

I know myself. Not servile for applause,  
My Muse permits no deprecating clause ;  
Modest or vain, she will not be denied  
One bold confession due to honest pride ;  
And well she knows the drooping veil of song  
Shall save her boldness from the caviller's wrong.  
Her sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid imparts  
To tell the secrets of our aching hearts ;  
For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate, bound,  
She kneels imploring at the feet of sound ;  
For this, convulsed in thought's maternal pains,  
She loads her arms with rhyme's resounding chains ;  
Faint though the music of her fetters be,  
It lends one charm ;—her lips are ever free !

Think not I come, in manhood's fiery noon,  
To steal his laurels from the stage buffoon ;  
His sword of lath the harlequin may wield ;  
Behold the star upon my lifted shield !  
Though the just critic pass my humble name,  
And sweeter lips have drained the cup of fame,  
While my gay stanza pleased the banquet's lords,  
The soul within was tuned to deeper chords !  
Say, shall my arms, in other conflicts taught  
To swing aloft the ponderous mace of thought,  
Lift, in obedience to a school-girl's law,  
Mirth's tinsel wand or laughter's tickling straw ?  
Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling spear  
The pure, warm hearts that bid me welcome here ?  
No ! while I wander through the land of dreams,  
To strive with great and play with trifling themes,  
Let some kind meaning fill the varied line ;  
You have your judgment ; will you trust to mine !

Between two breaths what crowded mysteries lie,—  
 The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh !  
 Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,  
 Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,  
 As living shadows for a moment seen  
 In airy pageant on the eternal screen,  
 Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,  
 Then seek the dust and stillness whence we came.

But whence and why, our trembling souls inquire,  
 Caught these dim visions their awakening fire ?  
 Oh who forgets when first the piercing thought  
 Through childhood's musings found its way unsought ?  
 I AM ;—I LIVE. The mystery and the fear  
 When the dread question, WHAT HAS BROUGHT ME  
 HERE ?

Burst through life's twilight, as before the sun  
 Roll the deep thunders of the morning gun !

Are angel faces, silent and serene,  
 Bent on the conflicts of this little scene,  
 Whose dream-like efforts, whose unreal strife,  
 Are but the preludes to a larger life ?

Or does life's summer see the end of all,  
 These leaves of being mouldering as they fall,  
 As the old poet vaguely used to deem,  
 As WESLEY questioned in his youthful dream ?  
 Oh could such mockery reach our souls indeed,  
 Give back the Pharaohs' or the Athenian's creed ;  
 Better than this a Heaven of man's device,—  
 The Indian's sports, the Moslem's paradise !

Or is our being's only end and aim  
 To add new glories to our Maker's name,

As the poor insect, shrivelling in the blaze,  
Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming rays?  
Does earth send upwards to the Eternal's ear  
The mingled discords of her jarring sphere  
To swell His anthem, while creation rings  
With notes of anguish from its shattered strings?  
Is it for this the immortal Artist means  
These conscious, throbbing, agonised machines?

Dark is the soul whose sullen creed can bind  
In chains like these the all-embracing Mind ;  
No ! two-faced bigot, thou dost ill reprove  
The sensual, selfish, yet benignant Jove,  
And praise a tyrant throned in lonely pride,  
Who loves himself, and cares for naught beside ;  
Who gave thee, summoned from primeval night,  
A thousand laws, and not a single right, —  
A heart to feel, and quivering nerves to thrill,  
The sense of wrong, the death-defying will ;  
Who girt thy senses with this goodly frame,  
Its earthly glories and its orbs of flame,  
Not for thyself, unworthy of a thought,  
Poor helpless victim of a life unsought,  
But all for Him, unchanging and supreme,  
The heartless centre of thy frozen scheme !

Trust not the teacher with his lying scroll,  
Who tears the charter of thy shuddering soul ;  
The God of love, who gave the breath that warms  
All living dust in all its varied forms,  
Asks not the tribute of a world like this  
To fill the measure of His perfect bliss.

Though winged with life through all its radiant  
 shores,  
 Creation flowed with unexhausted stores,  
 Cherub and seraph had not yet enjoyed ;  
 For this He called thee from the quickening void :  
 Nor this alone ; a larger gift was thine,  
 A mightier purpose swelled His vast design ;  
 Thought,—conscience,—will,—to make them all  
 thine own,  
 He rent a pillar from the eternal throne !

Made in His image, thou must nobly dare  
 The thorny crown of sovereignty to share.  
 With eye uplifted, it is thine to view,  
 From thine own centre, Heaven's o'er-arching blue ;  
 So round thy heart a beaming circle lies  
 No fiend can blot, no hypocrite disguise ;  
 From all its orbs one cheering voice is heard,  
 Full to thine ear it bears the Father's word,  
 Now, as in Eden where His first-born trod :  
 " Seek thine own weifare, true to man and God ! "

Think not too meanly of thy low estate ;  
 Thou hast a choice ; to choose is to create !  
 Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,  
 Angels approve thee when thy choice is well ;  
 Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,  
 Swore to spare Sodom if she held but ten !  
 Use well the freedom which thy Master gave,  
 (Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate a slave ?)  
 And He who made thee to be just and true  
 Will bless thee, love thee,—ay, respect thee too !

Nature has placed thee on a changeful tide,  
 To breast its waves, but not without a guide ;

Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,  
Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,  
As the true current it will falsely feel,  
Warped from its axis by a freight of steel ;  
So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced truth  
If passion's lightning fall upon thy youth ;  
So the pure effluence quit its sacred hold,  
Girt round too deeply with magnetic gold.

Go to yon tower, where busy science plies  
Her vast antennæ, feeling through the skies ;  
That little vernier on whose slender lines  
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,  
A silent index, tracks the planets' march  
In all their wanderings through the ethereal arch,  
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,  
And marks the spot where Uranus returns.

So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,  
The living index which thy Maker traced  
Repeats the line each starry Virtue draws  
Through the wide circuit of creation's laws ;  
Still tracks unchanged the everlasting ray  
Where the dark shadows of temptation stray ;  
But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of light,  
And leaves thee wandering o'er the expanse of night.

"What is thy creed?" a hundred lips inquire ;  
"Thou seekest God beneath what Christian spire?"  
Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies  
Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice ;  
When man's first incense rose above the plain,  
Of earth's two altars one was built by Cain !  
Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we take ;  
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake ;

The simple lessons which the nursery taught  
 Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,  
 And the full blossom owes its fairest hue  
 To those sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.

Too oft the light that led our earlier hours  
 Fades with the perfume of our cradle flowers ;  
 The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt ;  
 Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without ;  
 Oh then, if Reason waver at thy side,  
 Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide ;  
 Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was there,  
 Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer !

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying arm,  
 And age, like distance, lends a double charm ;  
 In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,  
 What holy awe invests the saintly tomb !  
 There pride will bow, and anxious care expand,  
 And creeping avarice come with open hand ;  
 The gay can weep, the impious can adore,  
 From morn's first glimmerings on the chancel floor,  
 Till dying sunset sheds his crimson stains  
 Through the faint halos of the irised panes.

Yet there are graves, whose rudely-shapen sod  
 Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton trod ;  
 Graves where the verdure has not dared to shoot,  
 Where the chance wild-flower has not fixed its root,  
 Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a name,  
 The eternal record shall at length proclaim  
 Pure as the holiest in the long array  
 Of hooded, mitred, or tiaraed clay !

Come, seek the air ; some pictures we may gain  
 Whose passing shadows shall not be in vain ;

Not from the scenes that crowd the stranger's soil,  
Not from our own amidst the stir of toil,  
But when the Sabbath brings its kind release,  
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.

The air is hushed ; the street is holy ground ;  
Hark ! the sweet bells renew their welcome sound ;  
As one by one awakes each silent tongue,  
It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things  
That stirs our echoes with the name of Kings,  
Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,  
Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,  
Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,  
Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang ;—  
The simpler pile, that, mindful of the hour  
When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,  
Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,  
'The iron breastpin which the "Rebels" threw,  
Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill  
Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill ;—  
Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,  
Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire ;—  
The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,  
His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,  
Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,  
Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound ;—  
While, sad with memories of the olden time,  
Throbs from his tower the Northern Minstrel's chime,  
Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient song,  
But tears still follow as they breathe along.

Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range  
 Where man and nature, faith and customs change,  
 Borne in thy memory, each familiar tone  
 Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.  
 When Ceylon sweeps thee with her perfumed breeze  
 Through the warm billows of the Indian seas ;  
 When—ship and shadow blended both in one—  
 Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,  
 From sparkling midnight to refulgent noon  
 Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon ;  
 When through thy shrouds the wild tornado sings,  
 And thy poor seabird folds her tattered wings,—  
 Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,  
 And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal !  
 Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array  
 Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,  
 Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,  
 The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,  
 The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,  
 Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain.—  
 Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean  
 To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen ;  
 Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's chills,  
 His heart lies warm among his triple hills !

Turned from her path by this deceitful gleam,  
 My wayward fancy half forgets her theme ;  
 See through the streets that slumbered in repose  
 The living current of devotion flows ;  
 Its varied forms in one harmonious band,  
 Age leading childhood by its dimpled hand,  
 Want, in the robe whose faded edges fall,  
 To tell of rags beneath the tartan shawl,



And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to appear,  
Lift the deep borders of the proud cashmere.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,  
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil ;  
Alone she wanders where with *him* she trod,  
No arm to stay her, but she leans on God.

While other doublets deviate here and there,  
What secret handcuff binds that pretty pair?  
Compactest couple ! pressing side to side,—  
Ah, the white bonnet that reveals the bride !

By the white neckcloth, with its straitened tie,  
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,  
Severe and smileless, he that runs may read  
The stern disciple of Geneva's creed ;  
Decent and slow, behold his solemn march ;  
Silent he enters through yon crowded arch.

A livelier bearing of the outward man,  
The light-hued gloves, the undevout rattan,  
Now smartly raised or half-profanely twirled,—  
A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-day world,—  
Tell their plain story ;—yes, thine eyes behold  
A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold.

Down the chill street that curves in gloomiest shade  
What marks betray yon solitary maid?  
The cheek's red rose, that speaks of balmier air ;  
The Celtic hue that shades her braided hair ;  
The gilded missal in her kerchief tied ;  
Poor Nora, exile from Killarney's side !

Sister in toil, though blanched by colder skies,  
That left their azure in her downcast eyes,  
See pallid Margaret, Labour's patient child,  
Scarce weaned from home, the nursling of the wild,

Where white Katahdin o'er the horizon shines,  
 And broad Penobscot dashes through the pines.  
 Still, as she hastes, her careful fingers hold  
 The unfailing hymn-book in its cambric fold.  
 Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she stands,  
 The seventh sweet morning folds her weary hands ;  
 Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure  
 He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor !

This weekly picture faithful Memory draws,  
 Nor claims the noisy tribute of applause ;  
 Faint is the glow such barren hopes can lend,  
 And frail the line that asks no loftier end.

Trust me, kind listener, I will yet beguile  
 Thy saddened features of the promised smile ;  
 This magic mantle thou must well divide,  
 It has its sable and its ermine side ;  
 Yet, ere the lining of the robe appears,  
 Take thou in silence what I give in tears.

Dear listening soul, this transitory scene  
 Of murmuring stillness, busily serene,—  
 This solemn pause, the breathing-space of man,  
 The halt of toil's exhausted caravan,—  
 Comes sweet with music to thy wearied ear ;  
 Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere !

Deal meekly, gently, with the hopes that guide  
 The lowliest brother straying from thy side ;  
 If right, they bid thee tremble for thine own,  
 If wrong, the verdict is for God alone !

What though the champions of thy faith esteem  
 The sprinkled fountain or baptismal stream ;

Shall jealous passions in unseemly strife  
Cross their dark weapons o'er the waves of life?

Let my free soul, expanding as it can,  
Leave to this scene the thoughtful Puritan;  
But Calvin's dogma shall my lips deride?  
In that stern faith my angel Mary died;—  
Or ask if mercy's milder creed can save,  
Sweet sister, risen from thy new-made grave?

True, the harsh founders of thy church reviled  
That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's child;  
Must thou be raking in the crumbled past  
For racks and faggots in her teeth to cast?  
See from the ashes of Helvetia's pile  
The whitened skull of old Servetus smile!  
Round her young heart thy "Romish Upas" threw  
Its firm, deep fibres, strengthening as she grew;  
Thy sneering voice may call them "Popish tricks,"—  
Her Latin prayers, her dangling crucifix,—  
But *De Profundis* blessed her father's grave;  
That "idol" cross her dying mother gave!

What if some angel looks with equal eyes  
On her and thee, the simple and the wise,  
Writes each dark fault against thy brighter creed,  
And drops a tear with every foolish bead!

Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's reeking page;  
Blush for the wrongs that stain thy happier age;  
Strive with the wanderer from the better path,  
Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath;  
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that fall,  
Have thine own faith,—but hope and pray for all!

Faith ; Conscience ; Love. A meaner task remains,  
 And humbler thoughts must creep in lowlier strains ;  
 Shalt thou be honest ? Ask the worldly schools,  
 And all will tell thee knaves are busier fools ;  
 Prudent ? Industrious ? Let not modern pens  
 Instruct " Poor Richard's " fellow-citizens.

Be firm ! One constant element in luck  
 Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck ;  
 See yon tall shaft ; it felt the earthquake's thrill,  
 Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

Stick to your aim ; the mongrel's hold will slip,  
 But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip ;  
 Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields  
 Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields !

Yet in opinions look not always back ;  
 Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track ;  
 Leave what you've done for what you have to do ;  
 Don't be " consistent," but be simply true.

Don't catch the fidgets ; you have found your place  
 Just in the focus of a nervous race,  
 Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,  
 Full of excitements, always in a fuss ;—  
 Think of the patriarchs ; then compare as men  
 These lean-checked maniacs of the tongue and pen !  
 Run, if you like, but try to keep 'your breath ;  
 Work like a man, but don't be worked to death ;  
 And with new notions,—let me change the rule,—  
 Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

Choose well your *set* ; our feeble nature seeks  
 The aid of clubs, the countenance of cliques ;

And with this object settle first of all  
 Your weight of mettle and your size of ball.  
 Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap,  
 Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep ;  
 The "real, genuine, no-mistake Tom Thumbs"  
 Are little people fed on great men's crumbs.

Yet keep no followers of that hateful brood  
 That basely mingles with its wholesome food  
 The tumid reptile, which, the poet said,  
 Doth wear a precious jewel in his head.

If the wild filly, "Progress," thou wouldst ride,  
 Have young companions ever at thy side ;  
 But, wouldst thou stride the stanch old mare,  
 "Success,"

Go with thine elders, though they please thee less.

Shun such as lounge through afternoons and eves,  
 And on thy dial write, "Beware of thieves !"  
 Felon of minutes, never taught to feel  
 The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal,  
 Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,  
 But spare the right,—it holds my golden time !

Does praise delight thee? Choose some *ultra* side ;  
 A sure old recipe, and often tried ;  
 Be its apostle, congressman, or bard,  
 Spokesman, or jokesman, only drive it hard ;  
 But know the forfeit which thy choice abides,  
 For on two wheels the poor reformer rides—  
 One black with epithets the *anti* throws,  
 One white with flattery painted by the *pros*.

