the earth in their shrouds,  
Has brightened its glow.”

*TO MY OLD AND CHERISHED COMRADE, BERT.*

For in my native town I find but few  
To equal, and none take the place of you.  
The days we've spent, the happy days gone by,  
Recalled in grief can summon but a sigh,  
A tear, a token of the grief I feel  
Which joy ne'er lessens, time can never heal.  
O cancel all my future, and the past  
Restore : 'twas happy, though not long to last—  
I long for innocence that once was mine,  
Shall I receive it? Will the past resign  
Its treasures for the weight of gold, and fling  
That which is priceless for a baser thing?  
Were it but true, then might the miser rise,  
With pleasure beaming from his greedy eyes ;  
The royal monarch and his chosen queen  
Desert the harem of the base and mean ;  
And beauty, sold to grace a stately spot,  
Call love's own essence from the depth of rot.

The peasant's poverty, the cottage brown,  
Far from the din and tumult of the town,  
Mid fields of rosy clover, golden grain,  
The joy of sunshine and the soothing rain :  
Its inmates ignorant ! Ah, happy lot,  
All joys remembered and all cares forgot !  
They learned what suited to their daily toil ;  
Forgot the world's unceasing chase for spoil.  
The springtime brought its cheerful labours round,  
With hosts of birds to glad the waking ground,  
That soon with many a peeping blade was gay,

And dainty blooms along the scented way :  
The daisy ope'd its snowy leaves to light,  
The rose tree blushed, the hedges robed in white,  
The garden revelled mid a thousand blooms,  
Where golden bees sipped of the rich perfumes :  
These were their joys, and gladly would exchange  
The crowned monarch for that lowly range.

The summer brought its many a soothing shower,  
The raven croaked adown the woody bower,  
The frisky lambs, now grown too large to play,  
Slept 'neath the tree beside the dusty way,  
Or cropped the tender grass so soft and green,  
That robed all nature in a sylvan sheen,  
And loath to speed save when some passer-by  
Urged on the dog or raised a warning cry ;  
The river wasting from the pebbled shore  
Seemed but the half of what it was before ;  
And brooks that rumbled down the gravelled hill  
Had vanished quite within the larger rill,  
But like the seasons, to return again  
When rains in plenty washed the inland glen.

And autumn saw the trembling heads of wheat  
That well had ripened in the summer heat ;  
The barley's silken tassels bending low,  
And apples crimson as the sunset glow,  
The sylvan glade, with all its many hues,  
That rival each successive shade they lose,  
The hazel, with its load of dark green fruit,  
The blackthorn bending 'neath its weight of soot,  
The roddan robed in all its state attire,  
Its drooping clusters bathed in liquid fire,  
The beech far-reaching to the sunlit sky,

Lift up its well filled hulls to envious eye,  
And brown samaras deck the maple bough  
That ne'er was robed more brilliantly than now.

The clouds hang low against the cold blue west,—  
The trees are bare, and lone the birdies nest.  
In curling heaps the brown leaves lowly lie ;  
Unheard the robin's lay, the raven's cry :  
Each, all are gone, the birds that summer knew,  
The flowers that bloomed when gentle zephyrs blew :  
Now others cheer us with their lesser notes,  
And brightness yields its place to duller coats.  
Across the shrivelled fields the cold winds blow  
From northern lands, with all their weight of snow ;  
The dark red pine that watched above the hill  
Rocks in the blast, and moaning watches still :  
Along the pure white snow, the frozen stream,  
That glitters white beneath the wintry gleam,  
Through stretch of copse, and up the bending steep  
The highway slumbers in its winter sleep—  
Now silent sleigh, save for the tinkling bell,  
Speeds o'er the way and down the woody dell :  
The knotted pine curls to the touch of fire  
And warms the homestead of the village squire,  
The glowing embers crimson on the hearth  
Rouse many a tale of long forgotten mirth ;  
And dark-eyed girls, shy as the timid swan,  
Lend willing ear to tales of love-days gone—  
Till slumbering passion wakes the snowy breast,  
Throbs the young heart, that ne'er again may rest,—  
Fires the proud gallant bending to control,  
To deeds of valour in the knightly roll :—  
How glad, indeed, is youth ; but ah, how soon  
Each lovely blossom feels the blight of noon !

*ON RECEIVING A PICTURE.*

## WITH THE BIRDIES.

The sun has set where the tall pine tassels  
Softly their stories of summer tell ;  
The wind is asleep in its rocky castles  
Lulled by the breath of the fairy belle.

Deep in its nest, where the bending bushes  
Cling to the bank of the sylvan dell ;  
Each little bird to the trembling rushes  
Sweetly its stories of pleasure tell.

Tells of the sights that it sees at noontide  
There, on that mountain of purple hue,—  
How it had watched the laughing moon ride,  
Winging its way through a sea of blue.

Tells how a little leaf from a maple,  
Growing high on a dizzy cliff,  
Longing to visit that region sable,  
Sailed away in its tiny skiff.

Sailed away, and in laughter revelled,  
Wooing the lark on its shimmering wing ;  
Resting anon on the clouds dishevelled,  
Where, in its ease, it sat pondering.

Then, like the birdies that watch the thistle,  
Up and down on the breeze it fell,  
Till it lay where the thrushes whistle  
Down in the deep and lonely dell.

## ON RECEIVING A PICTURE.

Oh, would'st that I could find a home as fair,  
With one sweet spirit that would love me there ;  
All happy midst the blushing roses, we  
Could'st e'er enjoy life's dearest ecstasy.

## THE COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

Sheltered by rude trees a century old  
The country graveyard rests among the hills.  
O dreary desolation, years have rolled  
Since first the sound of anthems woke thy rills,  
Since last, freed from all woe all earthly ills,  
Friends, brothers, sisters, gathered 'round their dead  
And wailing saw the heaping mound ascend—  
Forgotten as the flower that bowed its head  
Before the reaper's slow and measured tread.

No polished sculptured stella points the way  
To that eternal rest beyond the sky ;  
No classic marbles tell the silent lay  
Of him who lowly sleeps : the soft winds sigh  
Above the lonely grave and pass it by ;  
At evening by the brook the cuckoo's song,  
The sacred stillness breaks : the owlet's cry  
Sepulchral echoes waken, when, with long  
Dark shadow, midnight strides his path along.

No flower-fringed gravelled walks in beauty wind  
From murmuring waterfalls and crystal lakes,  
Where trailing willows' flickering shadows find  
Unhallowed rest on silver-dusted brakes ;  
Or rippling fountain jingling music wakes.  
Where sweet perfume of purple heliotrope  
And starry jasmine woo the tiny flakes  
Of summer's purest snow—where lilies ope  
Their pearly petals—bid the sleepless hope.

Decaying headboards o'er neglected mounds  
Lean sadly down : dark lichens close entwine  
Their creeping leaves, like painted serpents 'round  
The aged bases, shivering in the wind ;

While autumn breezes leave their marks behind  
In shrouds of dark brown leaves, and here  
And there may meek-eyed sheep be seen, that find  
Sweet resting place upon the mounds ; and clear  
And measured come the low of cattle near.

On yon green knoll a little church once stood ;  
An honest preacher told the Sundays o'er,  
His humble cottage by that bending wood  
That slopes adown unto the gravelled shore.  
Now naught remains : the what it was before  
Again can never be ; one crumbling stone  
Still guards the ruined gateway as of yore,  
And flings its trembling shadow there alone  
Across the ruined portal with a groan.

Where once the garden breathed its rich perfumes  
Gay with the hum of bee and wand'ring bird,  
Where bright winged butterflies o'er painted blooms  
Whirled round on airy pinions : now unheard  
The noise of childish prattle, and the word  
Of him who loved to wander mid those bowers  
When sunset decked the west, and there implored  
That choicest blessings might descend in showers  
Upon his little flock, to gild their darkest hours.

A few forgotten pansies tremble still  
Among the scattered thistles ; and adown  
A single rose bush blossoms by the rill,  
All blushing mid its tiny leaves of brown ;  
The hazel spreads its green and yellow gown  
About the thirsty well, with weighted fruit  
Low bending, seems to mock the stones that frown  
Amid the darkling shadows ; where no foot  
Save of the creeping lizard courts that bed of soot.

How oft, O dear departed, wert thou here !  
How oft yon rusted bucket fell below !  
How sweet the echo on the waiting ear—  
'Tis only mine to sing and thine to know :  
The cooling water could not see thee go  
And still remain : it shrunk into the earth  
As if thy sacred presence kept it so,  
And now the slimy reptile guards its birth  
Deep in the bowels of the wasted earth.

How oft the morning sun its rosy light  
Blazed o'er the ripened fields with fragrance sweet ;  
How oft the mellow moon athrough the night  
Poured down her splendour on the golden wheat.  
Alas ! how different now : the sacred seat  
Of Piety, how changed : the pine's rich cones  
Poured forth their fertile housings, that as fleet  
Sprung from the humid soil and o'er the stones,  
And wrapped their tendrils round the bleaching bones.

'Twere better so—that none are left to weep  
O'er those loved ones : the bough that lowly bends  
Upon the mound—its place of vigil keep—  
'Twere better so ! Until all sorrow ends  
Let nature be the last to make amends.  
Sob on, O rumbling brook, and sadly sigh  
Ye night winds ! ye were e'er man's truest friends !  
Ye lingered sympathetic when the cry  
Of sorrow moved not those he would were nigh !

And yet ye linger, as if loath to leave  
The spot that holds his long forgotten dust :  
To guard the sacred precincts, and to grieve !  
'Twas ever so ! Fling down the marble bust,  
The pictured urn, the polished capital—be just !

At least, accord to nature what is hers :  
Think you to rob her of her sacred trust?  
'Twere ever vain : thy little effort blurs  
Yet can not injure, not in all demurs.

The grandest monument, the noblest pile  
That mankind e'er erected o'er its dead  
Must one day fall to ruins—mile on mile  
Of such rude relics mark the crownéd head  
Of empires passed away—the lowly bed  
Of him whose word was in itself decree  
Before whose gilded standards meekly led  
Their willing slaves, a hundred barons,—see  
The mould'ring remnants of all royalty.

Beside the Nile go seek the pyramids,  
Those monstrous sepulchres of ancient day,  
Approach the stone sarcophagus, whose lids  
Have rested long above the wasted clay,  
But like its spoils, slow hast'ning to decay.  
Think you the mighty ones of Egypt rest  
More peaceful 'neath that weight of granite? Say  
Does not their lowliest slave, their humblest guest,  
Sleep on as easy in his lesser nest?

The sun its splendour pours across the land  
Where Rome's colossal columns rear in air,  
Ten thousand vassals labour on the sand  
Beside the Tiber, rolling to its lair.  
Ten thousand ! and for one no longer there  
A gilded tomb slow raising to the sky,  
That dazzles as the diamond with its glare :  
Ah, such a grave ! it must be sweet to die,  
Within such place to dwell, forever there to lie.

Years speed, and generations pass away :  
The same sun circles o'er Italia's plains  
Its ceaseless revolutions as for aye :  
The same light falls about the gilded fanes,  
The roofs of shining palaces, and stains  
The ruffled surface of the Tiber—yet,  
How changed ! 'tis Rome, and yet not Rome remains.  
Its old time worth has gone, its sun is set,  
It fell, and falling learned but to forget.

Where rests that marble monument that held  
The relics of a king? where all those bars  
Of glitt'ring gold in purity excelled  
By naught? that mellowed to the midnight stars,  
And waved such soft pure lustre that e'en Mars  
Was seen to pale his light, and sadly weep.  
Where all those chiselled images and cars  
That marked the spot? All vanished ! one rude heap  
Alike looms o'er the place wherein they sleep.

Search not yon pile of dust, but let it be  
As it has been and will be. Pass it by,—  
It was no more e'en when 'twas raised, and ye  
Who gaze upon it now with tearful eye  
See all they saw—yet not all : heave a sigh  
For glories long since faded, 'tis their worth  
And all that follows them !—pass slowly by.  
Their lingering spirits haunt the sacred earth,  
Still clinging to the spot that gave them birth.

'Tis not for mortals to disturb that sleep :  
Yet matters little, though 'twere better not.  
Think on your own sad end, O man, and keep  
Unhallowed hands from off the sacred spot.  
In life ye mourn because a slave is bought,

And will ye barter for his empty dust?  
Is it less better now? Say, is the cot  
That held the honest labourer—be just!  
Has its worth changed? Now answer, since ye must.

Where bends the dark green cedar to the stream  
In the deep woodland, sleeps the Indian brave.  
'Tis on a small green hillside, and the gleam  
Of golden sunlight falls across his grave:  
A single pine in tasselled softness wave  
Its whispering foliage in the gentle wind  
Above it, and the murm'ring waters lave  
Against the pebbled shore, as if all kind  
They sought to soothe the sorrows of his mind,

If there be aught—the trembling grasses fling  
Their tiny shadows o'er the place; the flowers  
With sweetest fragrance ope their blooms, and bring  
Glad hosts of golden bees; the summer hours  
Pass pleasantly away with soothing showers,  
With troops of bright winged butterflies; and birds  
To build their tiny nests the sylvan bowers,  
And fill that lonely place with soft, sweet words,  
That tremulously fall in echo'd dreamy chords.

