

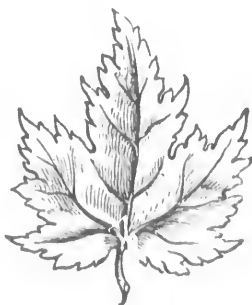
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CANADIANA

Synchronisms

of an hour,

AND

Other Poems.



By Oliver Nowat Eaton.

1897
Synchronisms 

Of an Hour,

And —

Other
Poems 

By Oliver Mowat Eaton.

of Alhambra and

1897

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NADIANA

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PREFACE.

To the People ❧ ❧ ❧



Who with a liberality which could scarcely have been expected this season, have been pleased to aid me in carrying this matter through, I am at a loss how to express myself. It was my pleasure to encounter some whose kind deportment towards their fellow-men seemed, as far as I could judge, a part of their creed; their scrupulous observance of this self-imposed obligation constitutes the source of a very considerable part of the aid I received. I was encouraged beyond expression by coming in contact with these philanthropic people. To them, one and all, as well as to all others who have assisted me, I tender, with the books themselves, the heartfelt gratitude of their humble author,

O. M. E.

Synchronisms of an Hour.

(A POEM IN TEN PARTS)

INTRODUCTION.

Sleeping one night, I had a curious dream,
But how occasioned I cannot surmise ;
Said Chaucer's Partlet to her Chanticleer,
"The dominating humor makes the dream" ;
Then, later on, a wise man did affirm,
"Dreams are the children of an idle brain."
From which deduce, in tale of far-off lands,
The unlabored brain found that would feed its
humor ;

The concept taking form, it was despatched
Unto Mind's twin, the immaterial soul,
By telegram upon mysterious wire ;
The soul its nightly and accustomed course
Continuing fast, (unfettered by the clay),
The heir exhibits of the inventive brain ;
In space expanding, grew the infant soon
World-wide and infinite ; and till the morn,
Its spirit-mother wondering did it view.

My phantasy was this : methought the time
Was April Ides, that all the teeming earth
Though round lay all exposed, and every man
Of every hue, rank, occupation, mind,
Did I perceive ; methought, as this was so,
To note the opposite states of man one hour,—
And thousand different sights rewarded me—
(Eye-blinding, pen-defying, some appeared).
Of all which scenes, so heterogeneous, strange,
A few are given, to show how one same hour
Is spent in various quarters of the globe.

I.

“And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, *and* set in order many proverbs.”
—Ecc. XII-9.

Where Indiana with Ohio joins,
The town of Richmond is; in its confines
A public inn invites the passing man
To lodge therein, and sample pot or pan.

Upstairs, the night-clerk ushered to a room
(While sounded twelve the church bell through the
gloom,)

A Clergyman, new'rived in the place;
Unto 13 directed they their pace.
“Thirteen!” the Preacher cried, “that number’s bad;
I want a room that will not drive me mad.”
The night-clerk smiled, that such a godly man
Should fear a number; then the next they scan,—
Which, vacant, doth the reverend guest invade,
While back returned the clerk, a shilling paid.

The attendant gone, the minister proceeds
To lock the door that none may know his deeds;
His vest he rifles of a fine cigar,
(For with his appetites he would not war;)
And, while he wafts the aromatic cloud
In airy cycles, thus he thought aloud:

“Ah! this is happiness! This fragrant leaf
Gives me new spirit, runs away with grief:
Though fatal ailments may tobacco breed,
Yet, why should I renounce the alluring weed?
O Nicotine! how happy was the thought
That didst devise what Raleigh to us brought!

My one annoyance is, I cannot use
In public what in pulpit I abuse.

My calling is most holy ;—but do I
With its exactions every time comply ?
Do I have not a thought but sacred ones ?
Do I sincerely love all earth-born sons ?—
If sinful musings come to mind or heart,
They need not welcomed be, but bid depart ;
If I my brethren always do not love,
In those cold moments may I best reprove :
I think I am as holy as my calling,—
This strict self-catechise predicts no falling.”

Now doth the long-coat muser scan the gold
Wherein time sped —just half-past twelve it told ;
From the narcotic he doth gently press
The albescent trunk, still giving thought new dress :

“The midnight hour was ever used to slay ;
It shields the Eblis, that would fly the day.
I must be grateful, 'twas my happy lot,
To tread a path in life where danger's not, —
Here in this bolted room, how different
From lonely nights in wildernesses spent !
This very moment may be witnessing
Crimes of black shade, that terror with them bring ;
Who knows, indeed, what desperado bold
May not be lurking in this house for gold,
Or haply watching, till I sink in sleep,
That then he may his bloody harvest reap :
Bah ! 'tis the effect of midnight on the brain,
That day dispels and darkness brings again ;
Churchmen like me should be in meditations
Divine, nor fear such dread perambulations.

One more Havana can I yet ignite,

And by sharp one have smoked, and out the light :
 What vexes me at times is, I must make
 Thrice-weekly sermons, such as well will take,
 Whereas,—while I here worry o'er my work,
 Fuming at that I cannot safely shirk,—
 Thousands of men, who follow other trades,
 Lie all untroubled by a three tirades ;—
 But since my parents would compel me preach,
 I must resign myself, nor Fate impeach ;
 I'll rest contented, with the pleasing thought
 That sustenance is not by peril bought,—
 I am not called to enter in a cage, ..
 And soothe the lion in his fiercest rage,.
 Nor roughly told, these chilly April days,
 To tread a slipp'ry deck and ropes help raise ;
 My life's vocation is not to explore
 Dark Afric swamps, and coast a savage shore,—
 No, thank the Heavenly Father ! I can eat,
 Smoke, sleep enough, have ease, and keep dry feet.
 (This stump I'll roll in paper, and secrete :)
 To prayers, and then to bed ; that gassy light
 Must soon give place to silent, Stygian night."

The minister now doth offer up a prayer,
 That he be safe while in his downy lair ;
 Then to the gas-pipe turns, blows out the gas,
 And all secure turns in the trim palliasse :
 The man of God was but one more to choke,
 Asphyxiated by the escaping smoke ;
 His spirit, in dreams awhile allowed to roam,
 Remained forever from its fleshy home.

II.

“His deeds had driven
Him forth to war with man and forfeit Heaven.”
—Byron, “The Corsair.”

“Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind.”
—Pope, “Essay on Man.”

“White man, your trade is bad ; you rob, you kill
My kindred race, and ravage fiercer still
Men of your own pale color ; therefore, hunter,
As chopping, hewing makes the hatchet blunter—
As nettling bears with wounds makes them more fierce,
As wood-notes, echoed, more the bosom pierce,
We two should part while parting is not hard ;
For you have lost all claim to my regard.”

Such words a red man of the coast addressed
Unto an outlaw, his too frequent guest.
The Indian's cabin sat upon the bank
Of swift Stickeen's most northward fork, that drank
Th' excrescent waters round the Alaskan line,
Then here flowed down where larches high did twine—
Seeming, as they did form that arch above,
Like two great armies joining hands in love.

The outlaw's home lay hidden in a wood,
Some lower down the tributary flood.

A calumet, improvised, the chieftain smoked ;
And on his daughter and the outlaw looked :
He sat against the wall, on hide of bear—
Image of ease ; flames crepitant did flare
From a loose grate, enhancing, if they could,
The daughter's beauty, rarest of the wood.
Jupe had she none, for usefulness and ease

Precluded petticoat about the knees ;
The function of that garment was supplied
By leggings, moccasins, that stirred her pride ;
Her coat of martin gracefully displayed
Contour of figure, full yet faultless made :
The predatory rover, large of frame,
Wore simple raiment, that from red deer came ;
Somewhat removed, he by a pine log lay,
And heard quite coolly what his host did say ;
As though some under purpose, for the hour,
His usual mood unbrooking did o'erpower :
The maid by signs those words would deprecate,
And shot her sire a look akin to hate.
The outlaw thus replied :

“Chief, don't forget
That these named crimes you do yourself abet ;—
But why reproach each other with the fact ?
If red and white man make a solemn pact,
To hunt, fish, trap, and share together all,
Let them be happy 'tis not they who fall.
The white man drove me from my native fields,
Where flower-bound Metis threads the neighboring
wealds ;
Why should I love them who but love me dead ?
And, hating white, how could I love the red ?—
But you, great chief, —whose sires renowned of yore,
Beheld great Cook approach this fruitful shore,—
Have moods congenial with my own, so I
Am with you here content to live and die.”

To whom the chief, while flashed the daughter's eye :
“This hour, that I to pipe and ease apply,
My pale face friend, I will not use t' upbraid
Who by his strength is constitute my aid ;—

Brother, devoutly have I envied you
That powerful arm—so often proven true,
That calve of iron, shoulder deep and broad,
And chest and back disease did ne'er corrode ;
Strength of the grizzly you have oft displayed,
Agility of cat,—and, on the raid,
Stranger to fear, untiring in pursuit—
Ever you follow, ne'er precede, the rout.
Ask your red cousin whatsoe'er you will,
He'll give as freely as a draught the rill."

Long had the cunning outlaw tried to start
A warmer impulse in the red man's heart ;
Then thus : " Since my red brother, you desire
This hour to use our mutual love to fire,
And, in the goodness of your heart, proclaim
That favor granted I may choose to name,—
I beg your daughter for my life-long mate ;
This brightest of the desert gems, who late
Has come to ornament again the place,
From long sojourning 'mong her distant race—
Has home returned our loneliness to foil,
And aid her father in his forest toil.
Her beauty unadorned, save by what roam
Within their sylvan or aquatic home,
Excels pre-em'nently the sickly hue,
That goes for beauty 'neath the Eastern blue :
We've plighted troth, on happiness intent,
And now solicit your august consent."

" You beg my Flower, reflection of my wife,"
The aborigine said ; " more than my life
This pearl is dear to me,—but it is well ;
She with a strong protector goes to dwell."

Then sat the Indian silent for awhile,
His thin lip curling with a crafty smile ;
But soon, as through the thin partition came
Some wailing groans, that would a stone inflame,
The squatting chieftain suddenly uprose,—
And from his tongue this peroration flows :
“ Sit, daughter, friend ; the squaw demands my care,
The husband, father, thither will repair.”

Ceasing, he sought the other little room,
Where lay his slave in child-bed, and in gloom ;
The door-way musk-hide rose, and fell behind,
When thus the outlaw gave the squaw his mind—
(Meanwhile advancing, where the prurient maid
Naively sat, her graces well displayed :)

“ Soon, little flower, will you in my warm home,
Its lovely queen, my sweet companion, come.”

White lips on saffron jole now fervent press,
The rosy red returning the caress :

O how did Cupid in her bosom steal
To sway forever, Heavenly muse, reveal !

Now is her soul exalted far above,—

“ And even in him it asks the name of love ! ”

Her arms entwine the outlaw’s neck around,
And, in that contact sudorific wound,

Thus, fitfully, her panting breath she found :

“ Sweet, cheerful service will the Rose accord
To hold the affection of her mighty lord.”

Such genial vow fair Eve of old had given,—
As vainly Nature’s child now sought her Heaven.

“ This evening then,” the man of night rejoined ;
“ Will us well domiciled and happy find.”

His Atlantean bulk the maid surveys,
And the Great Spirit silent whispers praise.

Now slowly past the coriaceous door
The chief emerged,—then stately walked the floor ;
Surveyed he tranquilly the amorous twain,
But naught explanatory would he deign,—
Thus Wolfe, on Abram's Plains, stood silently,
That, when he spoke, the effect might double be.

The which divining, asked the outlaw why
His mouth kept dumb, while plainly spoke his eye ;
Then sentient, not sententious, the red :

“ Ere I had reached her, lay upon the bed
An infant—and, as I had hoped, a son
My squaw had brought :—now is my life begun !
I have a boy will, living here with me,
Grow brave, enduring, cunning, quick, and free ;
May he not die till unto manhood grown,
Then may he reach the Hunting Grounds alone ;
Oh, how the forest birds this will inspire
With thrice sweet melody to join in choir !”

Remarked the Rover then :—“ I'm glad your joy
Is thus augmented by a lovely boy.”
He smiled in further speech, as who should say,—
I know a game the red man cannot play.
Stood, sat, or slowly stalked the chief, and eyed
With doubtful tenderness the groom and bride ;
Muttering and frowning, hatred in his heart,
Wishing intently they would soon depart.

Now uprose maid and lover, forth to go
Where was his hut ; and down the stream they row,
In pleasant musing each the time employs,
Anticipating long connubial joys.
But one with pleasure fondly pictures love,
The other would espouse like ancient Jove.

III.

'On the first friendly bank he throws him down ;
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn ;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury."

—Addison, "Cato."

"The naked negro, panting at the line."

—Goldsmith, "The Traveller."

Fly we where heat doth hold perennial reign
O'er realms of idleness ; where white men die
Of rash-invited sunstroke, or of pain
Thirst-born. Here negroes' iron heads supply,—
And Arab's, long inured,—'neath canopy
Lit centrally with fire, durable proof
'Gainst the great heat ;—yet all inert they lie
In stolid ease, beneath or without roof—
And from all enterprise do ever hold aloof.

Kaza, the boast of lordling Arab, sits
Upon a feeder of Tanganyika ;
Sometimes a slave his owner manumits,
Or doth replenish on a market day :—
Forth for an hour the villagers make way,
Where, on the square, surrounding natives vie
In sale of milk, fish, plantains, human prey,
Some ivory, fowl and goats ; these products buy
Cloth, firearms, knives, and matikas, in good supply.

In such bazaars the harem Lights appear,
Some little while, t' inspect the chained slaves ;
Their huge breasts heave, their heavy mouths do
leer,
At all they see,—while incoherent raves

The savage mother for her parting braves :—
Servants of wealth can buy, and banter too,
And learn from Arab master to be knaves,
Without compassion ; to their instincts true
They beat and torture—and their Sabine lords outdo.

Such are Ham's progeny. Indifference stalks
In horrid majesty along the plain ;
During these stifling market times, each walks
Nor loving, hating any in the train ;—
Though on a bier slaves carry down the lane
For watery burial some defunct oid chief,
Or child or woman, Light or slave, the pain
Of natural sorrow 'mong them is most brief ;
Their own dear passions gratifying banish grief.

But that same market hour 's a happy one ;
Each in that wildness can idle be,—
And happy too, when trading is begun ;
They never suffer from the whites' ennui ;—
The yoked slave, from anthropophagy
Transferred, is glad ; and buyers, sellers are,
Or should be, joyful handling property ;
At last retires each harem's pursy star,
While the wooled vendors back to profitable war.



IV.

“ Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair.”
—POPE.

The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more ;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.
—BYRON, “ Hours of Idleness.”