Though books on MANNERS are not out of print,  
 An honest tongue may drop a harmless hint.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,  
 To spin your wordy fabric in the street ;  
 While you are emptying your colloquial pack,  
 The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.

Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome tale  
 Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale ;  
 Health is a subject for his child, his wife,  
 And the rude office that insures his life.

Look in his face, to meet thy neighbour's soul,  
 Not on his garments, to detect a hole ;  
 "How to observe," is what thy pages show,  
 Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Martineau !  
 Oh, what a precious book the one would be  
 That taught observers what they're *not* to see !

I tell in verse,—'twere better done in prose,—  
 One curious trick that everybody knows ;  
 Once form this habit, and it's very strange  
 How long it sticks, how hard it is to change.  
 Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,  
 Who meet, like others, every little while,  
 Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,  
 And "How d'ye do?" or "How's your uncle now?"  
 Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,  
 But slightly weak, and somewhat undefined,  
 Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,  
 Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand ;  
 Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,  
 Their meeting so was such a piece of luck ;  
 Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased  
 To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed ;  
 So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,  
 Both bored to death, and both afraid to go !

Your hat once lifted, do not hang your fire,  
 Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire ;  
 When your old castor on your crown you clap,  
 Go off ; you've mounted your percussion-cap.

Some words on LANGUAGE may be well applied,  
 And take them kindly, though they touch your  
 pride ;  
 Words lead to things ; a scale is more precise,—  
 Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking,  
 vice.

Our cold North-easter's icy fetter clips  
 The native freedom of the Saxon lips ;  
 See the brown peasant of the plastic South,  
 How all his passions play about his mouth !  
 With us, the feature that transmits the soul,  
 A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.  
 The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk  
 Tie the small muscles when he strives to talk ;  
 Not all the pumice of the polished town  
 Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down ;  
 Rich, honoured, titled, he betrays his race  
 By this one mark,—he's awkward in the face ;—  
 Nature's rude impress, long before he knew  
 The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,  
 We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue ;  
 But school and college often try in vain  
 To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain ;  
 One stubborn word will prove this axiom true,  
 No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.

A few brief stanzas may be well employed  
 To speak of errors we can all avoid.

Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope  
 The careless lips that speak of sōap for sōap ;  
 Her edict exiles from her fair abode  
 The clownish voice that utters rōad for rōad :  
 Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cōat,  
 And steers his bōat believing it a bōat,  
 She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,  
 Who said at Cambridge, mōst instead of mōst,  
 But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot  
 To hear a Teacher call a rōot a rōot.

Once more ; speak clearly, if you speak at all ;  
 Carve every word before you let it fall ;  
 Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,  
 Try over hard to rule the British R ;  
 Do put your accents in the proper spot ;  
 Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say "How?" for  
 "What?"  
 And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,  
 Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

From little matters let us pass to less,  
 And lightly touch the mysteries of DRESS ;  
 The outward forms the inner man reveal,—  
 We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.

I leave the broadcloth,—coats and all the rest,—  
 The dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys "vest,"  
 The things named "pants" in certain documents,  
 A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents ;"  
 One single precept might the whole condense :  
 Be sure your tailor is a man of sense ;  
 But add a little care, a decent pride,  
 And always err upon the sober side.



Three pairs of boots one pair of feet demands,  
 If polished daily by the owner's hands ;  
 If the dark menial's visit save from this,  
 Have twice the number, for he'll sometimes miss.  
 One pair for critics of the nicer sex,  
 Close in the instep's clinging circumflex,  
 Long, narrow, light ; the Gallic boot of love,  
 A kind of cross between a boot and glove.  
 Compact, but easy, strong, substantial, square,  
 Let native art compile the medium pair.  
 The third remains, and let your tasteful skill  
 Here show some relics of affection still ;  
 Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the tan,  
 No rough caoutchouc, no deformed brogan,  
 Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet,  
 Though yellow torrents gurgle through the street.

Wear seemly gloves ; not black, nor yet too light.  
 And least of all the pair that once was white ;  
 Let the dead party where you told your loves  
 Bury in peace its dead bouquets and gloves ;  
 Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,  
 But be a parent,—don't neglect your kids.

Have a good hat ; the secret of your looks  
 Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks ;  
 Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,  
 But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.  
 Does beauty slight you from her gay abodes ?  
 Like bright Apollo, you must take to *Rhoades*,—  
 Mount the new castor,—ice itself will melt ;  
 Boots, gloves, may fail ; the hat is always felt !

Be shy of breastpins ; plain, well-ironed white,  
 With small pearl buttons,—two of them in sight,—  
 Is always genuine, while your gems may pass,  
 Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass ;  
 But spurn those paltry Cisatlantic lies,  
 That round his breast the shabby rustic ties ;  
 Breathe not the name, profaned to hallow things,  
 The indignant laundress blushes when she brings !

Our freeborn race, averse to every check,  
 Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its *neck* ;  
 From the green prairie to the sea-girt town,  
 The whole wide nation turns its collars down.

The stately neck is manhood's manliest part ;  
 It takes the life-blood freshest from the heart ;  
 With short, curled ringlets close around it spread,  
 How light and strong it lifts the Grecian head !  
 Thine, fair Erechtheus of Minerva's wall ;—  
 Or thine, young athlete of the Louvre's hall,  
 Smooth as the pillar flashing in the sun  
 That filled the arena where thy wreaths were won,—  
 Firm as the band that clasps the antlered spoil,  
 Strained in the winding anaconda's coil !

I spare the contrast ; it were only kind  
 To be a little, nay, intensely blind :  
 Choose for yourself : I know it cuts your ear ;  
 I know the points will sometimes interfere ;  
 I know that often, like the filial John,  
 Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,  
 You show your features to the astonished town  
 With one side standing and the other down ;—  
 But, O my friend ! my favourite fellow-man !  
 If Nature made you on her modern plan,

Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,—  
 The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,—  
 With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,  
 Wear standing collars, were they made of tin !  
 And have a neck-cloth,—by the throat of Jove !  
 Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove !

The long-drawn lesson narrows to its close,  
 Chill, slender, slow, the dwindled current flows ;  
 Tired of the ripples on its feeble springs,  
 Once more the Muse unfolds her upward wings.

Land of my birth, with this unhallowed tongue,  
 Thy hopes, thy dangers, I perchance had sung ;  
 But who shall sing, in brutal disregard  
 Of all the essentials of the " native bard ?"

Lake, sea, shore, prairie, forest, mountain, fall,  
 His eye omnivorous must devour them all ;  
 The tallest summits and the broadest tides  
 His foot must compass with its giant strides,  
 Where Ocean thunders, where Missouri rolls,  
 And tread at once the tropics and the poles ;  
 His food all forms of earth, fire, water, air,  
 His home all space, his birthplace everywhere.

Some grave compatriot, having seen perhaps  
 The pictured page that goes in Worcester's Maps,  
 And read in earnest what was said in jest,  
 " Who drives fat oxen "—please to add the rest,—  
 Sprung the odd notion that the poet's dreams  
 Grow in the ratio of his hills and streams ;  
 And hence insisted that the aforesaid " bard,"  
 Pink of the future,—fancy's pattern-card,—

The babe of nature in the "giant West,"  
Must be of course her biggest and her best.

Oh when at length the expected bard shall come,  
Land of our pride, to strike thine echoes dumb,  
(And many a voice exclaims in prose and rhyme,  
"It's getting late, and he's behind his time,")  
When all thy mountains clap their hands in joy,  
And all thy cataracts thunder, "That's the boy,"—  
Say if with him the reign of song shall end,  
And Heaven declare its final dividend?

Be calm, dear brother, whose impassioned strain  
Comes from an alley watered by a drain;  
The little Mincio, dribbling to the Po,  
Beats all the epics of the Hoang Ho;  
If loved in earnest by the tuneful maid,  
Don't mind their nonsense,—never be afraid!

The nurse of poets feeds her winged brood  
By common firesides, on familiar food;  
In a low hamlet, by a narrow stream,  
Where bovine rustics used to doze and dream,  
She filled young William's fiery fancy full,  
While old John Shakespeare talked of beeves and  
wool!

No Alpine needle, with its climbing spire,  
Brings down for mortals the Promethean fire,  
If careless nature have forgot to frame  
An altar worthy of the sacred flame.

Unblest by any save the goatherd's lines,  
Mont Blanc rose soaring through his "sea of  
pines;"

In vain the rivers from their ice-caves flash ;  
 No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des Vaches,  
 Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,  
 Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,  
 And lo! the glaciers found at length a tongue,  
 Mont Blanc was vocal! and Chamouni sung!

Children of wealth or want, to each is given  
 One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven!  
 Enough, if these their outward shows impart;  
 The rest is thine,—the scenery of the heart.

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,  
 Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they flow;  
 If with thy verse thy strength and bloom distil,  
 Drained by the pulses of the fevered thrill;  
 If sound's sweet effluence polarise thy brain,  
 And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid strain,—  
 Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,  
 Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's gloom,  
 Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy line;  
 Thy own broad signet stamps thy song divine!

Let others gaze where silvery streams are rolled,  
 And chase the rainbow for its cup of gold;  
 To thee all landscapes wear a heavenly dye,  
 Changed in the glance of thy prismatic eye;  
 Nature evoked thee in sublimer throes,  
 For thee her inmost Arethusa flows,—  
 The mighty mother's living depths are stirred,—  
 Thou art the starred Osiris of the herd!

A few brief lines; they touch on solemn chords,  
 And hearts may leap to hear their honest words;  
 Yet, ere the jarring bugle-blast is blown,  
 The softer lyre shall breathe its soothing tone.

New England ! proudly may thy children claim  
 Their honoured birthright by its humblest name !  
 Cold are thy skies, but, ever fresh and clear,  
 No rank malaria stains thine atmosphere ;  
 No fungous weeds invade thy scanty soil,  
 Scarred by the ploughshares of unslumbering toil.  
 Long may the doctrines by thy sages taught,  
 Raised from the quarries where their sires have  
     wrought,  
 Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed land,—  
 As slow to rear, as obdurate to stand :  
 And as the ice, that leaves thy crystal mine,  
 Chills the fierce alcohol in the Creole's wine,  
 So may the doctrines of thy sober school  
 Keep the hot theories of thy neighbours cool !

If ever, trampling on her ancient path,  
 Cankered by treachery, or inflamed by wrath,  
 With smooth " Resolves," or with discordant cries,  
 The mad Briareus of disunion rise,  
 Chiefs of New England ! by your sires' renown,  
 Dash the red torches of the rebel down !  
 Flood his black hearthstone till its flames expire,  
 Though your old Sachem fanned his council-fire !

But if at last—her fading cycle run—  
 The tongue must forfeit what the arm has won,  
 Then rise, wild Ocean, roll thy surging shock  
 Full on old Plymouth's desecrated rock !  
 Scale the proud shaft degenerate hands have hewn,  
 Where bleeding Valour stained the flowers of June !  
 Sweep in one tide her spires and turrets down,  
 And howl her dirge above Monadnock's crown !

List not the tale ; the Pilgrim's hallowed shore,  
 Though strewn with weeds, is granite at the core ;  
 Oh rather trust that He who made her free  
 Will keep her true, 'as long as faith shall be !

Farewell ! Yet lingering through the destined hour,  
 Leave, sweet Enchantress, one memorial flower !

An Angel, floating o'er the waste of snow  
 That clad our Western desert, long ago,  
 (The same fair spirit, who, unseen by day,  
 Shone as a star along the Mayflower's way,)  
 Sent, the first herald of the Heavenly plan,  
 To choose on earth a resting-place for man,—  
 Tired with his flight along the unvaried field,  
 Turned to soar upwards, when his glance revealed  
 A calm, bright bay, enclosed in rocky bounds,  
 And at its entrance stood three sister mounds.

The Angel spake : " This threefold hill shall be  
 The home of Arts, the nurse of Liberty !  
 One stately summit from its shaft shall pour  
 Its deep-red blaze along the darkened shore ;  
 Emblem of thoughts, that, kindling far and wide,  
 In danger's night shall be a nation's guide.  
 One swelling crest the citadel shall crown,  
 Its slanted bastions black with battle's frown,  
 And bid the sons that tread its scowling heights  
 Bare their strong arms for man and all his rights !  
 One silent steep along the northern wave  
 Shall hold the patriarch's and the hero's grave ;  
 When fades the torch, when o'er the peaceful scene  
 The embattled fortress smiles in living green,  
 The cross of Faith, the anchor staff of Hope,  
 Shall stand eternal on its glassy slope ;

There through all time shall faithful Memory tell,  
 ' Here Virtue toiled, and Patriot Valour fell ;  
 Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side ;  
 Live as they lived, or perish as they died ! ' ”



### AN AFTER-DINNER POEM.<sup>1</sup>

(TERPSICHORE.)

IN narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,  
 In closest frock and Cinderella shoes,  
 Bound to the footlights for thy brief display,  
 One zephyr step, and then dissolve away !

Short is the space that gods and men can spare  
 To Song's twin brother when she is not there.  
 Let others water every lusty line,  
 As Homer's heroes did their purple wine ;  
 Pierian revellers ! Know in strains like these  
 The native juice, the real honest squeeze, —  
 Strains that, diluted to the twentieth power,  
 In yon grave temple might have filled an hour.  
 Small room for Fancy's many-chorded lyre,  
 For Wit's bright rockets with their trains of fire,  
 For Pathos, struggling vainly to surprise  
 The iron tutor's tear-denying eyes,  
 For Mirth, whose finger with delusive wile  
 Turns the grim key of many a rusty smile,

<sup>1</sup> Read at the Annual Dinner of the Φ B K Society, at Cambridge, August 24, 1843.



For Satire, emptying his corrosive flood  
On hissing Folly's gas-exhaling brood,  
The pun, the fun, the moral and the joke,  
The hit, the thrust, the pugilistic poke,—  
Small space for these, so pressed by niggard Time,  
Like that false matron, known to nursery rhyme,—  
Insidious Morey,—scarce her tale begun,  
Ere listening infants weep the story done.

Oh had we room to rip the mighty bags  
That Time, the harlequin, has stuffed with rags?  
Grant us one moment to unloose the strings,  
While the old graybeard shuts his leather wings.  
But what a heap of motley trash appears  
Crammed in the bundles of successive years!  
As the lost rustic on some festal day  
Stares through the concourse in its vast array,—  
Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,  
All stuck together like a sheet of buns,—  
And throws the bait of some unheeded name,  
Or shoots a wink with most uncertain aim,  
So roams my vision, wandering over all,  
And strives to choose, but knows not where to fall.