And autumn spreads its fallen leaves around,  
The grasses curl beneath them, and the pine  
Pours down its withered needles to the ground.  
How warm the little mound—may such be mine!  
The cool winds play about it, and the vine  
Lies sleeping at its head, and tiny feet  
Upon its length trace many a fairy line—  
What sweet companions! might the cold heart beat  
In ecstasy beneath its winding sheet?

Upon the blue waves of the heaving sea  
A stricken sailor slowly wastes away,  
Felled by some dark disease that will not flee.  
He lies within his berth at break of day,  
And sees the warm sun rising far away  
That ne'er again will rise to glow on him,  
To brighten those blue eyes with kindly ray  
And smile a glad sweet smile on sailor Jim,  
Such as it once could tend in days that now are dim.

His comrades stand beside him, and in tears  
Look down upon the sadly shrunken form  
That long had braved the raging tide of years,  
Had raced the billows, battled with the storm—  
The first to climb the rigging, and in warm  
And fitting words to cheer, and to inspire  
To greater efforts: he the last to mourn  
The good ship sinking, and in short inquire  
How held the storm, and if the sea rose higher.

And as they watch the eye in dimness grow,  
And list unto the faint and measured breath;  
One tend'rer than the others, bending low,  
Kissed the pale cheek that soon must chill in death  
And spake soft words, for they were bosom friends.  
The sick man heard, he roused himself and flung  
One withered hand across his brow—then bends  
A clear'd eye around him: once more rung  
The deep and dreamy voice, and thus he sung:—

“ I hear the mermaid sweetly sing  
Upon the bounding deep,  
I know the harp's resounding ring  
That lulled me oft to sleep.

- “ She comes to lead me to that cave  
Far 'neath the surging swell ;  
'Twere sweet to lie in such a grave  
To know its beauty well.
- “ I hear the wind all sadly sigh,  
As on it lowly sweeps  
From sunny glades that lightly lie  
Where rise my native steeps :
- “ It comes to soothe my troubled breast,  
To ease this racking pain ;  
It brings fair pictures from the west  
Beyond the watery plain.
- “ Again, as in a dream, I see  
The old home slowly rise,  
With babbling brook, and bending tree,  
Beneath the summer skies.
- “ The tall red chimney curls its smoke  
Far to the crimson cloud ;  
The rooks are nesting in the oak  
A noisy restless crowd.
- “ And up the flowery vale, that winds  
In beauty through the hills  
(A fair retreat for troubled minds),  
I hear the whip-poor-wills.
- “ How oft before in brighter days,  
Ah, happy were we then !  
How often 'neath the moon's pale rays  
We sought yon leafy glen.
- “ And fairer than the fairest flower,  
And purer than its sheen,  
Was she, the blossom of an hour !  
O God ! it had not been.

- “ E'en now I see those trusting eyes  
In all their depths of brown,  
The silken lashes lightly rise,  
The dark brow's arch adown.
- “ The chiselled lip so sweetly formed,  
That thrilled with such soft tone,  
That all my heart with gladness warmed,  
I lived for her alone.
- “ The polished cheeks, that sloped aback  
Unto the raven hair,  
That seemed to vanish 'neath the black  
And blend in beauty there.
- “ The dimpled chin, the snowy neck,  
O could I see nor love !  
With firmer step I tread the deck  
And climbed the mast above.
- “ But one day when the sun was low,  
Our good ship spread her sails,  
Once more across the seas to go  
To battle with the gales.
- “ And now the time had come to part,  
And slow the sad words fell :  
I turned, but with an aching heart,  
I could not say farewell.
- “ I looked not back, but to the ship  
In sorrow took my way,  
With love's warm kiss upon the lip :  
I could no longer stay.
- “ The sails were filled, the ev'ning breeze  
Blew fresh'ning from the west ;  
Our ship steered for the open seas,  
The sun, it sunk to rest.

- “ And many days and months went by,  
I counted as they flew ;  
And oft the tear drop and the sigh  
Had dimmed mine eyes of blue.
- “ When last, O joy ! our wand’rings o’er,  
We turned the prow towards home :  
I fancied I could see the shore  
Athrough the dancing foam.
- “ So blithe of heart, I watched with glee  
The wind swept billows heave,  
That ne’er before affected me—  
I knew not now to grieve.
- “ One rosy morn, the purple hills  
Rose high above the bay ;  
I heard the murm’ring of the rills,  
I saw the homestead grey.
- “ The trees that graced it when I left  
Still bent with soft dark bough ;  
The chimney graced the same old cleft,  
But why not smoking now ?
- “ I gazed along the whitened sand  
That kissed the ebbing tide,  
And others came, a goodly band,  
And many I desried.
- “ But not amongst them all came she  
Whom I had longed to meet—  
O God ! I cried—it can not be :  
Is she the last to greet ?
- “ I flew unto the little boat,  
Undid the ropes, and down  
With many a splash she fell afloat,—  
And I within—a frown

- “ Upon the time-scarred oars, and we  
    Were surging to the shore,  
And soon in deepest mystery  
    I reach the land once more.
- “ O sad the tale ! I flew in haste  
    Unto that humble home,  
I found it but a dreary waste,  
    With all its sweetness gone.
- “ I knocked upon the sounding door,  
    But all was still within,  
The echoes died along the floor,  
    No welcome there for Jim.
- “ All dreary from that place I turned  
    What matter where ? 'twas not—  
When she for whom so long I yearned  
    No longer graced the spot.
- “ They crowded 'round me, but I knew  
    The secret they would tell :  
Ah, little thought I ! 'twere too true,—  
    It was our last farewell.
- “ She sleeps beneath the tasselled pines,  
    Where softest breezes blow,  
And summer trails her flowery vines  
    Upon the mound below.”
- His voice grew fainter as he spoke,  
    And to a whisper fell—  
One long drawn sigh—the frail heart broke—  
    And all again was well.
- The deep sea stands his monument  
    Above the lowly clay,  
That ne'er shall feel or suffer rent  
    Till time and tide are nay.

## TO GERTRUDE.

Give me thy hand, but do not say adieu ;  
 Ethereal spirits guard thy youthful way ;  
 Receive this little token, 'tis for you  
 To look upon when I am far away :  
 Returning to your home, ah ! who can say  
 —Unutterable is the future dim—  
 Down what rude path my troubled life may lay,  
 Ere I behold thee, cousin, once again.

July, fair month of many blossomed flowers,  
 Arrange thy fairest blooms the morrow morn !  
 Refuse not to make glad the dawning hours  
 Delightful visitant, but lightly borne  
 In air that echoes many a warbled note,  
 Nectareal, stealing from the hillside flame—  
 Embracing, weave thy form round one fair name.

## HERALDS OF THE SEASONS.

What time the robin warbles in the tree,  
 And sunshine gilds the pathway of the bee ;  
 When roses open, and with fragrant smile  
 Earth whispers sweet through many a budding aisle :—  
 Know that the spring is here with all its bloom,  
 And winter hastes to fill the empty tomb.

What time the leafless tree hangs low and cold,  
 And grasses wither in a living mould ;  
 When low sweet warblings lull to rest no more,  
 And dark grey clouds hang round the western shore :  
 Know that the winter comes with all its blast,  
 And summer hastens to its caves at last.

## THE DEPTH OF LOVE.

Love permeates the whole, nor can withdraw  
For all that cynics say and civil law ;  
The little bird that tunes the inland glen  
Weeps for its mate that ne'er shall come again,  
In listless hour it fell beneath the bow,  
The hunter grieved not, but one heart was low.  
Can it forget? The little nest still swings  
Amid the hazels and the gush of springs,  
The same fond sunlight melts upon the leaves,  
And wild flowers bloom beneath the grassy eaves,  
Each passing breath of summer's warmest wind  
Leaves half its fragrance in the path behind.  
The squirrel leaps upon the bending tree  
In all its little world of blithesome glee,  
And low sweet twitterings from the maple limb  
Speak happiness for those that lie within,  
The bee toils on throughout the long, long day,  
And myriad insects sport themselves in play,  
The speckled trout still scales the sandy tract  
Where crystal waters roll their depths aback,—  
A million voices fill the sylvan vale—  
A million ! yet it brings not but a wail.  
For to the heart bowed down by cruel grief  
Joy never lightens—never brings relief.

## THE DEVIL'S BACK.

The scene of this poem lies far up the Renous River, a branch of the Miramichi. It is situated in the midst of a charming stretch of woodland, varied with here and there numerous small hills, and one very large one, that has been given by some of the old pioneers the not inappropriate name of the Devil's Back. The portage road,

used in times gone by, and still made use of by the lumberman over which to transport his winter provisions from the village of Indiantown to the camps in the interior, passes over this hill, which is, without doubt, the hardest climb on the whole road.

The story is told of one fellow who had a very poor team of horses, and on coming to the foot of the ascent, found that the unsteady quadrupeds could by no means reach the top, though they did their best to foot it. He piled on the whip, and whooped till in danger of rousing the Indian devil, but it was no use. He was, at last, obliged to take off several barrels of flour and roll them one by one to the top of the hill, when, the load lightened, the horses were enabled to haul up the rest.

Above the hill the land continues level for some distance, being in reality a kind of barren. The blueberry plant grows plentifully here, and I have often picked the delicious little fruit along the brown barrens in the early fall. From the road the land almost imperceptibly descends to the river, and is shaded by the feathery boughs of the red pine, one of the most beautiful of our forest trees. They grow here in hundreds—the tall, straight trunks gently swaying to and fro in the gentlest of winds. To stand on the portage on a beautiful evening in summer, and see the yellow shafts of light from the setting sun glinting athrough the long red aisles of this immense pine forest (the most beautiful that I have ever seen) is, indeed, a sight worthy to be looked upon and appreciated by every true lover of nature.

Slowly sunk the sun of winter  
Down the grey and cheerless west,  
Leaving dreary all the woodland  
Silent in its wintry rest ;  
Silent save where 'neath a mountain  
Weighted by a thousand trees,  
Far from hamlet, town, or city,  
Hungered haste, and cultured ease :  
Roughly voices, rough, yet kindly  
Echo from the forest black,  
That in all its glinting armour  
Stretches o'er the Devil's Back.

'Tis a glen, a sylvan hollow,  
Sleeping 'neath its mighty shade,  
Where the pine's low hanging tassels  
Darken as the daylights fade ;  
Where the spruce and sombre cedar  
Slumber in a fond embrace,  
And the fur in robes of softness  
Stands the queen of sylvan grace :  
Pointing to the heavens o'er her,  
Knowing not the lumb'r's hack,  
Shielded by the pine's red branches  
Growing on the Devil's Back.

O'er the distant hill, a portage  
Winds its long and tiresome way :  
Down the hollow, low descending,  
Enters paths in dimness grey,  
Passes o'er a mountain streamlet  
Rumbling on its waters pure,  
By the camp fire blazing brightly  
Midst the logs that long endure,  
And ascending from the shadows  
Dips beyond the ridge aback,  
Leaving one to guess the regions  
Stretching from the Devil's Back.

Weary 'round the lighted circle  
Sit the hungry lumb'r's now,  
As the steaming kettle murmurs,  
Furrowed deep each manly brow,—  
Noble lines, by honest labour  
Written on an honest face  
Bravely won, and fondly cherished,  
Such as time shall not erase :

O that those in kindly seatings  
    Could exchange for this, alack !  
White pavilions soon would glisten  
    Proudly on the Devil's Back.

Now the frugal meal is ready,  
    And the sweet bread circles 'round,  
With the dippers full to brimming  
    Cooling on the whitened ground :  
Many a jest with hearty laughter  
    Fills the wood with joyous mirth,  
As the meats and sweetest bacon  
    Vanish from the scenes of earth :  
As the buns of size prodigious  
    Disappear as if by knack,  
Envied by the moosebirds soaring  
    Slowly o'er the Devil's Back.

From its seat the playful squirrel  
    Watches as the meal proceeds,  
Wond'ring if, when all is over,  
    There'll be aught to less its needs,  
Or 'twere better far to amble  
    Mid the dark brows of the spruce  
Bending 'neath its cones' rich hangings  
    Waiting but for him to loose,  
When at last in bold discretion  
    Bounds he o'er the forest track,  
Barking now in wild displeasure  
    As he climbs the Devil's Back.

Soon and hunger stays no longer  
    With the weary lumb'ring crew—  
Gathered, the remaining fragments  
    Lie within the bag of blue,

And once more upon the bobsled  
Wait but to be touched again,  
When the dawn's faint rosy banners  
Steel adown the woodland glen,  
When the voice of calling nature  
Bids them to another snack,  
And the horses whinn for fodder,  
Ere they leave the Devil's Back.

Now the pipes are filled and lighted,  
And the smoke-wreaths circle 'round ;  
Many a tale the place enhances,  
Not the first old camping ground !  
Could thy stillness but be broken  
By a voice that dare not speak,  
Olden days with all their brightness  
Pictured be by yonder creek,  
What fair tales, for long, would linger  
In the minds of those, alack !  
Time can not recall the voices  
That once tuned the Devil's Back.

Down the brook the ring of axes  
Echo to the nether shore,  
Where the birch and lofty maples  
Answer in an under roar :  
With a crash the tall larch settles,  
Mingled with a rousing cheer,  
Bearing down its low companions  
As a giant snaps a spear :  
Hurls its thunders through the forest,  
Groans, and dies, beside the track :  
That so long it watched and guarded  
Faithful to the Devil's Back.

