

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

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

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

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

"My father should wear a broad-cloth  
coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No doubtful balance of rights and  
wrongs,  
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptised her infant brow in blood;  
And, through the storm which round her  
swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,  
The roar of baleful battle rose,  
And brethren of a common tongue  
To moral strife as tigers sprung;  
And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;  
Their strife is past—their triumph won;

But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rise in their honoured place—  
A moral warfare of the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight.  
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
The Light, and Truth, and Love of  
Heaven.

(WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

#### THE WESTERN WORLD.

LATE from this western shore, that  
morning chased  
The deep and ancient night, that threw  
its shroud  
O'er the green land of groves, the  
beautiful waste,  
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of  
proud [the cloud.  
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook  
Erewhile, where you gay spires their  
brightness rear,  
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's  
shouts were loud [deer  
Amid the forest; and the bounding  
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt  
wolf yelled near.

And where his willing waves you  
bright blue bay  
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,  
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the  
gay  
Young group of grassy islands born of  
him,  
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance  
dim,  
Lifts the white throng of sails, that  
bear or bring  
The commerce of the world;—with  
tawny limb,  
And belt and beads in sunlight  
glistening,  
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird  
on the wing.

Then, all his youthful paradise around,  
And all the broad and boundless main-  
land lay,  
Cooled by the interminable wood, that  
frowned  
O'er mound and vale, where never  
summer ray  
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke  
his way  
Through the gray giants of the sylvan  
wild ;  
Yet many a sheltered glade, with  
blossoms gay,  
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine  
mild,  
Within the shaggy arms of that dark  
forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there  
the lake  
Spreads its blue sheet that flashed with  
many an oar,  
Where the brown otter plunged him  
from the brake,  
And the deer drank ;—as the light gale  
flew o'er,  
The twinkling maize-field rustled on  
the shore ;  
And while that spot, so wild and lone  
and fair,  
A look of glad and innocent beauty  
wore,  
And peace was on the earth and in the  
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his  
captive there :

Not unavenged—the foeman, from the  
wood,  
Beheld the deed, and when the mid-  
night shade [blood ;  
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with  
All died—the wailing babe—the shriek-  
ing maid—  
And in the flood of light that scathed  
the glade,  
The roofs went down ; but deep the  
silence grew,  
When on the dewy woods the day-  
beam played ;  
No more the cabin smokes rose  
wreathed and blue,  
And ever, by their lake, lay moored the  
light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has  
filled  
These populous borders—wide the  
wood recedes,  
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms  
are tilled ;  
The land is full of harvests and green  
meads ;  
Streams numberless, that many a foun-  
tain feeds,  
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun  
and breeze, [leads  
Their virgin waters ; the full region  
New colonies forth, that toward the  
western seas  
Spread, like a rapid flame among the  
autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind at  
length  
Throws its last fetters off ; and who  
shall place  
A limit to the giant's unchained  
strength,  
Or curb his swiftness in the forward  
race.  
Far, like the comet's way through in-  
finite space,  
Stretches the long untravelled path of  
light  
Into the depths of ages : we may trace—  
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,  
Till the receding rays are lost to human  
sight.

#### TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last  
steps of day  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou  
pursue  
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee  
wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and  
sink  
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power, whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless  
coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height, the cold thin atmo-  
sphere ;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome  
land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and  
rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds  
shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my  
heart [given,  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy  
certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

#### THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THE melancholy days are come, the  
saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds and naked woods and  
meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the  
withered leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the  
rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and  
from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow,  
through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young  
flowers, that lately sprung and stood,  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beau-  
teous sisterhood ?  
Alas ! they all are in their graves—the  
gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the  
fair and good of ours :  
The rain is falling where they lie—but  
the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the  
lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they  
perished long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died,  
amid the summer's glow ;  
But on the hill the golden rod, and the  
aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in  
autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold  
heaven, as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was  
gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day  
—as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out  
their winter home ;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is  
heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the  
waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers  
whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and  
by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her  
youthful beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and  
faded by my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when  
the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should  
have a lot so brief ;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that  
young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish  
with the flowers.

## HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night,  
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;  
The glorious hosts of light  
Walk the dark hemisphere till she re-  
tires :  
All through her silent watches, gliding  
slow,  
Her constellations come, and round the  
heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star  
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as  
they :  
Through the blue fields afar,  
Unseen they follow in his flaming way :  
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows  
dim,  
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set  
with him.

And thou dost see them rise,  
Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them  
set.  
Alone, in thy cold skies,  
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station  
yet,  
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering  
train,  
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue  
western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,  
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling  
air,  
And eve, that round the earth  
Chases the day, beholds thee watching  
there ;  
There noontide finds thee, and the hour  
that calls  
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's  
azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,  
The deeds of darkness and of light are  
done ;  
High towards the star-lit sky  
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots  
the sun—  
The night-storm on a thousand hills is  
loud—  
And the strong wind of day doth mingle  
sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze  
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass  
lost,  
Fixes his steady gaze,  
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly  
coast ;  
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by  
night,  
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide  
their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,  
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,  
Did in thy beams behold  
A beauteous type of that unchanging  
good,  
That bright eternal beacon, by whose  
ray  
The voyager of time should shape his  
heedful way.

## AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,  
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,  
The woods of autumn, all around our  
vale,  
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that in fold  
In their wide sweep, the coloured land-  
scape round,  
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and  
gold,  
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown  
The upland, where the mingled splen-  
dours glow,  
Where the gay company of trees look  
down  
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone  
In these bright walks ; the sweet south-  
west at play,  
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves  
are strown  
Along the winding way.

## AN INDIAN STORY.

And far in heaven, the while,  
The sun, that sends that gale to wander  
here,  
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet  
smile,—  
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,  
Verdure and gloom where many branches  
meet ;  
So grateful, when the noon of summer  
made  
The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees  
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths  
are bright ;  
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the  
breeze,  
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,  
Where bickering through the shrubs its  
waters run,  
Shines with the image of its golden  
screen,  
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,  
Lover to listening maid might breathe  
his flame,  
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,  
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon  
Depart the hues that make thy forests  
glad ;  
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,  
And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest  
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray,  
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west  
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife,  
That makes men mad—the tug for  
wealth and power,  
The passions and the cares that wither  
life,  
And waste its little hour.

I KNOW where the timid fawn abides  
In the depths of the shaded dell,  
Where the leaves are broad, and the  
thicket hides,  
With its many stems and its tangled sides,  
From the eye of the hunter well.

I know where the young May violet grows,  
In its lone and lowly nook,  
On the mossy bank, where the larch tree  
throws  
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,  
Far over the silent brook.

And that timid fawn starts not with fear  
When I steal to her secret bower,  
And that young May violet to me is dear,  
And I visit the silent streamlet near,  
To look on the lovely flower.

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks  
To the hunting-ground on the hills ;  
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and  
rocks,  
With her bright black eyes and long black  
locks,  
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes  
Are at watch in the thicker shades ;  
For she was lovely that smiled on his  
sighs,  
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his  
prize,  
The flower of the forest maids,

The boughs in the morning wind are  
stirred,  
And the woods their song renew,  
With the early carol of many a bird,  
And the quickened tune of the streamlet  
heard  
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired  
maid,  
Ere eve shall redden the sky,  
A good red deer from the forest shade,  
That bounds with the herd through grove  
and glade,  
At her cabin door shall lie. N N

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,  
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;  
And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,  
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil  
they won  
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives  
Strange traces along the ground—  
At once, to the earth his burden he heaves,  
He breaks through the veil of boughs and  
leaves,  
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that  
leant,  
And all from the young shrubs there  
By struggling hands have the leaves been  
rent,  
And there hangs on the sassafras broken  
and bent  
One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she who at this calm hour  
Ever watched his coming to see?  
She is not at the door, nor yet in the  
bower;  
He calls, but he only hears on the flower  
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,  
Nor a time for tears to flow;  
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—  
He grasps his war axe and bow, and a  
sheaf  
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's  
feet,  
Where he bore the maiden away;  
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet  
Than the blast that hurries the vapour  
and sleet  
O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride  
Was stolen away from his door;  
But at length the maples in crimson are  
dyed,  
And the grape is black on the cabin side,—  
And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine grove, dark and cold,  
Where the yellow leaf falls not,  
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,  
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,  
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,  
Point out the ravisher's grave;  
"And how soon to the bower she loved,"  
they say,  
"Returned the maid that was borne  
away  
From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

#### THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she  
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his dark musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When  
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow  
house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at  
heart;—

Go forth unto the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all  
around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of  
air—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and  
thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold  
ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid with many  
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,  
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering  
up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go

To mix for ever with the elements;  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod which the rude  
swain

Turns with his share and treads upon.  
The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce  
thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou  
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie  
down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with  
kings

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the  
good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the  
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;—  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and  
poured around all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden  
sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that  
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the  
wings

Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no  
sound,

Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are  
there,

And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them  
down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there  
alone.—

So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt  
fall

Unnoticed by the living—and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that  
breathe

Will share thy destiny. The gay will  
laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of  
care

Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall  
leave

Their mirth and their employments, and  
shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the  
long train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he  
who goes [maid,

In the full strength of years, matron and  
The bowed with age, the infant in the  
smiles

And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
By those who in their turn shall follow  
them. [join

So live, that when thy summons comes to  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each  
shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at  
night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained  
and soothed [grave

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.

#### OH, MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

OH, mother of a mighty race,  
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
Admire and hate thy blooming years;  
With words of shame  
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread  
That tints the morning hills with red;  
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet  
Within thy woods, are not more fleet;  
Thy hopeful eye  
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones—  
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.  
They do not know how loved thou art—  
How many a fond and fearless heart  
Would rise to throw  
Its life between thee and the foe!

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
What virtues with thy children bide;  
How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
Make bright, like flowers, the valley  
shades:  
What generous men  
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen:

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
By the lone rivers of the west;  
How faith is kept and truth revered,  
And man is loved, and God is feared,  
In woodland homes,  
And where the solemn ocean foams!

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved labourer toil and bread;  
Power, at thy bounds,  
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow  
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
Deep in the brightness of thy skies  
The thronging years in glory rise,  
And, as they fleet,  
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour  
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;  
And when thy sisters, elder born,  
Would brand thy name with words of  
scorn  
Before thine eye,  
Upon their lips the taunt shall die!

#### OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

Oh, fairest of the rural maids!  
Thy birth was in the forest shades;  
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,  
Were all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,  
Were ever in the sylvan wild;  
And all the beauty of the place  
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks  
Is in the light shade of thy locks;  
Thy step is as the wind that weaves  
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene  
And silent waters heaven is seen;  
Their lashes are the herds that look  
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,  
Are not more sinless than thy breast;  
The holy peace that fills the air  
Of those calm solitudes is there.

[NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.]

#### THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

WOE! for my vine-clad home!  
That it should ever be so dark to me,  
With its bright threshold, and its whis-  
pering tree!  
That I should ever come,  
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread,  
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on! my orphan boy!  
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,  
And the low shiver in the linden tree  
May bring to thee a joy;  
But, oh! how dark is the bright home  
before thee,  
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

Lead on! for thou art now  
My sole remaining helper. God hath  
spoken,  
And the strong heart I leaned upon is  
broken;  
And I have seen his brow,  
The forehead of my upright one, and just,  
Trode by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there  
Who blessed thee at the eventide, my son!

And when the shadows of the night steal  
on,  
He will not call to prayer.  
The lips that melted, giving thee to God,  
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Ay, my own boy! thy sire  
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,  
And the proud glory of my life hath  
past,  
With his high glance of fire.  
Woe! that the linden and the vine should  
bloom,  
And a just man be gathered to the tomb!