Skins of flayed authors,—husks of dead reviews,—  
The turn-coat's clothes,—the office-seeker's shoes,—  
Scraps from cold feasts, where conversation runs  
Through mouldy toasts to oxidated puns,  
And grating songs a listening crowd endures,  
Rasped from the throats of bellowing amateurs;—  
Sermons, whose writers played such dangerous tricks  
Their own heresiarchs called them heretics  
(Strange that one term such distant poles should link,  
The Priestleyan's copper and the Puseyan's zinc);—

Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs  
 A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,  
 Where all the syllables that end in *éd*,  
 Like old dragoons, have cuts across the head ;—  
 Essays so dark Champollion might despair  
 To guess what mummy of a thought was there,  
 Where our poor English, striped with foreign phrase,  
 Looks like a zebra in a parson's chaise ;—  
 Lectures that cut our dinners down to roots,  
 Or prove (by monkeys) men should stick to fruits ;  
 Delusive error,—as at trifling charge  
 Professor Gripes will certify at large ;—  
 Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,  
 Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel ;—  
 And figured heads, whose hieroglyphs invite  
 To wandering knaves that discount fools at sight ;—  
 Such things as these, with heaps of unpaid bills,  
 And candy puffs and homœopathic pills,  
 And ancient bell-crowns with contracted rim,  
 And bonnets hideous with expanded brim,  
 And coats whose memory turns the sartor pale,  
 Their sequels tapering like a lizard's tail ;—  
 How might we spread them to the smiling day,  
 And toss them, fluttering like the new-mown hay,  
 To laughter's light or sorrow's pitying shower,  
 Were these brief minutes lengthened to an hour.

The narrow moments fit like Sunday shoes,  
 How vast the heap, how quickly must we choose ;  
 A few small scraps from out his mountain mass  
 We snatch in haste, and let the vagrant pass.

This shrunken CRUST that Cerberus could not bite,  
 Stamped (in one corner) " Pickwick copyright,"

Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flattery's yeast,  
Was once a loaf, and helped to make a feast.  
He for whose sake the glittering show appears  
Has sown the world with laughter and with tears,  
And they whose welcome wets the bumper's brim  
Have wit and wisdom,—for they all quote him.  
So, many a tongue the evening hour prolongs  
With spangled speeches,—let alone the songs,—  
Statesmen grow merry, lean attorneys laugh,  
And weak teetotals warm to half-and-half,  
And beardless Tullys, new to festive scenes,  
Cut their first crop of youth's precocious greens,  
And wits stand ready for impromptu claps,  
With loaded barrels and percussion-caps,  
And Pathos, cantering through the minor keys,  
Waves all her onions to the trembling breeze ;  
While the great Feasted views with silent glee  
His scattered limbs in Yankee fricassee.

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays  
The pleasing game of interchanging praise ;  
Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,  
Is ever pliant to the master's art ;  
Soothed with a word, she peacefully withdraws  
And sheathes in velvet her obnoxious claws,  
And thrills the hand that smoothes her glossy fur  
With the light tremor of her grateful purr.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall  
If on her back a feline rival fall ;  
And oh, what noises shake the tranquil house  
If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse !

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,  
 Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise ;  
 But, if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,  
 Off goes the velvet and out come the claws !  
 And thou, Illustrious ! but too poorly paid  
 In toasts from Pickwick for thy great crusade,  
 Though, while the echoes laboured with thy name,  
 The public trap denied thy little game,  
 Let other lips our jealous laws revile,—  
 The marble Talfourd or the rude Carlyle,—  
 But on thy lids, which Heaven forbids to close  
 Where'er the light of kindly nature glows,  
 Let not the dollars that a churl denies  
 Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's eyes !  
 Or, if thou wilt, be more discreetly blind,  
 Nor ask to see all wide extremes combined.  
 Not in our wastes the dainty blossoms smile  
 That crowd the gardens of thy scanty isle.  
 There white-cheeked Luxury weaves a thousand  
 charms ;—

Here sun-browned Labour swings his naked arms,  
 Long are the furrows he must trace between  
 The ocean's azure and the prairie's green ;  
 Full many a blank his destined realm displays,  
 Yet see the promise of his riper days :  
 Far through yon depths the panting engine moves,  
 His chariots ringing in their steel-shod grooves ;  
 And Erie's naiad flings her diamond wave  
 O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant cave !  
 While tasks like these employ his anxious hours,  
 What if his cornfields are not edged with flowers ?  
 Though bright as silver the meridian beams  
 Shine through the crystal of thine English streams,

Turbid and dark the mighty wave is whirled  
That drains our Andes and divides a world !

But lo ! a PARCHMENT ! Surely it would seem  
The sculptured impress speaks of power supreme !  
Some grave design the solemn page must claim  
That shows so broadly an emblazoned name ;  
A sovereign's promise ! Look, the lines afford  
All Honour gives when Caution asks his word :  
Their sacred Faith has laid her snow-white hands,  
And awful Justice knit her iron bands ;  
Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's dye,  
And every letter crusted with a lie.  
Alas ! no treason has degraded yet  
The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet ;  
A simple right, that bears the wanderer's pledge,  
Blunts the keen shaft and turns the dagger's edge ;—  
While jockeying senates stop to sign and seal,  
And freeborn statesmen legislate to steal.  
Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas load,  
Turn thy proud eye to Freedom's blest abode,  
And round her forehead, wreathed with heavenly  
flame,  
Bind the dark garland of her daughter's shame !  
Ye ocean clouds, that wrap the angry blast,  
Coil her stained ensign round its haughty mast,  
Or tear the fold that wears so foul a scar,  
And drive a bolt through every blackened star !

Once more,—once only,—we must stop so soon,—  
What have we here ? A GERMAN-SILVER SPOON ;  
A cheap utensil, which we often see  
Used by the dabblers in æsthetic tea,

Of slender fabric, somewhat light and thin,  
 Made of mixed metal, chiefly lead and tin ;  
 The bowl is shallow, and the handle small,  
 Marked in large letters, with the name JEAN PAUL.  
 Small as it is, its powers are passing strange,  
 For all who use it show a wondrous change ;  
 And first, a fact to make the barbers stare,  
 It beats Macassar for the growth of hair ;  
 See those small youngsters whose expansive ears,  
 Maternal kindness grazed with frequent shears ;  
 Each bristling crop a dangling mass becomes,  
 And all the spoonies turn to Absaloms !  
 Nor this alone its magic power displays,  
 It alters strangely all their works and ways ;  
 With uncouth words they tire their tender lungs,  
 The same bald phrases on their hundred tongues ;  
 " Ever " " The Ages " in their page appear,  
 " Alway " the bedlamite is called a " Seer ;"  
 On every leaf the " earnest " sage may scan,  
 Portentous bore ! their " many-sided " man,—  
 A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,  
 Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,  
 Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,  
 Who rides a beetle, which he calls a " Sphinx."  
 And oh what questions asked in clubfoot rhyme  
 Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-mute Time !  
 Here babbling " Insight " shouts in Nature's ears  
 His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres ;  
 There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,  
 With " Whence am I ? " and " Wherefore did I  
     come ? "  
 Deluded infants ! will they ever know  
 Some doubts must darken o'er the world below,

Though all the Platos of the nursery trail  
Their "clouds of glory" at the go-cart's tail?  
Oh might these couplets their attention claim,  
That gain their author the Philistine's name ;  
(A stubborn race, that, spurning foreign law,  
Was much belaboured with an ass's jaw !)

Melodious Laura ! From the sad retreats  
That hold thee, smothered with excess of sweets,  
Shade of a shadow, spectre of a dream,  
Glance thy wan eye across the Stygian stream !  
The slip-shod dreamer treads thy fragrant halls  
The sophist's cobwebs hang thy roseate walls,  
And o'er the crotchets of thy jingling tunes  
The bard of mystery scrawls his crooked "runes."  
Yes, thou art gone, with all the tuneful hordes  
That candied thoughts in amber-coloured words,  
And in the precincts of thy late abodes  
The clattering verse-wright hammers Orphic odes.  
Thou, soft as zephyr, was content to fly  
On the gilt pinions of a balmy sigh ;  
He, vast as Phœbus on his burning wheels,  
Would stride through ether at Orion's heels ;  
Thy emblem, Laura, was a perfume-jar,  
And thine, young Orpheus, is a pewter star ;  
The balance trembles,—be its verdict told  
When the new jargon slumbers with the old !

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Cease, playful goddess ! From thine airy bound  
Drop like a feather softly to the ground ;  
This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,  
And there is mischief in thy kindling glance.

To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking frown,  
Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made gown,  
Too blest by fortune, if the passing day  
Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,  
But oh still happier if the next forgets  
Thy daring steps and dangerous pirouettes !



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

FROM "THE COLLEGIAN," 1830, ILLUSTRATED  
ANNUALS, ETC.

"Nescit vox missa reverti."—HORAT. *Ars Poetica*.  
"Ab iis quæ non adjuvant quam mollissime oportet pedem  
referre."—QUINTILIAN, l. vi. c. 4.



### THE MEETING OF THE DRYADS.<sup>1</sup>

It was not many centuries since,  
When, gathered on the moonlight green,  
Beneath the Tree of Liberty,  
A ring of weeping sprites was seen.

The freshman's lamp had long been dim,  
The voice of busy day was mute,  
And tortured Melody had ceased  
Her sufferings on the evening flute.

They met not as they once had met,  
To laugh o'er many a jocund tale :  
But every pulse was beating low,  
And every cheek was cold and pale.

There rose a fair but faded one,  
Who oft had cheered them with her song ;

<sup>1</sup> Written after a general pruning of the trees around  
Harvard College.

She waved a mutilated arm,  
And silence held the listening throng.

"Sweet friends," the gentle nymph began,  
"From opening bud to withering leaf,  
One common lot has bound us all,  
In every change of joy and grief.

"While all around has felt decay,  
We rose in ever-living prime,  
With broader shade and fresher green,  
Beneath the crumbling step of Time.

"When often by our feet has past  
Some biped, Nature's walking whim,  
Say, have we trimmed one awkward shape,  
Or lopped away one crooked limb?

"Go on, fair Science ; soon to thee  
Shall Nature yield her idle boast ;  
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,  
But thou hast trained it to a post.

"Go, paint the birch's silver rind,  
And quilt the peach with softer down ;  
Up with the willow's trailing threads,  
Off with the sunflower's radiant crown !

"Go, plant the lily on the shore,  
And set the rose among the waves ;  
And bid the tropic bud unbind  
Its silken zone in arctic caves ;

"Bring bellows for the panting winds,  
Hang up a lantern by the moon,  
And give the nightingale a fife,  
And lend the eagle a balloon!

"I cannot smile,—the tide of scorn,  
That rolled through every bleeding vein,  
Comes kindling fiercer as it flows  
Back to its burning source again.

"Again in every quivering leaf  
That moment's agony I feel,  
When limbs, that spurned the northern blast,  
Shrank from the sacrilegious steel.

"A curse upon the wretch who dared  
To crop us with his felon saw!  
May every fruit his lip shall taste  
Lie like a bullet in his maw.

"In every julep that he drinks  
May gout, and bile, and headache be;  
And when he strives to calm his pain,  
May colic mingle with his tea.

"May nightshade cluster round his path,  
And thistles shoot, and brambles cling;  
May blistering ivy scorch his veins,  
And dogwood burn, and nettles sting.

"On him may never shadow fall  
When fever racks his throbbing brow,  
And his last shilling buy a rope  
To hang him on my highest bough!"

She spoke ;—the morning's herald beam  
 Sprang from the bosom of the sea,  
 And every mangled sprite returned  
 In sadness to her wounded tree.<sup>1</sup>



### *THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.*

THERE was a sound of hurrying feet,  
 A tramp on echoing stairs,  
 There was a rush along the aisles,—  
 It was the hour of prayers.

And on, like Ocean's midnight wave,  
 The current rolled along,  
 When, suddenly, a stranger form  
 Was seen amidst the throng.

He was a dark and swarthy man,  
 That uninvited guest ;  
 A faded coat of bottle-green  
 Was buttoned round his breast.

There was not one among them all  
 Could say from whence he came ;  
 Nor beardless boy, nor ancient man,  
 Could tell that stranger's name.

<sup>1</sup> A little poem, on a similar occasion, may be found in the works of Swift, from which, perhaps, the idea was borrowed ; although I was as much surprised as amused to meet with it some time after writing the preceding lines.

All silent as the sheeted dead,  
In spite of sneer and frown,  
Fast by a gray-haired senior's side  
He sat him boldly down.

There was a look of horror flashed  
From out the tutor's eyes ;  
When all around him rose to pray,  
The stranger did not rise !

A murmur broke along the crowd,  
The prayer was at an end ;  
With ringing heels and measured tread  
A hundred forms descend.

Through sounding aisle, o'er grating stair,  
The long procession poured,  
Till all were gathered on the seats  
Around the Commons board.

That fearful stranger ! down he sat,  
Unasked, yet undismayed ;  
And on his lip a rising smile  
Of scorn or pleasure played.

He took his hat and hung it up,  
With slow but earnest air ;  
He stripped his coat from off his back,  
And placed it on a chair.

Then from the nearest neighbour's side  
A knife and plate he drew ;  
And, reaching out his hand again,  
He took his teacup too.

How fled the sugar from the bowl!  
How sunk the azure cream!  
They vanished like the shapes that float  
Upon a summer's dream.

A long, long draught,—an outstretched hand,—  
And crackers, toast, and tea,  
They faded from the stranger's touch  
Like dew upon the sea.

Then clouds were dark on many a brow,  
Fear sat upon their souls,  
And in a bitter agony  
They clasped their buttered rolls.

A whisper trembled through the crowd,—  
Who could the stranger be?  
And some were silent, for they thought  
A cannibal was he.

What if the creature should arise,—  
For he was stout and tall,—  
And swallow down a sophomore,  
Coat, crow's-foot, cap, and all!

All sullenly the stranger rose;  
They sat in mute despair;  
He took his hat from off the peg,  
His coat from off the chair.

Four freshmen fainted on the seat,  
Six swooned upon the floor;  
Yet on the fearful being passed,  
And shut the chapel door.

There is full many a starving man  
That walks in bottle green,  
But never more that hungry one  
In Commons-hall was seen.

Yet often at the sunset hour,  
When tolls the evening bell,  
The freshman lingers on the steps,  
That frightful tale to tell.



### THE TOADSTOOL.

THERE'S a thing that grows by the fainting flower,  
And springs in the shade of the lady's bower ;  
The lily shrinks, and the rose turns pale,  
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,  
And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,  
And the blue-eyed violet starts aside ;  
But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip stare,  
For what does the honest toadstool care ?

She does not glow in a painted vest,  
And she never blooms on the maiden's breast ;  
But she comes, as the saintly sisters do,  
In a modest suit of a Quaker hue.  
And, when the stars in the evening skies  
Are weeping dew from their gentle eyes,  
The toad comes out from his hermit cell,  
The tale of his faithful love to tell.

Oh there is light in her lover's glance,  
That flies to her heart like a silver lance ;

His breeches are made of spotted skin,  
 His jacket is tight, and his pumps are thin ;  
 In a cloudless night you may hear his song,  
 As its pensive melody floats along,  
 And, if you will look by the moonlight fair,  
 The trembling form of the toad is there.

And he twines his arms round her slender stem,  
 In the shade of her velvet diadem ;  
 But she turns away in her maiden shame,  
 And will not breathe on the kindling flame ;  
 He sings at her feet through the livelong night,  
 And creeps to his cave at the break of light ;  
 And whenever he comes to the air above,  
 His throat is swelling with baffled love.