Thus shall fall the sons of Adam,  
Faithful though they be to earth ;  
In the grave the low shall mingle  
With the man of noble birth !  
Envied names, and grand apparel  
Are but emptiness and rot—  
When the dread destroyer cometh,  
Manhood meets a common lot.  
When the dust that seemed so precious  
Lies within the cavern black—  
Is it better than the pine tree  
Mouldering on the Devil's Back ?

Yet another giant staggers,  
Trembles, falls, and is no more :  
Once again the echoes waver,  
Die beyond the nether shore.  
In huge pieces soon 'tis lying  
With its friend beside the way,  
That must feed the glowing fire  
Till the dawning of the day :  
There within the lighted circle  
Move the men across the track,  
Soon to lie in sweetest slumber  
Dreaming of the Devil's Back.

And perchance of loved ones sleeping  
In the old home far away,  
Of some dark-eyed maiden waiting,  
Watching, longing, who can say ?  
Men were there who long had laboured,  
And whose sun in soon must set,—  
Gentle youth, whose toils beginning  
Saw the past with no regret,

Hailed the future as a pleasure  
Not the present hour could lack—  
Happy as the silent birdies  
Sleeping on the Devil's Back.

Ye whom fortune may have favoured  
Look not down upon the poor,  
Palace doors before you open,  
But the future ne'er is sure !  
Happy hearts may grace a cottage  
That your wealth could never buy,  
Fairy forms within the woodland  
Spurn thy hand with angered eye :  
Thee and thine would be unto them  
As the despot and the rack !  
Better far the honest lumb'rer  
Camping on the Devil's Back.

Pile the fire and let it kindle,  
Light the top of yon dark hill,  
And upon the boughs beside it  
Lie fond youth so calm and still :  
Tiny stars their liquid banners  
Tremble in the sky for thee ;  
Angels watch thy sweetest slumber,  
Troubles from thy pathway flee :  
Wake, as wakes the rosy morning,  
Smiling o'er the forest track ;  
And may heaven guide your wand'rings  
When you leave the Devil's Back.

*A SOMBRE EVENING.*

The winds beneath the window murmur lone,  
And sad tears trickle from the weeping skies ;  
Far down the brook the frog has ceased to moan,  
And deepest slumber seals the birdies' eyes.

## TO HER WHO SUFFERED WRONG.

Who art thou, lon'ly one, that beckons me  
 To yonder seat beneath the budding tree?  
 Art thou that nymph, whom often I have thought  
 Lured many another to that fatal spot?  
 Or since thy flight, perchance, thine evil act  
 Hath cursed thee here to haunt this lon'ly tract :  
 Young Donald wanders where but strangers see  
 The secret of the heart upon the e'e,  
 His crime by others read—his thoughts alone  
 Shall punish, where but conscience can atone ;  
 O for the time, the happy joyous days  
 When youth's fair morning hailed the noonday blaze,  
 When fleeting time seemed but to make more bright  
 Two twinkling stars that lived by their own light,  
 When softer moons shed yet more mellow glow,  
 And warmer winds for them alone did blow :  
 Alas ! to thee they ne'er can come again  
 Nor thy false lover, whom thou loved in vain.

## A PICTURE.

I see the dark foam-crested wave  
     Sweep out for many a mile ;  
 I see the masts of one tall ship  
     To the east of Portage Isle.  
 She has no sails, her poles are bare,  
     And 'gainst the snowy sky  
 No banner waves in the summer air  
     Where the winds meander by.  
 One solitary sea-gull oars  
     His way o'er the distant blue,  
 Methinks beyond, to fairer shores  
     And skies of warmer hue.

## TO ALICE.

When spring puts forth her virgin bloom  
From many a purple spray ;  
When silvery springs are dashing on  
Adown the mountain way ;

When through the waking wood I hear  
The sounds of voices sweet,  
The flutter oft of little wings,  
The touch of tiny feet ;

Then will I see thee, sister, dear—  
As oft in days gone by  
We wandered through the leafy dell,  
Your little self and I.

The birds were lonely when you died,  
They could not sing that day,  
Each little head was bowed in grief—  
For you had gone away.

I saw them on the willow tree  
So lon'ly looking down  
Upon the little place-house, dear,  
And there, and all around.  
No little warble woke the place,  
No pleasing soft chip, chip ;  
But oft, anon, I thought I heard  
From many a trembling lip  
A sigh, that breathed athrough the leaves  
And coming down to me—  
But added one more tear, unto  
The numbers shed for thee.

And e'en the little painted flowers  
     Lay grieving on each stem,  
 They miss the tiny fingers now  
     That watched and watered them :  
 They long for those sweet smiles, that shone  
     E'en brighter than their own ;  
 A happy voice no longer heard,  
     That thrilled with ev'ry tone.  
 They listen, aye, and with sad tears  
     Hang down each drooping head,  
 For no light footstep gently bounds  
     Across the garden bed.  
 The pale green grass in trembling bends  
     Beside the garden trail ;  
 And honeysuckles o'er the way  
     Hang all their blossoms pale.  
 They weep, but weeping can but ease  
     The heart, that sunk in grief—  
 Though ne'er forgetting all its pain  
     May sometimes find relief.

## TO ALICE.

The pale, fair flower is crushed,  
     And tiny feet  
 That, O so late I heard, no more I hear,  
 And little words that fell so low  
     And sweet  
 That oft, I wondered, turned  
     And e'en in fear  
 Looked 'round, expecting there to see in truth  
 An angel robed in garments, soft as cloud,—  
 No more accost me.

## LINES ON MR. ANSLOW.

Upon an island, in a river wide,  
Where spruce and cedar grow on every side,  
A little camp fire shining brightly now  
Sends wreaths of smoke above a hunter's brow—  
A hunter, ay, but only for a day :  
This aged man, with hair of silver grey,  
Left home and friends before the rising sun,  
Fully equipped, with cartridges and gun,  
To spend a day in quest of feathered game ;  
He is well known, I need not tell his name ;  
And thus the sun, still rising ever higher,  
Finds him at last beside his little fire.

Alone, you think ; ah, no ! his son is there,  
Unto that father fairest of the fair ;  
The two are looking in the cheerful blaze,  
The old man sees again his boyish days,  
Yes, pictured there ; a tear comes to his eye  
When thinks he of the days that are gone by  
When as a child he knelt at mother's knee,  
And lisped the sweet " Our Father " fervently.  
The water boiling rouses him at last,  
And soon the two enjoy a good repast :  
The dinner o'er, the pipe is lighted soon,  
And in this way is spent the hour of noon.

The scene has changed ! The day is nearly done :  
The son returns, but finds his father gone.  
A thought of terror flashes through his mind :  
Where could he be whom he had left behind ?  
Not long waits he, but searches far and near ;  
The darkness doth increase his rising fear !

The smouldering camp fire once again he sees  
 As on, still on, he dashes through the trees :  
 Small thickets searches he, but all in vain ;  
 The sky begins to cloud,—'twill soon be rain,—  
 And knowing that he now can do no more  
 He takes a course which brings him to the shore.  
 Once more the river's flood is quickly passed,  
 And in due time he reaches home. Alas !  
 What dreadful news to tell those loved ones there !  
 He bends his knees, and offers up a prayer  
 To God to help that father, all alone,  
 And in the end to bring him safely home.  
 But since that time, though many searched around  
 The wooded island—o'er that self-same ground  
 Where he had wandered—not a soul has found  
 A clew as to his whereabouts.

LINES ON A FRIEND.

Bring me the fairest blossom of the wood—  
 Anemones in snowy whiteness blown  
 Remember, and pass not the painted hood  
 New tinted, of the " lady's slipper " lone  
 Enjoying nature's solitude alone.  
 Touch what fair flower you may, I care not what !  
 Through summer seek the fairest of the lot,  
 And I will show you one before whom they are naught.

A FRAGMENT.

Shakespeare's deep words I think over,  
 See them again as a dream  
 Acted on mystical stages,  
 There in the depths of the stream.

A LOVE TALE.

SCENE I.

Within a gorgeous chamber,  
In a castle far away,  
Where antique floors and sculptured doors  
Told of another day.

Where rarest pictures, fairest flowers,  
The walls and windows crowned ;  
And sunset threw her warmest rays  
In sweet profusion round.

There, while the twilight faded  
From the distant cloud-capped hills,  
While deeper shadows gathered  
On the green banks of the rills,—

While near the open casement  
The green leaves rustled near ;  
And far away the ocean lay  
In floods of crystal clear.

There midst the dearest relics  
Of the dim and distant past,  
The crusted sword, and battle-axe,  
And armour crumbling fast.

A dark haired maiden gazes  
On a picture broad and tall,  
That like a spectre grim and great  
Adorns the southern wall.

SCENE II.

Back ! Back ! Beside an open grate  
Where burning embers glow,  
Where curling smoke wreaths wave about  
And up the chimney go ;

A handsome youth is seated,  
And on silvered string guitar  
An old, old love song sweetly plays—  
A tale of Spanish war.

The deep yet tender accents  
Echo through the lofty halls ;  
The sweet vibrations melt away  
Like jingling waterfalls :

They fall upon the maiden's ear,  
They loiter, linger there,—  
A gleam of pleasure lights her cheek,  
A smile of beauty, rare,

Plays round the lips ;—the sad dark eyes,  
Fixed on the minstrel, now  
Beam forth a soul as pure and bright  
As angels hovering low.

One magic touch—the song is o'er—  
The echoes slowly die,—  
No sound is heard, save from the hill  
The cuckoo's plaintive cry.

## SCENE III.

The sun has long since sunk to sleep  
Far in the darkened west ;  
The little birds are resting now,  
Deep in each downy nest.

The night wind whispers softly  
Through the tall and tasselled pine,  
And trembling 'neath its gentle touch  
The grape and columbine.

Cling to the rocky walls,—  
 The murmur of the restless leaves,  
 The cooing of the pigeons  
 'Neath the neighbouring sheltered eaves.

Wafted inward o'er the casement,  
 Hear the lovers, whispering low,  
 Where the bright light of the fire-place  
 Casts its warm and welcome glow.

Leave them, gently draw the curtain ;  
 Like the bird, go seek thy rest ;  
 They are happy, do not linger,—  
 Leave them, leave them—it is best.

## A MELODY.

Rustle the leaves, rustle the leaves,  
 Under the old oak tree—  
 Yellow and brown, yellow and brown,  
 Under the old oak tree :  
 Can you but hear them—so cozy and warm,  
 Fair little buds on the branches borne,  
 Swinging so lightly, rocked by the storm,  
 All in your beds of down.

## TO ONE ESTRANGED.

Across my mind it ne'er again shall fling  
 The hateful shadow of its darkened wing,  
 The winds shall bear it to their distant caves,  
 And o'er it wash the weight of ocean's waves,—  
 No chasm in its darkness be too deep  
 To lull our trouble to eternal sleep :  
 Wake ! Wake, O heart ! though long with sadness old,  
 And love once more, thou art not all grown cold.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE  
PRINCE CONSORT

(THE HUSBAND OF OUR LATE QUEEN).

'Tis night, calm, peaceful as a holy dream !  
No ruffle on the hills, no stir the sea—  
E'en has the owl to lonely slumber gone  
Where darkest shadows haunt the old church tower ;  
A thousand noisy sparrows gently sleep  
In thickest bough, lulled by the liquid light  
Of yonder moon slow rolling up in space :  
Far to the north, its silver stars ablaze,  
The mighty dipper ceaseless wends its way  
In all its aged glory round the pole.

A hallowed stillness, wraps a sleeping world—  
The high, the low, the man of great estate  
And he in circumstances poor, alike  
Await the rosy dawn : the shadow sleep  
From which so many shall awake to life  
Again, the same existence changeable ;  
While some to realms of never-ending woe  
Or bliss unalterable, shall arise—  
How many flowers bending low at night  
Can whisper to the stars, I live at morn.

A closing week a waning life requires,  
And matters not who may be sudden called  
To render for all time that stewardship  
Entrusted to his care,—a single jot  
Of time may not be purchased ! wherefore death  
His spectral finger beckons in all haste,  
The magic gleam of gold enhances not.  
There own less doth the master than his slave ;  
The never dying fires their stories tell  
Of him who lies within their dread embrace.

A noble prince, the husband of a queen  
Who long has ruled with wisdom, slowly sinks  
From sight of mortals as the setting sun  
That hides itself 'neath shadows of a world ;  
And in his failing hours in deepest grief  
Beside the bed, a gentle lady stands.  
She sees the eye grow dim—the pallid shade  
Of that which is inevitable steal  
Across that noble brow, where lightly lay  
The careless waves of sunny auburn hair.

The sad dark eyes bedimmed by many tears,  
Tell of that grief profound, that cruel pang  
That wounds her tender heart : e'en as the bird,  
The little playful songster of the wood  
On fluttering wing bemoans its fallen mate,  
Struck downward by the native's cruel shaft—  
So unto her the loss of one more dear  
Than all the world beside—acutest pain  
In weight most heavy settles on her heart.