There are some prisons fiendishly designed,
To make the body victim of the mind ;
The solitary wretch no shape of man,
When there interred, may ever hope to scan ;
Food, raiment, all, is ushered in—but ne'er
The lone recipient sees who brings it there.
A Belgian convict, in like quarters pent,
Thus ruminated on his banishment :

“ Oh ! sit I here, debarred from usefulness,—
Enduring more than Norman Bob's distress ;
My mind consumes itself in yearnings vain,
For to engage in wonted work again.
O Mind ! forbear t'enthral thyself in woe ;
No more of life's great tumult wilt thou know :
This hour, may be, are people pining for
Surcease of toil that, haply, they abhor ;
Perhaps too, many now recline at ease,
Yet murmuring at the absense of a breeze ;
While I—O God ! with any toilsome lot
Would glad exchange and deprecate it not.
Labor enforced is surely better far,
Than sapping idleness that doth debar
Man from his natural state—by Eve incurred,
And soon by Adam from the angel heard.

I am of middle age,—the age when men
Should far the happiest be ; for only then

Are they matured in mind, in body grown—
What is of happiness may then be known ;
'Tis sweet reflection's time, and though the mind
May deem enchanted prospects left behind,
Yet know we well our true discerning power
Of middle age, and not of youth, is dower ;
Experience then we have,—we haste not on
So fast and furious, but each minute don ;
Less discontented are we with the present,
Better prepared to make the future pleasant.

Alas ! the consummation of ripe age
Is me denied ; nor am I grown more sage,—
Sight of these walls alone, sound of my voice,
Renders me slowly mad ;—O woful choice
Made I of life's professions ! none else could
From virile happ'ness so absorb the blood ;
Oh ! here the time goes on nor fast nor slow,
But with a hideous pace doth taunting go,—
And Phoebus, Heaven's day-star, how much I'd give,
Could I but greet thee from wherein I live !
Even if some books were given me, I might grow,—
Wrapt in the past,—unmindful of my woe ;—
But with ingenious malice they deny
Me means of living, and sweet right to die.

How long is yet my future ? God ! It seems
Hard straits with that unusual man, who deems
Long life ahead sure source of endless pain,—
Yet it I thus contemplate and though sane ;—
O wretched solitude ! how thou dost gloat
O'er one's misfortunes,—and no antidote
Procurable but death !—Ah, Death—thou friend
Of human failures—all my sorrows end !
Ha ! some one yells,—some miserable wretch,
Yelling insanely at the dismal stretch

Of years before him ;—even these hideous screams
I love to hear, when not myself in dreams ;
Long I to see him,—though a Calaban,
Cyclops, or Cent. ur—anything of man !
An arm I'd forfeit cheerfully, to see
The surly jailor who brings food to me ;
People have talked of feeling lone in crowds—
O were I'mong them, the Lethean clouds
Of isolation soon would part, and I
Would reverence all as fallen from the sky !”

Ceased the poor convict ; from his iron bed
Slow rose, and paced the cell ; unto his head
He pressed a hand, and flashed his hollow eye
With the wild gleam of half insanity ;
His shrunken cheek grew flushed, his trembling frame
Shook the loose rags upon him, as for shame ;
The struggle o'er, he cried : “ Death will I woo,
To rid me of these torments old and new ;
Death ! Death !—who cries ? My comrade, come with
me,—

From this Cimmerian dungeon we'll be free :—
Ha ! ha ! my jolly keeper ! to a ghost
You'll henceforth bring your stale, unbuttered toast ;
Now do I what long since I should have done—
To live's a thousand deaths, to die but one !”

The wild man turned, perspiring, frenzied now,
Demoniacal look in eye, on brow ;
Seized the rough blanket, tore a part away,—
Which strip entwined his neck without delay ;
Tied in hard knot, each end he pulled upon,
Tight closing the trachea—and 'twas done ;
High leaped he in his agony, but pulled,—

Soon was the exuberancy to quiet lulled ;
He stiffened, fell,—his life's finale came ;
While on his face, where all the passions flame,
Expression sat too horrible to name.

By such dread means the soul of him would rove,
Who vainly with himself and misery strove.

V.

“Health is the vital principle of life.”
—Thomson, “Castle of Indolence.”

“Many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind.”
—Atherstone.

Fair was the morn o'er sea-girt Corfu town,
(Corfu of Corfu capital,—far down,
The which to lave, Otranto's straits do pour
Their present flood, then Adry.sues for more,)
As in mid-air suspended, rising slow,
Was a balloon convolving to and fro,
To suit the men within. These daring ones,—
The admiration of all Corfu's sons,—
Were two, Bohemian and a Greek ; who scanned
The small, small city, and their vessel manned.
The Austrian was the owner, Greek the friend,
Who for a change one hour on high would spend ;
Finding the native wordless, and in dread,
The aeronautic master mildly said :
“How beautiful appears the city now,
As it returns old Phœbus' morning bow !
Ocean and land commingle brown and green
In fair perspective, like a painter's scene.

No rapturous assent the Grecian gave,
No eye had he to admire the wood or wave ;
Aerostation was not in his line—
To be notorious he agreed to join ;
Dearly he rued his rash adventure now,
And as he answered pallid was his brow :

“ Sir, 'tis quite fine indeed, that far-off spot !
Were I there now, I'd never move a jot
In foolish venturing through ærial voids,
Who tempt fate thus are worse than paranoids :
You're a queer fellow, to prefer the air
To terra firma—Heaven protect me there.”

Whom answered the Bohemian, nought alarmed :

“ It seems you were not for this calling formed ;
I love it ! 'tis my solace and delight,
The vault of heaven to traverse morn till night.”

The Argive shook, and glanced in fear around,
Fearful he eyed the retrograding ground ;
Mysterious dread his trepid heart oppressed,
When thus went on the other, still with zest :

“ When Tabor town I left, some years ago,
Three wishes only did my bosom know,—
First to become in aerostatics skilled,
Next, with good health to have my frame instilled,
Third, to possess a fair and virtuous wife—
These were the guiding objects of my life.”

The tranquil voice to Grecian ear did bode
Safety, where now they elevated rode ;
Thus then he answered :

“ Austrian, your intent
Was of that ilk which needs encouragement ;
By far more prudence you would seek to wed,

Than actuated me to fly o'erhead ;
I can assure you, women of that kind
Are most desirable—but hard to find,—
Leastwise, I could not find such one." His woes
Conjugal now afforded him repose
From present dread ; for matrimonial war
Has that about it mortals most abhor.

" But health, my friend," the aeronaut rejoined ;
" That priceless boon round happiness entwined ;
Which breaking, our felicity departs,
Leaving us prey to dolorific darts,—
So snapping band, that shock of grain had bound,
Allows the corn to spread upon the ground ;
Before compact, from bovine outrage free,
Now 'tis assailed with impunity ;
Then wonder not why I do value so
This fleeting thing, this safeguard from all woe."

No wonderment, indeed, the Greek displayed
In such a trivial matter ; more afraid
Was he of the great welkin depth below,
Than of the manner that his blood might flow.

" Without good health," resumed the man of air ;
" No your gallant should e'er espouse the fair ;
To man's companion, in this life of ills,
Man should a body bring that needs no pills ;
Ladies prize money, but, devoid of health,
Men get their curse—vigor outweighs all wealth."

The swarthy skipper of the boundless sky,
Pausing a moment, heard this low reply :
" Little the use of wiving in good health,—
Soon will one lose it by or hate or stealth."

Despondent was his tone ; the Corfuan breast

(So thought the Austrian) knew nor peace nor rest ;
But, deigning not to heed the invective then,
Complacent spoke the Taborite again :

“ You see me, Greek, a dangerous path pursuing,—
Health is the requisite for what I'm doing ;
People of staid callings think it strange,
I would prefer the high expanse to range ;
But a cool head, light heart, and steady hand,
Do ever bring me safe again to land,—
They bring me more—enjoyment of my time,
Eye to admire the beauties of your clime ;
Thus each new morning, like this fair one now,
Bids me to live and doth instruct me how :
My predial man, let not your fears deceive,
And make you vow no more your plot to leave ;—
How hard for some to feel at home abroad,
By small things frightened, and in safety awed !
Though man be perfect master of his art,
The friend spectator timidly will start,
Doubting the master's judgment ; and go bawling
About collision, drowning, bite or falling.”

Of whom inquired the speculative Greek,
(Trembling his accent, and his manner meek :)
“ How long, sir, tarry you up here so high ? ”
The output of old Tabor made reply :
“ An hour.” His timepiece from his breast he
drew,

(While in ellipses o'er the town they flew ;)
Pressed on the valve, convenient at his hand,
And outward pitched three bags of tropic sand ;
Downward they went, the natant monster's pace
Tempered according to the time and place.

When near the ground, and men once more
 seemed men,
And grew the island to its size again,
And houses normal magnitude assumed,
And could be heard the waters as they fumed,
And trees and rivulets, and all the scene,
Not the conglomeration they had been,
And even the crowd's huzzas came low and faint,
(Sounds sweeter to the Greek than voice of saint!
Haply, because the females' first came near,
Or wished he any earthward tones to hear,—)
When all this metamorphosis there began,
Pious exclaimed the timid Corfuan :

 “ Praise the good Father, I again approach
The land, and leave this damnable old coach ;
When I again so rashly leave the sod,
May I no longer be a child of God ! ”

To whom the Austrian with a quiet smile :

 “ Friend, I suppose you'll keep your house awhile.
Would you be child of God ? Why not be man,
And thus fulfil your parents' hopeful plan ?
Whether of God you are I cannot say,
But adolescence has not passed your way.
Now, when the crowd upon you plaudits shower,
Forget your fears and play the man an hour ;
As stranger to this feat, they'll give you more
Credit for courage than e'er man before,—
Therefore your friends all patronizing scan,
And win the honor due a braver man.”

The Greek conceded this would prudent be,
And soon was picture of serenity.

Landed at last they mix among the crowd—
Vociferous cheers the while resounding loud.

That day Valetta heard—and was forlorn,—
“ *Balloon ascension here one hour, this morn,*”

VI.

“ Come through the sickness and the pain,
The sore unrest that tosses still ;
Through aching dark that hides the gain,
Come and arouse my fainting will.”
—“ A Threefold Cord.”

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed its sacred flame.”—Coleridge.

Lo ! where in bonds of love two brothers sit,
We speed ; and o'er the enraptured picture flit,—
Fraternal love ! O saintly feeling, found
Rare in perfection on tellucid ground !
Tuman the sailor, rough, unkempt, and soiled,
Tends patiently the brother fortune-spoiled ;
The sick Odell, upon the deck upreared,
Surveys that countenance now long endeared,—
With seas of magnitude assailing loud
The ocean camel, far to larboard bowed,
And hissing spray, by the wild winds o'er cast
In angry vehemence above the mast.

The invalid, Odell, doth grateful feel
The brother-touch, and thus doth he appeal
To God, to the great deep, to the loud wind,
That gratefulness is mighty in his mind :

“ Tuman, the time has been—O God, attest !
Fraternal thoughts were tender in my breast ;
Then grew they latent 'neath the encroaching sweep
Of swift prosperity—confirm, O Deep !

Now sparkle they again, with wonted glow—
Of which, Euroklydon, assure him so !”

So spoke the comrade of strong Tuman's youth —
And water, wind, and Heaven sighed 'twas truth.

To whom the o'erbending, loving brother said :
“ Arouse, arouse, my brother, from this bed !
Grasp health by strength of will, and rise above
These sickly ailments, that excite my love ;
Linger no more in couch of pain,—work off
The offending canker, as a snake its slough :
In far Galena, father doth await
That gentle son who did his moments date.”

Rocking, the ship pursued its briny way,—
Leaving behind the harbinger of day,
That ominous red, now sought its night's decline,
Where sheen and silver was the horizon line :
Odell and Tuman toward the ensaffroned sight
Their eyes directed, with that full delight
Men do experience when the scene compels
Spontaneous admiration ope its wells,—
Such were the emotions of old Solomon,
When his dazed sight came Sheba's queen upon ;
But not what the sore Tories felt withal,
When beauteous Marlbro' strode the council hall.
Looked Tuman and Odell, and wild Japan
Seemed habitation fit for any man ;
When on her shores such splendors could advance,
And round her groves such shades chameleon dance.

Then thus Odell :

—“ See, far off in the west,
The enameled vault of heaven, where all seems rest ;
East look, across these mountainous salty walls—

Nought is reflected there but night and squalls ;
So I. My Jap and Chinese life was free
From aught of worry or adversity ;
But, orient bound, my day sinks into night,
As there old Phoebus vanishes from sight ;
Oppressed by dire complaints, my plans astray,
How cheerless will it be upon the way !
But that my father waits to welcome me,
I might succumb, and never leave the sea ! ”

Whom thus addressed his brother and his friend,
And lower o'er the palanquin doth bend :

“ Despair not so ; the homeward way will seem
Hopeful again with morn's resplendent gleam,
Then glorious Sol will cheer you on your road,
As Venus did the wise men to the abode
Humble where Jesus lay, or like what shone
For Caesar's guidance o'er the Rubicon.—
How said the surgeon was your trouble now ? ”

To whom Odell, with irritated brow :
“ The leech's verdict was not hopeful much ;—
He said if e'er I walked 'twould be with crutch.
As he opined, my liver is of size
To fill e'en doctors with perplexed surprise ;
' Twenty full pounds 'twill weigh,' he said ; and looked
As though he'd like to have it out, and booked :—
Oh ! wretched fate,—my brother, bear with me ;
Why do I 'plain, when such fidelity
You show, to rob yourself of needed rest—
Half your six hours tending me with zest !
But I regret that, feeling ill and sore,
I left so hasty the celestials' shore,
Without physician of more skill and love
Than in this ship so boist'rously doth move.”

Despondence sat his brow,—but vanished some,
As Tuman thus talked hopefully of home :
“ Those by the muddy Mississippi yearn,
This very hour, for one pelagian turn,
And for the sea wind’s music, and to view
A sunset rosy ’tween two depths of blue ;
And one paternal bosom far off there,
Sends westward thoughts of love, from his parterre,—
Like would a lioness, anxious in the den,
Await her brood incautious yet of men:
Here, though quite ailing, have you doctor’s skill
And a true friend ; both these might any ill
Keep from you, and, all free from these alarms,
Direct you safely to your father’s arms.”

To whom Odell, and laboring was his voice,—
Unknowing if to worry or rejoice ;

“ How from man’s breast will dread disease expel
All buoyancy of soul, the sick can tell !
Even now—your hopeful accents, as of yore,
Infusing courage from its boundless store—
I have presentiment of evil tide,
Soon as I’ve left your strong protecting side,
And seek to traverse the wide, treacherous plains—
As would the ex-convict fear again his chains.
But here an hour we’ve been ! you, in sweet rest,
Should long by Morpheus now have been caressed :
I’ll ring the Jap along, to carry me
Down to my cabin, where I hope ’twill be
Less pitchy than last night ; but see, there form
The wrathful elements to lead the storm.”