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*THE SPECTRE PIG.*

A BALLAD.

IT was the stalwart butcher man,  
 That knit his swarthy brow,  
 And said the gentle Pig must die,  
 And sealed it with a vow.

And oh ! it was the gentle Pig  
 Lay stretched upon the ground,  
 And ah ! it was the cruel knife  
 His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,  
 They trailed him all along ;



They put a stick between his lips,  
And through his heels a thong ;  
And round and round an oaken beam  
A hempen cord they flung,  
And, like a mighty pendulum,  
All solemnly he swung !

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,  
And think what thou hast done,  
And read thy catechism well,  
Thou bloody-minded one ;

For if his sprite should walk by night,  
It better were for thee,  
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,  
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,  
That made a mock of sin,  
And swore a very wicked oath,  
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,—  
His voice was broke with sighs,  
And with his pocket-handkerchief  
He wiped his little eyes ;

All young and ignorant was he,  
But innocent and mild,  
And, in his soft simplicity,  
Out spoke the tender child :—

“O father, father, list to me ;  
The Pig is deadly sick,  
And men have hung him by his heels,  
And fed him with a stick.”

It was the bloody butcher then,  
 That laughed as he would die,  
 Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,  
 And bid him not to cry ;—

“ O Nathan, Nathan, what's a Pig,  
 That thou shouldst weep and wail?  
 Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,  
 And thou shalt have his tail ! ”

It was the butcher's daughter then,  
 So slender and so fair,  
 That sobbed as if her heart would break,  
 And tore her yellow hair ;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—  
 Fast fell the tear-drops big ;—

“ Ah ! woe is me ! Alas ! Alas !  
 The Pig ! The Pig ! The Pig ! ”

Then did her wicked father's lips  
 Make merry with her woe,  
 And call her many a naughty name  
 Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,  
 In vain your tears are shed,  
 Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,  
 Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast  
 His robes of rosy flame,  
 And softly over all the west  
 The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs  
Were busy with his dreams ;  
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,  
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve ; the Dead hath heard ;  
He opened both his eyes,  
And sullenly he shook his tail  
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord,—  
One struggle and one bound,—  
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,  
The Pig was on the ground !

And straight towards the sleeper's house  
His fearful way he wended ;  
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,  
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,  
And open swung the door,  
And little mincing feet were heard  
Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,  
And two upon the bed ;  
And they are breathing side by side,  
The living and the dead !

“ Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man !  
What makes thy cheek so pale ?  
Take hold ! take hold ! thou dost not fear  
To clasp a spectre's tail ? ”

Untwisted every winding coil ;  
 The shuddering wretch took hold,  
 All like an icicle it seemed,  
 So tapering and so cold.

“ Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man !”—  
 He strives to loose his grasp,  
 But, faster than the clinging vine,  
 Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open swung the door,  
 And, fleeter than the wind,  
 The shadowy spectre swept before,  
 The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,  
 And morn rose faint and dim ;  
 They called full loud, they knocked full long,  
 They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam,  
 A trampled pathway ran ;  
 A ghastly shape was swinging there,—  
 It was the butcher man.



### TO A CAGED LION.

POOR conquered monarch ! though that haughty  
 glance  
 Still speaks thy courage unsubdued by time,  
 And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread  
 Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime ;—

Fettered by things that shudder at thy roar,  
Torn from thy pathless wilds to pace this narrow  
floor!

Thou wast the victor, and all nature shrunk  
Before the thunders of thine awful wrath ;  
The steel-armed hunter viewed thee from afar,  
Fearless and trackless in thy lonely path !  
The famished tiger closed his flaming eye,  
And crouched and panted as thy step went by !

Thou art the vanquished, and insulting man  
Bars thy broad bosom as a sparrow's wing ;  
His nerveless arms thine iron sinews bind,  
And lead in chains the desert's fallen king ;  
Are these the beings that have dared to twine  
Their feeble threads around those limbs of thine ?

So must it be ; the weaker, wiser race,  
That wilds the tempest and that rides the sea,  
Even in the stillness of thy solitude  
Must teach the lesson of its power to thee ;  
And thou, the terror of the trembling wild,  
Must bow thy savage strength, the mockery of a  
child !

---

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE sun stepped down from his golden throne,  
And lay in the silent sea,  
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,  
For a sleepy thing was she ;

What is the Lily dreaming of?  
Why crisp the waters blue?  
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid!  
Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek  
In the lap of the breathless tide;—  
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,  
That would lie by the Rose's side;  
He would love her better than all the rest,  
And he would be fond and true;  
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,  
And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,  
How fast will thy summer glide,  
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,  
Or flourish a blooming bride?  
"Oh the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,  
And he lives on earth," said she;  
"But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,  
And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud should come,  
And ruffle the silver sea?  
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,  
To smile on a thing like thee?  
Oh no, fair Lily, he will not send  
One ray from his far-off throne;  
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,  
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,  
Nor a drop of evening dew,

Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,  
 Nor a pearl in the waters blue,  
 That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,  
 And warmed with his faithless beam,—  
 And will he be true to a pallid flower,  
 That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas for the Lily! she would not heed,  
 But turned to the skies afar,  
 And bared her breast to the trembling ray  
 That shot from the rising star;  
 The cloud came over the darkened sky,  
 And over the waters wide:  
 She looked in vain through the beating rain,  
 And sank in the stormy tide.

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*ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.*

“A SPANISH GIRL IN REVERIE.”

SHE twirled the string of golden beads,  
 That round her neck was hung,—  
 My grandsire's gift; the good old man  
 Loved girls when he was young;  
 And, bending lightly o'er the cord,  
 And turning half away,  
 With something like a youthful sigh,  
 Thus spoke the maiden gray:—

“Well, one may trail her silken robe,  
 And bind her locks with pearls,  
 And one may wreathe the woodland rose  
 Among her floating curls;

And one may tread the dewy grass,  
 And one the marble floor,  
 Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,  
 Nor broidered corset more !

“Some years ago, a dark-eyed girl  
 Was sitting in the shade,—  
 There's something brings her to my mind  
 In that young dreaming maid,—  
 And in her hand she held a flower,  
 A flower, whose speaking hue  
 Said, in the language of the heart,  
 ‘Believe the giver true.’

“And, as she looked upon its leaves,  
 The maiden made a vow  
 To wear it when the bridal wreath  
 Was woven for her brow ;  
 She watched the flower, as, day by day,  
 The leaflets curled and died ;  
 But he who gave it never came  
 To claim her for his bride.

“Oh many a summer's morning glow  
 Has lent the rose its ray,  
 And many a winter's drifting snow  
 Has swept its bloom away ;  
 But she has kept that faithless pledge  
 To this, her winter hour,  
 And keeps it still, herself alone,  
 And wasted like the flower.”

Her pale lip quivered, and the light  
 Gleamed in her moistening eyes ;—



I asked her how she liked the tints  
 In those Castilian skies?  
 "She thought them misty,—'twas perhaps  
 Because she stood too near;"  
 She turned away, and as she turned  
 I saw her wipe a tear.



### A ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

THE sun-browned girl, whose limbs recline  
 When noon her languid hand has laid  
 Hot on the green flakes of the pine,  
 Beneath its narrow disc of shade;

As, through the flickering noontide glare,  
 She gazes on the rainbow chain  
 Of arches, lifting once in air  
 The rivers of the Roman's plain;—

Say, does her wandering eye recall  
 The mountain-current's icy wave,—  
 Or for the dead one tear let fall,  
 Whose founts are broken by their grave?

From stone to stone the ivy weaves  
 Her braided tracery's winding veil,  
 And lacing stalks and tangled leaves  
 Nod heavy in the drowsy gale.

And lightly floats the pendent vine,  
 That swings beneath her slender bow,  
 Arch answering arch,—whose rounded line  
 Seems mirrored in the wreath below.

How patient Nature smiles at Fame !  
 The weeds, that strewed the victor's way,  
 Feed on his dust to shroud his name,  
 Green where his proudest towers decay.

See, through that channel, empty now,  
 The scanty rain its tribute pours,—  
 Which cooled the lip and laved the brow  
 Of conquerors from a hundred shores.

Thus bending o'er the nation's bier,  
 Whose wants the captive earth supplied,  
 The dew of Memory's passing tear  
 Falls on the arches of her pride !



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generali  
**FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE**  
**JOURNAL.**

SWEET Mary, I have never breathed  
 The love it were in vain to name ;  
 Though round my heart a serpent wreathed,  
 I smiled, or strove to smile, the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows  
 With faster throb and fresher fire,  
 While music round her pathway flows,  
 Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share  
 The glories of the earth and sky ?  
 The eagle through the pathless air  
 Is followed by one burning eye.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Ah no ! the cradled flowers may wake,  
 Again may flow the frozen sea,  
 From every cloud a star may break,—  
 There comes no second Spring to me.

Go,—ere the painted toys of youth  
 Are crushed beneath the tread of years ;  
 Ere visions have been chilled to truth,  
 And hopes are washed away in tears.

Go,—for I will not bid thee weep,—  
 Too soon my sorrows will be thine,  
 And evening's troubled air shall sweep  
 The incense from the broken shrine.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone  
 Of chords that soon will cease to thrill,  
 The prayer that Heaven has heard alone  
 May bless thee when those chords are still.

UNTA DE ANDALUCIA



LA GRISETTE.

Al! Clemence ! when I saw thee last  
 Trip down the Rue de Seine,  
 And turning, when thy form had past,  
 I said, " We meet again,"—  
 I dreamed not in that idle glance  
 Thy latest image came,  
 And only left to memory's trance  
 A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught  
 Thy timid voice to speak,  
 Their gentler signs, which often brought  
 Fresh roses to thy cheek,  
 The trailing of thy long loose hair  
 Bent o'er my couch of pain,  
 All, all returned, more sweet, more fair ;  
 Oh had we met again !

I walked where saint and virgin keep  
 The vigil lights of Heaven,  
 I knew that thou hadst woes to weep.  
 And sins to be forgiven ;  
 I watched where Genevieve was laid,  
 I knelt by Mary's shrine,  
 Beside me low, soft voices prayed ;  
 Alas ! but where was thine ?

And when the morning sun was bright,  
 When wind and wave were calm,  
 And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,  
 The rose of Notre Dame,  
 I wandered through the haunts of men,  
 From Boulevard to Quai,  
 Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,  
 The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain ; we meet no more.  
 Nor dream what fates befall ;  
 And long upon the stranger's shore  
 My voice on thee may call,

When years have clothed the line in moss  
 That tells thy name and days,  
 And withered, on thy simple cross,  
 The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise !

---

OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

LET greener lands and bluer skies,  
 If such the wide earth shows,  
 With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,  
 Match us the star and rose ;  
 The winds that lift the Georgian's veil ;  
 Or wave Circassia's curls,  
 Waft to their shores the sultan's sail,—  
 Who buys our Yankee girls ?  
 The gay griseat, whose fingers touch  
 Love's thousand chords so well ;  
 The dark Italian, loving much,  
 But more than *one* can tell ;  
 And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,  
 Who binds her brow' with pearls ;—  
 Ye who have seen them, can they shame  
 Our own sweet Yankee girls ?  
 And what if court or castle vaunt  
 Its children loftier born ?—  
 Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt  
 Beside the golden corn ?  
 They ask not for the dainty toil  
 Of ribboned knights and earls,  
 The daughters of the virgin soil,  
 Our freeborn Yankee girls !

By every hill whose stately pines  
 Wave their dark arms above  
 The home where some fair being shines,  
 To warm the wilds with love,  
 From barest rock to bleakest shore  
 Where farthest sail unfurls,  
 That stars and stripes are streaming o'er,—  
 God bless our Yankee girls!

—♦—

*L'INCONNUE.*

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?  
 Such should, methinks, its music be;  
 The sweetest name that mortals bear  
 Were best befitting thee;  
 And she to whom it once was given,  
 Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,  
 I look upon thy folded hair;  
 Ah! while we dream not they beguile,  
 Our hearts are in the snare;  
 And she who chains a wild bird's wing  
 Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,  
 To all but thee unseen, unknown;  
 When evening shades thy silent walls,  
 Then read it all alone;  
 In stillness read, in darkness seal,  
 Forget, despise, but not reveal!

## STANZAS.

STRANGE! that one lightly whispered tone  
 Is far, far sweeter unto me,  
 Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
 Or breathe along the sea;  
 But, lady, when thy voice I greet,  
 Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,  
 And naught but empty air I see;  
 But when I turn me to thine eyes,  
 It seemeth unto me  
 Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
 Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf  
 That ever western breeze hath fanned,  
 But thou shalt have the tender flower,  
 So I may take thy hand;  
 That little hand to me doth yield  
 More joy than all the broidered field.

O lady! there be many things  
 That seem right fair, below, above;  
 But sure not one among them all  
 Is half so sweet as love;—  
 Let us not pay our vows alone,  
 But join two altars both in one.



*LINES BY A CLERK.*

OH ! I did love her dearly,  
And gave her toys and rings,  
And I thought she meant sincerely,  
When she took my pretty things.  
But her heart has grown as icy  
As a fountain in the fall,  
And her love, that was so spicy,  
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,  
It was filled with my own hair,  
And she put it in her pocket  
With very special care.  
But a jeweller has got it,—  
He offered it to me,  
And another that is not it  
Around her neck I see.


For my cooings and my billings  
I do not now complain,  
But my dollars and my shillings  
Will never come again ;  
They were earned with toil and sorrow,  
But I never told her that,  
And now I have to borrow,  
And want another hat.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,  
When thou shalt hear my woe,  
And know my sad dilemma,  
That thou hast made it so.



See, see my beaver rusty,  
Look, look upon this hole,  
This coat is dim and dusty ;  
Oh let it rend thy soul !

Before the gates of fashion  
I daily bent my knee,  
But I sought the shrine of passion,  
And found my idol,—thee.  
Though never love intenser  
Had bowed a soul before it,  
Thine eye was on the censor,  
And not the hand that bore it.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA  
COMUNIDAD DE ANDALUCÍA

**THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.**

DEAREST, a look is but a ray  
Reflected in a certain way ;  
A word, whatever tone it wear,  
Is but a trembling wave of air ;  
A touch, obedience to a clause  
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,  
In sweetening others, grow more sweet ;  
The clouds by day, the stars by night,  
Inweave their floating locks of light ;  
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,  
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found !  
How wide the world that girds them round !  
Like mountain streams we meet and part,  
Each living in the other's heart,  
Our course unknown, our hope to be  
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But Ocean coils and heavens in vain,  
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain ;  
And love and hope do but obey  
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,  
Which lights and leads the tide it charms  
To Death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas ! one narrow line is drawn,  
That links our sunset with our dawn ;  
In mist and shade life's morning rose,  
And clouds are round it at its close ;  
But ah ! no twilight beam ascends  
To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh ! in the hour when I shall feel  
Those shadows round my senses steal,  
When gentle eyes are weeping o'er  
The clay that feels their tears no more,  
Then let thy spirit with me be,  
Or some sweet angel, likest thee !