And when at last the awful drama closed ;  
When that lone spirit sighing long for rest  
Had ushered been into the spirit land ;  
When naught save whitened nothingness remained  
To those, whose skill endeavoured to retain ;  
She gently loosed the hand that she had held  
While passed he o'er death's precincts—deeply moved,  
Arising from the bedside,—on those few  
Who nobly strove to hinder and to save,  
Her deepest thanks in heart-felt fullness flowed.

Then to her orphaned children round the bed  
So lonely, sobbing for the loved one gone—  
With all a mother's tenderness addressed

She soothing words of comfort, bidding them  
 Cease weeping, sigh no more. One longing look  
 That ne'er could be returned, one scalding drop  
 That drained the very channels of a heart ;  
 And, turning with a carriage, calm, erect,  
 Her chamber's solitude in anguish sought :  
 Went through the long Gethsemane alone.

Beside that form, low bent in after hours  
 The Princess Alice, angel comforter !  
 By her own sweetness tempting to forget,  
 To bring once more the roses to those cheeks  
 That deepest sorrow had left pale and wan ;  
 As golden sunbeams peering through the shade  
 Of some dark thicket cause to ope and blush  
 Snow-white anemones ; e'en so this life  
 In sombre shadows wrapped, grew brighter yet  
 Beneath the brightness of that maiden's smile.

#### THE EXCHANGE.

Come forth, O lovely maiden,  
 From thy cabin by the stream,  
 The hills are perfume laden  
 Where I have lately been.

I know no fairer vision  
 Than thine own sweet trusting face :  
 Come forth from that lone prison  
 Into a brighter place.

The world smiled not too kindly  
 Upon that fair young face—  
 She loved, but love all blindly  
 Found her no brighter place.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM IV

(KING OF ENGLAND).

Earth echoes to the furious tramp of steeds,  
The ceaseless rattle of a thousand wheels !  
How dark the surging crowd that fills the street !  
In deep-toned lamentation sobs the bell,  
Death's weary herald in cathedral tower.  
Woe, woe ! the very stars in anguish pause,  
And in vast vortices of tranquil blue  
Condolence whisper to afflicted earth.

In royal Windsor, William—loved king—  
Succumbing, sinking 'neath a dread disease,  
Returning to engendering dust, did hear  
The dying echoes stealing softly in ;  
And filled with comfort was his goodly soul.  
Dear " Father of his Country !" well he knew  
The deep love slumb'ring in a nation's heart  
For one who never ceased to be their friend.  
Clang on, ye bells ! wail on, O surging crowd !  
A great life passes to the dark beyond.

Faint, fainter throbs the pulse that beat so light ;  
Dim, dimmer grows the eye, once sharply keen ;  
The voice, a whisper, scarce perceived from lips  
That whiten as the hours advance ; the hand  
So feeble in its hold, long, long for power.  
O ye in lowly life, I envy not  
Ambition such as yours, the princely seat,  
And that more lofty where a ruler sits.  
Give me but happiness, and I will wield  
A mightier sceptre than the rod of kings.

The smallest flower that blossoms in the field  
Must one day bend before the reaper's touch ;  
And to white ashes every twinkling sun  
That wanders through the deep blue heaven's depths.  
All things inanimate must perish, all !  
And so with man, whatsoe'er sprung from earth  
Must unto dust return : not gives, but takes  
Whate'er the gift may be : e'er dawn, its light  
In rosy splendour tingéd the far off sea,  
A weary spirit willing sought its God.

The highways thronged with mounted messengers  
More thickly yet as nearer drew the dawn.  
Upon a powerful horse, conspicuous,  
In grand attire the great archbishop posed  
From Canterbury's pre-historic scenes ;  
Likewise Conyngnam's Marquis dignified,  
And many more of note from far and near :  
Low Chamberlain with downcast eyes and sad,  
In tardiness approaches, where the two  
In conversation low, discuss the King.

On to the palace, on to Kensington !  
The fair Victoria summon !—Such their charge :—  
While yet the jewelled diamonds of the sky  
Poured down their liquid light on city, town,  
On polished street, and stately monument ;  
While yet the Thames its waters rolling dark  
Flowed on to mighty ocean's wimpled waves :  
These messengers pursued their weary way  
Nor paused till creeping shadows long and dark  
Enveloped horse and rider in their midst.

In silence wrapped, the great dark palace stood.  
No porter at the gate, no answering call :

Unknown, and unwelcomed did they ring  
 At silver bell that echoed in the night—  
 The voice, resounding echoes, answered back,  
 That seemed to mock the labourer for his pains.

No entrance, and on message such as this?  
 Impossible ! the oaken door resounds,  
 The long dark halls with empty echoes fill.  
 Hark ! 'tis a footstep nearing—list ! a voice  
 Low, feeble, as through long disuse of speech—  
 "What want ye, and who may ye be that knock ?

"Ope, open quickly, though the hour is prime  
 We enter by the orders of the King ;"  
 The heavy door swings slowly and they see  
 The hoary hair of him the warden old.

With some suspicion in his eagle eye,  
 The old man scrutinizes close and long  
 First one and then the other, till all doubts  
 As to their character is at an end,  
 When pointing to a room that opened near  
 He bade his visitors in patience wait.  
 Left to themselves, conversing there they sat  
 Till sol's poor light stole inward from without :  
 No hearer came to entertain the guest ;  
 No sound disturbed the stillness of the place.

Clang ! clang ! the bell, the bishop's ready hand  
 A message hurried to a farther room :  
 One instant, and a sleepy servant neared  
 Who seemed in drowsiness to lose his way.  
 "Come here, you fellow,"—to the princess hie  
 With our request.—"Immediate Audience."  
 "Our bus'ness very urgent is—extreme."

Alone once more these dignitaries left  
In silence waited a returning step :  
More brighter grew the dawn, more rare the night.

Once more they peal the little silver bell,  
Once more the spirit echoes waver, die,  
Again the sound of footsteps in the hall—  
With wistfulness each eye the open door :  
Attendant of the princess enters in.  
Informed them she the little princess slept  
And for no reason must be then disturbed :  
This unto her :—“ Our bus'ness is of state  
And even sleep must give away to that ;  
Unto the youthful queen our message take.”

Then yielded the attendant and away :—  
Not many minutes ere the maiden queen  
The large room entered in a flowing gown,  
The snow-white garb of night ; a shawl  
In hue most delicate in looseness thrown  
About the perfect shoulders ; from her head  
The night-cap missing, and her silken hair  
In elfin waves upon her shoulders flung ;  
The tiny chiselled feet in slippers placed ;  
The dark-blue eyes bedimmed by many tears.

Though but a child and at such a time as this  
Her thoughts collected were—and dignified,  
With noiseless step approached these men of state  
Who bending low in turn the tender hand,  
Pure, delicate as rosebuds in the shade,  
Implanted there a kiss. The lovely girl  
Informed of their high task—her dignity  
So new and strange withal to one so young—  
In all the goodness of her youthful heart  
Replied, “I ask your prayers in my behalf.”

Together on the marble floor they sat  
Where fair Victoria, like Israel's king,  
Inaugurated there her peaceful reign  
By asking of the most high holy God  
Who ruleth o'er earth's kingdoms and earth's kings  
An understanding heart to rightly judge  
So great a people, now beneath her reign.  
From far-off thrones of light a kindly ray  
Smiled in high purpose on that budding life ;  
So nobly opened and so long to last.

## SPRING.

The winter now flees 'neath the warm breath of spring ;  
There is life in the air, there is joy on the wing.

It is coming I know, for the sky is more blue.  
There's a fair spirit purpling the limbs of the yew.

It is coming with all that a sweet season past  
Found to flighted of wing, 'twas too lov'ly to last.

It comes with the robin, the leaf on the tree,  
And the swallow from over the broad briny sea.

O, glorious season of all the long year,  
You come with arms open, to gladden and cheer !

The snow it must melt, and the grass come again,  
The bear must awaken and crawl from his den.

Soon down by the river, all slimy and wet  
The old fisherman Jones will be setting his net.

The mills will soon open, their work to begin ;  
And welcome the springtime with clatter and din.

The smoke of their chimneys curl slowly on high,  
To float in thin wreaths on the bright azure sky.

Once more will the farmer be seen on the hill  
 With his horses and plough, with the harrow and drill.

The noise of the cowbells in soon we will ken  
 Where slopes the rich meadow, beyond, to the glen,

As away o'r the commons, the scattered herds roam,  
 As free as the gulls on the blue ocean's foam.

The lambs newly born on the green hillsides play,  
 Or crop the sweet herbage that grows by the way.

And, anon, the wee birdies, bright nymphs of the spring—  
 Come again to our homes, on the lightest of wing ;

The deer and the moose 'neath the forest's deep shade,  
 Desert the brown moss for the new peeping blade :

And bright yellow buttercups spangle the lea,  
 With gaudy-winged butterflies fresh from the sea.

The children all gladly seek woodland and vale  
 And o'er the broad brooks trim the wee snowy sail.

Then, tune the low whistle, and wake the sweet song,  
 Rojice with the birds and be one of the throng.

The handsomest flowers are the quickest to fade—  
 And so with the spring, it will soon be in shade.

#### A THOUGHT.

Though many years have winged their silent flight,

Day followed day, and night succeeded night ;

Though flowers in many, 'neath the reaper's tread,

Lie low and withered like our own dear dead—

Yet would I scan again, O Northern Land

Thy fair domain, and on thy mountains stand :

To look once more along Oogoodi's flow

And see him rolling through his vales below.

## TO A PICTURE.

'Tis only a little picture,  
 Yet oh, how dear to me !  
 More precious than the rarest gems  
 That sparkle in the sea :

More dear to me than all I own,  
 Than all I e'er shall know—  
 Yes little picture I know well  
 What makes me love you so.

It is those large and lovely eyes  
 That look so sweet in mine,—  
 They raise my spirit from the depths  
 To things and thoughts divine :

It is that smile, so innocent,  
 So angel-like, so rare—  
 That makes me always think of you  
 As fairest of the fair :

It is that perfect countenance  
 So full of truth and love !  
 More pure e'n than the lily bright,  
 More peaceful than the dove.

## TO CARRIE.

(ON HEARING OF HER SICKNESS.)

Yes, little one, I missed you when last eve  
 I sat with others 'round the festal board ;  
 Light hearts were there, and few could then afford  
 A sigh—but one amidst that throng did grieve.

He could not happy be when thy fair face  
 Burned with hot fever, and that little hand  
 Lay still and pale : O, may He soon replace  
 The light unto thy cheeks, and thine eyes bland.

## AN AWFUL DEATH.

A poor old man was travelling once  
Upon a stormy night,  
When passing by a lonely spot  
He saw a tiny light,

And thinking that there was a cot,  
He straightway hurried there :  
When oh ! an awful scream he heard  
That seemed to rend the air.

The old man shook from head to foot,  
His trembling knees sank low ;  
While round about that lonely spot  
The firefly lights did glow :

Till last, o'ercome with darkest fear,  
He tumbled to the ground :  
And there next day by passers by  
His mangled form was found.

They took it up, all that was left,—  
A few bones scattered there—  
While shreds of flesh and bloody limbs,  
They gathered up with care :

They made a lonely grave for him  
Free from the wind and storm,  
And there beneath the dreary clay  
Was placed that ghastly form :

Above the grave, a cross was raised  
Made of a small tree near,  
And on its base these words were carved :—  
“ Killed By A Panther Here.”

ON LEAVING HOME FOR A JOURNEY TO  
THE WEST.

'Tis hard to part from those we love, to say  
The sad farewell, and sadly turn away—  
Yet it must be ; for fate, not always kind,  
Decrees that I must go and leave behind  
All that is dear to me—yet not alone  
Across those distant fields, for there is one  
Who in my wand'rings shall be ever near ;  
Her fair sweet face now unto me so dear  
Though dimmed by distance, yet shall ever be  
The fairest vision in my memory.

Beside me, I shall see you often, dear,  
When day is done, and all is silent there.  
Though far away—I know you will be near  
To comfort me, when my poor heart with care  
E'en unto breaking beats : the harvest air  
Will carry unto me thine own sweet voice,  
And oftentimes the echo of a prayer  
Will fall upon my dreaming ear at night  
From whisp'ring lips, pale as ethereal light.

I see thy fair green fields, O native land,  
Grow dim upon the sight, and those dear hills  
Where oft' in boyhood days with gentler hand  
Than I long since have known, and by the rills,  
We wandered : happy boyhood ! then no ills  
To darken sunny thoughts, no cares, no fears,  
Such as the present hour my poor heart fills  
And moves to sadness : aye, e'en unto tears—  
O, for the years gone by, the happy, joyous years !

I look aback, and once more I behold,  
Though long the glided hours since they were near,  
The little playmates whom I loved of old ;  
And happy voices once again I hear  
(Sweet as the songs that tune the budding year.)  
Ah strange, yet true, that e'en the happiest hours  
Recalled in sadness add but one more tear,  
One sable cloud unto the sky that lowers,  
And thorns upon the path instead of flowers.

The dear old school-house looms upon the hill  
With all its weight of birches ; and the pond,  
The dark spruce logs, the bridge, the busy mill,  
The leaping dam, as though a magic wand  
Waves round me,—fairest picture makes—more fond  
I look upon it all : and where the wood  
Low bends unto the purple shores beyond,  
I see the tiny hill where oft I stood  
And gazed, and dreamed, when wrapped in deepest pen-  
sive mood.