At the loud tinkle, up the servant comes,—
Nor doffs his cap, nor notices he hums ;

(With a Milesian cook had he been housed,
And on purloined champagne had they caroused ;)
Now with bland gestures, English he essays :
“ Will Excellency have my serve ? be raise ? ”

The intemperate, double-slave the carriage takes,
With toppling step that much the sick man shakes ;
The which observing, Tuman warning cries :

“ Have care there, man ! It causes me surprise,
Odell, how you so tranquilly can ride,
Swaying o'er that drunk dog from side to side ! ”

“ Me much are sure ! ” exclaimed he of Japan.—
“ His pace partakes of chamois more than man ;
He's safe, good Tuman ! many a time I've rode
O'er rock and gully, in this strange abode.
Adieu till morning ! ” Onward now they go,
While Tuman sadly seeks his bed below—
To long philosophise on human woes ;
Then sank, half muttering, into short repose.

Such is the frailty of fair Fortune's pets,—
And thus are noble men like amulets.



VII.

“What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his councillors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed, but now what can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so.”—Dodsley.

“Thou add’st but fuel to my hate.”
—Scott, “The Lady of the Lake.”

Soft was the tropic day, and all the land
Assumed the loveliest vestures at command,—
(And these indeed were lovely without peer,
For Paradise excels not springtime here ;)
The April meads essayed a statelier height,
And waved luxuriantly o’er flowers bright ;
Vineyards of fair extent did meet the eye,
And groves amygdaline might one descry ;—
Yet, though the landscape could not lovelier seem,
Though variegated blossoms fringed each stream,
And odors sweet pervaded all the air,—
They felt the sweet transition not so there,
As do cold men of Canada, who feel
The emotions of a god in spring-time steal
Into their bosoms, forcing out to die
The invidious shades of brumal dormancy.

Now was the out-tending ocean, as it poured,
Heaving the waters mildly ; o’er which soared
In lofty solitude the desert bird,
And round about the shepherd’s horn was heard ;
King Frederic with his suite and all his court,
Did to this beach, from business glooms, resort ;
Came the proud, queenly consort, Violante,—
Came one, came all, the ocean shore to haunt ;
Sagely came some—the councillors of the king,—

The frivolous courtiers up the rear did bring ;
Settled in lounging, graceful attitudes,
Gravely from one this sentiment exudes :

“ Your Majesty, I trust, finds ease and joy,
In times like these for pleasure we employ.”

“ As joyful, Martin,” answered low the King ;
“ Is this parade as can be anything.—
Countess of Urgel, come and share with me
This well-poised seat, in ease and amity.”

Flushed that fair auburn lady, while the queen
Disdainful turned her from the little scene,—
And to her favored Ferdinand did remark :

“ How pleased am I his Majesty doth cark
To any but myself ! play some, and sing—
Thus drown the mutterings of our amorous King.”

“ The Queen commands, her servant doth obey,—
But madam,” in tone lower, “ why survey
So sternly your high lord, and her with him ? ”

“ Play on then, banish that expression grim ! ”
The lady sovereign smiled ; then, while the strains
Of harp and voice arose in sweet refrains,
Reclined in careless grace upon her seat,
And to her objects thus her thoughts did fleet :

“ Henry, you silent fellow, and the rest,
No syllable as yet have you expressed ;
Praise now, in justice, these symphonious notes—
And the high sovereign who upon you dotes :
His Highness loves me well, so suffers me
From his embraces be forever free.—
Just listen ! ” Violante did graceful wave
Her fan for silence ; thus each word they save,

The monarch utters in the unwilling ear
Of one ungallantly constrained to hear :

“ Plainly you robe, since Urgel went from court,
(For fatal battle, as we get report ;)
’Tis seemly thus to do ; magnificence
Bespeakes the assumer as devoid of pence,
Or sense : I wear expenseless garb, and strive,
With my advisers, to keep half alive
The baby revenue,—but all in vain !
A beggar gets it for one paltry strain.
I envy Urgel his fair, thrifty spouse,
Who will not squander, nor her husband chouse.”

Then to his listening queen : “ Madam, confess,
Like Urgel’s countess you should shun excess
In outlays, that leave ornate worthless things,
And wastefulness that from low motive springs.”

Then, ireful, did the queen vouchsafe reply—
(While whispered Martin to those standing by :

“ Things are well nigh at issue with them now,—
How orient gleams her Majesty’s proud brow : ! ”)

“ Sir king, t’economise is well enough,
If you would do so like yon soaring chough,
Now homeward speeding with the gathered food,
Purveyed in duty bound, the most he could ;
But the hard, muckworm thrift, that would deny
A bare enough—much less satiety,
I deem a quality that cannot grace
A king, descended from a kingly race :
Who, you or I, most worthless things doth sate,
I leave your countess to communicate.”
With cold, compelling glance, that shone replete
With hate, she turned contemptuous in her seat ;

While the small, beady eye of Frederick glared
With baleful gleam,—and all the courtiers stared,
Expectant and alarmed ; Calabria's duke
Arranged his collar, Gandia his peruke ;—
They hemmed and stammered, thinking what to say,
While fear dispelled the trembling words away ;
The young quartette, of whom was Henry chief,
Essayed to giggle—'twas exceeding brief ;
The minstrel, Ferdinand, alone remained
Composed, nor the rich music aught restrained—
His sorcerous gaze he bent upon the queen,
Unawed, unruffled by the monarch's spleen.

Ferocious gleamed king Frederic's livid eye,
As would a cougar's, on that company,—
His straight moustache stood quivering, and his lip,
Thick, rolling, turned, that every word might slip
In all its vehemence, right from the heart—
When brave old Martin thus in speech did start :

“ Honored my liege ! our queenly sovereign ! hear
The advice I proffer, in our general fear
Too long kept dumb ; for better you relent,
Though it entail on us your chastisement.
Rejoin in love the vestige of that tie
That ne'er should separate till death is nigh ;
Remember how 'twill scandalise a reign
Blessed heretofore for blessings in its train,—
Then sooth the tumult in your swelling hearts,
And taste the joys connubial calm imparts.”

“ Luna, Count Martin, cease ! We well do know
You all sincerely past your limits go,
But must I bear the ignominious shame
Of heaping luxury on her, who came

Without a title and without a purse
To be our queen—who would have all disburse,
That her own low-born favorites might be clothed,
And favorites too, she knew full well I loathed?
No! but I'll bear it some: it cannot be
Handed along to our posterity,
How Frederic disespoused a wedded queen,—
But the pure gold her lover yet hath seen,
Shall be extorted back, and he sent forth
With that compunction due his little worth."

Wrathful he ceased,—unto the countess turned—
Failed to perceive she with sick loathing burned;
By fawning might compelled her courtesy,
And secret vowed his mistress she would be.

Both Ferdinand and the queen would now have
spoken,

But that the king had thus the parley broken,—
Leaving for audience his advisers dry,
And the gay dudes who stood officious by:
Disdained the queen her consort's staff to favor
With explanations humbleness might savor;
The Henry clan, as hearers, would deride
The declamations of a queen defied;
So to the harper Violante expressed
The emotions long had rankled in her breast.

"You get the blame for all estrangement, sir—
Are ranked an interloper and a cur;
Hated for service you have rendered me,
Hated for proving your integrity,
Hated for yielding to my kindness, love,—
Hated by one no sentiment could move!
There sits a person would ascribe this scene

To causes present,—as not what have been ;
 As though the present did not true reflect
 Many proleptical, in each respect—
 As though his councillors he would persuade,
 Your modest company this discord made ;—
 No—they have guessed, I doubt not, many a time,
 Our type of bliss is not the most sublime ;
 That, goaded forward by insulting taunts,
 And low bewailings of my scanty wants,
 I have, though queen, been fain to lean upon
 Some prop congenial,—lawful helper none :
 You, Ferdinand, remember many pleas
 I offered, for extending charities
 To an itinerant player, lowly born
 But valiant, honorable—and forlorn ;—
 Yet, had I been in Love's regalia closed,
 No vulnerable part had I exposed,—
 For, happy cast, our notions all are great,
 But, when dejected, link with any state :
 You shunned the pleasure of imprudently
 Seizing on all, when half were princely fee ;
 You moderation practised with that dower,
 Bestowed reluctantly in lonely hour,—
 Like as the avenger of some awful wrong,
 Allies with men inferior, to be strong ;—
 If thus revenge can sink one's high respect,
 How much more potent, then, is cold neglect !
 So once used Philip Mary and her gold,
 To universalise the Papal fold.—
 I but declare, that Frederic falsely states
 The true incitement of his bitter hates :
 Many the evening has his Majesty
 Railed at the extravagance surrounding me,
 Begged me to doff the finery then I wore,

And don cheap robes unknown to queen of yore,
Long e'er your presence in this court, supplied
Color for accusations I deride.—

What want you, signors, more emphatic proved,
That I deserveless am a queen unloved,
Than that gross spectacle before your eyes,
Embodying all that jealous grief implies?
Forbear the silence, Ferdinand; please resume
Your dulcet harmonies, and cheer our gloom.”

“Madam I would his Majesty inform—”

“Cease, I entreat! play on, he will but storm.”

At her command, reluctantly, his ire
Sought vent in raptures on the sounding lyre.

Now Luna and the rest retired apart,
To wail the obtuseness of their monarch's heart,
And the stiff pride of Violante's; they strolled
In close discussion, and, though richly stoled,
Jostled each other's garments without care—
For weightier arguments engaged them there,—
So, at an earthquake's rattle, birds do fly
Far from the thunders of the heaving sky,
And ruminatè how safe to reach the ground,
Where croak their treasures till, precarious, found.

The tunic of the king, long lowly bent
O'er the fair prey, in wordy ravishment,
Uprose now, and its inmate—wreathed in smiles,
Each auguring vastly of Judaic wiles—
Beggèd beauteous Violante compose herself,
He would excuse her love of pet and pelf.

Henry his three adorers yawned upon,
And wished himself a Hellenistic's son;
Drawled he:

“My paladins, with zeal pursuing

Romantic incidents and maids for wooing,
 Sure the dull time occasionally grows
 Endurable, when they rehearse their woes ;
 But, boys, 'twill really be our element,
 When the king's humor grows more virulent,
 And, in a moment of caprice, converts
 The singer to a subject for experts—
 Throws off the endured old queen, and overt weds
 The Countess Urgel to the worst of beds ;—
 Such are all royalty ; sometimes they give
 Loud pantomimes, that help the courtiers live,—
 Nor need we gaze at the proscenium bare,
 No drop-scene cleaves the circumambient air :
 Come, let us back unto our eau de vie,
 An hour of sea-view is enough for me.”

VIII.

“ He was not
 In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
 The symbol of a princely lineage wore ”
 —Willis.

“ Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 And has the warmth of May.”
 —Cowper, “The Task.”

A beggar sat upon a stone
 Beneath a rowan tree, alone ;
 Unkept his hair, his clothes all worn,
 Of all good vestments was he shorn,—
 Yet was the chilly April wind
 Whistling before him and behind,
 A gentle, airy breeze, that might
 Stir on a cool September night

Endemic to North Temperate lands ;—
Here Boreas issued mild commands,
But no provision for the cold
Th' habiliments of the beggar told ;
A staff, with dagger handle, made
Amusement for him in the shade,
In rolling pebbles down below,
Where, 'neath the rock a spring did flow.

The man said nothing ; he was such
As give their thoughts no vocal touch,—
Whether because his meditations
Needed no outward indications,
Or that close guard upan his tongue
He kept—we need not wonder long :
His hair was coarse and long, his eye
Cerulean looked expressively,
Where the rough pebbles jingled round,
In downward gambols made to bound.

Soon sounds do pierce that ear, long trained
For noises alien to be strained,
As of a horseman galloping
Along the mule-road toward the spring ;
Up comes the equestrian, casts a look
Down at the beggar, while he shook
With the upheaval of the seat,
As the horse braced his forward feet,—
For had the mendicant his hand
Raised to entreat the rider stand ;—
The horse the bubbling spring espies,
And his long thirsting satisfies,
As would the horseman, had he not
Deemed well no caution be forgot.

He was a dark man, and his eye

Contrasted with the one near by,—
For his was dusky to extreme,
The stranger's like the rill did seem ;
But no deep, tarry blackness shone
In German optic—it was one
A poet, painter might have had,
Although the beggar's was the fad.

Eyed then the rider he who sat
For explanation, but not that
The traveller volunteered, though gave
He glance admiring back did have
Expression eloquent ; then said :

“ In your demeanor I have read
The happiness of married life,
And independence from the strife
For bread, by an official sit—
Senor, have I the thing well hit ? ”

This question came so courteously,
Of low officiousness so free,
In such a pleasant voice—that showed
His birthright had not been the road,
So skilful modulated, too,
(The listener's ear it sweet did woo,)
That anger his remarks had bred,
When came the question, all had fled,—

So much for power of gentle voice,
Toned to compel the heart rejoice ;
That sinks the intended meaning in,
Though thoughts of danger and of sin ;—
Like, too, the magic-worded prose,
Insinuating as it goes,
Makes every thought embodied there,
Become acceptable and fair.

Then answered, without pique or fear,
The German horseman standing near ;
His horse meanwhile, his thirst allayed,
His head on master's shoulder laid,
Thence watching, with complacent eye,
To whom his owner made reply—
Thus, when the plain he could not rove,
He wrought restriction into love :—

“ I have a wife, sir, and do hold
Office—but with it little gold ;
Few are the sinecures, and fate
Awards them only to the great.”

To whom the medicant, and rolled
The flinty fragments, Eve as old,
One-handed to the water cold :

“ Then to mankind three ranks befall—
The President, official small,
And beggar ; like in poetry,
They talk of true sublimity,
Then mediocrity, and last,
The bathos—none are lower classed ;
Or look at natural things : we find
The Zones apportioned like mankind,—
The monarch's luxuries compare
With verdure fed by tropic air,
The modest Temperate will agree
With men in your capacity,
While frigid, void Antarctic waste
Proclaims the typic beggar caste.
These are enough,—though many more,
Such as Pacific's farthest floor,
Her level or the Atlantic's, and
The lofty Everest's table-land,

Might well be cited for to show
Man like his mother, Earth, must grow.”

The German, seeing him now pause,
Said how it reasonable was ;
But said no more—he wished to see
That arm wave on ; continued he :

“ If you have wife at home, I pray
You ne'er may know domestic fray !
Friend—senor, I have travelled long,
And met with many a fallen throng—
Where women low, depraved, would seek
To make man's moral nature weak ;
And, 'less you fled, would have you low
Beneath the flood of carnal woe ;—
He who can stand the pleading tone
Of tempting woman, is a stone :
More, senor ; I once passed a while
Where were no sounds which men beguile,
And few of men to speed the time,
And far up north in Tropic clime.—
But I would merely have you see,
How one, in such captivity,
Must with most rigorous restraint
From mind abjure all would attain ;
Else by an evergrowing force,
Is one o'erwhelmed with dread remorse :
The ordeal came—'twas hard, but vain,
For 'tis my temperament to gain
Each passing profit of the hour,
And ne'er let retrospection sour
My present little means of holding
Heart, mind, exempt from conscience-scolding.