---

*THE POET'S LOT.*

WHAT is a poet's love?—

To write a girl a sonnet,  
To get a ring, or some such thing,  
And fustianise upon it.

What is a poet's fame?—

Sad hints about his reason,  
And sadder praise from garreteers,  
To be returned in season.

Where go the poet's lines?—

Answer, ye evening tapers !  
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,  
Speak from your folded papers !

Child of the ploughshare, smile ;

Boy of the counter, grieve not,  
Though muses round thy trundle-bed  
Their broidered tissue weave not.

The poet's future holds

No civic wreath above him ;  
Nor slated roof, nor varnished chaise,  
Nor wife nor child to love him.

Maid of the village inn,

Who workest woe on satin  
(The grass in black, the graves in green,  
The epitaph in Latin).

Trust not to them who say,

In stanzas, they adore thee ;  
Oh rather sleep in churchyard clay,  
With urn and cherub o'er thee !

*TO A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER.*

WAN-VISAGED thing ! thy virgin leaf  
To me looks more than deadly pale,  
Unknowing what may stain thee yet,—  
A poem or a tale.

Who can thy unborn meaning scan?  
Can Seer or Sibyl read thee now?  
No,—seek to trace the fate of man  
Writ on his infant brow.

Love may light on thy snowy cheek,  
And shake his Eden-breathing plumes ;  
Then shalt thou tell how Lelia smiles  
Or Angelina blooms.

Satire may lift his bearded lance,  
Forestalling Time's slow-moving scythe,  
And, scattered on thy little field,  
Disjointed bards may writhe.

Perchance a vision of the night,  
Some grizzled spectre, gaunt and thin,  
Or sheeted corpse, may stalk along,  
Or skeleton may grin !

If it should be in pensive hour  
Some sorrow-moving theme I try,  
Ah, maiden, how thy tears will fall  
For all I doom to die !

But if in merry mood I touch  
Thy leaves, then shall the sight of thee  
Sow smiles as thick on rosy lips  
As ripples on the sea.

The Weekly press shall gladly stoop  
To bind thee up among its sheaves ;  
The Daily steal thy shining ore,  
To gild its leaden leaves.

Thou hast no tongue, yet thou canst speak,  
Till distant shores shall hear the sound ;  
Thou hast no life, yet thou canst breathe  
Fresh life on all around.

Thou art the arena of the wise,  
The noiseless battle-ground of fame ;  
The sky where halos may be wreathed  
Around the humblest name.

Take, then, this treasure to thy trust,  
To win some idle reader's smile,  
Then fade and moulder in the dust,  
Or swell some bonfire's pile.



TO THE PORTRAIT OF  
"A GENTLEMAN."

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

It may be so,—perhaps thou hast  
A warm and loving heart ;  
I will not blame thee for thy face,  
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,  
Unsightly though it be,—  
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,  
It may be much to thee.

Those eyes,—among thine elder friends,  
Perhaps they pass for blue,—  
No matter,—if a man can see,  
What more have eyes to do?

Thy mouth,—that fissure in thy face,  
By something like a chin,—  
May be a very useful place  
To put thy victual in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,  
I know thou hast a child,  
By that subdued, domestic smile  
Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by thy side,  
That cherub on thy knee;  
They do not shudder at thy looks,  
They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantel is a hook,—  
A portrait once was there;  
It was thine only ornament,—  
Alas! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,  
She begged thee all in vain;  
She wept,—and breathed a trembling prayer  
To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see  
That picture torn away;  
It was a solemn thought to think  
What all her friends would say!

And often in her calmer hours,  
And in her happy dreams,  
Upon its long-deserted hook  
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head  
In melancholy wise,  
And looks to meet the placid stare  
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one,—  
Perchance I never may ;  
It is not often that we cross  
Such people in our way ;

But if we meet in distant years,  
Or on some foreign shore,  
Sure I can take my Bible oath  
I've seen that face before.

—♦—

*THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.*

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on  
the tide ;  
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight  
and slim,  
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade ;

He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,

“I’m wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away.”

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,  
“I guess I’ll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see ;

I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,  
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,

And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moon-light gleam ;

Oh there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—

But they have heard her father’s step, and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Oh what was that, my daughter ?”

“’Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water.”

“And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast ?”

“It’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that’s been a-swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Now bring me my harpoon !

I’ll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”



Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white  
lamb,  
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-  
weed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not from  
her swoond,  
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves  
was drowned ;  
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their  
woe,  
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids  
down below.



### A NOONTIDE LYRIC.

THE dinner-bell, the dinner-bell,  
Is ringing loud and clear ;  
Through hill and plain, through street and lane,  
It echoes far and near ;  
From curtained hall and whitewashed stall,  
Wherever men can hide,  
Like bursting waves from ocean caves,  
They float upon the tide.

I smell the smell of roasted meat !  
I hear the hissing fry !  
The beggars know where they can go,  
But where, oh where shall I ?  
At twelve o'clock men took my hand,  
At two they only stare,  
And eye me with a fearful look,  
As if I were a bear.

The poet lays his laurels down,  
 And hastens to his greens ;  
 The happy tailor quits his goose  
 To riot on his beans ;  
 The weary cobbler snaps his thread,  
 The printer leaves his pi ;  
 His very devil hath a home,  
 But what, oh what have I ?

Methinks I hear an angel voice,  
 That softly seems to say :  
 " Pale stranger, all may yet be well,  
 Then wipe thy tears away ;  
 Erect thy head, and cock thy hat,  
 And follow me afar,  
 And thou shalt have a jolly meal,  
 And charge it at the bar."

I hear the voice ! I go ! I go !  
 Prepare your meat and wine !  
 They little heed their future need  
 Who pay not when they dine.  
 Give me to-day the rosy bowl,  
 Give me one golden dream,—  
 To-morrow kick away the stool  
 And dangle from the beam !



### THE HOT SEASON.

THE folks, that on the first of May  
 Wore winter coats and hose,  
 Began to say, the first of June,  
 " Good Lord ! how hot it grows !"

At last two Fahrenheits blew up,  
And killed two children small,  
And one barometer shot dead  
A tutor with its ball !

Now all day long the locusts sang  
Among the leafless trees ;  
Three new hotels warped inside out,  
The pumps could only wheeze ;  
And ripe old wine, that twenty years  
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,  
Came spouting through the rotten corks,  
Like Joly's best Champagne !

The Worcester locomotives did  
Their trip in half an hour ;  
The Lowell cars ran forty miles  
Before they checked the power ;  
Roll brimstone soon became a drug,  
And loco-focos fell ;  
All asked for ice, but everywhere  
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,  
But, ere the scorching noons,  
Their candle-moulds had grown as loose  
As Cossack pantaloons !  
The dogs ran mad,—men could not try  
If water they would choose ;  
A horse fell dead,—he only left  
Four red-hot, rusty shoes !

But soon the people could not bear  
The slightest hint of fire ;

Allusions to caloric drew  
 A flood of savage ire ;  
 The leaves on heat were all torn out  
 From every book at school,  
 And many blackguards kicked and caned  
 Because they said, " Keep cool ! "

The gas-light companies were mobbed,  
 The bakers all were shot,  
 The penny press began to talk  
 Of Lynching Doctor Nott ;  
 And all about the warehouse steps  
 Were angry men in droves,  
 Crashing and splintering through the doors  
 To smash the patent stoves !

The abolition men and maids  
 Were tanned to such a hue,  
 You scarce could tell them from their friends,  
 Unless their eyes were blue ;  
 And when I left, society  
 Had burst its ancient guards,  
 And Brattle Street and Temple Place  
 Were interchanging cards !

---

### A PORTRAIT.

A STILL, sweet, placid, moonlight face,  
 And slightly nonchalant,  
 Which seems to claim a middle place  
 Between one's love and aunt,

Where childhood's star has left a ray  
In woman's sunniest sky,  
As morning dew and blushing day  
On fruit and blossom lie.

And yet,—and yet I cannot love  
Those lovely lines on steel ;  
They beam too much of heaven above,  
Earth's darker shades to feel ;  
Perchance some early weeds of care  
Around my heart have grown,  
And brows unfurrowed seem not fair  
Because they mock my own.

Alas ! when Eden's gates were sealed,  
How oft some sheltered flower  
Breathed o'er the wanderers of the field,  
Like their own bridal bower ;  
Yet, saddened by its loveliness,  
And humbled by its pride,  
Earth's fairest child they could not bless,—  
It mocked them when they sighed.

---

*AN EVENING THOUGHT.*

WRITTEN AT SEA.

If sometimes in the dark blue eye,  
Or in the deep red wine,  
Or soothed by gentlest melody,  
Still warms this heart of mine,

Yet something colder in the blood,  
 And calmer in the brain,  
 Have whispered that my youth's bright flood  
 Ebbs, not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake,  
 Or Arno's yellow stream,  
 Each star of memory could awake,  
 As in my first young dream,  
 I know that when mine eye shall greet  
 The hillsides bleak and bare,  
 That gird my home, it will not meet  
 My childhood's sunsets there.

Oh when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss  
 Burned on my boyish brow,  
 Was that young forehead worn as this?  
 Was that flushed cheek as now?  
 Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart  
 Like these, which vainly strive,  
 In thankless strains of soulless art,  
 To dream themselves alive?

Alas! the morning dew is gone,  
 Gone ere the full of day;  
 Life's iron fetter still is on,  
 Its wreaths all torn away;  
 Happy if still some casual hour  
 Can warm the fading shrine,  
 Too soon to chill beyond the power  
 Of love, or song, or wine!



*THE WASP AND THE HORNET.*

THE two proud sisters of the sea,  
In glory and in doom!—  
Well may the eternal waters be  
Their broad, unsculptured tomb!  
The wind that rings along the wave,  
The clear, unshadowed sun,  
Are torch and trumpet o'er the brave,  
Whose last green wreath is won!

No stranger hand their banners furled,  
No victor's shout they heard;  
Unseen, above them ocean curled,  
Save by his own pale bird;  
The gnashing billows heaved and fell;  
Wild shrieked the midnight gale;  
Far, far beneath the morning swell  
Were pennon, spar, and sail.

The land of Freedom! Sea and shore  
Are guarded now, as when  
Her ebbing waves to victory bore  
Fair barks and gallant men;  
Oh many a ship of prouder name  
May wave her starry fold,  
Nor trail, with deeper light of fame,  
The paths they swept of old!

---

“*QUI VIVE.*”

“*Qui vive!*” The sentry's musket rings,  
 The channelled bayonet gleams ;  
 High o'er him, like a raven's wings,  
 The broad tricoloured banner flings  
 Its shadow, rustling as it swings  
 Pale in the moonlight beams ;  
 Pass on ; while steel-clad sentries keep  
 Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,  
 Thy bare unguarded breast  
 Asks not the unbroken, bristling zone  
 That girds yon sceptred trembler's throne ;—  
 Pass on, and take thy rest !

“*Qui vive!*” How oft the midnight air  
 That startling cry has borne !  
 How oft the evening breeze has fanned  
 The banner of this haughty land,  
 O'er mountain snow and desert sand,  
 Ere yet its folds were torn !  
 Through Jena's carnage flying red,  
 Or tossing o'er Marengo's dead,  
 Or curling on the towers  
 Where Austria's eagle quivers yet,  
 And suns the ruffled plumage, wet  
 With battle's crimson showers !

“*Qui vive!*” And is the sentry's cry,—  
 The sleepless soldier's hand,—  
 Are these—the painted folds that fly  
 And lift their emblems, printed high



On morning mist and sunset sky—  
The guardians of a land ?  
No ! If the patriot's pulses sleep,  
How vain the watch that hirelings keep,—  
The idle flag that waves,  
When Conquest with his iron heel,  
Treads down the standards and the steel  
That belt the soil of slaves !



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## SONGS IN MANY KEYS.



THE piping of our slender, peaceful reeds  
Whispers uncared for while the trumpets bray ;  
Song is thin air ; our hearts' exulting play  
Beats time but to the tread of marching deeds,  
Following the mighty van that Freedom leads,  
Her glorious standard flaming to the day !  
The crimsoned pavement where a hero bleeds  
Breathes nobler lessons than the poet's lay.  
Strong arms, broad breasts, brave hearts, are better  
worth  
Than strains that sing the ravished echoes dumb.  
Hark ! 'tis the loud reverberating drum  
Rolls o'er the prairied West, the rock-bound North :  
The myriad-handed Future stretches forth  
Its shadowy palms. Behold, we come,—we come !

Turn o'er these idle leaves. Such toys as these  
Were not unsought for, as, in languid dreams,  
We lay beside our lotus-feeding streams,  
And nursed our fancies in forgetful ease.  
It matters little if they pall or please,  
Dropping untimely, while the sudden gleams  
Glare from the mustering clouds whose blackness  
seems  
Too swollen to hold its lightning from the trees.

Yet, in some lull of passion, when at last  
 These calm revolving moons that come and go—  
 Turning our months to years, they creep so slow—  
 Have brought us rest, the not unwelcome past  
 May flutter to thee through these leaflets, cast  
 On the wild winds that all around us blow.

May 1, 1861.

—+—  
 (1849-1856.)

AGNES.

PART FIRST.—THE KNIGHT.

THE tale I tell is gospel true,  
 As all the bookmen know,  
 And pilgrims who have strayed to view  
 The wrecks still left to show.

The old, old story,—fair, and young,  
 And fond,—and not too wise,—  
 That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,  
 To maids with downcast eyes.

Ah! maidens err and matrons warn  
 Beneath the coldest sky;  
 Love lurks amid the tasselled corn  
 As in the bearded rye!

But who would dream our sober sires  
 Had learned the old world's ways,  
 And warmed their hearths with lawless fires  
 In Shirley's homespun days?

'Tis like some poet's pictured trance  
 His idle rhymes recite,—  
 This old New-England-born romance  
 Of Agnes and the Knight ;

Yet, known to all the country round,  
 Their home is standing still,  
 Between Wachuset's lonely mound  
 And Shawmut's threefold hill.

—One hour we rumble on the rail,  
 One half-hour guide the rein,  
 We reach at last, o'er hill and dale,  
 The village on the plain.

With blackening wall and mossy roof,  
 With stained and warping floor,  
 A stately mansion stands aloof  
 And bars its haughty door.

This lowlier portal may be tried,  
 That breaks the gable wall ;  
 And lo ! with arches opening wide,  
 Sir Harry Frankland's hall !

'Twas in the second George's day  
 They sought the forest shade,  
 The knotted trunks they cleared away,  
 The massive beams they laid,

They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall,  
 They smoothed the terraced ground,  
 They reared the marble-pillared wall  
 That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound  
 The Master's broad domain :  
 With page and valet, horse and hound,  
 He kept a goodly train.

And, all the midland county through,  
 The ploughman stopped to gaze  
 Whene'er his chariot swept in view  
 Behind the shining bays,

With mute obeisance, grave and slow,  
 Repaid by nod polite,—  
 For such the way with high and low  
 Till after Concord fight.