And now a fence extends around the school  
In all its length of pale, and children play  
Beneath the shadows of the trees,—the rule  
Must be well kept, and none throughout the day  
Pass over ; but the trees across the way  
In sweetest whisp'rings breathe of days gone by,  
And birds upon the boughs with warbled lay  
Invite the rustic as of yore—the sky  
Seems there of warmer blue to kiss the boughs on high.

The grass looks greener and the flowers more bright  
That lie beyond the reach of him who sees ;  
The whitened sail more pleasing to the sight  
When first appearing o'er the watery leas ;

The purple mountains in their vastness please  
The eye that kens at distance,—but draw near,  
The tender beauty loses by degrees  
Till on the rugged bases, that in fear  
Above our wond'ring gaze their hoary summits rear.

Again I hear the low note of the bell  
That called to labour and released to play.  
So often heard we learned to know it well—  
It echoed in, it knelled our little day,  
Our weeks, our years—how quickly flown away!  
Ah, happy hours, none brighter have I known,  
Nor e'er shall know— the world has proved less gay  
Than I have painted ; then, a gilded throne  
All pleasing ; now, it spreads with all its brightness gone.

The little ones I played with long have gone ;  
They left me grieving, never to return.  
I saw them vanish one by one, anon !  
To other lands their footsteps led : I yearn  
For their sweet faces still, and inward burn  
To clasp again the hand that once I held ;  
But fate decrees that I, like others, learn  
To bow to fortune—let it be—though quelled ;  
The pictures of the mind can ne'er be wholly felled.

They left me !—all save one, and he for long  
Had been my dearest comrade : ne'er shall fade  
His kindly countenance : of that glad throng  
His was the brightest ; and when oft we made  
Wild rambles through the hills, adown the glade,  
And by the silent stream ; to gather flowers  
And listen to the birds,—how oft we prayed  
That naught should come to mar those happy hours.  
Alas ! e'en while we wish, a dark'ning shadow lowers.

The little churchyard spreads its soft dark green  
About the place, and there the birdies song  
In sweetest warble wakes the peaceful scene  
Athrough the summer hours : and silent throng  
Whole hosts of bright-winged butterflies, that long  
Besport themselves amid the scattered bloom ;  
And there the golden sunbeams steal along  
The lowly mound, all trembling—there no gloom  
Such as the dark cathedral flings around its tomb.

Who would not court the smiles of the warm sun,  
The low sweet murmuring of the tasselled pine ?  
The dreary vault, the darkened chamber shun,  
As if it boded evil and consign  
The wasted dust unto the scented vine,  
The whip'ring wind, the rumbling stream ? 'twere sweet  
Indeed to lie in such a grave !—may mine  
Thus pleased be ! I ask no winding sheet  
Save what the rich brown earth may fling about my feet.

But I have too long wandered—he sleeps well  
Wherein the place they laid him ; and alone  
To weep for days long vanished, and to tell  
The true sad tale is mine :—O that to moan  
Could bring the loved days that have long since flown ;  
They had returned ! Dream on, O silent one,—  
I envy thee the bliss that is thine own  
And mark the changing years that slowly run—  
Too slowly ! to the hour of life's descending sun.

The startling whistle falls upon the ear :—  
A gleam of light—a flash along the track—  
The long train slowly pauses as in fear.  
And now the rumble of the nearing hack ;  
The panting of the engine, as all black



## THE DELUGE.

He touched a single cloudlet, and behold !  
A million gathered where before was one ;  
Blue lightnings quivered, and deep thunder rolled.

And then arose a cry—a plaintive wail—  
Of many beings plunged in dire distress,  
That long re-echoed on the mighty gale.

In vain they sought that refuge of the hills  
Where bends the bushes o'er the frowning tops,—  
Dark waters e'en the latest footstep fills.

And soon but one lone man from that tall tree  
That crowns the highest mountain, looked far out  
Upon a world of waters, in his agony.

He sighed, and with sad eyes that burned—  
And lips that held the pallid hue of death,  
With tongue that speechless smote his jaws,—he turned.

And there beside him in a robe that shone  
As little sunbeams round a bed of dew  
When early smiles the rosy dawn—  
A lovely creature clad in woman's form :

A lovely creature whom he knew before  
Though distant was the day when first they met,—  
(The mistress of his youth, the loved of yore,  
The fair young girl, who left him to regret.)

And now returned, nor e'er again to part :—  
He takes the little hand so soft and white :  
One fond embrace—the heaving waters start—  
And all is vanished ! desolation ! night !

## OOGOODI.

Oh, Thou great God who rules the universe  
Before whom tyrants tremble, and the proud  
In adoration kneel: thy guiding hand  
Direct me, that no thought howe'er concealed  
By mists that blur and chance obliterate  
May in thin tombs lie buried past recall;  
Light up the darkened firmament of thought  
With twinkling suns a thousand times more bright  
Than those that sentinel the northern night—  
Thine angels send to guide the hand that writes,

Oh beautiful, enchanting, is that scene  
That now before mine raptured eye unfolds—  
Dark mountains, forest-clad and lofty, bend  
In awful might down to the rolling stream  
(That bathed in liquid light—the parting gleams  
Of far descending sun,) winds ever on  
Through forests, rocky glens, and crystal lakes,  
Down gentle inclines, and o'er thundering falls.  
On, on to blue Atlantic's wimpled waves,  
Where snow-white sea-gulls fold their wings and rest.

All hail, Oogoodi! thou hast well been called  
The bright Rhine of America, for ne'er  
In picture, or in story, lies as true  
A likeness of thy golden pebbled shore,  
Thy glassy surface, and thy peaceful flow,  
Than that which nature's all unerring hand  
Hath painted mid the grandest scenes of earth—  
Could'st thou but rise up and survey the earth  
Back to thy rocky bed as quickly would'st thou sink!

Roll onward, noble river crowned in hills  
That long have sentineled thy ceaseless flow,  
A million years untiring watched they o'er  
Thee, and thy broad dominions, and shall yet  
For many more—from ocean's deepest blue  
To bubbling springs, its crystal fountain heads  
That sparkle in the light of setting sun,  
These forest giants rear their lofty heads  
Far upward in the light of ev'ning sky  
And kiss the rosy clouds that slowly pass them by.

Kings, princes, emperors, have fallen oft  
From thrones unstable, that like covered pits  
A dwelling of security did seem,  
(A painted sepulchre) that beckoned on  
The poor deluded victim, till in death  
He howled for that which was not, and in vain  
Hurled curses at the fantom he beheld—  
But thou :—Thy throne a safer basis holds—  
'Tis not a pathway strewn with precious stones,  
With crystal sands that line a hidden pit.

Thy throne is rock—firm, staunch as adamant—  
That long hath stood the wearing touch of time ;  
Thy crown the bright blue sky, where rarer gems  
Than ever sparkled in a diadem  
Their liquid light in peaceful calmness show  
When darkness reigns upon a sleeping world ;  
Thy sceptre is the moonlight stretching far  
Across thy depths, a path of liquid gold ;  
Thy fleet the little amber clouds, that flee  
With flowing sails across thy windless sea.

More formidable warriors than e'er tread  
The bloodiest fields of Europe or the world

Have walked thy sounding shores, and curses deep  
More deadly than e'er nurtured in the breast  
Of man, fell from those bloodless lips that breathed  
Not in this world a curse, save what was good—  
Stupendous gladiators robed in white,  
With shields of frost, and swords that glinted bright :  
Slow-bleeding from a thousand cruel wounds,  
Untiring fought and wrestled with each other.

A million centuries came and passed away,  
The last ice-gliadiator trampled down  
The path—the battle ground of thousands gone  
Before, its mighty forehead bathed in light ;  
A glow of rouge upon the polished shield  
That now hung idly by. Not curses left  
Those lips, but sobs and sighs that none were left  
To hold fierce council, to dispute, and clash  
In deadly combat : on, still on—its moans  
Slow less'ning like the wind that sweeps from shore.

And when they cease and all looks desolate,—  
No living thing, no tree, no beast, no bird,  
In beauty moving o'er the wide expanse,  
But all on ev'ry side ice strewn—and snows,  
Deep snows these regions shrouding as a ghost—  
Behold, a bright rose dyeing all the east !  
The coming rays of long departed sun,  
That like a spirit nears the frozen world  
So long deserted, and in splendours blaze  
Takes up the sceptre and begins to rule.

The rose-light deepens and a ruby glow  
Paints all the ice-walls on the distant hills ;  
A golden ripple o'er the dark blue waves  
Steals slowly from the ever brightening east,

E'en like the tender loving hand of her  
 Who sees her son in dark iniquity  
 Slow merging from the seething depths of sin,—  
 Or like a tiny star, that distant lights  
 The crystal chambers of some lov'ly flower  
 By dark rocks hidden close among the hills.

## LITTLE LOVERS.

Go ask the little songsters  
 Where the lofty silvery birches  
 Whisper softly in the summer,  
 Ask them if they love each other !  
 Seek within the hazel copses  
 By the brookside bending over—  
 See a tiny nest, low hanging,  
 Where the struggling sunbeams wander,  
 Look within but do not touch it  
 It is sacred, watch it, guard it !  
 Sacred—for it is the dwelling  
 Of two little lives that reared it  
 Of two cooing birdies in it,  
 Longing for the smile of mother  
 Thinking only of her brightness.  
 On a bending spray above it  
 Weighted down with whisp'ring leaflets,  
 Whisp'ring to the winds that fan them  
 Sits a butterfly all gaudy  
 Sipping of the honey precious  
 Stored within the dark-brown tassels,  
 While near by, in suit of scarlet,  
 See another on a blossom  
 Of the fragrant honeysuckle.  
 Ask them if they love each other !

Seek within that crevice sable  
Of the frowning hilltop yonder,  
See a little palace standing  
With its doors and windows open,  
With the golden sunbeams glancing  
From the roof on twining ivy,  
Look within, but do not touch it,  
Think of tiny hands that laboured,  
Watched the little homestead rising  
Happy when the work completed  
Looked out proudly from its station  
Out upon the country round it.

## GLEAMS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Not many suns adown the crimson west,  
By winds of ev'ning have been slowly borne,  
And moons in few from realms of cradled rest  
Aloft upon that path of beauty worn  
Among the stars, have moved; since sad, forlorn,  
Upon the veldt I stood, where frowning dark  
The brow of mighty mountains battered, torn—  
Their sable shadows, like an ocean bark,  
Hurled downward on the plain lit by dread battle's spark.

The faces cold and stern of Scotland's dead  
I looked upon; I heard the wailing weird  
Of many pipes, that many a hero led  
Of lands that know but to be known and feared:  
And there lay Erin's pride all scarred and seared,  
Old England's fair haired boy with eyes of blue  
To some fair maiden's bleeding heart endeared  
In days when peace her wings of snowy hue  
Spread o'er a smiling world, unfolding as the dew.

And from the surly heights triumphantly  
His mountain stronghold inaccessible  
Did Cronje gaze (as mighty eagle he)  
Upon his handiwork—my heart was full  
Then e'en to breaking, and my senses dull  
Buoyed tardily my sinking spirit up :  
Within a storm was I that knew no lull—  
Alone I sought, and seeking sup by sup  
With sad and inward wailing drained the bitter cup.

I knew a rosy day would surely dawn  
When Scotland would demand an eye for eye,  
Red blood for blood : upon those faces wan  
Of men who strode in deepest sorrow nigh  
The last sad resting place of them that lie  
'Neath Afric's bending grasses, there I read  
What ne'er would be effaced till cry on cry  
Despairing echoed o'er a thousand dead  
(By cold and heartless fiends into ruin led).

That hour has come :—The men who silent sleep  
In soldiers' graves beside the sloping lands  
Of Modder River, where dark willows weep,  
Have been avenged : yea ! from those bloody hands  
The useless weapon falleth : warmer gore  
That weakens as it lesseth slow expands  
To swell the rising stream that sweeps the shore,  
And restless, warring winds in exultation roar.

The soft, warm breeze of ever gentle May  
Stirred all the leaves upon the bending trees :  
On hillside copses where the sunbeams play,  
Adown green glades low stirred by golden bees,  
From alder sprays that border sunny leas,

The dark brown songsters warbled soft and low  
Their love notes to each other, that e'er please ;  
And bright winged butterflies flit to and fro  
Their filmy wings and brilliant bodies all aglow.

The Boers hard pressed by forces that ne'er tire  
In copjes farther than a mortal's sight  
With ease might reach, incessantly their fire  
Cool, measured, deadly, poured in thickest fight :  
Determined ! for they feel their cause is right !  
The flying French was with us chafing sore,  
(A leashed greyhound waiting in the night,)   
That he with one impetuous rush might pour  
Old England's trusted valiants, deluging with gore.

And Rundle, too, was there : his handsome face  
Inspiring all to deeds of noble worth—  
A brilliant type of Saxon soldier grace  
Most perfect of the warring sons of earth,  
The glory of the land that gave them birth.  
Roar on, ye guns, blue lightnings quiver, flash !  
Strike as the hearts that round the English hearth,  
Dark desolation follow at the crash :  
Wild waves of darkest discord aid the stinging lash !