Why did I that? What buoyed me up,
And kept the draff still in the cup?
O senor, 'twas remembrance warm
Of mother, that did quite disarm
My evil tendencies, which would
Sometimes run mad my fevered blood!
She! whom I learned to venerate,
Ere I had reached my present state,
And, through that veneration, gained
Established notions—entertained
Unto this hour—that womanhood
Was fair, divine, and always good;
Such guardian aid can mothers give,
Living when they have ceased to live.
But heaven! not one in ten times ten,
Of all the countless kinds of men,
Would for one moment hold belief
That I'm not cut-throat, dog or thief!"

The graceful gestures of the arm,
(Whereon the rags did fairly swarm,)
The soft inflections of the voice,
Left him who listened little choice
But credit all the mournful tale—
So much address did there prevail.

No answer did the German make,
But did meehanically take
(As though deep thought engrossed his breast)
The horse his shoulder had caressed,
Sprang to the saddle, looked around
On him, now standing on the ground—
O'erwhelmed, apparently by woes
Himself had conjured from repose;—
Forth from his purse the German drew

(Though yet the beggar did not sue)
A silver thaler, coined at home,
Which with him o'er the brine had come,
And which, from old-time memory,
Was loth transferred as beggar's fee ;
But none beside the rider had,
So threw him that to make him glad ;
And, with a parting "Lebe Wohl,"
Fast left receiver and his dole.

Thus was a nature practical—
Though truly filial, marital—
Aroused by that he could not name,
But knew he felt its quickening flame ;
A chord of mother-love had thrilled
Beneath those accents, though he willed
Not to ignite a useless fire,
Or breed unsatisfied desire ;—
Yet so 'twas with him, and in mind
He viewed his life before, behind ;
Then did his future take new hue,
And all the prospect brighter grew—
The parting thaler, as it went,
Imbued within his soul content ;
A philanthropic plan of life
Seemed as 'twould mollify the strife
Of the more thrift, prosaic run
He had projected and begun.

Now loomed his house in pleasant view :
He wonders what he'd better do ;
How will his wife intentions deem,
That surely must Utopian seem—
The emanations of a dream ?—
O German friend ! let naught deflour

The fair fruition of that hour ;
For there unconsciously had birth
The unguentous joys of Heaven on earth.

Meanwhile the roue (such he proved)
Picked up what still he fondly loved,
And muttered, as he spied its make,—
“ ’Tis quite a pity ! none will take
Such piece, in distant Deutschland coined,
Without suspecting ’twas purloined ; ”
Even while a rich-toned benison
Upon the donor was begun.

IX.

“ Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.”

—Pope’s Iliad Bk. XXIII.

“ Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip.”
—D’Arcy McGee.

Coldest of habitable zones, Siberia !
Unto thy fastnesses of frost we come, —
Like as a person suffering with diphtheria,
Who has of human pains endured the sum ;
So in thy forest crackle and wild hum,
The texture of the body and the mind,
Is tried by toil and solitude combined.

The winter there usurps the time of spring,
So spring must crowd the summer further on ;
Which, as the autumnal season’s on the wing
When summer should be lingering, if begun
Aught late ’tis with hibernian rigors spun ;

Thus is fair summer but half spring, half autumn—
Like as a box with sides and top, sans bottom.

Such is the Russian Empire, Asiatic ;
And this same thirteenth day of April said,
In tone which might have been construed emphatic,
That winter still did linger overhead ;—
The people late continued in bed,
 Though Frost did sternly order them to rise —
 But Morpheus once again would close their eyes.

In lone Yakoutsh the streets this day proclaimed
How long the citizens in bed could stay,
For even the prowling dogs, half starved, or maimed,
Through the high drifts could scarcely make their
 way—

Much less upon snow-covered refuse prey ;
 The gateways to the houses testified :
 (The unknowing things !) “ Last night our
 masters died.”

But, though beneath hyemal emblem lay,
The odor of the air was very vernal ;
And everything did augur, on that day,
That winter was a creature not eternal—
Though of its seed was planted every kernel ;
 Buoyant was the effect of air so balmy,
 On people in a region none too palmy.

Now issuing forth from a high-fronted palace,
Along a walk but now emancipated
From the rude covering—that, with hidden malice,
In milk-white garb would hide the thing it hated—
A boy of noble mien did come ; then waited,

After a block or so he had ploughed through,
As if he would the dismal city view.

Or, possibly, he felt the magic presence
Of gorgeous Spring pervading where he stood—
Coming a moment ere its adolescence,
Then back returning to some sheltering wood,
Where, must be, 'tis retired; else how then could
It keep alive, while Winter round doth rage,
And ready be that monster to engage?

Soon the young fellow looks with eager haste,
Adown the white-robed street where laboring came
A man, whom years had long essayed to waste—
Years of keen sorrow and hard toil, to name
The extent of which would make the reader flame;
But on the person physical, alone,
Had they malignantly usurped the throne.

Keen as of yore was now the convict's mind,
And tugged he with the miry snow as hard,
To reach that son who to his sire was kind,
And filial to the utmost, and would guard
Him jealously as would her young the pard;
Throbbled that young bosom with heroic love,
Such as Del Carpio's dauntless breast did move.

Together come, they seek a building's side,
Whereat t'escape the south wind's permeating,
(A breeze from austral quarters doth abide
Within one; whereas Boreas, not abating
Hisspeed, doth pierce one through and has no waiting—)
And where the pavement of cold clay was not
So covered with the snow; and there they got.

The father's raiment was of poorest kind,
Though thick enough to ward off all the cold,
Had his old bones been with some flesh affined,
But they were not; moreover he was old:
So shivering there he stood, the while he told
 His uniformed young son how poor he fared,
 And how the winter had on him gone hard.

“What great devotion fired your loving heart!”
The old man cried; “when I in banishment
Must go; from a fond, happy home to start,
And dog my footsteps wheresoever bent,
Meeting fatigues like men condemned and sent,
 For whom was no alternative—O son,
 You cannot estimate what you have done!”

“Then I have thought, this winter more than ever;
You should have stayed—your mother's, sisters' stay,
Was it quite justice to yourself, to sever
From all you loved, and with me come away—
Who at the most could not be long their prey?
 My boy, you sacrificed your country, home,
 And chance of future fame, thus here to roam.”

To whom, with swimming eyes, his faithful boy:
“O father! why rehearse my cause of coming?
The son should in the father find his joy,
And daughters in their mother; therefore, summing
All things both pro and con, 'twas like the numbing
 Of ostrich eggs with cold, the male bird gone,
 Or like thrift Shylock at bankrupteys dawn.

“Oh! surely, father, you will not so chide
One who such filial faithfulness has shown;

At sight of which precedent cases hide,
Excepting those in brain of poet grown ;—
No, father, rub not up what lies smooth down,—
 We in sweet amity may live here years ;
 For means of livelihood we have no fears.”

Thus sanguine cried the boy, when thus the sire :
“I will not any more raise question whether
You should have come or not—’twas your desire ;
But, O my son, not long shall we, together,
Fret at our state, and try to break our tether,—
 Look at that hand, this shrivelled, ashen cheek !
 Death grins at me —each day I grow more weak.”

Bowed the old man his head, while cried aloud
The heart-broke youth in agony extreme ;
“ My father, long your form has been thus bowed,
Nor for long years your face would youthful seem ;
Oh ! say ’tis augury of some bad dream ;—
 Good father, could you die, and leave me here
 Alone, all, all alone ! from year to year ?”

The convict cobbler to this speech replied :
“ You’re not alone, my son, though I be gone ;
There is a God, a Providence, a Guide,
That doth attend unfortunate mortals, drawn
Away from home and left—like fishes’ spawn—
 T’attain development or be destroyed ;
 If they be for the Omnipotent employed.

“ And too remains a temporal help for you,
If by assiduous service, you succeed
In showing clearly you would aye be true
To him you serve ; then sometime, if you plead

For liberty and home as your just meed,
Your master will—if he is half way human—
With freedom recompense your slave's acumen.

“ But should he prove all inexorable,
Escape, my boy, when any chance permits ;
'Tis lawful to escape the manacle,
If to corrosion it astringent fits,—
So, if your master on you heavy sits,
'Twill dessicate your heart of faith divine,—
Brooding absorbingly on some design.

“ Then first secure good food, good arms, good pal,
All which are necessary to escape ;
Wait till the influx comes hebdomadal ;
Then, while the strangers at each other gape
Fly fast, and backward turn you footmarks' shape ;—
But beg your master first ; try easiest feat,
That by God's help you may the arduous meet.

“ Secure a compass somewhere, for to guide
Your course sou'west to China's western line ;
Disguised as monks, cross to the Russian side ;
Then part the company you had to join,—
That, as you work and travel do combine,
You may arrive, with pure, unsophist heart,
At fair Ovel—thence never to depart.”

Such was the legacy the father gave,
And ne'er more grateful was a legatee ;—
The cobbler coughed, and seemed half in the grave ;
Their talk had been too long, the sov' could see,
And yet the old testator tried to be
Cheerful—but shook he with the insidious cold ;
Soon would he now be gathered in the Fold.

Then spoke the son, and hurried was the tone :
“ My father, I will act on your advice ;
But wheresoe'er I am, in any zone,
When a chaste spirit, speak me once or twice ;
Or, if my journey prove a sacrifice,
 May you be near, that when my soul ascends,
 We may together seek our far-off friends.”

The puny, shivering father moaned, “ Amen ! ”
The son bent o'er and kissed his fevered brow ;
They parted thus : if e'er they met again,
It must have been where spoke the son of now ;
Recurrence of their meetings was so slow,
 No doubt the son did kiss as in farewell—
 O may they sometime join in Heaven to dwell !

X.

“ Hers was the spirit which inspir'd
Ambitious boyhood.”
—Southey's Roderick, Bk. III.

The tenth, last scene to Asia, too, belongs ;
Upon the fortieth parallel 'tis found,—
As may be seen the Ionian Isles do lie,
And central Spain, and Richmond (where, all safe,
The Christian missionary lost his life ;)
But this meridian sixtieth East adjoins,
The same that Oman's eastmost point doth tip,
Then on continues landless to the Pole.

The hour was noon—or in my dream so seemed .
For I beheld a medley troop of men
Like laborers clad, go hurrying as to home

Sweating ; the sun, nigh perpendicular,
Though Earth not in aphelion, blazed and shone
Upon the hungry and perspiring crowd,
As'twould consume them ere their homes they reached;
Its bold intent was favored too, by some,
Who on small business loitered, or who stood—
A vernal, laboring pair—in sweet converse
On topics smaller but with weighty end.

Within a house by many people shared,
Sat an old frau, and waited she her son,
Who now—a unit in the multitude—
Arrived ; and, tired, on couch himself he threw.—
Oh ! 'tis a useful, ornamental thing—
A couch ! whereon, when weary, to recline ;
Then thus the housewife may her beds preserve
From day intrusions, and herself, fatigued,
There too may rest, who, lacking a soft couch,
Would chair it ere her downey beds she'd muss.—

A German she, her tongue did fluent run,
Not fast but long ; for, I suppose, she ^{thought}
A home with pleasant voices should be filled ;
Her own was phthisical, and came in puffs,
As from bibacious throat too fond of beer—
Or, lacking beer in foreign land, of wine.
Her facial liniments, fair and regular,
Had all found reproduction in her son,
Who silent lay, and freed his neck from bands
Fashion prescribes the gentleman should wear :
Their dispositions, occupation learn,
By what their conversation may disclose ;—
Began the mother, and with guttural sound
Pronounced his name :

“Georg, how went the task.

With your strange pupil ? if it leaves fatigued
The learner as the teacher, 'tis most strange
The lolling chap would so with German strive."

"The fellow is half dull," replied her son ;
"And 'tis his bent to question—not to list,
While I the mazes of the language thread ;
His interrogatories, in our tongue,
Confuse even me a German, and I think
Sometimes, I know not if I know it even."

To whom the mother, playful yet her mood :
"Why not, when thus cross-questioned, go away,
That, when returned, he may more docile be ?
People can ask, and puzzle,—but the few
Will drink it in, and let the expounder talk."

"He's making easy progress : when he knows
It passable, I'll learn his own from him ;
'Tis necessary, if I write the book.
Have you been round to see the city yet ?"

Her face was clouded as she answering said—
(But reader, fear not great calamity,
Catastrophe or such, from such ; for was her face
Like sky cerulean, clear—so organised
Twould show the least emotion of her mind ;
'Twas like a coward's and a hypocrite's,
That, hide all else, portrays the tiniest fear ;—
Though but in eye, perhaps, such symptoms come,
Whereas the frau's whole face her heart expressed,
And added much it to her matron charms :—)
"Been round ! my boy, 'twere venturesome to stir
A rod away, in such a teeming old throng,—
Ah, smile ! but tell how could women strange

Hold right of way with foreigners and Turks,
With swarthy laborers and ferocious dames !”

“ Why mother,” thus the son, amused ; “ think not
But order is maintained throughout the streets,
As competently as old Munich boasts :
So you should go the rounds—not always sit,
And pore o’er Schiller’s, Wieland’s lighter strains ;
These are but reflexes of life,—go see,
And read attentive, life’s own proper book,
Bokhara ; bristling with great monuments
Of architecture—some of ancient date,
Revered by all, the great repository
Of Eastern science, art—whence sages turn
When they would impetrate most high renown ;
As do Bokharists, old and young, direct
Their pious looks to Mecca when they pray,
And loud invoke the crowning seat in Heaven.”

“ Is then Mohammedism so prevalent here ? ”

To whom interpolating, thus the son :

“ Mahomet’s creed, in all Bokhara round,
And all the learning now accrued thereto,
Doth circulate with centrifugal aim ;
In all is firm inculcated belief,
That old Mahomet surely went to Heaven,
That the cave’s mouth—wherein he sought retreat
From his own uncle, Abu Sofian—
Was with new herbage and with spider’s web
Miraculously screened, to timely hide
The Messenger of God from their pursuit,
That all the Koran was from Heaven revealed ;
And all Mohamet’s other miracles ;
And all good Moslems round about us here,

Would cheerful die as martyrs to their faith,—
So skillfully Mahomet did contrive
T' impose on men's great gullibility.—
But eastward hence, on Turkestan's extreme,
They hold another faith—the Buddhists low ;
Confucians high, aristocratic, few :—
Now all these various facts must I weave in
My book, or journal, of our Asian life.”

To whom the mother, and did kindle strong
With hope of fame her son might win, and great
The confidence she in him had ; her eye,
Round, medium sized, of German blue, grew bright
As thus she spoke : “ ’Twill be a grand attempt,
If you can well consummate that design ;—
Why could not these long articles you send
Away, be blended with what you propose
Shall be the contents of your greater work,
That when collected they may aid you much
And be a first-time-going o'er the ground ?
You say you're lost sometimes for what to write.”