Nor less to courtly circles known  
 That graced the three-hilled town  
 With far-off splendours of the Throne,  
 And glimmerings from the Crown ;

Wise Phipps, who held the seals of State  
 For Shirley over sea ;  
 Brave Knowles, whose pressgang moved of late  
 The King Street mob's decree ;

And judges grave, and colonels grand,  
 Fair dames and stately men,  
 The mighty people of the land,  
 The " World " of there and then.

'Twas strange no Chloe's "beauteous Form,"  
 And " Eyes' cœlestial Blew,"  
 This Strephon of the West could warm,  
 No Nymph his Heart subdue !

Perchance he wooed as gallants use,  
 Whom fleeting loves enchain,  
 But still unfettered, free to choose,  
 Would brook no bridle-rein.

He saw the fairest of the fair,  
 But smiled alike on all;  
 No band his roving foot might snare,  
 Nor ring his hand enthal.

PART SECOND.—THE MAIDEN.

WHY seeks the Knight that rocky cape  
 Beyond the Bay of Lynn?  
 What chance his wayward course may shape  
 To reach its village inn?

No story tells; whate'er we guess,  
 The past lies deaf and still,  
 But Fate, who rules to blight or bless,  
 Can lead us where she will.

Make way! Sir Harry's coach and four,  
 And liveried grooms that ride!  
 They cross the ferry, touch the shore  
 On Winnisimmet's side.

They hear the wash on Chelsea Beach,—  
 The level marsh they pass,  
 Where miles on miles the desert reach  
 Is rough with bitter grass.

The shining horses foam and pant,  
 And now the smells begin  
 Of fishy Swampscot, salt Nahant,  
 And leather-scented Lynn.

Next, on their left, the slender spires,  
And glittering vanes, that crown  
The home of Salem's frugal sires,  
The old, witch-haunted town.

So onward, o'er the rugged way  
That runs through rocks and sand,  
Showered by the tempest-driven spray,  
From bays on either hand,

That shut between their outstretched arms  
The crews of Marblehead,  
The lords of ocean's watery farms,  
Who plough the waves for bread.

At last the ancient inn appears,  
The spreading elm below,  
Whose flapping sign these fifty years  
Has seesawed to and fro.

How fair the azure fields in sight  
Before the low-browed inn !  
The tumbling billows fringe with light  
The crescent shore of Lynn ;

Nahant thrusts outward through the waves  
Her arm of yellow sand,  
And breaks the roaring surge that braves  
The gauntlet on her hand ;

With eddying whirl the waters lock  
Yon treeless mound forlorn,  
The sharp-winged sea-fowl's breeding-rock,  
That fronts the Spouting Horn ;

Then free the white-sailed shallops glide,  
And wide the ocean smiles,  
Till, shoreward bent, his streams divide  
The two bare Misery Isles.

The master's silent signal stays  
The wearied cavalcade ;  
The coachman reins his smoking bays  
Beneath the elm-tree's shade.

A gathering on the village green !  
The cocked-hats crowd to see,  
On legs in ancient velveteen,  
With buckles at the knee.

A clustering round the tavern-door,  
Of square-toed village boys,  
Still wearing, as their grandsires wore,  
The old-world corduroys.

A scampering at the " Fountain " inn,—  
A rush of great and small,—  
With hurrying servants' mingled din  
And screaming matron's call !

Poor Agnes ! with her work half done  
They caught her unaware ;  
As, humbly, like a praying nun,  
She knelt upon the stair ;

Bent o'er the steps, with lowliest mien  
She knelt, but not to pray,—  
Her little hands must keep them clean,  
And wash their stains away.



A foot, an ankle, bare and white,  
 Her girlish shapes betrayed,—  
 “Ha! Nymphs and Graces!” spoke the Knight;  
 “Look up! my beauteous Maid!”

She turned,—a reddening rose in bud,  
 Its calyx half withdrawn,—  
 Her cheek on fire with damasked blood  
 Of girlhood’s glowing dawn!

He searched her features through and through  
 As royal lovers look  
 On lowly maidens, when they woo  
 Without the ring and book.

“Come hither, Fair one! Here, my Sweet!  
 Nay, prithee, look not down!  
 Take this to shoe those little feet,”—  
 He tossed a silver crown.

A sudden paleness struck her brow,—  
 A swifter flush succeeds;  
 It burns her cheek; it kindles now  
 Beneath her golden beads.

She flitted, but the glittering eye  
 Still sought the lovely face.  
 Who was she? What, and whence? and why  
 Doomed to such menial place?

A skipper’s daughter,—so they said,—  
 Left orphan by the gale  
 That cost the fleet of Marblehead  
 And Gloucester thirty sail.

Ah! many a lonely home is found  
Along the Essex shore,  
That cheered its goodman outward bound,  
And sees his face no more!

“Not so,” the matron whispered,—“sure  
No orphan girl is she,—  
The Surraige folk are deadly poor  
Since Edward left the sea,

“And Mary, with her growing brood,  
Has work enough to do  
To find the children clothes and food  
With Thomas, John, and Hugh.

“This girl of Mary's, growing tall,—  
(Just turned her sixteenth year,)—  
To earn her bread and help them all,  
Would work as housemaid here.”

So Agnes, with her golden beads,  
Had naught beside as dower,  
Grew at the wayside with the weeds,  
Herself a garden-flower.

'Twas strange, 'twas sad,—so fresh, so fair!  
Thus Pity's voice began.  
Such grace! an angel's shape and air!  
The half-heard whisper ran.

For eyes could see in George's time,  
As now in later days,  
And lips could shape, in prose and rhyme,  
The honeyed breath of praise.

No time to woo! The train must go  
 Long ere the sun is down,  
 To reach, before the night-winds blow,  
 The many-steepled town.

'Tis midnight,—street and square are still  
 Dark roll the whispering waves  
 That lap the piers beneath the hill  
 Ridged thick with ancient graves.

Ah, gentle sleep! thy hand will smooth  
 The weary couch of pain,  
 When all thy poppies fail to soothe  
 The lover's throbbing brain!

'Tis morn,—the orange-mantled sun  
 Breaks through the fading gray,  
 And long and loud the Castle gun  
 Peals o'er the glistening bay.

"Thank God 'tis day!" With eager eye  
 He hails the morning's shine:—  
 "If art can win, or gold can buy,  
 The maiden shall be mine!"

PART THIRD.—THE CONQUEST.

"WHO saw this hussy when she came?  
 What is the wench, and who?"  
 They whisper. "*Agnes*,—is her name?  
 Pray what has she to do?"

The housemaids parley at the gate,  
 The scullions on the stair,  
 And in the footmen's grave debate  
 The butler deigns to share.

Black Dinah, stolen when a child,  
 And sold on Boston Pier,  
 Grown up in service, petted, spoiled,  
 Speaks in the coachman's ear :

"What, all this household at his will?  
 And all are yet too few?  
 More servants, and more servants still,—  
 This pert young madam too!"

"*Servant!* fine servant!" laughed aloud  
 The man of coach and steeds;  
 "She looks too fair, she steps too proud,  
 This girl with golden beads!"

"I tell you, you may fret and frown,  
 And call her what you choose,  
 You'll find my Lady in her gown,  
 Your Mistress in her shoes!"

Ah, gentle maidens, free from blame,  
 God grant you never know  
 The little whisper, loud with shame,  
 That makes the world your foe!

Why tell the lordly flatterer's art,  
 That won the maiden's ear,—  
 The fluttering of the frightened heart,  
 The blush, the smile, the tear?

Alas! it were the saddening tale  
 That every language knows,—  
 The wooing wind, the yielding sail,  
 The sunbeam and the rose.

And now the gown of sober stuff  
Has changed to fair brocade,  
With broidered hem, and hanging cuff,  
And flower of silken braid ;

And clasped around her blanching wrist  
A jewelled bracelet shines,  
Her flowing tresses' massive twist  
A glittering net confines ;

And mingling with their truant wave  
A fretted chain is hung ;  
But ah ! the gift her mother gave,—  
Its beads are all unstrung !

Her place is at the master's board,  
Where none disputes her claim ;  
She walks beside the mansion's lord,  
His bride in all but name.

The busy tongues have ceased to talk,  
Or speak in softened tone,  
So gracious in her daily walk  
The angel light has shown.

No want that kindness may relieve  
Assails her heart in vain,  
The lifting of a ragged sleeve  
Will check her palfrey's rein.

A thoughtful calm, a quiet grace  
In every movement shown,  
Reveal her moulded for the place  
She may not call her own.

And, save that on her youthful brow  
 There broods a shadowy care,  
 No matron sealed with holy vow  
 In all the land so fair !

PART FOURTH.—THE RESCUE.

A SHIP comes foaming up the bay,  
 Along the pier she glides ;  
 Before her furrow melts away,  
 A courier mounts and rides.

“Haste, Haste, post Haste !” the letters bear  
 “Sir Harry Frankland, These.”  
 Sad news to tell the loving pair !  
 The Knight must cross the seas.

“Alas ! we part !”—the lips that spoke  
 Lost all their rosy red,  
 As when a crystal cup is broke,  
 And all its wine is shed.

“Nay, droop not thus,—where'er,” he cried,  
 “I go by land or sea,  
 My love, my life, my joy, my pride,  
 Thy place is still by me !”

Through town and city, far and wide,  
 Their wandering feet have strayed,  
 From Alpine lake to ocean tide,  
 And cold Sierra's shade.

At length they see the waters gleam  
 Amid the fragrant bowers,  
 Where Lisbon mirrors in the stream  
 Her belt of ancient towers.

Red is the orange on its bough,  
To-morrow's sun shall fling  
O'er Cintra's hazel-shaded brow  
The flush of April's wing.

The streets are loud with noisy mirth,  
They dance on every green ;  
The morning's dial marks the birth  
Of proud Braganza's queen.

At eve beneath their pictured dome  
The gilded courtiers throng ;  
The broad moidores have cheated Rome  
Of all her lords of song.

Ah! Lisbon dreams not of the day—  
Pleased with her painted scenes—  
When all her towers shall slide away  
As now these canvas screens!

The spring has passed, the summer fled,  
And yet they linger still,  
Though autumn's rustling leaves have spread  
The flank of Cintra's hill.

The town has learned their Saxon name,  
And touched their English gold,  
Nor tale of doubt nor hint of blame  
From over sea is told.

Three hours the first November dawn  
Has climbed with feeble ray  
Through mists like heavy curtains drawn  
Before the darkened day.

How still the muffled echoes sleep!  
Hark! hark! a hollow sound,—  
A noise like chariots rumbling deep  
Beneath the solid ground.

The channel lifts, the water slides,  
And bares its bar of sand ;  
Anon a mountain billow strides  
And crashes o'er the land.

The turrets lean, the steeples reel  
Like masts on ocean's swell,  
And clash a long discordant peal,  
The death-doomed city's knell.

The pavement bursts, the earth upheaves  
Beneath the staggering town!  
The turrets crack—the castle cleaves—  
The spires come rushing down.

Around, the lurid mountains glow  
With strange unearthly gleams ;  
While black abysses gape below,  
Then close in jagged seams.

The earth has folded like a wave,  
And thrice a thousand score,  
Clasped, shroudless, in their closing grave,  
The sun shall see no more !

And all is over. Street and square  
In ruined heaps are piled ;  
Ah! where is she, so frail, so fair,  
Amid the tumult wild?



Unscathed, she treads the wreck-piled street,  
 Whose narrow gaps afford  
 A pathway for her bleeding feet,  
 To seek her absent lord.

A temple's broken walls arrest  
 Her wild and wandering eyes ;  
 Beneath its shattered portal pressed  
 Her lord unconscious lies.

The power that living hearts obey  
 Shall lifeless blocks withstand ?  
 Love led her footsteps where he lay,—  
 Love nerves her woman's hand :

One cry,—the marble shaft she grasps,—  
 Up heaves the ponderous stone :—  
 He breathes,—her fainting form he clasps,—  
 Her life has bought his own !

PART FIFTH.—THE REWARD.

How like the starless night of death  
 Our being's brief eclipse,  
 When faltering heart and failing breath  
 Have bleached the fading lips !

She lives ! What guerdon shall repay  
 His debt of ransomed life ?  
 One word can charm all wrongs away,—  
 The sacred name of WIFE !

The love that won her girlish charms  
 Must shield her matron fame,  
 And write beneath the Frankland arms  
 The village beauty's name.

Go, call the priest ! no vain delay  
Shall dim the sacred ring !  
Who knows what change the passing day,  
The fleeting hour, may bring ?

Before the holy altar bent,  
There kneels a goodly pair ;  
A stately man, of high descent,  
A woman, passing fair.

No jewels lend the blinding sheen  
That meaner beauty needs,  
But on her bosom heaves unseen  
A string of golden beads.

The vow is spoke,—the prayer is said,—  
And with a gentle pride  
The Lady Agnes lifts her head,  
Sir Harry Frankland's bride.

No more her faithful heart shall bear  
Those griefs so meekly borne,—  
The passing sneer, the freezing stare,  
The icy look of scorn ;

No more the blue-eyed English dames  
Their haughty lips shall curl,  
Whene'er a hissing whisper names  
The poor New England girl.

But stay !—his mother's haughty brow,—  
The pride of ancient race,—  
Will plighted faith, and holy vow,  
Win back her fond embrace ?

Too well she knew the saddening tale  
Of love no vow had blest,  
That turned his blushing honours pale  
And stained his knightly crest.

They seek his Northern home,—alas :  
He goes alone before ;—  
His own dear Agnes may not pass  
The proud, ancestral door.

He stood before the stately dame ;  
He spoke ; she calmly heard,  
But not to pity, nor to blame ;  
She breathed no single word.

He told his love,—her faith betrayed ;  
She heard with tearless eyes ;  
Could she forgive the erring maid ?  
She stared in cold surprise.

How fond her heart, he told,—how true  
The haughty eyelids fell ;—  
The kindly deeds she loved to do ;  
She murmured, “ It is well.”

But when he told that fearful day,  
And how her feet were led  
To where entombed in life he lay,  
The breathing with the dead,

And how she bruised her tender breasts  
Against the crushing stone,  
That still the strong-armed clown protests  
No man can lift alone,—

Oh then the frozen spring was broke ;  
 By turns she wept and smiled ;—  
 " Sweet Agnes ! " so the mother spoke,  
 " God bless my angel child !

" She saved thee from the jaws of death,—  
 'Tis thine to right her wrongs ;  
 I tell thee,—I, who gave thee breath,—  
 To her thy life belongs ! "

Thus Agnes won her noble name,  
 Her lawless lover's hand ;  
 The lowly maiden so became  
 A lady in the land !

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THE tale is done ; it little needs  
 To track their after ways,  
 And string again the golden beads  
 Of love's uncounted days.

They leave the fair ancestral isle  
 For bleak New England's shore ;  
 How gracious is the courtly smile  
 Of all who frowned before !

Again through Lisbon's orange bowers  
 They watch the river's gleam,  
 And shudder as her shadowy towers  
 Shake in the trembling stream.

Fate parts at length the fondest pair ;  
 His cheek, alas ! grows pale ;  
 The breast that trampling death could spare  
 His noiseless shafts assail.

He longs to change the heaven of blue  
 For England's clouded sky,—  
 To breathe the air his boyhood knew ;  
 He seeks them but to die.