Six thousand of the foe the copjes held,  
Where Botha cool, resourceful, had his stand.  
More crafty he than reynard—oft compelled  
To seek retreat, he led his valiant band  
Among the low hung hills of arid sand  
To goal of safety ; to bulwark strong,  
Where oft these heroes made a gallant stand  
'Gainst numbers that increasing had for long  
In deepest anger chanted death's instilling song.

Again and yet again manœuvred we  
To trap our wily foe, but all in vain !  
For never wolf more wary was than he  
Bold Botha, by his skill the deep pits lain  
Avoiding oft before and yet again ;  
And, never weasles watchful were than they  
Those daring men who followed in his train,—  
They knew not else but doggedly obey  
And faithful follow where that leader led the way.

When we advanced, they sought the backward track ;  
At our retreat they steadily drew near—  
As swarthy natives, when the waters black  
In merciless rapacity appear,  
Devouring homesteads, filling all with fear  
Seek safety in flight : so, soon again  
When famine chills the heart and waters clear  
Desert the torrid earth, when wasted main  
Shrinks slowly outward, follow they in darkest pain.

The merest tyro in the art of war  
Might plainly see the folly, and foretell  
The grave disaster that must surely mar  
A forward charge at time as this—Ah well  
May ye dark shades of darkest hell  
Cease for yourselves to sigh the present hour,  
And from those sable depths in regions fell  
Moan in sad pity as the dark clouds lower  
To sorely crush and mangle with despotic power.

'Twas then that mighty Hamilton swept round,  
Their right flank circling as the new born moon  
Those tiny stars within its silver bound  
Far north of Thaba Chu ; and all too soon  
The wily native heard his martial tune,

The clank of sabre, and the rifle crack—  
In vain was flight—like leaves of sunny June  
When hissing fire wreaths sear the forest track,  
They lay in scattered groups, all silent, black.

Though slightly taste they of his soldier skill  
They wonder at the daring of the man,  
His very presence seem the Boers to fill  
With fear and envy as true greatness can ;  
And as they from afar our forces scan,  
Low Rundle backs their weight at Thaba Chu,  
And feinting on their centre as his plan :  
From both flanks closed the Boers, who little knew  
The dang'rous ground on which their banners flew.

Can it be that the issue is in doubt ?  
Why does he now recede ? why seek retreat ?  
On rush the Boers ! the Britons are in rout !  
They pound our camp with shells, their rifles beat  
Rude havoc : list the sound of measured feet  
Grow fainter as the distance doth increase  
'Twixt foe and foe ! as warring winds that meet  
Far from the shore contend and moaning cease,  
Soon sinking in the west in perfect peace.

But see brave Hamilton upon their right  
Now strikes with telling force, at ev'ry spot  
The enemy succumbing to his might,  
Withdrawing from positions dearly bought  
For which so long determined they had fought—  
To take up new positions, and again  
To but withdraw—and thousands there shall rot  
Beneath the glaring sun, the falling rain,  
Where naught shall mark the spot save Afric's burning  
plain.

## ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

Up, up the steep with steady hand  
 McDonald led his gallant band,  
 By roddan branch and birchen limb  
 Assisted to the summit dim ;  
 The stars shone o'er the rocky height—  
 He saw each tiny trembling light  
 Low flicker in the sky afar  
 Far from the scene of cruel war.  
 The dying fires on Beauport shore  
 He saw, and counted o'er and o'er—  
 The outlines of a soldier band  
 Low lying on that distant sand,  
 The blackened guns, the ramparts dim,—  
 But these were not to his and him.  
 " Qui vive ? "—discovered !—on they press—  
 " La France "—the answer—who could guess  
 That thus deceived the guard might be  
 To bring to Britain—victory !

## MONTEZUMA.

O, wily Spaniard, why come thou  
 To spoil our wide domains ?  
 We knew but happiness till now—  
 O, break these fettered chains.  
 I sent you gold fresh from the mines  
 In yellow beauty new,  
 The purest medes, the choicest wines—  
 I gave them all to you.  
 Alas ! poor Montezuma fell  
 By his own shaft laid low,  
 A native sped the arrow well,  
 All welcome was the blow.

'Twas not for Cortez and his band  
 To quell that warrior brave ;  
 He *fell*, but by a nobler hand—  
*They*, gave him but a grave.

Above the mound all kindly blow  
 The winds of summer there,  
 And wild flowers mid the grasses grow,  
 And sweet birds tune the air.

They loved the gallant chieftain, when  
 In life, he sought repose  
 Adown the deep and flow'ry glen  
 Where blue del Norta flows.

They loved him when he dying lay  
 Beneath the quiv'ring dart,  
 When fast the warm blood ebbed away  
 They soothed the sinking heart.

And still they love him, where he lies  
 Beneath the scented flowers ;  
 And breathings from the far blue sky  
 Make glad the dreamer's hours.

## A FRAGMENT.

Let us bury that flag that so long has been flinging  
 Its shadowy folds o'er our own native land—  
 From the east, from the west, it but discord is bringing  
 And selfishness frowns on the once open hand.

Go, ask them what diff'rence exists 'twixt the creature  
 Who takes what is not, and who gives what he will :  
 Though one may approach with a mask o'er his feature,  
 The other remains but a marauder still.

## WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead !

What sweet companions will draw near and look  
 Into my cold, still face : the babbling brook  
 Will murmur, O so softly, and the birds  
 On silent wing to breathe their low, sweet words  
 Of comfort come :—Were it not well to hear  
 The tender accents that I love, still near

When I am dead ?

When I am dead !

The pine will hang its trembling tassels low  
 And sob above me while the warm winds blow,  
 And yonder tiny star, the first of night,  
 Look down upon me with its pale still light,  
 The flowers will close, and from their hidden blooms  
 Fall many a sigh amid the rich perfumes,

When I am dead !

And wilt thou then draw near, O lovely maid,  
 And shed one little tear—and o'er this plaid,  
 That looks so tattered, breathe one silent prayer,  
 And kiss the whitened lips, and smooth the tangled hair,  
 And whisper, O so softly, as of old,  
 In happy hours before your heart grew cold—

When I am dead !

I loved you more than you shall ever know,—  
 And thy fair face, and those dark eyes that glow  
 With such sad dreamy light, e'en now I see,  
 That once looked up to mine so trustingly :—  
 O, that I now could hold thee by the hand  
 And hear thy last farewell—mine eyes would bland  
 My spirit seek with joy that happy land

When I am dead !

## SWEET THOUGHT.

Come death and still this troubled heart,  
 I would be happy where thou art.  
 I then will seek the muse's side,  
 Soar on the wind, and race the tide,  
 Fill earth, and air, and sea, and stream,  
 With beings bright as starry gleam ;  
 My bed shall 'neath the brown leaves be  
 That flutter 'neath the bending tree ;  
 My servants little sprites, that dance  
 All gladdened 'mid the sunny glance ;  
 And e'en thyself may then draw near  
 List to the muse, nor fear no fear.

## THE BLACKVILLE SCHOOL.

(A SATIRE.)

And thus to me, come ye in howls of rage  
 Whom I have sought to tune my tuneless page !  
 Ye hallowed nine, so long the poet's friend  
 Is it so hard for thee to condescend  
 To pen like mine? What mean those sullen frowns  
 So unbecoming to your golden crowns?  
 Those snowy robes I wean might better grace  
 A milder spirit, with a milder face !  
 Yon dark-eyed nymph that leads the coming throng  
 Speak, I conjure thee, tell what is of wrong.

“ Since I must answer, then do thou prepare  
 To list the tidings that we spirits bear—  
 Cease now your moanings, ye whom I command,  
 Rise gentle youth and pen with skilful hand  
 What I dictate,—miss not a single word  
 But set as truly as though often heard.

Know that when thou upon us call for aid  
'Tis seldom ours in anger to upbraid,  
But when such tumbly theme as that old school  
Confines your thoughts we ne'edst must break the rule.  
Time was when lordly castle crowned the hill  
And brave men struggled with the bow and bill,  
A hundred barons hurled defiance round  
And stood unchallenged on their vantage ground,  
A hundred standards flashed against the sky  
From frowning battlements and turrets high—  
And thus to think, O heavens, is it so  
The days of chivalry are stooped so low !

“ Now four bare walls alone you may descry  
While ev'ning rouges all the western sky,  
With one frail pole all flagless in the air  
That trembling scintillates the sunset glare,  
That seems to sigh for glories past, and moan,  
Usurp those brilliant banners for its own.  
For battlements a ragged roof looks down  
That threatens oft to rise and leave the town,  
To hurl the flag-staff to the crimson rack  
And take a stroll up to the ' Devil's Back.'  
The winds from far Dungarvon oft in rage  
Howl round the spot and shake the tattered cage,  
And Lockstead's blizzard's in the dreary fall  
Blow angry moanings through the creaking hall.

“ The dark deep clouds far from their lowly caves  
Loom up at noontide, and in troubled waves  
Soon fling a darkling pall athwart the sky,  
Unfurl their banners, and make war on high.  
The struggling legions meet—a flash—a roar—  
The threatened storm is on, the rain-drops pour,

Blue lightnings quiver to the distant shore,—  
Crash follows crash, the very earth in dread  
Seems e'en to settle to its inner bed.  
How think you fares that noted building now  
Upon the hill, and foremost in the row?  
Without, the winds in havoc grasp and shake,  
The very rafters seem about to break,  
The clapboards shiver, and the shingles moan,  
The dado sobs, the windows loudly groan,  
The daring flag-staff though it stands there still  
All wonders if it soon will leave the hill.  
Within, the little children in affright  
List to the thunder, watch the flashes bright,  
And dodge the swelling drops, that fast and free  
Fall from above to form a rising sea.  
All, all are busy : some with bottles set  
See, in a minute, how much rain they get,  
And one poor poltroon, with a cry of dread,  
Picks up a nail that fell upon his head,—  
Soon, others howling, raise the same sad cry  
Hang the wee head, and dare not look on high,  
The ceiling threatens e'en to leave its place—  
And better on the head than on the face.  
The teachers in anxiety look round,  
But dare not venture from their vantage ground,  
For fast the small steel shafts descend and bring  
Whole hosts of rain drops with elastic spring,  
And better in that spot to dodge a few  
Than cross the aisles and dare a howling crew."

'Twas but a squall, the clouds soon pass away,  
The sun pours forth its glory to the day—  
Naught but a faint low rumbling from the east  
Told that the storm still raged and had not ceased.

Each hollow by the sandy road—a pool—  
 With pitying glance looks upward at the school,  
 That dripping from its cold unwelcome bath  
 Looks down with inward wail and darkest wrath.

The fair nymph vanished with her lov'ly train :  
 I heard no more, nor saw them not again.  
 And since that time all pleasing is my dream  
 For I have learned to choose a brighter theme.

## THE PARTING.

And now we part,—'tis sad to say farewell,  
 But it must be. Dost hear the distant bell  
 Toll, toll ! and, oh, so mournfully its roll—  
 Though but the curfew, yet my very soul  
 Tells it is more : oh, shall we meet again !  
 Our days have been so sweet in this dark glen !  
 Shall I no more enfold thee. Catheline ?  
 (My love, my all, my only earthly queen.)

The ship rides anchor in the distant bay,  
 And sunrise lifts to other lands away  
 To fairer skies they tell and brighter scenes  
 Where bright-robed singers tune the deep ravines :  
 Ah ! would that I could happy be as here !  
 Alas ! it cannot be : thou art no longer near.

When all the night is dark and cold winds blow  
 Across the moor, my heart will fill with woe :  
 The dripping rain, the cloud that lowers near,  
 The lightnings flash, fill all my heart with fear—  
 But thou wilt pray, and often on the storm  
 Will fancy paint for me thy pleasing form,  
 Thine own sweet face—an angel in disguise—  
 Yet fairer far than those beyond the skies.

## TO A SWEET COMPANION.

He lied, she listened, and the harm was done—  
And thus we parted who from aye were one.  
How sad to cloud those lov'ly eyes in tears  
And that young heart to weigh with darkest fears,  
Yet know, fair girl, not thee alone in gloom  
Invites the stillness of the lon'ly tomb,  
Another breast beats low as does your own  
That throbs for only thee and thee alone.  
O maid, forget, and once more let us love,  
I hold thee guiltless as the gentle dove,  
And thy sweet voice once more I long to hear,  
And thy fair face to make me happy, dear—  
Those raven locks that fell in softness down  
Once more to mingle with these threads of brown,  
To feel thy guileless breast against mine own,  
Its snowy softness heaving as the Rhone.  
Forget, and joy may once more be our prize ;  
Forgive, and from this exile let us rise—  
One fond embrace, one kiss as oft of yore,  
Then past all grieving—all our troubles o'er.

## A THOUGHT.

'Tis night, and from afar  
So bright  
A tiny star peeps forth far  
    In the north ;  
Its silvery light looks down  
Upon brown  
    Fields, new mown :  
A homestead fair,  
And there  
A lovely maiden bowed in prayer.

## PONDERINGS.

In lon'ly hours give me the lon'ly cave,  
 The silent woodland, the unruffled wave,  
 The lofty mountain or the chasm deep—  
 My heart is heavy, but I can not weep.  
 When laughter rings athrough the lighted hall  
 Think you I joy, that ne'er knew joy at all?  
 When music swells adown the forest track  
 Think you the wounded bird will answer back.  
 Can beauty's polished cheek and sparkling eye  
 Recall the treasures of the days long by?  
 If so, then come, O dame, with snowy breast,  
 I seek the midnight wassail with the rest,  
 Trip o'er the floor—the lightest of the crew—  
 And quaff the wine cup to the gods and you.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE

(ISLE OF MARTINIQUE).