By what she said, 'twould seem young Georg told
His business, his ambitions, all to her ;
'Twas wise to thus proceed : the mothers, wives,
Of men in general, may be helpful much
By rambling on in dissertation long,
Even on strange subject ; for, the listener may
Get germs of thought that, cultivated well,
Develop wonderful,—thus embryo word
On fruitful mind, fruition doth amaze ;
Old Shakespere said, (and we may take his word,)
A man might learn a little from a fool ;
How much then more from bright, intuitive woman !

The son vouchsafed no answer, but the start
A new idea's entry makes men give,
She saw, was satisfied, and thus inquired :

“ How many people in Bokhara dwell ? ”

Rising from his recumbency, the son :

“ If Munich's houses were deserted quite,
She could, her present way of housing men,
Contain seven times the number that live here—
And save a little for herself besides !
But mother, serious, summing up it all :
My present duties are engrossing, hard ;
Though a bright prospect dawns ahead, that cheers
Me in the prosecution of my tasks ;—
It is an arduous toil to write for journals,
And saps man's energy and vim away ;
But what about some dinner ? How is toil
To be continued 'less the body's wear
Is counterbalanced by new mechanisms ? ”

“ O do not hurry on so hot a day !
We will not bother much elaborating
The table, on a day so suffocating.”

Such caution gave she, that unguarded haste
Might not be hers ; but nevertheless, she rose
With some alacrity, and spread the board
With good collation—to which they apply.

EPILOGUE.

Such was my varied dream
On that eventful night.
A lonely Eremite,
Surveyed I Life's great stream ;

And seeing all, did deem,
That men would hail the sight,
With manifold delight,
Of treatise on a theme
That did so wondrous seem,
When I sat down to write,
I thought I would indite
But what was purest cream ;
So might I save a ream,—
And keep each reader bright
From hanging in a bight
Suspended from a beam—
From (with keen mental fleam)
Becoming awful sprite
On Condemnation's height,
Thereon preparing some most horrid fright
As would compel the hapless author scream.

APR.-AUG. 1896.



Deathbed of Arginford.

IN ONE SCENE.

The Characters Represented :

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| HORN BROOK ARGINFORD..... | A Cultured Farmer. |
| DAVID | His Son by First Wife. |
| TECUMSEH | Son by Second Wife. |
| RALUENCE... .. | Minister of the Parish. |
| DOCTOR | |
| ELIZABETH ARGINFORD | Mother of Hornbrook. |
| | (On a visit there.) |
| MINNIE | His Second Wife. |
| BERTHA | Daughter by First Wife. |

SCENE.—Country. A room in Arginford's house.
Arginford discovered lying in bed, sick.

Arg.—Why does the doctor tarry so, I wonder?
This last half hour, methinks, I've summ'd my
life,
As though expecting death quite speedily ;
Yet I am not unwell ; I rest in ease ;
And better still my health will shortly be,
When the physician hath arrived, to rally
My mind and body with new medicine :
The bitter prophylactic he did leave,—
And which, for aught I know, has shied off
death,—
Will, I do hope, be superseded soon
By a more palatable, sweeter drug,
As more befitting my returning health.
(Enter Doctor.)
Ah ! you have come.

Doc. —Have I been tardy, Sir?

Ah, your pulse! And how now are you resting?

Arg.—How are my pulse?

Doc. —Most frisk and lively sir,—

Considerably so; your heart beats quick;
How do you feel? Have worse revisitings
Of your strange malady ta'en place?

Arg.—Why, doctor

I feel as lively and in as good health
As ever I can recollect of being;
Like a cag'd lamb, new sporting on the grass
In gleeful ecstasy of spirit.—Oh, I feel better!

Doc. —Here on this stand will I deposit for you

A new blood- tonic of another sort;
Upon the vial directions are inscribed,
As has been done with th' other medicines:
Keep quiet on your bed, nor grow alarm'd
I may return sometime to-morrow morn.

Arg.—Then I am fast recovering?

Doc. —Fast or slow

Is a vex'd question with me; I'll not promise,
That you arise from off this feverish bed,
During at least another day or so.

Arg.—But doctor, you have said I'm fast in health,
And I also feel thus—to-day especially;
Then how is't you're uncertain?

Doc. — Strange diseases

Indulge in strange, unheard of pranks, so that
No diagnosis may be gained therefrom ;
But I assure you Arginford, your state
Is promising to-day.

(*aside*) *Like the fair morn,*
That ere its close doth breed a heaviest storm;—
Keep strictly to the markings on the bottle,
Nor let rough, clumsy servants fumble them,
In their good meaning bringing evil ends :
Rest easy then, and fair good-day to you.
I trust to-morrow will discover you
Enjoying wonted health. (Exit Doctor)

Arg. — Ah, doctor, how you counterfeit your fears !
But sly dissembling, you have given them me :
I do believe my death is not far off ;
Oh, what a thing it is to marvel on !
What a dread feeling stirs the human frame,
At thought of ceasing to retain the soul !
I must regret my family again,
(I wish I'd thought to have the doctor send
them,)
And tear me finally from their regards.
O God in Heaven ! grant me strength sufficient,
For to all Christianlike bid them good-bye.

Enter Minnie, Ralence, Elizabeth and children.

Min. — Hornbrook, I usher in to your content,
Our worthy pastor.

Arg. — Welcome, reverend sir !

Ral. — Brother, I heard your health had been impaired

By some uncouth disease bearing no name,
And that your leech contended with it hard :
I trust the rumor's false.

Arg. —

It is most true ;

And, pastor, in most opportunely moment,
Have you arrived to converse with us :
Good mother, this your visit soon will prove
A sad remembrancer of him you love ; —
For as the timothy, in scented fields,
Springs up, assumes a head, and proudly waves,
At last, by that which nourish'd it to prime,
'Tis sear'd and play'd with by the orb of planets ;
From off its head the seeds fall sadly down,
Blown hither round by every passing wind :
Even thus your son succumbs to Nature's
sentence,

That he who grows must in his turn grow
nothing.

Wife, mother, children, circle round my bed,
Which from the presence of this holy man,
Derives a sacredness which else were not :
My earthly business I must brief discuss,
While still my life continueth with me.

Ral. — Good Arginford, you're premature in speech,
(Pard'ning the term) for you discourse of death,
And dismal readings from telluric scenes,
Even while your cheeks do argue prolongation
Of that you fear for.

Eliz. —

Surely son, you err

When you ally my visit with your end :
God pardon me ! that would swerve off His
mandate, —

But, gentle son, I pray you'll long survive
Your wrong presentiment of speedy dying.

Arg. — These loving chides speak loving hearts around,
But know, my comforters, your 'ffection dims
That true perception which must else see with
me.

Observe,—my Minnie, with precise judgment,
Feels in her heart my dissolution near ;
And Bertha, too,—you all must see it plain !

Ber. — Father, my silence is the marvelling on
That fearful time that must succeed your death ;
How then we all shall run amuck, and chant
Dire, awful happenings that our brains will fear ;
I viewed the event as in a distant time,
Occasion'd by your mournful prophecies ;
But did not fancy you were soon to die.

Arg. — Yet such is soon to be. Assemble all,
And in attention to my latest words,
Spend now your heavy time.

Tec. — Papa ! you mean
To scare us so.

Min. — My darling, keep away,
You will disturb papa, and raise his anger.

Arg. — My boy, and do I scare you so ? My wife,
How could you think my ire could be aroused,
In this solemnity and awful time ?

Min. — Your pardon, Hornbrook, I spoke unadvis'dly ;
I have prov'd oft your temper is most sweet.

Eliz.—Ay, calm and easy in all kind of times :
Never wild-ruffled by a hasty action.

Ral. —(Aside) This scene must hasten ; Death itself
approaches
To gain a seat upon the sick man's brow.—
Brother, proceed, for fear your fears are just,
(As, I do hope, they're most irrational !)
Settle those businesses that crave attention ;
Then may your soul, if such prove the event,
Fly, all untrammel'd with terrestrial cares.

Arg.—You do recall me, sir :
Now first, thank God I leave you all support,
And wide abundance for my childrens' children;
You, wife, I name sole regent of th' estate,
And sole accountant for our children's good ;
Your business habits, and your mother's love,
Will these insure a happy settlement ;
But, to continue as we have begun,
A major domo would your case well fit,
To manage that your present steward's leaving ;
Sort one with judgment and all will be well :
I do exempt some articles, as gifts
Unto my mother, kinsfolk, and my servants,
Wherewith to freshen up their future mem'ries ;
(A list of these I have writ out for you ;)
All else is vested in yourself alone,
And, too, the wardship of my elder children ;
To all of which, good Ralucence, you're witness :
And, wife, God will requite your management,
Even as our dear ones do requital have,—
Which will, I know be prudent, loving care.

Min.—As I do render to your orphan'd ones,
May God so portion out to me and mine.

Eliz.—Amen.

Arg.—Why are you thus so earnest mother ?

Eliz.—The time befitteth earnestness, my son :
You to your wife consign a sacred charge,
And solemnly she's promis'd strict observance.

Ral. —All this I witness, and will watch results.

Arg.—When I am dead, deposit my remains
Beside my wife, Juanna, in the plot
My father purchased for a burying ground,
And where his own slab marks his reverend
rest :
You, Minnie, comforter of my ripe age,—
As was Juanna of my budding manhood,—
Will occupy, I trust, the other side ;
So I between you may contented lie.
Now my last benison will I bestow
Upon your several heads.

Ral. — I will retire,
And not constrain this last devolving duty,
That you do piously perform.

Arg.— I pray
That you will hesitate till all be done,
If nothing more imperative doth call you.

Ral. —If I embarrass not, my place I'll keep :
Nothing this side of Heaven could call me
hence :

Arg.—Now first, good mother, in the right of age,
And long companionship in earlier times,
I'll take farewell of you.

Eliz.— Son, how my heart
Is rent with sadness that your end is nigh !
But is it true, though ? tell me, gentle son,
It is a dream ; that we converse as usual,
Upon some pleasant topic of the day ;
Nor doth Death ravage where my great love's
 center'd ;
Tell me, my son, my eyes are dim with age ;
My senses mock'd by swiftly passing scenes,—
It cannot be I bid my Horn farewell :

Arg.—Even so it is.

Eliz.— Then may our Heavenly Father
Gather that son, who was the embodiment
Of all that's duteous, loving, gentle, kind,
Unto Himself, where Roderic now awaits
A sweet renewal of old earthly ties :
I'll follow soon ; the psalmist's days are mine ;
And fewer more will suit me just as well.

Arg.—My father, Roderic, I do trust I'll greet,
In the fair Canaan that's prepar'd for
 Christians :
But you, my mother ! I could not well wish
Your swift departure from this caldron world ;
For I had hoped your steadfast character
Would doubly finish what my wife intends
For the instruction of our children's minds,
And the warm welfare of their tender bodies ;—

No, if it is not an inhuman wish,
I would protest against your sudden death,
Though thus you are withheld the joys of
Heaven.

Eliz.—O son, farewell ! but for a little time.

Arg.—Adieu, sweet mother ! Now my gentle wife
Must we also unite to say good-bye :
Be true unto your charge, my darling love ;
And in its several parts, God prosper you ;
Stint not young David in his odd pursuits,
By bye-paths he the general road outruns ;
Around my beauteous Bertha nothing spread,
But elements of love, which she'll respond
to,—
For 'tis her nature thus, as 'twas Juanna's.
My thanks to you are due for willing aid,
Whenever I assistance did solicit,
And for your neatness in its execution ;
Moreover, by your jovial, purring ways,
Have my terrestrial moments been much
lightn'd.
You've been a faithful wife : receive my death
In philosophical and level mood ;
Nor let it discompose your settled plans,
For maintenance of our wide-bound estate ;
Retain the laborers in their wonted place ;
And Endley who's our tenant, let him stay,
The while in honesty he renders you
All recompence his privileges demand.—
Again good-bye till that we meet again ;
Be to them all a wise and guardful help :
Kiss me good-bye, my darling !

Min.— (kisses him) O my husband!
How can I bear these heavy businesses,
When your accustomed and discerning mind
No more is nigh, to guide my wandering
thoughts?

Arg.—Trust God for help; none e'er importun'd Him,
And turned off destitute of what they ask'd.
Now bring Tecumseh forward.

Min.— But, my husband,
I had considered you would choose from age,
And in descending order, as you have
With your mamma and me; I hoped 'twould be,
Our boy, Tecumseh, would the last receive
Your warm embrace and fatherly adieu.

Ber.—I am quite willing to proceed the next.

Eliz.—Nay, Bertha.—Minnie, do not so encounter
The mild procedure of your husband, now.—
Tecumseh, come, papa would talk with you.

Arg.—My little boy, this world has laughed at you,
But six years yet; may you in manhood
growing,
Call the world down from his high ecstasy,
And make his face assume a wondering look,
Which, little boy, fine deeds will put thereon.
Your father leaves you soon, and he would
grieve,
How time might buffet and make sport of you,
But that he leaves for your protection here,
A faithful, tender, and fond loving mother,

(Her love, indeed, excels the tigress' care
For the streak'd infants that do play about her;)
A pure and sisterly companion,—
A strong young brother to go romping with,—
And over all, a grandma's watchful eye,
Seeing that these their several parts fulfil.—
Good-bye, my son ; and may you be as strong,
As merciful, emancipating, kind,
Among Canadians, as your namesake was
Among the fierce but faithful Indians.
This kiss cements all I have said to you.

Ral. —Madam, your son I formerly esteem'd
A pious gentleman as ordinary ;
But these devout and God-like benisons
Proclaim him righteous as the angels are.

Eliz.—He was brought up, has lived, a gentleman ;
That will account for all his piety.—
Go forward, David ; and, my hopeful boy,
List well to that your dying father says.

Arg.—My fair Juanna's boy, how well you've had
The joyous promise of an honor'd life ;
You are a hope to me, and grandma here,
For I expect and have expected long,
That year home training has made you a
gentleman,
A virtuoso, in a general sense,
A form-develop'd, mind-intact young man ;
And David you have answered filially
These hopeful expectations of your sire. —
Now I will counsel you, a little bit,
(Too much of counsel doth confuse the mind

Thereby endangering all the counsel's worth.)
And I am sure, your lofty, healthy mind
Will know at once, 'tis for your dearest welfare:
David, your blood, like all the Arginfords,
Doth bound impulsively, and vaults high up,
As liking enterprises of great danger.

I like to see some movement in youth's blood,
When coupled with a tempering love of good,—
(Which I bless God, doth rich abound in you;)
You have good looks, swift blood, and thoughts
imperious :

Let not these, son, invest you with high pride,
And scorn of humble fellow-creatures ;
Your taste for learning for its own dear sake,
Is sweet encouragement for me to hope

That you a self-respecting, learned moral man,
And proud defender of all weak ones' rights,
Will surely be ;—appoint yourself kind-helper
Of young Tecumseh, and the strong companion
Of your good sister :—now we kiss adieu.—

Ah ! do not weep, my David ; dry your tears ;
See, grandna is observing you minutely :
Show kindly to her you're an Arginford.