—Hard by the terraced hillside town,  
 Where healing streamlets run,  
 Still sparkling with their old renown,—  
 The "Waters of the Sun,"—

The Lady Agnes raised the stone  
 That marks his honoured grave,  
 And there Sir Harry sleeps alone  
 By Wiltshire Avon's wave.

The home of early love was dear ;  
 She sought its peaceful shade,  
 And kept her state for many a year,  
 With none to make afraid.

At last the evil days were come  
 That saw the red cross fall ;  
 She hears the rebels' rattling drum,—  
 Farewell to Frankland Hall !

—I tell you, as my tale began,  
 The Hall is standing still ;  
 And you, kind listener, maid or man,  
 May see it if you will.

The box is glistening huge and green,  
Like trees the lilacs grow,  
'Three elms high-arching still are seen,  
And one lies stretched below.

The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,  
Flap on the latticed wall ;  
And o'er the mossy ridge-pole towers  
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

The doors on mighty hinges clash  
With massive bolt and bar,  
The heavy English-moulded sash  
Scarce can the night-winds jar.

Behold the chosen room he sought  
Alone, to fast and pray,  
Each year, as chill November brought  
The dismal earthquake day.

There hung the rapier blade he wore,  
Bent in its flattened sheath ;  
The coat the shrieking woman tore  
Caught in her clenching teeth ;—

The coat with tarnished silver lace  
She snapped at as she slid,  
And down upon her death-white face  
Crashed the huge coffin's lid.

A graded terrace yet remains ;  
If on its turf we stand  
And look along the wooded plains  
That stretch on either hand,

The broken forest walls define  
 A dim, receding view,  
 Where, on the far horizon's line,  
 He cut his vista through.

If further story you shall crave,  
 Or ask for living proof,  
 Go see old Julia, born a slave  
 Beneath Sir Harry's roof.

She told me half that I have told,  
 And she remembers well  
 The mansion as it looked of old  
 Before its glories fell ;—

The box, when round the terraced square  
 Its glossy wall was drawn ;  
 The climbing vines, the snow-balls fair,  
 The roses on the lawn.

And Julia says, with truthful look  
 Stamped on her wrinkled face,  
 That in her own black hands she took  
 The coat with silver lace.

And you may hold the story light,  
 Or, if you like, believe ;  
 But there it was, the woman's bite,—  
 A mouthful from the sleeve.

Now go your ways ;—I need not tell  
 The moral of my rhyme ;  
 But, youths and maidens, ponder well  
 This tale of olden time !

*THE PLOUGHMAN.*

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CLEAR the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam !  
 Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking team.  
 With toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,  
 'The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !

First in the field before the reddening sun,  
 Last in the shadows when the day is done,  
 Line after line, along the bursting sod,  
 Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod ;  
 Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,  
 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;  
 Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,  
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves ;  
 Up the steep hillside, where the labouring train  
 Slants the long track that scores the level plain ;  
 Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,  
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;  
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,  
 The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,  
 Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,  
 And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labour brings  
 The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings ;



This is the page, whose letters shall be seen  
Changed by the sun to words of living green ;  
This the scholar, whose immortal pen  
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;  
These are the lines which heaven-commanded Toil  
Shows on his deed,—the charter of the soil !

Oh gracious Mother, whose benignant breast  
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,  
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,  
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time !  
We stain thy flowers,—they blossom o'er the dead ;  
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;  
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,  
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn ;  
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,  
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.  
Yet, oh our Mother, while uncounted charms  
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,  
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,  
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No! by these hills, whose banners now displayed  
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed ;  
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests  
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests ;  
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,  
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines,—  
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil  
To crown with peace their own untainted soil ;  
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,  
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,

These stately forms, that bending even now  
 Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,  
 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,  
 The same stern iron in the same right hand,  
 Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run,  
 The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won !

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## PICTURES

FROM

## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

*1850-56.*

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
 CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA  
 SPRING.

WINTER is past ; the heart of Nature warms  
 Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms ;  
 Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,  
 The southern slopes are fringed with tender green ;  
 On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,  
 Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,  
 Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,  
 White, azure, golden,—drift, or sky, or sun,  
 The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast  
 The frozen trophy torn from Winter's crest ;  
 The violet, gazing on the arch of blue  
 Till her own iris wears its deepened hue ;  
 The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould  
 Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.

Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high  
 Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky ;  
 On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves  
 The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves ;  
 The house-fly, stealing from his narrow grave,  
 Drugged with the opiate that November gave,  
 Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,  
 Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain ;  
 From shaded chinks of lichen-cruste'd walls,  
 In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls ;  
 The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,  
 Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap ;  
 On floating rails that face the softening noons  
 The still shy turtles rage their dark platoons,  
 Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing fields,  
 Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,  
 Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,  
 Chased to the margin of receding floods  
 O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,  
 In tears and blushes sighs herself away,  
 And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,  
 Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays ;  
 O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,  
 Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free ;  
 With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,  
 And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose ;  
 Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge  
 The rival lily hastens to emerge,

Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,  
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,  
The yielding season's bridal serenade ;  
Then flash the wings returning Summer calls  
Through the deep arches of her forest halls,—  
The bluebird, breathing from his azure plumes  
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms ;  
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,  
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown ;  
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire  
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire ;  
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,  
Repeats, imperious, his *staccato* note ;  
The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,  
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight ;  
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,  
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

Why dream I here within these caging walls,  
Deaf to her voice, while blooming Nature calls ;  
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks  
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books?  
Off, gloomy spectres of the shrivelled past !  
Fly with the leaves that fill the autumn blast !  
Ye imps of Science, whose relentless chains  
Lock the warm tides within these living veins,  
Close your dim cavern, while its captive strays  
Dazzled and giddy in the morning's blaze !



## THE STUDY.

YET in the darksome crypt I left so late,  
 Whose only altar is its rusted grate,—  
 Sepulchral, rayless, joyless as it seems,  
 Shamed by the glare of May's refulgent beams,—  
 While the dim seasons dragged their shrouded train,  
 Its paler splendours were not quite in vain.  
 From these dull bars the cheerful firelight's glow  
 Streamed through the casement o'er the spectral  
 snow ;

Here, while the night-wind wreaked its frantic will  
 On the loose ocean and the rock-bound hill,  
 Rent the cracked topsail from its quivering yard,  
 And rived the oak a thousand storms had scarred,  
 Fenced by these walls the peaceful taper shone,  
 Nor felt a breath to slant its trembling cone.

Not all unblest the mild interior scene  
 When the red curtain spread its falling screen ;  
 O'er some light task the lonely hours were past,  
 And the long evening only flew too fast ;  
 Or the wide chair its leathern arms would lend  
 In genial welcome to some easy friend,  
 Stretched on its bosom with relaxing nerves,  
 Slow moulding, plastic, to its hollow curves ;  
 Perchance indulging, if of generous creed,  
 In brave Sir Walter's dream-compelling weed.  
 Or, happier still, the evening hour would bring  
 To the round table its expected ring,  
 And while the punch-bowl's sounding depths were  
 stirred,—  
 Its silver cherubs smiling as they heard,—

Our hearts would open, as at evening's hour  
The close-sealed primrose frees its hidden flower.

Such the warm life this dim retreat has known,  
Not quite deserted when its guests were flown ;  
Nay, filled with friends, an unobtrusive set,  
Guiltless of calls and cards and etiquette,  
Ready to answer, never known to ask,  
Claiming no service, prompt for every task.

On those dark shelves no housewife hand profanes,  
O'er his mute files the monarch folio reigns ;  
A mingled race, the wreck of chance and time,  
That talk all tongues and breathe of every clime,  
Each knows his place, and each may claim his part  
In some quaint corner of his master's heart.  
This old Decretal, won from Kloss's hoards,  
Thick-leaved, brass-cornered, ribbed with oaken  
boards,

Stands the gray patriarch of the graver rows,  
Its fourth ripe century narrowing to its close ;  
Not daily conned, but glorious still to view,  
With glistening letters wrought in red and blue.  
There towers Stagira's all-embracing sage,  
The Aldine anchor on his opening page ;  
There sleep the births of Plato's heavenly mind,  
In yon dark tomb by jealous clasps confined,  
"Olim e libris" (dare I call it mine ?)  
Of Yale's grave Head and Killingworth's divine !  
In those square sheets the songs of Maro fill  
The silvery types of smooth-leaved Baskerville ;  
High over all, in close, compact array,  
Their classic wealth the Elzevirs display.

In lower regions of the sacred space  
 Range the dense volumes of a humbler race ;  
 There grim chirurgeons all their mysteries teach,  
 In spectral pictures, or in crabbed speech ;  
 Harvey and Haller, fresh from Nature's page,  
 Shoulder the dreamers of an earlier age,  
 Lully and Geber, and the learned crew  
 That loved to talk of all they could not do.  
 Why count the rest,—those names of later days  
 That many love, and all agree to praise,—  
 Or point the titles, where a glance may read  
 The dangerous lines of party or of creed ?  
 Too well, perchance, the chosen list would show  
 What few may care and none can claim to know.  
 Each has his features, whose exterior seal  
 A brush may copy, or a sunbeam steal ;  
 Go to his study,—on the nearest shelf  
 Stands the mosaic portrait of himself.

What though for months the tranquil dust  
 descends,

Whitening the heads of these mine ancient friends,  
 While the damp offspring of the modern press  
 Flaunts on my table with its pictured dress ;  
 Not less I love each dull familiar face,  
 Nor less should miss it from the appointed place ;  
 I snatch the book, along whose burning leaves  
 His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves,  
 Yet, while proud Hester's fiery pangs I share,  
 My old MAGNALIA must be standing *there!*

*THE BELLS.*

WHEN o'er the street the morning peal is flung  
From yon tall belfry with the brazen tongue,  
Its wide vibrations, wafted by the gale,  
To each far listener tell a different tale.

The sexton, stooping to the quivering floor  
Till the great caldron spills its brassy roar,  
Whirls the hot axle, counting, one by one,  
Each dull concussion, till his task is done.

Toil's patient daughter, when the welcome note  
Clangs through the silence from the steeple's throat,  
Streams, a white unit, to the checkered street,  
Demure, but guessing whom she soon shall meet ;  
The bell, responsive to her secret flame,  
With every note repeats her lover's name.

The lover, tenant of the neighbouring lane,  
Sighing, and fearing lest he sigh in vain,  
Hears the stern accents, as they come and go,  
Their only burden one despairing No !

Ocean's rough child, whom many a shore has  
known

Ere homeward breezes swept him to his own,  
Starts at the echo as it circles round,  
A thousand memories kindling with the sound ;  
The early favourite's unforgotten charms,  
Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms ;  
His first farewell, the flapping canvas spread,  
The seaward streamers crackling overhead,  
His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to weep  
Her first-born's bridal with the haggard deep,  
While the brave father stood with tearless eye,  
Smiling and choking with his last good-bye.



'Tis but a wave, whose spreading circle beats,  
 With the same impulse, every nerve it meets,  
 Yet who shall count the varied shapes that ride  
 On the round surge of that aerial tide !

O child of earth ! If floating sounds like these  
 Steal from thyself their power to wound or please,  
 If here or there thy changing will inclines,  
 As the bright zodiac shifts its rolling signs,  
 Look at thy heart, and when its depths are known,  
 Then try thy brother's, judging by thine own,  
 But keep thy wisdom to the narrower range,  
 While its own standards are the sport of change ;  
 Nor count us rebels when we disobey  
 The passing breath that holds thy passion's sway.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
 CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

NON-RESISTANCE.

PERHAPS too far in these considerate days  
 Has patience carried her submissive ways ;  
 Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,  
 To take one blow, and turn the other cheek ;  
 It is not written what a man shall do,  
 If the rude caitiff smite the other too !

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of need  
 God help thee, guarded by the passive creed !  
 As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and cowl,  
 When through the forest rings the gray wolf's howl ;  
 As the deep galleon trusts her gilded prow  
 When the black corsair slants athwart her bow ;

As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,  
 Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-green,  
 When the dark plumage with the crimson beak  
 Has rustled shadowy from its splintered peak,—  
 So trust thy friends, whose babbling tongues would  
 charm

The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,  
 Thy torches ready for the answering peal  
 From bellowing fort and thunder-freighted keel!

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### THE MORAL BULLY.

YON whey-faced brother, who delights to wear  
 A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,  
 Seems of the sort that in a crowded place  
 One elbows freely into smallest space ;  
 A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,  
 Whom small disturbance whitens round the lip ;  
 One of those harmless spectacled machines,  
 The Holy-Week of Protestants convenes ;  
 Whom school-boys question if their walk transcends  
 The last advices of maternal friends ;  
 Whom John, obedient to his master's sign,  
 Conducts, laborious, up to *ninety-nine*,  
 While Peter, glistening with luxurious scorn,  
 Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn ;  
 Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek,  
 Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,  
 Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,  
 And the laced high-lows which they call their boots ;

Well mayst thou *shun* that dingy front severe,  
But him, O stranger, him thou canst not *fear*!

Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,  
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size!  
The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,  
Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.  
In that lean phantom, whose extended glove  
Points to the text of universal love,  
Behold the master that can tame thee down  
To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown;  
His velvet throat against thy-corded wrist,  
His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist!

The MORAL BULLY, though he never swears,  
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,  
Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat,  
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,  
Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen  
In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine,  
Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast  
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,  
Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear  
That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,  
Feels the same comfort while his acrid words  
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,  
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,  
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,  
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,  
When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck!

Heaven keep us all! Is every rascal clown  
Whose arm is stronger free to knock us down!

H

Has every scarecrow, whose cachectic soul  
 Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole,  
 Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace  
 Of angel visits on his hungry face,  
 From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,  
 Has dodged some vices in a shabby way,  
 The right to stick us with his cutthroat terms,  
 And bait his homilies with his brother worms?



### THE MIND'S DIET.

No life worth naming ever comes to good  
 If always nourished on the selfsame food ;  
 The creeping mite may live so if he please,  
 And feed on Stilton till he turns to cheese,  
 But cool Magendie proves beyond a doubt,  
 If mammals try it, that their eyes drop out.

No reasoning natures find it safe to feed,  
 For their sole diet, on a single creed ;  
 It spoils their eyeballs while it spares their tongues,  
 And starves the heart to feed the noisy lungs.

When the first larvæ on the elm are seen,  
 The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green ;  
 Ere chill October shakes the latest down,  
 They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown ;  
 On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,  
 You stretch to pluck it—'tis a butterfly ;  
 The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,  
 They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark ;

The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,  
 Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood ;  
 So by long living on a single lie,  
 Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye  
 Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue,—  
 Except when squabbling turns them black and blue !



OUR LIMITATIONS. 00

WE trust and fear, we question and believe,  
 From life's dark threads a trembling faith to weave,  
 Frail as the web that misty night has spun,  
 Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in the sun.  
 While the calm centuries spell their lessons out,  
 Each truth we conquer spreads the realm of doubt ;  
 When Sinai's summit was Jehovah's throne,  
 The chosen Prophet knew His voice alone ;  
 When Pilate's hall that awful question heard,  
 The Heavenly Captive answered not a word.