Borne on the winds from the far-off isles of Atlantic,  
 Laden with horror too awful for man e'en to utter,  
 Tepid with odours sulphurous, foul with the hot breath  
 of ashes  
 Comes a sad tale o'er the ocean mingled with wailings  
 and sobbings.  
 List to the voice as it lingers there on the murmuring  
 billows,  
 List to the dolorous accents borne from the shores of  
 West Indies !  
 Near to the coast of a continent, close by the isle of St.  
 Vincent  
 Breathing the beautiful odours exhaled from the lands of  
 the ocean,

Breathing anon, and from blossoms, fresh from her own  
flowery bosom  
Scatt'ring the sweetest of fragrance to die on the scorch-  
ing equator,  
Fresh in her loveliness resting, there in the grasp of an  
ocean  
Like some fair flower in a meadow, where the tall grass  
wave around it.

Thus did the island of Martinique dream, and in dream-  
ing was happy : —  
There from the far off Atlantic slowly the white sea-gull  
floated,  
Floated to rest in the shadows of some giant cliff near  
the water,  
Glad that the toils of its journey far from the coast of  
fair Florida  
Brought sweet repose to its wingings and joy to the nest  
in the shadows !  
Slowly it reached the dim mountain, shouted but once,  
and was silent.

Far to the north of the island, grey with the deep dust of  
ages,  
Rose the tall head of Mont Pelee, gloomy and grand was  
the picture  
Out o'er the blue waves it darkled, e'en to the banks of  
St. Vincent—  
Gazed,—and the hot breath of anger flashed from the  
once smiling crater :  
Frowned—and the rumblings grew louder deep in its  
dark troubled caverns,  
Trembled the earth where the citizens thronged the broad  
streets of St. Peter.

Suddenly up from its summit, shot the dark clouds to the heavens,  
And the hot breath of the monster hissed from the now open crater,  
Loudly he stormed in his anger roaring 'mid flames of deep crimson,  
Flinging the hot boiling lava, over its sides to the ocean—  
Down like a Stygian river poured the black rain on St. Peter,  
On through the streets swept the torrent, bursting anon from the mountain.

Out in the harbour the shipping sought but in vain for protection ;  
On with the force of a whirlwind shoreward the fierce tempest driven  
Hurled them like toys on the gravel, splintered the masts and the deckage,  
Shrivelled the bellowing canvas, melted the hardest of metals,  
Touched but the keel and it withered, breathed on the men and they perished.

Thund'ring beneath the deep ocean, rumbling away through the mountains  
Echoed the noise of his anger, echoed, and then like a devil  
Over the isle of St. Vincent poured the hot ashes and lava :  
Nor were the wails of the stricken heard in that horrible clamour,  
Silent they died and departed, silent to those at a distance,  
Silent to those who were near them,—such was the terrible booming.

Why had they not like the birdies heeded the warnings  
of nature?  
Why had they not like the reptile deserted the sides of  
the mountain?  
Not since the warm winds of April told that the crater  
was smoking  
Had the low notes from the woodlands sweetened the air  
with their echoes.  
Far had they flown from the danger, instinctively turned  
from the island,  
Heeded the warning of Providence, wended to places of  
safety.  
And when the rumblings had lessened, when its dark  
wrath was appeasing,  
O what a desolate region greeted the eye of the watcher!  
Not but a rude pile of ruins blackened and burned with  
the fire  
Lay where the town of St. Peter smiled ah! how lately!  
all beautiful.  
Lifeless the brave and the gentle, lifeless the loved and  
the loving,  
Lifeless the verdure of spring-time—only the mountain  
was breathing.

*THE SIEGE OF ACRE.*

King Philip now at distance stood  
With sullen brow and angry mood,  
Refusing to his host all aid  
When last the final charge they made.  
Yet little recked the Island Lord  
He drew his good Damascus sword,  
On Philip cast one scorning look  
And in the front his place he took :

Before them rose the frowning wall,  
The rounded towers, the turrets tall,  
With many a portal here and there  
That narrowed to the upper air.  
Upon the wall he saw the foe  
The missiles soon to fall below,  
The swarthy faces peering out  
Where rose the battlements about,  
The pointed lance, the arrow keen,  
The bended bow, the axes sheen,  
And over all and floating fair  
The Half Moon\* in the upper air.  
He heard the shouts that loudly rose  
Within the confines of his foes,  
And far the broken echoes died  
Where laved the shore the purple tide.  
He heard ! and with an answering cheer  
Old England hurled her challenge clear,  
From rank to rank the chorus swells  
All echoing to the Dardanelles,  
And loud the distant hills resound  
And far the rumbling echoes bound—  
Saladin with his mighty host  
Dreams even now that all is lost,  
For something in that dying cry  
Presages doom, he knows not why,  
His very spirit seems to quell  
As labouring 'neath a magic spell.  
He sees the Christian hosts advance  
With rounded shield and glist'ning lance,  
With flags and pennons all unfurled  
To sweep his legions from the world.

\* Half moon—The Saracen standard.

They come ! the maginalls are set,  
The ballistas in place they get,  
The catapult to notch they bring  
And place a shaft upon the string,—  
Nor small the strength required to train  
Those engines from the distant main,  
Their pond'rous beams for long had stood  
Where Cyprus waved its dark green wood,  
And oft had bended to the storm  
Where Ætna reared its awful form,  
And many a time looked up in dread  
While smoke-wreaths gathered round its head  
To see the scorching lava creep  
All slowly down the mountain steep  
And mingling gleams of crimson glow  
Fling their red banners to and fro,  
And when the troubled storm was o'er  
Wave on as scathless as before,  
Wave on for years and then to feel  
The gashes of the Briton's steel,  
To fall beneath a Norman blow  
Where Ætna had not laid them low.  
The batt'ring-ram with monstrous beam  
Slow nears the gates, the bright chains gleam  
Beneath the warm sun's cheerful ray  
That colours all the fading day.  
And foremost mid that mighty band  
The lion-heart was seen to stand,  
Along the fronted ranks he gazed  
With lightning glance the blue eyes blazed,  
He placed the long deep columns well,  
That in the fray their strength might tell  
To each assigned a leader brave—  
To lead to victory or the grave—

Each one had fought on many a field,  
Knew but to bleed, but never yield.  
None cowered 'neath his steady gaze,  
All stood the test of other days,  
Unflinchingly they looked aback  
All eager for the forced attack.  
The word is given :— On they sweep  
Like ocean billows o'er the deep,  
With many a cheer they reach the wall  
That might the bravest heart appal,  
And up the scaling ladders stream  
Like spectres in a nightly dream,  
So swift of foot, they seem of wing,  
An airy, not a mortal thing.  
The batt'ring-ram, with thundered roar,  
Hurls its huge weight against the door,  
So thick the arrows speed and fast  
They seem as hail before the blast,  
The catapult's resounding ring  
Tells of the shaft that left the string,  
(The echoes of an ended life,  
The sighings of a weeping wife,  
The sobs of children and of friends),  
But once again the long bow bends  
To train once more its bolts of woe  
And speed them to the waiting foe.  
The ladders swarm, the missiles crash  
Athrough the rungs with bloody splash.  
Down, down all merciless they fall  
From every point along the wall,  
And many a knight, besmeared with gore,  
Fell to the earth to rise no more.  
Again the lengthened ladders rise,  
Once more they mount with angered eyes,

Up, up, e'en to the very top,  
But fast the dark projectiles drop,  
Their shields are splintered, and alack  
The weight of numbers turns them back :  
Lo ! hundreds grovel 'neath the weight  
Of debris 'neath the postern gate,  
The batt'ring-rams in splinters lie,  
The pond'rous engines smoulder nigh,  
The Saracens exulting shout.  
And hurl the living fire\* about.  
O God ! they seize the ladders tall,  
They push them outward from the wall,  
The whole descends nor aught can check  
A bloody and entangled wreck.

His dearest hopes, now crushed and dead,  
Back from the walls his troops he led,  
Vast numbers of his gallant men  
Had fallen, never to rise again ;  
With dark'ned eye King Richard stood  
And gazed upon that field of blood.  
His kindly heart with sorrow beat,  
'Twas hard to suffer thus—defeat  
The hosts in disappointment drew  
From off the field—the trumpets blew.  
The dead, in soon, beneath the shade  
Of Acre's towers were lowly laid,  
Naught marked the place of their o'erthrow—  
Alone—uncared—they slept below.

\*LIVING FIRE.—This Greek fire was a celebrated means of warfare in those days. It is not known precisely what it was or how it was made. It was an exceedingly combustible substance, and was to be thrown, on fire, at the enemy; and such was its nature, that when once in flames nothing could extinguish it; and besides the heat and burning that it produced, it threw out great volumes of poisonous and stifling vapors, which suffocated all that came near. The men threw it sometimes in balls, and sometimes on the ends of darts and arrows, where it was enveloped in flax or tow to keep it in place.—*Jacob Abbott.*

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

'Tis night, the tiny stars peep out  
All trembling in the sky,  
The moon her splendour pours about  
The white pavilions nigh.  
The sea-breeze from the dark blue main  
Blows lightly o'er the land,  
To soothe the spirits of the slain,  
To cool the burning sand.

Alone within his silken tent  
The noble Richard lies  
In pond'ring mood, the dark brow bent  
And moisture in his eyes,  
He who would scorn to shed a tear  
When others round him bent  
Now bid the warm drops gather near  
And fast they came and went.

He thought o'er all he might have done,  
Of troubles braved and gone,  
The carnage 'neath the setting sun  
Once more he looked upon,  
He heard the shouts, the fearful din,  
The echoes rolling far,  
He saw the bloody strife begin  
To end in luckless war.

Again the haughty Philip stands,  
His proud head lifted high,  
King Richard marks the armed bands  
As on he marches by ;  
And, oh, to think his dearest thought  
Would thus but end in tears—  
For England's fame alone, he fought,  
The boast of coming years.

Along the silken lashes soon  
A kindly tremor fell.  
Adown the west, the mellow moon  
Sunk to its fairy dell ;  
Sleep came to soothe with its soft art  
The breast that beat with pain,  
Sweet dreams stole round the Lion Heart,  
He breathed with joy again.

## THE DISHONOURED FLAG.

“ And who has dared to place that rag  
On yonder mount beside my flag?  
That paltry miscreant shall rue  
The task that but a fool could do.”  
The deep voice echoed like the shock  
Of thunder 'neath the riven rock,  
The fearful accents died away  
Beyond the towers and turrets grey,  
Above his head the banners glare  
All crimson in the troubled air :  
He lists ! no answering voices come—  
The very air in fear was dumb :  
Again like earthquake through the hills  
The loud clear voice in anger thrills.  
“ What foul presumptuous wretch could dare  
To hoist that mummied banner there ? ”  
He said—and seized the polished staff  
That quivered 'neath his grasp like chaff.  
Would Austria in silence hear ?  
Were e'en the bravest filled with fear,  
The choicest of her sons stood round  
With Leopold upon the mound.  
Out spoke the challenged Austrian then,

He lacked not courage, but to ken  
 A roaring lion in the track  
 Might hold the bravest knight aback.  
 "Know thou, insulting king, 'twas I  
 That flung yon banner to the sky,  
 Nor fairer 'tis thy lot to know  
 The winds did ne'er a better blow,  
 And as for deeds of valour true  
 It stands the brighter of the two."  
 "Down, false usurper, I will show  
 Where thy mock banner best can blow  
 The sweet warm winds too long have borne  
 That boasted rag with bitter scorn,  
 See even yonder sun would shroud  
 Its form beneath the snowy cloud,  
 When next it looks, the world to grace,  
 Thy banner will have changed its place."

Like lightning from the clouded west  
 The staff across his knee he pressed,  
 It crashed, the glittering splinters flew  
 Unto the ground the wreck he threw,  
 And in the height of anger's heat  
 Trampled the banner 'neath his feet.

## FRAGMENTS.

The breath of soft green fir and tasselled pine  
 Hold fairer incense than the choicest wine,  
 And golden sunbeams melting on the bough  
 More envied lights than those on beauty's brow.

And soon the sinking sun in robes of red  
 Called all its brightness to the parent bed,  
 One moment paused upon the purple hills  
 To wake the hawk, to rouse the whip-poor-wills,  
 To call the greybird to its lowly nest,  
 To bid adieu, then seek its own sweet rest.

## THE PLAY-HOUSE.

'Tis 'neath the bending trees, and all around  
The soft green grasses wave about the place,  
And there the golden dandelion is found  
And snow-white daisies on the flowery ground,  
With many a trembling buttercup, to grace  
The little play-yard with its modest face.

The apple blooms are waxing white,  
The limbs let through the trembling light,  
Upon the deep green carpet falls  
The softest shadow round the walls,  
Athrough the little door-way blows  
The breath of many a prairie rose,  
And oft, anon, the summer birds  
Breathe round the place their low sweet words.