Eliz.—Let David weep ! his gallant soul is mov'd,
In sad remembrance of our countless woes.
David, retire ; pray God you do usurp
The being of your dying father there !
But Horn, you're weary with this heavy task :
O scarce can I keep back the seething tears,
But your example checks them, and their sight
Might add fresh worry to your woful plight !
Advance, sweet Bertha, fair and noble maid,
Unto your father.

Horn.—

Bertha, be composed

Or I perforce, must join my tears with yours.

Oh! now again I see Juanna here,—

Even in the person of her lovely daughter,—

Weeping in pity at some trifling loss

I had sustained in affairs with men :

Sweet personator of my dead wife's form !

The destin'd happiness of some fortunate youth !

Draw near ; your father's breath is growing
fitful ;

Hand me, sweet Minnie, something of that vial

The doctor placed on the stand for me.

Ah, there ; 'twill aid my lowering faculties,

In one last rouse-up to address my daughter ;—

Bertha, may God accord you every joy

Mortality's close bounds have ever known ;

May manly sons, and daughters useful, fair,

Surround your aged chair, and tend your wants ;

May your dear consort be a son of books,

So you and he,—even as we two have done,—

Can pleasantly discuss those gifted men

Who in their writings comfort every home,—

If, happily, that home discerns their worth,

And knows the manner of perusing them.

Be helpful to my wife, now soon my widow,

In her accumulated load of businesses ;

Be generous with Tecumseh,—that young boy

May one day bud a fine and honor'd man ;

Combat with David in his venturous moods,

And give him love of elegance and books ;

And, last, regard yourself a comforter

Unto your aged grandma.—Ah! see there ;

She weeps apart : around her, Bertha, spread

The sacred halo of a maid's pure love.—

So thus farewell ; I on your rose-red lips
Kiss you farewell, and think I kiss Juanna ;—
I grow more weak ; my spark of animation
Will soon in wintry darkness drown itself.
Good pastor, mother, wife and children all,
A last farewell ! O God, I see Thee there ;
There father and Juanna ; Oh, my soul ! (dies.)

Ber. —Our father's dead !

Eliz.— Oh son ! my son ! he's dead !
But death could choke him when his mother
calls.—

Ral. —Lady, forbear to mourn now he is dead ;
Madam and children, round this bed of death
We will not grieve but pray ;
Almighty God ! one more thou hast demanded,
To satisfy mortality's hard doom ;
We pray Thee, tender him companionship
With the pure angels and the throngs of
Heaven ;—
And, in thy mercy, where the rent was made,
Drop in a drop of balmful medicine ;
And grant each one of this now headless group,
That grace wherewith to bear their loss aright.

Eliz.—Amen !

Min.—God grant my husband entrance into Heaven !

Ral. —Even now, tear-stained wife, your husband's
soul
Hovers around the high Propitiatory.

Ber. —Then may the sentence be : Well done, good
servant !

Taste thou forevermore of Heaven's joys ;

Ral. —Now in its sacredness leave we the dead,
The while we cogitate how to proceed
In caring for the body. I presume
You'll wish intelligence of his demise,
('Twere sad its suddenness forbade their
presence,)
Sent to the Wellingtons, your townsfolk kin ;
Meantime, returning home I'll intimate
Unto a neighbor friend or so, he's dead,
So they may come and lay the body out.

Min. —We are indebted to your kindness, sir,
More than at present we find words to tell.

Ral. —Madam, adieu. Reward of earthly shape
Is my contempt. The consciousness of doing
Kind, courteous acts, creates its own reward.
(Exeunt.)

November, 1895.



The Canadian Woman.

I sat me down beside the highway road.
To sooth my weariness in gentle rest,
When thus I dreamed :—There, passing my abode,
Beneath the fence, a maid in bloomers dress'd,
Who on her bike the soft earth lightly press'd.
As, skimming on, she passed beyond the eye ;
While thus I spied her form, with dust caress'd,
Forth from above a voice did loudly cry :
“ Lo ! the Canadian Woman ! such a one went by.

“ For matrimony ” (thus, methought, the voice),
“ Canadian maidens eagerly await :
Their spousal vows, that make their loves rejoice,
They break—regardless of the marriage state—
Ere yet their echoes near the church-yard gate.
So fond is woman to profane her vow—
Th' Canadian woman most—unto her mate !
Yet not on every fair and feminine brow
Sits this wild scoff of chastity we mourn for now,

“ For travelling up and down our beauteous land,
Fond women sacrifice the home's sweet joy :
For liberty a gallop to command.
They all their arts clandestinely employ,
Then shall the promising Canadian boy
Mourn, with his sire, that low propensity,

Even of his mother, one without alloy !
Yet not all women do we travelling see ;
Some few, while many roam, at home are found to be.

“ For politics, that breathe on all around
Distaste of truth, of modesty, of right—
For even such our women may be found
Striving right boldly, with their little might,
Hoping thereby to be their country's light.
O, vain desire !—that women would be men !
Behold these Amazons, that chill the sight,
Thus treading, screeching round the statesman's den,
Leaving behind a peace they ne'er may know again !

“ Religion's power, that doth pervade our coast,
Attracts our woman's fancy, not her heart :
From sacred scenes she doth derive, at most,
Only fresh impulse to display her art
In ornamenting what, with righteous start,
A chaste, God-fearing mother well had made :
Yet only some—a vain, deluded part—
Are in hypocrisy thus lowly laid :
Many, God help them ! grasp the substance, not the
shade.

“ Now beauty comes—and how much may they claim
Who, in short gowns, tread Canada's wide plain ?
Some little bit, we think, in beauty's name ;
But how much more, when doth ambition's pain,
Bald worship, travelling, and divorcement's train,
Cease to revisit whom we speak of now !
In all their places love and wisdom reign !
Then, O, will radiance wreath each lady-brow,
Rivalling all the flowers her native woods doth grow !”

Then ceased the voice : methought I sprang in haste,
To chide the recreant for his coward tongue,
But ere my eloquence could be enpac'd
My dream was o'er, and o'er me broad and long,
A woman stood, her hand a club held strong,
Which, waving wild (and careless, as I thought),
She bade me take the road, which I, in wrong,
Had sleeping left, and did invade her plot—
I went, much cool'd of that in sleep I'd been so hot.

November, 1895.



Poet Laureate For Canada.

Since when smooth Petrarch, gorgeous sonneteer,
Was offered laurel crown in spacious Rome,
All nations, seemingly have vied to lave
Honours on poets : though the choice, full oft,
Not happy : but the need of voice was felt,
From time of him who Stella tendered love,
To sing mellifluous of the nation's deeds ;
Though then dominions were barbaric rul'd,
And vandalism flourish'd, though afloat,
Much of anterior time to smoother art,
And from wide Volga to Gibraltar's rock,
Few wielded pen ; though narrow realms each sway'd ;
Deeds scanty, unheroic, yet 'twas found
Needful on some one to bestow the laurel :
The Italian custom prov'd endemic not.

With spring's approach mighty resolves are made ;
Then man emerges from hyemal glooms.
And onward through days estival doth wend,
The while expanding projects and high hopes,
The vernal season sweetly had reviv'd :
Such then the time, let each Canadian son
In mind survey from Hudson coast to York,
From fish-fed Scotia to Vancouver's shore,
Embellish'd all by nature's genial smile.

Nor think (as he cannot) unhelpfully
Of Canada. We ask such ones reflective,
If, in a realm, out-rivalling the Brazils,
United States, or where the hungry bear
Snarls European, in magnitude ; endow'd
With fauna, minerals, and with forests wide ;
Peopled with Anglicans, of whom are many
Conceiving, executing high designs :
Should not among us be a bard select ?
Even though a colony, we need not fear,
For surely we can sport an Austin here.

February, 1896.



Changes Gathering Round.

While viewing o'er this universal sphere
Methought 'twere wonderful to speculate
On vast and woful changes happ'ning here—
For God alike did everything create.
He fashioned out, upon a lowly rate,
Those rugged worlds in which to wend their way ;
What on their dawning could not be elate :
For one was like another, and the day
Had not arrived that He might beautify their clay.

But changes circling round the wide expanse,
Some beauteous vision each one then became ;
And what had been together thrown by chance
On this great morning took another name—
And one would try his neighbor then to shame.
But God Almighty well had drawn the line,—
That one but little could the next defame,
On each and all a single sun did shine—
And rivals there revolving took a form divine.

On one great moving mass I chanced to be,
Where from its lowly dust a man was dressed ;
He generous yielded, by divine decree,
Part of his portion—in a woman pressed.
From out this ancient couple, then so blessed,
Great nations came ; and, though so near akin,

Yet spreading round, by distant seas caressed,
They grew with changes on their form and skin—
And like those mighty worlds, they vie the which to
win.

Then, once again, we find that monster Change,
Come, like a wolf at night, to spread alarm ;
The people in each nation wider range,
And different climes do act a magic charm,
On objects once alike, but, arm to arm,
Grow up peculiar forms in changing man.
The hardy yeoman seeks the airy farm ;
The merchant and the lordling try the plan
To easy live, and lengthen out their earthly span.

Here one small family circle cast their lot—
How different are their natures, as a rule—
Time looks upon the change around the plot,
Where man and wife have formed their little school,
And calleth Change a naughty, rambling fool.
“Why not,” says Time, “leave boy alike his sire” ?
But Change, replying, tells his partner cool :
“If every child partook his father’s fire
No high degrees of nature then could we admire.

“But, brother Time, descend within the breast
Of anyone on whom I work my spell,
You then will see how from his cradling rest
He sounds the blast of youth with ringing bell ;
Then on to manhood goes, with quickening swell :
Here would he pause, but with relentless hand,
You push him farther on—me parallel—
He, all decrepit, seeks the other land,
And I, without, within, do hold the chief command.”

Yet some few things we may reserve unchanged :
Faith, friendship, love and peaceful trust in God :
In these dominions never may have ranged
These enemies to life, nor once have trod
Calm Faith beneath the deep and wiry sod
Of wild despair. Not unto cold disdain
At Time's command need friendship yield. The rod
Of boundless love should never droop ; the chain
Of Satan binding us need never be again.

August, 1894.



Napoleon's Last Campaign.

Hark ! what unwelcome, fearful sound
Doth spread the trembling nations round ?
 Napoleon Bonaparte has come !
 And by all France is welcom'd home !

Hoarse is the cry ; all hearts do beat
With dread and terror, soon to meet
That tyrant soldier ; ne'er before
Had Europe trembled at the door
Of one small man ;— but ah ! we find
That small man had a giant mind.

But why need fear ? Good millions yet
Must fall before their sun is set ;
Good leaders here do ready wait,
To match with him their final fate :
They will unite, and march with haste
Far, far across the Belgian waste ;
And, on his throne, surprise the foe
Who love or pity doth not know :—
But plans, like mists before the day,
Disperse, and own a mightier sway,
When Genius holds his war-like way.

Like the swift racer on his course,
Who runs near goal with greatest force,
 Napoleon, in this hour,
Conceiv'd one last, gigantic plan

To hold his country to a man,
 And crush the allied power ;
Stupendous energy and fire
Pervade his vengeful path ; and dire
 'The fate of them will be,
Who, scornful once of proffer'd peace,
Now their aggressive measures cease,
 And tarry watchfully ;
No bold invasion now they bend,—
Instead, look forward to defend
Against that mighty, rolling surge
Of battle Bonaparte would urge.

Man ne'er conceiv'd a like campaign,
Since Alexander's world-wide reign ;—
And Wellington would fain admire,
While yet detest, Napoleon's fire ;
No tyrant would he see above,
But soldier-science well could love :
No craven fears he now express'd,
(Whate'er was raging in his breast ;)
 He calm did wait the fray ;
Disguising, in the ball-room's maze,
The dread which haunted all his ways,
That bloodiest of all bloody days
 Would be that battle-day.

From summer France the strife was stay'd,
On neutral ground Napoleon laid
His fortune in his battle-blade.

Now Falsehood, first, did jealous scan,
(For false was ever part of man,)
And marr'd, the Corsic chieftain's plan ;

Then Blucher's hosts did eye askance ;
(That hope of Prussia—scoff of France !)
Annihilation,—not defeat,—
From Prussia's army beat retreat ;
Falsehood, conjoin'd with Blucher's horde,
But half withstood Napoleon's sword.
This not alone ; for Ney the Brave,
Sent off in haste his post to save,
Conveyed Napoleon fatal word,
(Before he felt the Briton's sword,)
That he of Quatre Bras was lord.

Then learned Napoleon on that day,
One half consumed by rash delay :
Not mild Italians now he faced,
Nor Austrians in his ranks embraced ;
Not dashing Mamelukes were here,
Nor desert Arabs load the bier,
Nor Portuguese, proud, vaunting, vain,
Nor yet th' enfeebled sons of Spain ;
Not Russians, rugged though they be,
Not Prussians, lost in slavery—
'Twas Britain's best and bravest blood
Before him now defiant stood,
And lone sustained that fiercest shock
That ever burst on Albion's rock.—
Napoleon learned ; and Grouchy too,
Suspected what his master knew.

But why relate ? Bold Blucher came
From sore defeat, athirst for fame—
And won again a cut-throat's name.

- In wonder we peruse
That fretful, fretful Life and Death ;

And say he did abuse
His power, upraised by magic breath.
But for a soldier what a doom,—
No more to hear the cannon's boom,
Vile wrangling followed to his tomb!
Mid raging storms the hero heard his call,
Still dread of England, pride of flowery Gaul

1895.



Dreamland.

Around me still a vision rolls,
 So beautiful and grand !
So pleasant to the weary souls
That once forget life's rugged shoals,
 When rapt in dreamers' land !

Oh, welcome doth remain to view—
 While hurrying down life's stream,
'Mid many sorrows, pleasures few,
And stony paths my journey through—
 The vision of the dream !

Dreary I lay me on the ground,
 Worn out, content to die ;
But soon grow vague the scenes around,
And lo ! I stand wherein abound
 Those forms that win the eye.

Far from the world, again I know
 The friends who, once so dear,
Shared with me all in bliss or woe—
Who shielded me from every foe ;
 Now circling round me near.

The purest forms of loveliness
 That mortals here may know,
The noblest thoughts we e'er express,
Emotions blissful to excess,
 In dreams to come and go.

Youth's Discontent.

“ For what's more miserable than discontent ? ”
—Shakespere “ Henry VI. ”

PART I.

Long were the shadows on a sloping mead,
That from the Swale far backward doth recede,
(Swale beauteous, fair—upon whose bosom mild
The neighboring fowl their daylight hours beguil'd ;
And wild ones too, high up the crystal flood,
In guarded privacy did woo the wood,)
When youthful Hammond did impatient wait
To treat with Arden on their future fate,—
For Arden Cardonfall did hold his love,
And now together they would westward rove ;—
And thus mus'd Edwin to himself alone,
While fainter still the parting daylight shone.