Eternal Truth ! beyond our hopes and fears  
 Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad spheres !  
 From age to age, while History carves sublime  
 On her waste rock the flaming curves of time,  
 How the wild swayings of our planet show  
 That worlds unseen surround the world we know.



*THE OLD PLAYER.*

THE curtain rose ; in thunders long and loud  
The galleries rung ; the veteran actor bowed.  
In flaming line the telltales of the stage  
Showed on his brow the autograph of age ;  
Pale, hueless waves amid his clustered hair,  
And umbered shadows, prints of toil and care ;  
Round the wide circle glanced his vacant eye,—  
He strove to speak,—his voice was but a sigh.

Year after year had seen its short-lived race  
Flit past the scenes and others take their place ;  
Yet the old prompter watched his accents still,  
His name still flaunted on the evening's bill.  
Heroes, the monarchs of the scenic floor,  
Had died in earnest and were heard no more ;  
Beauties, whose cheeks such roseate bloom o'erspread  
They faced the footlights in unborrowed red,  
Had faded slowly through successive shades  
To gray duennas, foils of younger maids ;  
Sweet voices lost the melting tones that start  
With Southern throbs the sturdy Saxon heart,  
While fresh sopranos shook the painted sky  
With their long, breathless, quivering locust-cry.  
Yet there he stood,—the man of other days,  
In the clear present's full, unsparing blaze,  
As on the oak a faded leaf that clings  
While a new April spreads its burnished wings.

How bright yon rows that soared in triple tier,  
Their central sun the flashing chandelier ;

How dim the eye that sought with doubtful aim  
 Some friendly smile it still might dare to claim !  
 How fresh these hearts ! his own how worn and  
 cold !

Such the sad thoughts that long-drawn sigh had told.

No word yet faltered on his trembling tongue ;  
 Again, again, the crashing galleries rung.  
 As the old guardsman at the bugle's blast  
 Hears in its strain the echoes of the past ;  
 So, as the plaudits rolled and thundered round,  
 A life of memories startled at the sound.

He lived again,—the page of earliest days,—  
 Days of small fee and parsimonious praise ;  
 Then lithe young Romeo—hark that silvered tone,  
 From those smooth lips—alas ! they were his own.  
 Then the bronzed Moor, with all his love and woe,  
 Told his strange tale of midnight melting snow ;  
 And dark-plumed Hamlet, with his cloak and blade,  
 Looked on the royal ghost, himself a shade,  
 All in one flash, his youthful memories came,  
 Traced in bright hues of evanescent flame,  
 As the spent swimmer's in the lifelong dream,  
 While the last bubble rises through the stream.

Call him not old, whose visionary brain  
 Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.  
 For him in vain the envious seasons roll  
 Who bears eternal summer in his soul.  
 If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,  
 Spring with her birds, or children at their play,  
 Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art,  
 Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,

Turn to the record where his years are told,—  
 Count his gray hairs,—they cannot make him old !

What magic power has changed the faded mime ?  
 One breath of memory on the dust of time.  
 As the last window in the buttressed wall  
 Of some gray minster tottering to its fall,  
 Though to the passing crowd its hues are spread,  
 A dull mosaic, yellow, green, and red,  
 Viewed from within, a radiant glory shows  
 When through its pictured screen the sunlight flows,  
 And kneeling pilgrims on its storied pane  
 See angels glow in every shapeless stain ;  
 So streamed the vision through his sunken eye  
 Clad in the splendours of his morning sky.

All the wild hopes his eager boyhood knew,  
 All the young fancies riper years proved true,  
 The sweet, low-whispered words, the winning  
 glance  
 From queens of song, from Houris of the dance,  
 Wealth's lavish gift, and Flattery's soothing phrase,  
 And Beauty's silence when her blush was praise,  
 And melting Pride, her lashes wet with tears,  
 Triumphs and banquets, wreaths and crowns and  
 cheers,  
 Pangs of wild joy that perish on the tongue,  
 And all that poets dream, but leave unsung !

In every heart some viewless founts are fed  
 From far-off hillsides where the dews were shed ;  
 On the worn features of the weariest face  
 Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace,  
 As in old gardens left by exiled kings  
 The marble basins tell of hidden springs,



But, gray with dust and overgrown with weeds,  
 Their choking jets the passer little heeds,  
 Till time's revenges break their seals away,  
 And clad in rainbow light, the waters play.

Good night, fond dreamer ! let the curtain fall :  
 The world's a stage, and we are players all.  
 A strange rehearsal ! Kings without their crowns,  
 And threadbare lords, and jewel-wearing clowns,  
 Speak the vain words that mock their throbbing  
 hearts,  
 As Want, stern prompter ! spells them out their  
 parts.

The tinselled hero whom we praise and pay  
 Is twice an actor in a twofold play.

We smile at children when a painted screen

Seems to their simple eyes a real scene ;

Ask the poor hireling, who has left his throne

To seek the cheerless home he calls his own,

Which of his double lives most real seems,

The world of solid facts or scenic dreams ?

Canvas, or clouds,—the footlights, or the spheres,—

The play of two short hours, or seventy years !

Dream on ! Though Heaven may woo our open  
 eyes,

Through their closed lids we look on fairer skies ;

Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this ;

The cheating future lends the present's bliss ;

Life is a running shade, with fettered hands,

That chases phantoms over shifting sands ;

Death a still spectre on a marble seat,

With ever clutching palms and shackled feet ;

The airy shapes that mock life's slender chain,  
 The flying joys he strives to clasp in vain,  
 Death only grasps ; to live is to pursue,—  
 Dream on ! there's nothing but illusion true !



### THE ISLAND RUIN.

YE that have faced the billows and the spray  
 Of good St. Botolph's island-studded bay,  
 As from the gliding bark your eye has scanned  
 The beaconed rocks, the wave-girt hills of sand,  
 Have ye not marked one elm-o'ershadowed isle,  
 Round as the dimple chased in beauty's smile,—  
 A stain of verdure on an azure field,  
 Set like a jewel in a battered shield?  
 Fixed in the narrow gorge of Ocean's path,  
 Peaceful he meets him in his hour of wrath ;  
 When the mailed Titan, scourged by hissing gales,  
 Writhes in his glistening coat of clashing scales !  
 The storm-beat island spreads its tranquil green,  
 Calm as an emerald on an angry queen.

So fair when distant should be fairer near ;  
 A boat shall waft us from the outstretched pier.  
 The breeze blows fresh ; we reach the island's edge,  
 Our shallop rustling through the yielding sedge.

No welcome greets us on the desert isle ;  
 Those elms, far-shadowing, hide no stately pile :  
 Yet these green ridges mark an ancient road ;  
 And lo ! the traces of a fair abode ;  
 The long gray line that marks a garden-wall,  
 And heaps of fallen beams, fire-branded all.

Who sees unmoved, a ruin at his feet,  
 The lowliest home where human hearts have beat?  
 Its hearthstone shaded with the bistre stain  
 A century's showery torrents wash in vain ;  
 Its starving orchard, where the thistle blows  
 And mossy trunks still mark the broken rows ;  
 Its chimney-loving poplar, oftenest seen  
 Next an old roof, or where a roof has been ;  
 Its knot-grass, plantain,—all the social weeds,  
 Man's mute companions, following where he  
     leads ;  
 Its dwarfed, pale flowers, that show their straggling  
     heads,  
 Sown by the wind from grass-choked garden-beds ;  
 Its woodbine, creeping where it used to climb ;  
 Its roses, breathing of the olden time ;  
 All the poor shows the curious idler sees,  
 As life's thin shadows waste by slow degrees,  
 Till naught remains the saddening tale to tell,  
 Save home's last wrecks,—the cellar and the well !

And whose the home that strews in black decay  
 The one green-glowing island of the bay?  
 Some dark-browed pirate's, jealous of the fate  
 That seized the strangled wretch of " Nix's Mate ?"  
 Some forger's, skulking in a borrowed name,  
 Whom Tyburn's dangling halter yet may claim ?  
 Some wan-eyed exile's, wealth and sorrow's heir,  
 Who sought a lone retreat for tears and prayer ?  
 Some brooding poet's, sure of deathless fame,  
 Had not his epic perished in the flame ?  
 Or some gray wooer's, whom a girlish frown  
 Chased from his solid friends and sober town ?

Or some plain tradesman's, fond of shade and ease,  
 Who sought them both beneath these quiet trees?  
 Why question mutes no question can unlock,  
 Dumb as the legend on the Dighton rock?  
 One thing at least these ruined heaps declare,—  
 They were a shelter once; a man lived there.

But where the charred and crumbling records fail,  
 Some breathing lips may piece the half-told tale;  
 No man may live with neighbours such as these,  
 Though girt with walls of rock and angry seas,  
 And shield his home, his children, or his wife,  
 His ways, his means, his vote, his creed, his life,  
 From the dread sovereignty of Ears and Eyes  
 And the small member that beneath them lies.

They told strange things of that mysterious man;  
 Believe who will, deny them such as can;  
 Why should we fret if every passing sail  
 Had its old seaman talking on the rail?  
 The deep sunk schooner stuffed with Eastern lime,  
 Slow wedging on, as if the waves were slime;  
 The knife-edged clipper with her ruffled spars,  
 The pawing steamer with her mane of stars,  
 The bull-browed galliot butting through the stream,  
 The wide-sailed yacht that slipped along her beam,  
 The deck-piled sloops, the pinched chebacco boats,  
 The frigate, black with thunder-freighted throats,  
 All had their talk about the lonely man;  
 And thus, in varying phrase, the story ran.

His name had cost him little care to seek,  
 Plain, honest, brief, a decent name to speak,  
 Common, not vulgar, just the kind that slips  
 With least suggestion from a stranger's lips.

His birthplace England, as his speech might show,  
 Or his hale cheek; that wore the red-streak's glow ;  
 His mouth sharp-moulded ; in its mirth or scorn  
 There came a flash as from the milky corn,  
 When from the ear you rip the rustling sheath,  
 And the white ridges show their even teeth.  
 His stature moderate, but his strength confessed,  
 In spite of broadcloth, by his ample breast ;  
 Full-armed, thick-handed ; one that had been  
 strong,

And might be dangerous still, if things went wrong.  
 He lived at ease beneath his elm-trees' shade,  
 Did naught for gain, yet all his debts were paid ;  
 Rich, so 'twas thought, but careful of his store ;  
 Had all he needed, claimed to have no more.

But some that lingered round the isle at night  
 Spoke of strange stealthy doings in their sight ;  
 Of creeping lonely visits that he made  
 To nooks and corners, with a torch and spade.  
 Some said they saw the hollow of a cave ;  
 One, given to fables, swore it was a grave ;  
 Whereat some shuddered, others boldly cried,  
 Those prowling boatmen lied, and knew they lied.

They said his house was framed with curious cares,  
 Lest some old friend might enter unawares ;  
 That on the platform at his chamber's door  
 Hinged a loose square that opened through the  
 floor ;

Touch the black silken tassel next the bell,  
 Down, with a crash, the flapping trap-door fell ;  
 Three stories deep the falling wretch would strike,  
 To writhe at leisure on a boarder's pike.

By day armed always ; double-armed at night,  
 His tools lay round him, wake him such as might.  
 A carbine hung beside his India fan,  
 His hand could reach a Turkish ataghan ;  
 Pistols, with quaint-carved stocks and barrels gilt,  
 Crossed a long dagger with a jewelled hilt ;  
 A slashing cutlass stretched along the bed ;—  
 All this was what those lying boatmen said.

Then some were full of wondrous stories told  
 Of great oak chests and cupboards full of gold ;  
 Of the wedged ingots and the silver bars  
 That cost old pirates ugly sabre-scars ;  
 How his laced wallet often would disgorge  
 The fresh-faced guinea of an English George,  
 Or sweated ducat, palmed by Jews of yore,  
 Or double Joe, or Portuguese moidore,  
 And how his finger wore a rubied ring  
 Fit for the white-necked play-girl of a king.  
 But these fine legends, told with staring eyes,  
 Met with small credence from the old and wise.

Why tell each idle guess, each whisper vain?  
 Enough : the scorched and cindered beams remain.  
 He came, a silent pilgrim to the West,  
 Some old-world mystery throbbing in his breast ;  
 Close to the thronging mart he dwelt alone ;  
 He lived ; he died. The rest is all unknown.

Stranger, whose eyes the shadowy isle survey,  
 As the black steamer dashes through the bay,  
 Why ask his buried secret to divine?  
 He was thy brother ; speak, and tell us thine !

*THE BANKER'S DINNER.*

THE Banker's dinner is the stateliest feast  
 The town has heard of for a year, at least ;  
 The sparry lustres shed their broadest blaze,  
 Damask and silver catch and spread the rays ;  
 The florist's triumphs crown the daintier spoil  
 Won from the sea, the forest, or the soil ;  
 The steaming hot-house yields its largest pines,  
 The sunless vaults unearth their oldest wines ;  
 With one admiring look the scene survey,  
 And turn a moment from the bright display.

Of all the joys of earthly pride or power,  
 What gives most life, worth living, in an hour?  
 When Victory settles on the doubtful fight,  
 And the last foeman wheels in panting flight,  
 No thrill like this is felt beneath the sun ;  
 Life's sovereign moment is a battle won.  
 But say what next? To shape a Senate's choice,  
 By the strong magic of the master's voice ;  
 To ride the stormy tempest of debate  
 That whirls the wavering fortunes of the state.

Third in the list, the happy lover's prize  
 Is won by honeyed words from women's eyes.  
 If some would have it first instead of third,  
 So let it be,—I answer not a word.

The fourth,—sweet readers, let the thoughtless  
 half  
 Have its small shrug and inoffensive laugh ;  
 Let the grave quarter wear its virtuous frown,  
 The stern half-quarter try to scowl us down ;

But the last eighth, the choice and sifted few,  
Will hear my words, and, pleased, confess them  
true.

Among the great whom Heaven has made to  
shine,  
How few have learned the art of arts,—to dine !  
Nature, indulgent to our daily need,  
Kind-hearted mother ! taught us all to feed ;  
But the chief art,—how rarely Nature flings  
This choicest gift among her social kings !  
Say, man of truth, has life a brighter hour  
Than waits the chosen guest who knows his power ?

He moves with ease, itself an angel charm,—  
Lifts with light touch my lady's jewelled arm,  
Slides to his seat, half leading and half led,  
Smiling but quiet till the grace is said,  
Then gently kindles, while by slow degrees  
Creep softly out the little arts that please ;  
Bright looks, the cheerful language of the eye,  
The neat, crisp question and the gay reply,—  
Talk light and airy, such as well may pass  
Between the rested fork and lifted glass ;—  
With play like this the earlier evening flies,  
Till rustling silks proclaim the ladies rise.

His hour has come,—he looks along the chairs.  
As the Great Duke surveyed his iron squares.  
—That's the young traveller,—isn't much to show,—  
Fast on the road, but at the table slow.  
—Next him,—you see the author in his look,—  
His forehead lined with wrinkles like a book,—  
Wrote the great history of the ancient Huns,—  
Holds back to fire among the heavy guns.