Near yonder window wends away  
The cedar fence, all aged and gray  
With many a lichen springing dark  
From out the fast decaying bark,  
That clinging to the splintered rail  
Half hides the wood, all bleached and pale.

Aback, the waking fields extend  
And to the hills in beauty wend  
To where the sombre cedars shade  
The painted flowers of many a glade,  
And inland brooks all murm'ring come  
From thickets where the partridge drum.

Along the lane the cattle lie,  
And there the pigs fresh from the sty,  
One chewing patiently the cud,  
The others rolling in the mud,  
With many a splash and many a low  
That o'er the tree-tops come and go.

## THE DEATH OF RAGNAR.

## I.

“The slimy snake may wind its coils  
About this wasted form,  
The hated scorpion seek its spoils,  
And near the creeping worm.

## II.

“Their touch is gentler far to me  
Than thine hard cruel hand—  
Back, Ella ! look not scornfully !  
I led as brave a band !

## III.

“The adder’s hiss is sweeter far  
Than thy polluted speech  
Such tongues as thine would sadly mar  
E’en its—accurséd leech !

## IV.

“Think you I fear the venom’d sting ?  
I have not thy weak heart !  
Bring yet more reptiles ! but ye bring  
None fouler than thou art.

## V.

“Ha ! place an arrow on the string :  
I bend a stronger bow !  
I love the cord’s resounding ring !  
Thou canst not lay me low !!!

## VI.

“A coward hand must always shake  
As thine is trembling now—  
Shoot, Ella, lest thy frail heart break—  
There’s fear upon thy brow.

## VII.

“ Yon rocky cavern will resound  
Where thy poor arrow falls,  
And mocking echoes gather round  
The meanest thing that crawls.

## VIII.

“ Ha, ha ! I knew thine arm would fail—  
Here, try thy shaft again !  
Such cheek as *thine* should not grow pale !  
*Thou* art not in this den !

## IX.

“ Did I but stand where thou hast stood,  
Did I but bend yon bow,  
Its tip had now been dripping blood,  
And thou in death laid low.

## X.

“ Ha ! laugh'st thou, 'tis no idle boast,  
Proud chieftain, though in vain—  
I hear the howls of many a ghost  
Come o'er yon rolling main ;

## XI.

“ Of spirits that all gory fled  
This tenement of clay,  
And now, though numbered with the dead,  
Still chant their dying lay.

## XII.

“ 'Tis well, for Odin could but frown  
Upon fair Denmark's king  
Were he to soil that honoured crown  
By shooting such a thing.

## XIII.

“Adieu, proud chieftain, train thy sight  
Upon yon mountain side :  
Not Ella—but the reptile’s bite  
Hath loosed this crimson tide.

## XIV.

“Upon yon bending rock I place  
The curse that falls on thee :—  
Remember Ragnar and his race,  
And guard yon purple sea.”

## XV.

His voice grew fainter as he spoke,  
(While fast the warm blood fell),  
And many a hiss around him broke  
From lips he knew too well.

## XVI.

His eagle eye had lost its spark,  
His cheek was waxing white,  
The sombre cave was now more dark,  
The day had changed to night.

## XVII.

The adders’ fangs were in his blood—  
He strove to wave them back—  
They drank with greed the crimson flood,  
And others came—alack !

## XVIII.

’Twere vain : a hundred demons sought  
The blood now dripping slow,  
They coiled about his arms, and fought  
Upon his breast of snow :

## XIX.

All staggering 'neath the weight, he fell  
Upon the sanded floor—  
All faintly rose his dying yell  
From that lone bed of gore.

## XX.

All faintly ! yet the murm'ring waves  
Sobbed forth the sorrowed tale ;  
The mermaid from her coral caves  
Looked up with mournful wail ;

## XXI.

Across the northern sky that night  
The trembling lights were flung,  
And spirits in their mantles white  
Along the dark cliffs sung.

## XXII.

The pale breeze in its wand'rings, told  
On Denmark's distant shore,  
As on the troubled ocean rolled,  
That Ragnar was no more.

## XXIII.

It heard, and in devouring host  
The Dane's dread ships came down,—  
And Ella saw his country lost,  
*Himself*, without a crown.

## XXIV.

His death it were too dark to tell,  
His spirit black, despairing,  
Leaped from its seat with one long yell  
And fled like demon, glaring.

## MUSINGS.

## I.

I love the stately elms that fling  
 Their graceful branches to the sky  
 They breathe of days when you and I  
 Knew all that happiness could bring :

## II.

The unthought words that then we spoke  
 That fell like dew-drops from the rose  
 Still linger mingled with our woes  
 As when they in the heart awoke :

## III.

And freshened by the sweetest dreams  
 All lov'ly to the waiting ear  
 E'en now in sadness they appear  
 Lit by their never-changing gleams.

## IV.

'Tis sweet to slumber ! then we see  
 The forms the waking hours conceal  
 And all unconsciously we steal  
 From all that's past, what good there be.

## V.

The happy hours that passed, too soon,  
 With all their many joys, alas !  
 They withered like the autumn grass,  
 They faded like the dying moon,

## VI.

They vanished, but they are not dead—  
 The sleeping bud will wake again,  
 Green blades renew the slumb'ring glen—  
 They are not dead. They are not dead.

## VII.

Adown the deep blue west in soon  
The tiny star will dip its light,  
It is but gone from mortal sight  
To usher in the new-born moon.

## VIII.

Its liquid light again will fall  
When twilight wraps the silent stream,  
When in sweet rest the birdies dream  
And silence fills the homes of all.

## IX.

When autumn robes the maple limb  
In all its many brilliant hues  
And morn no longer shakes the dews  
Low lying on the lilies rim,

## X.

When trembling in the chilly air  
The willow leaves all artless turn  
And bend in silver o'er the burn,  
And crimsoned is the ripened pear :

## XI.

Then will the birds on weary wing  
Seek pleasures 'neath a warmer sky,  
No longer do we see them nigh,  
No longer do we hear them sing.

## XII.

And all the merry insect life  
That hummed the summer hours away  
When all the land with flowers was gay  
Be hushed, and still, no longer rife.

## XIII.

But though they fled, and though we sigh,  
And sob mayhap with bitter tears  
Let us remember, future years  
Will roll the same loved seasons by.

## XIV.

The birds will all return in time  
Unto the old familiar place  
To kindle on thine own sweet face  
The beauties of a southern clime.

## XV.

So when the spirit of the spring,  
Flushed with the softness of the rose,  
Bids every sleeping bud unclose,  
And to the world its fragrance fling,

## XVI.

What sweet awaking : from the soil  
Each tiny blade in rapture peeps,  
While down the laden mountain leaps  
The loosened stream with hissing broil.

## XVII.

Where the arbutus trails its leaves  
All lov'ly mid the winter-green,—  
And many a crimson bud between  
Unrolling to the sunlight, heaves.

## XVIII.

Beneath the kindly spruces go  
The little children through the wood  
To pluck the newly-painted hood,  
Where blooms the ladies-slipper low.

## XIX.

And as the yellow petals smile  
Beneath the dark brown curléd leaves  
In little hands in dewy sheaves—  
They rest in some green nook awhile.

## XX.

And little stories circle round  
The laughing group, and many a song—  
Thus pass the fleeting hours along,  
And nature kindles at the sound.

## XXI.

Oft when I dream in pensive mood  
Of days that long have glided by,  
I would they once again were nigh  
That I might wander through the wood.

## XXII.

With old companions that have fled,  
Though still their kindly forms I see,  
As whilom they could smile on me,  
And loved to follow where I led.

## XXIII.

Then were our hearts as gay as those  
That wander through the groves to-day,  
That breathe the warm sweet air of May—  
Alas! It had its secret woes.

## XXIV.

And they shall know what we now feel,  
Their sun has not but risen yet,  
Dark clouds may gather ere it set,  
And near the rumbling thunder peal.

## XXV.

But coming years for them can bring  
 No brighter past than mine has been,  
 Amid the world's ne'er ceasing din  
 No brighter prospect spread its wing.

## XXVI.

The past was fair, but who can say  
 What gath'ring storms may brew amain  
 With angry and tempestuous rain  
 To mar the genial face of day.

## XXVII.

I loved as few again may love—  
 'Twas long ago : and even now  
 Before that tender shrine I bow,  
 No matter where my footsteps rove.

## XXVIII.

Can hearts forget ? Then might I joy  
 And mid the glitt'ring throng rejoice,  
 Nor hear the accents of a voice  
 That cheered me when I was a boy.

## XXIX.

Can hearts forget, I sought to quell  
 My sorrow 'neath a western sky—  
 But, ah ! Alas ! 'twas vain to fly,  
 I knew that fair sweet face too well !

## XXX.

Chide on ye cynics,—your hard hearts  
 Have never known the mental throes  
 That torture them whose secret woes  
 Were never quelled by such tame arts !

## XXXI.

Seek out the vistas of the years  
O scorner, rolled in silence by—  
That passed before your glazed eye  
Ne'er dimmed by sorrow or by tears :

## XXXII.

Seek out, and tell in conscious truth—  
Has e'er your weary frame been purged  
By fires that through the spirit surged  
More fierce than were the fires of youth ?

## XXXIII.

No more resistless tide hath swept  
Athrough thy veins now dark with age  
Than love, that tossed with purple rage,  
That lingered long, nor ever slept.

## XXXIV.

Your longings all were satisfied,  
The youthful maiden of your choice  
Is still beside you with sweet voice—  
Oh, unkind man, cease to deride !

## XXXV.

The raven hair may turn to grey,  
The rosy cheek be wrinkled o'er,  
The heart is what it was before,  
Nor ever pales a single ray.

## XXXVI.

The kindly thoughts that centred there,  
The gentle glance that outward beamed  
When two young souls all happy dreamed  
And all the world was shining fair.—

## XXXVII.

Can these all pass away and die  
 Within the shrine that gave them birth?  
 If so.—Then ope', O kindly earth  
 And let me in thy caverns lie.

## XXXVIII.

I hold it truth that only one  
 Can loiter by another's side  
 Of all this weary world and wide,  
 And be by lasting friendship won.

## XXXIX.

Her touch alone may sweep away  
 The passing griefs that time will bring,  
 Her voice alone all mellow ring  
 Till sunset tint life's dying day.

## XL.

From rosy morning till the time  
 When twilight calls the earliest star,  
 And in the deepened east afar  
 The moon ascends with ray sublime,

## XLI.

He longs for her, and her alone,  
 The idol he for aye can serve,  
 Nor ever doubt, nor ever swerve  
 From out the circuit round her throne.

## XLII.

The little bird that sings so sweet  
 Where trims its mate the cozy nest,—  
 Think you that it would sing its best  
 Were there another at its feet.

## XLIII.

The partridge for companion takes  
But one fair spouse, nor other knows :  
The lordly duck all haply goes  
Thus wedded through the inland lakes.

## XLIV.

Upon the maiden's cheek there glows  
A fresher bloom, and from the lips  
A deeper crimson—such as tips  
The petals of the op'ning rose.

## XLV.

'Tis spring-time : her young bosom heaves  
With new created thoughts that swell  
Like buds upon the heather-bell,  
Like dew-drops on the dreaming leaves.

## XLVI.

The large dark eyes in tender glow  
Seem filled with ev'ry gentle thought,  
Unconsciously and all untaught  
She learns to love.—'Twas ever so !

## XLVII.

'Twas ever so, and e'er shall be  
Till Time doth fold its weary wings,  
Till the archangel's trumpet rings,  
And earth is but nonentity.

## XLVIII.

The anxious lover bending o'er  
The lov'ly prize all-beautiful,  
In trembling accents such as lull  
The heart upon the murm'ring shore,

## XLIX.

Pours in her willing ear sweet words,  
 And trains the gentle glance to fall,  
 And learns that idoled name to call,  
 While list'ning to the summer birds :

## L.

For they, too, feel that passion's sway,—  
 And now upon the boughs above  
 They pour their little hearts in love,  
 They warble sweet the dreamy lay.

## LI.

What tender teachers ! May they be  
 The young heart's guidance till the time  
 When earth can know no more of crime,  
 Till time hath touched eternity.

## TO C——.

We parted, lov'ly maid, in anger, we  
 Who once knew but to tune each other's words,  
 As in the woodland pipe the summer birds.  
 O, let us now agree !

The sunset tints the west  
                   And all is still,  
 The greybird in its nest,  
                   And but the whip-poor-will  
                                   Sings in the lane.

O let us hand in hand  
                   Once more retrace  
 The same old walk along the sand,  
                   And thy sweet face  
 Fill all my heart with gladness  
                   As of old,  
 And banish sadness from this heart  
 That never can grow cold, love, where thou art.

THE LITTLE PRISONER.

'Twere joy indeed to look upon  
The timid offspring of the fawn  
When bounding o'er their native steep  
From rock to rock in graceful leaps,  
But tear them from their native glen  
And seeing gives not joy again.

Within its prison walls it sighs  
For deep green woods and sunny skies,  
The large dark eyes lose half their glow—  
Listless it wanders to and fro.  
It longs to breathe the clear cool air  
That ambles through its mountain lair,  
To taste the still, sweet stream again  
That wanders through its native glen—  
While man, unfeeling man, stands by  
With raptured soul and beaming eye.  
Its little heart is bowed with grief,  
And fleeing time brings not relief.