“ Here is perplexity and chaos wild !
To go or stay ? Adventurous life or mild ?
Full many a time I've vowed to travel far,
Sound the deep ocean, join the toils of war ;
As oft would something whisper, ‘ stay at home ; ’
Now once again th' uncertain chance is come.
How fondly Arden seeks a change of air,—
Anxious to wander, without thought or care !
But he and I are bound by different ties—
My mother loves me, he his father tries.
Her love, I fear, will make her fears more great,
When I the wild and perilous plan relate ;—

But all great men their childhood homes forego,
And in wide changing drown the homesick woe ;
Then why not I ? If others can prevail
O'er these first sorrows, let them me assail.
Ah ! There comes Arden by the chestnut tree,
From hope of going all imbued with glee."

Thus Edwin murmur'd ; while, with measur'd flow,
Swale's sparkling waters ceaseless by him go.
His well-marked face a flush of pleasure dyes,
And friendship finds escapement from his eyes,
As Arden doth approach ; compact and tall
Was he of frame they knew as Cardonfall ;
And there again in Edwin wonder rose,
(Still from the other perspiration flows,)
How the blithe Arden had so oft displeas'd
His testy sire, how always unappeas'd
The wrath paternal to that son could be—
Except the parent heart had miopy,
Or that he could, but would not, justly see.

Now Edwin seeing on the verdant soil,
Where Swale deposited some stolen spoil,
Thus Arden said : " If late, my friend, but know,
I had near thrice your little walk to go ;
Sure, there your cottage fronts the passing road,
While, way across these woods, is my abode."

" I'm not reproaching you," (his friend replied,)
" For fore'd delays : but I may justly chide
That quality you have draws me from home,
Where many duties beckon me to come :
Ah, daring culprit, here my time you steal,
To phantoms nurse which dark realities conceal ;
Here, Arden, waiting for your footsteps slow,

Deep in my heart presentiment did grow,
That we in grief would close our hopeless chase,
And haply perish in the exciting race —
The race and chase for wealth we ne'er may gain
In mocking regions 'yond th' Atlantic main :
Admit now, Arden, I am right in this."

So spake the youth, half sure his words would
miss.

An astounded face his friend held up to view,
As his lithe limbs upon the sward he threw—
Like that canine who, first made undergo,
'Mid piteous whines, his master's irate blow,
With human pleading turns his looks above,
Astonish'd, glowing, grave with slighted love :—
But soon that countenance with cheer o'erspread,
(His comrade's inmost thoughts, he thought he read,)
And smiling back the lanky Edwin's look,
In easy confidence young Arden spoke.

"Oh ! Now you' re preaching Hammond : quite
your trade :

Why, in America your fortune's made !
Your regal form would any pulpit crown,
And on th' assembled squaws draw Heaven's blessing
down.

But now to business : Edwin, see, the sun
His fiery course, another day, has run :
And if your easy access to your home
Will here allow your fancies wild to roam,
No moonlight dialogues my soul doth yearn,
For in yon wood with daylight I would turn :
Two nights ago, the cat's wild cry was heard
In those black depths, where sings no gladsome bird :
These things impel me to restrain your tongue,
And leave your sermons one more night unsung.

Then tell, my friend, without delay, the show
Our plan possesses of fulfilment now."

"I told before," (said Hammond,) "what I
thought:—

I tell you, Arden, to my mind was brought,
While I did wait, prophetic truth and sign
That bid we know, our hopes we must confine,"

"What nonsense now!" upspringing from the
ground,

Young Cardonfall began with heat, "we found,
When last we met in Richmond's market square,
Ourselves agreeing, and the prospects fair.

Now (Edwin, scarcely I believe my ears!)

By this old stream you resurrect old fears,—
Fears yourself slighted, when I first did show
How we might prosper where the nuggets grow,—

O Edwin, shame! refute your recent words,
And take that hope our enterprise affords:

Think of experience spoken of by men

Who boldly cross'd, as we may do again:

Nor, Edwin, on unwelcome shores we go,

For, know you not? my uncle strikes the sounding
blow

On the tall pines, that crown Ottawa's shore:

And says not uncle, too, there's room for more?

'Tis not, as you may think, we lead wealth's chase,

Alone and friendless in a crowded race,

With myrmidons and berserkers to face."

He spoke: then waited for the word's effect:

While Edwin stood, now wriggling, now erect:

In doubtful gloom was Hammond's tortured soul,

Opress'd with feelings tender to control:

Grave indecision mark'd his handsome face,

And his loose figure robb'd of any grace.

The intrepid Arden pleas'd, yet aw'd, his mind,
 But filial care must flutter far behind,
 If on the sea with Arden he embark—
 This thought alone, kept down the adventurous spark,
 "O Arden!" thus broke forth the impetuous boy,
 "You know such thoughts of travel give me joy,—
 As the wild blackbird, in septentrion clime,
 Yearns, at the coming of the Autumn time,
 For flights and gambols through the sunny south,
 Where plenteous worms will grace its tender mouth,—
 So do I love adventure and alarm :
 But loth would leave my mother, and the charm
 Of sacred home. And Arden, do not you
 Love your old farm, and old surroundings too?"

To whom, replying low, young Cardonfall :
 "I leave without regret, the farm and all :—
 A time once was, remote indeed it seems,
 And seldom now doth intermix my dreams,
 That I did love to walk our shady woods,
 And, childish, prattle on of cows and cuds :
 My mother's hand in mine, we oft did rove.—
 Now, years have banish'd that fond early love :
 Thus, Edwin, lingers recollection's charm,
 Faint, and alone, about my father's farm."

Suspicious grew the speaker's thick'ning voice :
 Which circumstance made Edwin's heart rejoice,
 (As the frisk colt, in crops forbidden found,
 Grows more content when comes his mate around,)
 But with his hand, impatient, Arden wav'd
 The words away, on Edwin's lips, and sav'd
 The tearful scene he dreaded : quick he spoke :

"No more, my friend, conjure this tender toke :
 We must be men, though of a boyish age :—
 Now, first, your mother's free consent engage,—

Do it this night :—to-morrow noon repair
To that old tree so oft our childhood lair :
For change of rendezvous is good, they say,
And savors of success, to those who secret play :
Then, all decided, we to Liverpool,
And thence far west, will enter life's vast school :
With Hope, dear Edwin, for our first support,
And humble beggary our last resort.”
While thus he spake, the objects 'round grew dim :
And on the Swale no more the geese did swim :
These, waddling homeward, dripping with the wave,
Call'd Edwin's care their precious selves to save :
Then spake young Hammond : “ Nothing has been
told

Unto my mother of this project bold :
But all its various parts so soon I'll tell,
As you may know, to-morrow noon, how we
Has sped our enterprise its trembling round,
And how our house with tears and sobs resound.”

Hammond, concluding thus, prepar'd to leave.
When thus rejoin'd, who Cardonfall did grieve.

“ Now speak you as an old time friend expects :
Not soft vagaries of the gentler sex,—
Plead the good cause, sustain your point with care :
Nor urge with haste, but prudent, firm, and fair.
Thus Mistress Hammond,—bless her noble soul !
Will cease to hold you from the glittering goal.
This tangled path we've reached, I now must tread,
If Cardonfall would see his son in bed :
So friend, good night, and dreams of times to come,”
Thus buoyant Arden, then proceeded home.
The stalwart Edwin neared his own abode,
(Which lay adjacent to the silver flood,)
And while the fowl receive his gentle care—

Then to his chamber doth betimes repair—
He mus'd. "Not, Arden, while your presence warms
My mind to action, and my tongue to arms,
Will I recount to mother our desires :
But wait till sleep hath soothed the unwonted fires :
Then calmly, justly, in her ear I'll pour
All we design, --if, in mistake, not more."

He ceased : the ruffled watch-dog thunder'd
deep :

Soon dog and boy were laid in gentle sleep,—
So will we leave them thus, whom guardian angels
keep.



PART II.

'Twas radiant morn : the breakfast fires do glow :
The maid, Anteena, slow her round doth go,
And on the hearth distends the viands so.
Soon, round the table, mother and son repair,
While still the morning prayers steal softly through
the air.

The drowsy pussy, sudden, lively grows,
And pleads her meal; as by, the housemaid goes :
Upon his haunches, by young Edwin's side;
Old Mede, the watch-dog, sits quite dignified :
Now notes the bit his feline playmate's thrown,
Now curious eyes his master eat his own :
With decent care would not the floor unclean,
The chunk thrown down he nabs as soon as seen,
This is his dish the floor and board between.

Now, all well fed, Anteena leaves the room,
By sprightly toil to hold her cheeks in bloom :
She in her arms holds dishes, crumbs, and all,
And, Mede and puss in train, thus leaves the break-
fast-hall,

To fair distribute 'mong th' expectant fowl,
Those crumbs, held high, wrapped in the table towel:
And answers roughly Mede's officious growl.

When all in neatness from the room remov'd,
The lady thus, unto her son beloved :

“With credit, son, you represent your sire
In grace of mind, in all but hasty fire :—
If aught despicable I hold in man,
'Tis the hot, hasty wrath, without a span,—

Dreadful and dangerous, when in habit grown,—
 Some men indulge in, for a fault, their own
 A hundred times, now in another found :
 Such as, reply, advice, request, that sound
 Not to the mood the tyrant hath around.
 Noble is he, of lofty mental power,
 Who suits his fancies to each home-spent hour :
 Son, I am thankful to our God above,
 That thus you render home a place of love :—
 A hasty spleen your father sometimes had,—
 But judge we lightly,—oft he made us glad :
 Yet, Edwin, though your mildness is beloved,
 This thoughtful brow I fain would see removed.”

“ ’Tis yours to do, O mother ! ” Edwin cried,
 “ Remove you may, and soon my hopes decide.”

“ What trouble weighs my son that I may ease,
 And, joy applying, all his griefs appease ? ”

So ask’d the mother : so the son rejoin’d :

“ A giant project doth engage my mind,
 (Entailing absence—but rich recompense—
 In that hesperian world that lies far hence,)
 To cross the sea, America invade,—

In whose refulgent folds great wealth is made,—

And, haply, ply some recompensing trade :

Yet not for long I stay so far from home :

In two short years I hope with wealth to come.

And not alone I leave you, home, and all,

For with me flies the son of Cardonfall.”

A sudden pallor spread the lady’s face,
 As with his words her thoughts kept steady pace ;
 With trembling voice, and marble-melting look,
 To Edwin thus his grieving mother spoke :

“ Why Edwin ! what has given your mind this
 bent,

And vex'd your soul with awful discontent?
That thus, O Edwin! rashly you embark
Toward that far land so hungry, cold and dark!
Why dream of wealth as lying only there,
Where threatening roars the cougar from his lair?
Here stay, O son! with health and wisdom crown'd!
Find here the livelihood your father found:
Only far better, and in plenty now,
Since than your sire you wear a loftier brow,
And new facilities your mind expand,
To be an honor to your fatherland:
Yet worst propos'd, and greivous most of all,
That with you goes this bane of Cardonfall."

She said: and on the son did fix appealing eyes,
That probe his soul, while firmly he replies.

"My mother, since at sometime we must part,
Then why not now let grief possess your heart?
Since only now may I have chance to go
Where unsought gold lies 'neath Canada's snow:
Yet cheerful keep,—'tis not for long we part,—
Nor let cold grief possess your generous heart.
And, O my mother! much you wrong the boy
Who soon with me will taste a golden joy:
More faithful friend ne'er walked the Yorkshire sod,
No, nor in England has a truer trod:—
Not thus in tears, and round him mourning all,
Will Arden leave the house of Cardonfall."

"Talk not to me, O rash, misguided boy!
Of that vile race imparting friendship's joy:
None ever knew a Cardonfall to mourn
The parting friend, but vicious would him spurn:
Wrong the dark tempter? that would lead you on,
Yet think his villainy but well begun
Till I in sorrow bid the world farewell,

And you corroded, walk the road to hell :
Mourn for each other ? No, the father's bliss,
When Arden leaves, will wander in excess,—
For, each time seen, young Arden's face doth call
Down dark reproach upon old Cardonfall."

Wildly begun her speech now wild did close :—
With painful pitch the voice of Edwin rose.

"Such deep resentment sounds in you most
strange,
O give your charity a wider range !
Such is your love for me, you almost hate
My other friends ! but mother, will you state
How Arden is reproachful to his sire,
And in remordency inflames his ire ?"

Old George's spouse replied : "Most willingly,
Since I perceive your thoughts have quit the sea."

"Not so !" cried Edwin : "but would know the
stain

That on the name of Cardonfall has lain,—
For does not Arden with me cross the main ?"

Reproach, appeal, beam'd in the mother's eye,
But, these controlling, thus did she reply :

"The race of Cardonfall was proud and great,—
Though now descended to more humble state,—
These near us ever bore a tainted name,
For deeds of cruelty, and works of shame :
The present sire of Cardonfall did wed
The loveliest of her sex to share his bed :
Ah ! once sweet Marion knew an Empress' grace,
But all soon faded in that fatal place :
Of all their sons, (and eight to them were born,)
Only the youngest Marion did adorn
With her own graces, beauteous as the morn :
This lovely youth old Cardonfall ne'er owned,

Nor could he love whom foreign graces crown'd :
The mother pin'd and died : the people all
Then ceased to visit proud old Cardonfall.
Now, Edwin, this young Arden has a vein
Of Cardonfall's vile blood ; and such will stain,
Though all the rest by sweetest Marion own'd,
And though his form with all her graces crown'd."

She ceased ; young Edwin said : "O mother, know,
No wicked blood in Arden's veins doth flow :
And if his mother shone with fairer charms,
Sure she possess'd the loveliest of all forms.
But more of business : Arden lately told
Of a fond uncle in that land of gold,
Who, all in plenty, waited to provide
A needful start, beside Ottawa's tide."

"Ah, if you go," the lady warning said,
"Trust not too much,—by your own sense be led.
Report doth speak how Arden's uncle fled
From the law-hounds to that crime-cov'ring shore,
While a wrecked maid here mourn'd her sorrows o'er :
'Tis long ago, and scandal may be wrong,
But going there, one needs himself be strong,
O son ! now hearken to my last appeal,
Nor to a mother's plaint your bosom steel :
Go to old Endway, Richmond's godlike son :
Tell him your project, nor one phase you shun :
Then rector Endway will decide your course,—
To stay at home, or cross the billows hoarse,—
If stay, Oh then do stay, in virtue shine,
Your country's blessing and the joy of mine :
If go, then will a mother's blessing call
Safety and strength on you and Cardonfall :—
While I, alone, with murmuring Swale will mourn,
And fondly hope a speedy, safe return :

Go then, my son, let reverend Endway tell
If joy or grief shall in my bosom dwell."

The son, amaz'd, confounded, rose to go,
Even as she ceas'd, his destiny to know :
While the warm mother, sitting grieving sad,
Nigh curs'd the day young Edwin made her glad.
" Dismal that woman's lot," (she panting cried,)
Who romping children is by fate denied :
Yet,—though at short, sweet intervals great joy
Gladdens the mother through her tender boy,—
By mortal woes the dear one 'compass'd round,
O'erwhelming counterpoise her fleeting bliss has
found."



PART III.

Without delay young Edwin sought th'abode,
That late May morning, of the man of God.
That house of charity, where all repair'd
With woe oppress'd ! he all their sorrows shar'd,
And lasting counsel gave, whene'er desired :
With all the virtues was his bosom fired.
And Richmond suburbs never mourn'd the day
When there he rested, on his holy way.
Deep skill'd in lore, with modern wit o'er flown,
The pious Endway was a scholar known,—
Yet with all these high attributes of power,
The veriest mendicant could steal his proudest hour :
His sounding discourse fell in gentle shower : —
A jester, wife and daughter, were his care,
These, and his flock, the rector's time did share.

Came Edwin on, with strange and lagging pace,
Conflicting passions, transient, mark'd his face :
Invited in, with chair and ale supplied,
The maid and jester rang'd at either side—
That beauteous maid, the rector's only pride !—
None more than Edwin knew sweet Dora's charms,
None wish'd he lovelier 'neath his twining arms :
Now, while she, blushing, did her favorite scan,
And Murdock leer'd, the reverend sage began :

“ How fareth Edwin these bright summer days ?
And thy good mother ? worthy of all praise ! ”

“ Both these are well, for whom you kind inquire,”
(Replied the youth,) “ and earnest our desire,
That you and yours, O holy man, be spar'd

Those joys and comforts that make life less hard.—”

Here Murdoch stopp'd his further flow of words,
With that strange liberty soft wit accords ;
While cunning fires alight his twinkling eyes,
And hand in motion, thus the jester cries :—
His various freaks so long had Endway known,
Now little car'd he where his thoughts were flown :—

“Son of thy mother, we, this day, with pride,
Have thee for guest : and sure, thou hast descried
With what wild rapture Dora bears thy ruth—
Blush not, fair maid, 'tis natural with youth.
He now will soon thine every grief allay ;
And be thy guest a thousand times a day.”

So Murdoch said : nor Edwin dare resume,
While the sham'd maiden silent leaves the room.
Proud, mockly grave, wise Murdoch turn'd his head
Unto his master, where he thought he read
Faint approbation of what he had said :
Soon Edwin now, the blooming Dora gone,
His face recover'd, and continued on :

“This day I come, good friend of human kind !
To gather counsel from thy well-stor'd mind.”

“And what the trouble ?” Endway quick replied.
“My poor advice to none was e'er denied :
Is it—but first, sly jester, thou begone,
Thy wit unfits thee for what now is on.”

Not so thought Murdoch, and that same implied,
As thus he answer'd thriving Richmond's pride :

“Master, all strepent at my wit you sneer :
But highest humor jars the untrain'd ear !
All Richmond owns my intellectual sway,—
As didst thyself, on that nigh-fatal day
When the fierce mastiff tore thy tender hand,—
Then thou confess'd my wit did lofty stand,

As fast I gather'd precious herbs to save
Thy hydrophobic body from the grave ;
Then, recognis'd my virtuous mental power,
Here should I tarry this important hour ;
But, willing otherwise my time to spend,
I straightway go : if wanted for me send."

With haught indifference did Murdock go,—
When Endway thus ; " Now, Edwin, name thy woe."

" Woe, as I think," (the son of George began,)
" Were foul misplac'd to name my hopeful plan !
Which bids my soul indubitably know,
If wealth I win, then westward must I go :
Far west, O reverend sir ! where thundering rolls
The flood St. Lawrence, fairest 'tween the poles :
And where Ottawa laves its banks of pine,
The wealth of worlds ! and part of which is mine :
Thus will I do, my mother safe at home,
Well stock'd with plenty till with more I come,—
And with me treads the west-bound wooden wall,
My friend of friends, young Arden Cardonfall."

With pitying gravity, and honest love,
As Edwin ceas'd, the sage did thus reprove :

" Know, hopeful son of George and Lucy fair,
Thy own heart, first, this enterprise must share :
Thine, fearful, trembling, half the project owns,
And half recoils from cold, forbidding zones.
Such nature made thee, such thou must remain :
But I would warn thee, man doth strive in vain,
Who, like the lap-dog half compelled to fight,
The task endeavors while he doubts his might,
Or fears he works not in the cause of right :
'Tis this wild boy who's done the mischief all,
This scourge and hatred of old Cardonfall."

The rector ceas'd : his cultur'd, ripen'd mind

In equanimity its powers combin'd.
With turbulence the young man's bosom heav'd,
As thus he answer'd : " I am doubly griev'd !
Unwittingly you wrong my bosom friend,
And on contrary winds our prospects send.
When you perceive it is our natural bent,
Have pity, sir, and give encouragement :
Thou art ordain'd our guide, for, I confess,
Not till thou yieldest will my mother bless
Her duteous son, and Heaven's kindness call
Upon my comrade, Arden Cardonfall."

Forth from his chair the man of God uprose,
With easy step across to Edwin goes :
Upon the youthful arm his hand is laid,
When thus benev'lently the good man said :

" And is it thus, my son, th' decision lies !
Am I to hold the verdict, cast the dies ?
Then know, young man, thyself may'st all decide,—
To cross the sea, or stay, thy country's pride :—
Yet first, ere thou dost act, hear what I say,
('Tis quickly told,) then thine own future play :
On entering in that mys'ic waste, thou'lt find
The Old World's refuse there as rivals join'd :
To catch at wealth, an humble calling first
Must be thy lot, though golden be thy thirst :
Then shall't be said—a youth, well read and bred,
Doth with low ruffians cast his nightly bed :—
This, youthful rover, is no false alarm :
'Tis sure as death,—and deadly is the harm :—
For in my youth—my wasteful youth ! I plied
The wieldy shovel, there, in gloomy pride :
And speedy had I fallen in low ways,—
Loud revelling nights, and toiling all my days,—
And, Edwin, more, this cruel lot had gone,

On, on, and on, till my last day was done,
 And still no wealth, when all my race was run :
 It was a dreadful strand, and my escape,
 (For which I bless the traveller, Pollanape,)
 Just oped my eyes : in horror I survey'd
 My boasted learning gone to wield a spade.
 There, on the spot, I call'd on God for aid :—
 And, God to witness, to this day I mourn
 For thee, O Pollanape ! who died forlorn,
 And fervent bless thy philanthropic turn.—
 Edwin, consider, such is now thy plight,
 Dost thou in western competition fight :
 Never, my boy, though thine own course to wield,
 Would I forgive myself to see thee yield,
 Yield to thy fancy's wild adventurous call,
 And to the allurements of young Cardonfall !
 Live here ! if thou would'st know or wealth or fame,
 And leave thy progeny a virtuous name :
 Would'st thou indeed, well learn'd and well endow'd,—
 Precocious intellect has ever in thee glow'd,—
 Sink these fair talents in a life of toil,
 None by to deprecate, but many to despoil ?
 Think how sweet Goldsmith, in his early prime,
 Sought, as thou dost, that tempting, shrivelling clime :
 Fate stay'd his step,—and O mayst thou be stay'd,
 To win that name the honor'd Goldsmith made !
 Now let me tell thee, in thy natal hour,
 A spark divine of genius was thy dower :
 Thy temples' mould doth this sufficient prove,
 And of all books thy craving, morbid love.—
 Do as thou wilt : go, or at once recall
 Thy wild desires, and those of Cardonfall.”

He said : with generous warmth his cheek did glow
 In resignation backward walk'd, and slow.

Even as he ceas'd, and gave young Edwin choice,
To the cow'd youth uprose an inward voice,
Bidding his soul the gloomy scheme forbear.
Resolved he grew, determined then and there.
Then thus to Endway, giving words to thought:

“Know, sir, the virtue thy advice has wrought;
For now, at last, I am resolved to stay.”

“Thank God!” cried Endway, “’tis your only way!”

“Even as thou ceas'd,” the glowing youth resum'd,
“Came to my soul, in withering doubt engloom'd,
A voice that seem'd to say: ‘Come back, O boy!
Save thou thyself, and give thy mother joy.’
So will I do,—and oft devoutly bless

Thy saving virtue, wisdom and address;
In after years recount my dread escape,
And mourn the dead as thou dost Pollanape:
Yet on my spirits hangs a threat’ning pall,
For I must answer to young Cardonfall.”

As now he paus'd, the rector cheering cried:

“Go to him son in self-respecting pride:

And with strong moral courage, falter not
To clear thy mind, before him, of this blot.”

Upon the flower'd wall the horologe did chime,
With faithful stroke, that it was dinner-time;
The which observing, fast the youth did fly
Where Arden waited for a last reply:
While home the rector, kneeling by his chair,
Thus unto Heaven proferr'd a thankful prayer:

“Once more, O God! to thee is sav'd from fate,
From vile associates, and coward's hate,
A youth on whom fair promise thou did'st write,
And did'st design to be his country's light:
In humble willingness I fain would stand,
And impetrate, as now, at thy command,—
A lowly instrument in thy reclaiming hand!”

PART IV.

There shadowing stood beside the Richmond road,
And half between our youthful friend's abode,
A large, lone, oaken monarch of the plain,
That still withstood the wintry winds and rain,—
Like some proud chieftain, all his followers dead,
(Fell'd by a ruthless hand,) or captive led,
Who now, though heavier press'd, yet still fights on,—
So stood and waved the kingly tree alone.

Within its ample shade now Arden lay,
While sultry noon pour'd down his burning ray ;
Idly around the verdant fields did feed
The fleecy ram, the heifer, and the steed ;
These, fly-envelop'd, th' impatient youth survey'd
Without perceiving, while aloud he said :

“ High noon has come,—why does my friend
delay,

When 'tis to me an over-anxious day ?
My friend, I said, but will he friendship prove ?
Or must I render unrequited love ?
Sure thus 'twill seem if he refuse to go,
When my home misery surely he must know :—
Though I will own, (but only to myself,)
His peaceful, pleasant home excels all foreign pelf :
Ah, home indeed ! 'twill never come to me,
'Less some sweet consort share my misery.
Yet never, methinks, shall I a woman find,
In whom my mother's graces are combin'd,—
O holy mother ! who surpass'd belief !
Dost mourn my sorrows, be they howe'er brief ?

And art in joy when I surmount each grief?"
The tears find vent: down the fair manly cheek
they roll,

Ebullient outburst of an hungry soul!
As mortal man, fell idleness his bent,
Only in toil may ever find content:
So the proud heart, surcharg'd with weighty grief,
Only in bitter tears, will find relief:
But hush those tears,—unhappy, lonesome boy!
To outward eyes we must show front of joy.

Edwin, approaching, sought the inviting shade,
With downcast eyes: to whom dear Arden said:

"At last you've come! then, 'thout preamble, tell
The ponderous verdict, whether it is well:

And answering know, you deal with every word,
Sweet, balmy hope, or thrust of Sorrow's sword."

Nigh self-accusing then proved Edwin's face,
But when these words he did in memory trace—

'And with strong moral courage, falter not'—

His soul grew brave, old fancies were forgot:
Back rendering then the expression of his mind,
The son of George in rapid haste rejoind':

"It grieves me, Arden, to dash low your plans:
But he who this same project calmly scans,

Will find, as I have found, good reason then
To leave unknown such evil climes and men.—
Let me speak, Arden—let me tell it all—"

(For fierce upsprang the impatient Cardonfall:)

"My mother yielded to my clamorous will,
But left the outcome more uncertain still:

At her injunction, I our rector sought,
To whose decision I must bend my thought.

I went, resolv'd his bidding to accept:
There our fell purpose in my bosom crept

In a new light,—the light in pitying Heaven,—
Then peace and prospect to my mind was given :
I was convinc'd : and though my mother vow'd
To give her blessing as our rector show'd,
'Tis travelling not I would be bless'd for now,—
The same to you that pious man can show.
Why, Arden, he renounc'd the right of choice,
Yet was I conquer'd by that quelling voice,—
For which subdual always I'll rejoice :—
But, Arden, tenfold my rejoicing grows
When you your error kindly Endway shows,
And guides you on, till, towering high o'er all,
Shines great and fam'd the name of Cardonfall."

They stood there face to face, the one in cheer,—
For consciousness of right dispels all fear,—
Convuls'd the other with a thousand woes,
'Mid which the ghost of former friendship rose ;
As Edwin ceas'd, burst forth, as would appal,
The burning tones of Arden Cardonfall :

"I knew 'twould be ! a fool I must have been
To fancy you would follow in my train !
Yet only one I dreaded, your own mother,
Whereas she look'd more deep than any other :
That ranting madman, with fanatic wile,
And crafty Endway, fountain head of guile !
Them you believed, and suffer'd them to lead
You iamblike on, your innocence to bleed !
Oh that with me they had essay'd to plead !
But light the task to turn your loving mind ;
Sweet Dora's queenly charms, I doubt not, held you
blind,—

Or, still more forceful, with Dame Endway's join'd.
Yet in this hour most pregnant of my life,
While home-bred scorning breeds domestic strife

And with this keenest of my griefs to mourn,—
 I promise you, sometime there will be borne
 Over the sea to England's sounding shore,
 And through the portals of each Yorkshire door
 A wonder-causing rumor of my name,
 Embracing beauty, friendship, wealth, and fame,
 In vast profusion, waiting on the nod
 Of him whom Westerners will own a god.—
 My sometime friend; farewell! the raging squall
 Of wide Atlantic waits young Cardonfall."

Oh for that picture! All the artist's joy
 Had found a limit gazing on that boy:
 As proudly, coldly, with a purpose high,
 He turn'd to wander 'neath the Western sky.—
 But what leaves he disdainfully behind?
 A youth unschooled in subtleties of mind?
 Assuredly he was, yet he alone
 Could mount the summit of deep Passion's throne.
 There by the tree, the poet's inmost soul
 Mourn'd his lost comrade, sorrowing did condole,
 With Natureround, the loss of him most dear,—
 (For, ere her hour, did Nature lend a tear.)
 Now, Sol, down-hastening, bade the herds retire
 Where milkmaids sang to soothe th' equerry's ire,
 And where they all thrice earn'd their scanty hire:
 But still sat Edwin, wrapt in thought's embrace,
 While lambent shadows flicker'd round the place;
 And thus he thought: "I'll banish him away,
 To admit the radiance of a brighter day:
 The rector's guidance will my mind prepare,
 (If I do labor with assiduous care,)
 For wider fields: like Thomson then I'll start
 For London, that great boundary of art;
 Where, high employ'd, I may with tranquil ear

Fond Arden's wonder-causing rumor hear.
Now home to mother ; once more loving join'd,
We henceforth live with but a single mind.
Arden, farewell ! may all your efforts prove
A source of benefit, content, and love ! ”

He ceas'd, he went ; no more a captive thrall :
Yet, sady sweet, he still remember'd all,—
And lov'd, even unto death, the far-off Cardonfall.

Sept.-Dec., 1895.