#### BETTER MOMENTS.

My Mother's voice! how often creeps  
Its cadence on my lonely hours!  
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
Or dew to the unconscious flowers,  
I can forget her melting prayer  
While leaping pulses madly fly,  
But in the still unbroken air  
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,  
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,  
And leave me at my mother's knee.  
The book of nature, and the print  
Of beauty on the whispering sea,  
Give aye to me some lineament  
Of what I have been taught to be.  
My heart is harder, and perhaps  
My manliness hath drunk up tears,  
And there's a mildew in the lapse  
Of a few miserable years—  
But nature's book is even yet  
With all my mother's lessons writ.  
I have been out at eventide

Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,  
When earth was garnished like a bride,  
And night had on her silver wing—  
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,  
And waters leaping to the light,  
And all that makes the pulses pass  
With wilder fleetness, thronged the  
night—  
When all was beauty—then have I,  
With friends on whom my love is flung  
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,  
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beautiful spirit there  
Flung over me its golden chain,  
My mother's voice came on the air  
Like the light-dropping of the rain,  
And resting on some silver star  
The spirit of a bended knee,  
I've poured her low and fervent prayer  
That our eternity might be  
To rise in heaven like stars at night,  
And tread a living path of light!  
I have been on the dewy hills,  
When night was stealing from the  
dawn,

And mist was on the waking rills,  
And tints were delicately drawn  
In the gray East—when birds were waking  
With a low murmur in the trees,  
And melody by fits was breaking  
Upon the whisper of the breeze,  
And this when I was forth, perchance  
As a worn reveller from the dance—  
And when the sun sprang gloriously  
And freely up, and hill and river  
Were catching upon wave and tree  
The arrows from his subtle quiver—  
I say, a voice has thrilled me then,  
Heard on the still and rushing light,  
Or, creeping from the silent glen  
Like words from the departing night,  
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed  
On the wet grass my fevered brow,  
And pouring forth the earliest  
First prayer, with which I learned to bow,  
Have felt my mother's spirit rush  
Upon me as in by-past years,  
And yielding to the blessed gush  
Of my ungovernable tears,  
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—  
As humble as a very child.

#### HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon  
the clouds  
With a strange beauty. Earth received  
again  
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and  
leaves  
And delicate blossoms, and the painted  
flowers,  
And every thing that bendeth to the  
dew.

And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up  
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet  
morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the  
light,  
And loveliness, and fragrant air, were  
sad

To the dejected Hagar. The moist  
earth

Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,  
And the young birds were singing, as if  
life

Were a new thing to them ; but, O ! it  
came

Upon her heart like discord, and she  
felt

How cruelly it tries a broken heart  
To see a mirth in anything it loves.

She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips  
were pressed

Till the blood started ; and the wander-  
ing veins

Of her transparent forehead were swelled  
out,

As if her pride would burst them. Her  
dark eye

Was clear and tearless, and the light of  
heaven,

Which made its language legible, shot  
back

From her long lashes, as it had been  
flame.

Her noble boy stood by her, with his  
hand

Clasped in her own, and his round deli-  
cate feet,

Scarce trained to balance on the tented  
floor,

Sandalled for journeying. He had looked  
up

Into his mother's face, until he caught  
The spirit there, and his young heart was  
swelling

Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his  
form

Straightened up proudly in his tiny  
wrath,

As if his light proportions would have  
swelled,

Had they but matched his spirit, to the  
man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh  
now

Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard  
Is low upon his breast, and on his high  
brow,

So written with the converse of his God,  
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.

His lip is quivering, and his wonted step  
Of vigour is not there ; and though the  
morn

Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes  
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.

O, man may bear with suffering : his  
heart

Is a strong thing, and godlike in the  
grasp

Of pain, that wrings mortality ; but tear  
One chord affection clings to, part one  
tie

That binds him to a woman's delicate  
love,

And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.  
He gave to her the water and the  
bread,

But spoke no word, and trusted not him-  
self

To look upon her face, but laid his hand  
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,  
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep ? May slighted  
woman turn,

And as a vine the oak has shaken off,  
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again ?  
O, no ! by all her loveliness, by all  
That makes life poetry and beauty, no !  
Make her a slave ; steal from her rosy  
cheek

By needless jealousies ; let the last star  
Leave her a watcher by your couch of  
pain ;

Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all  
That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet  
give

One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.

But, O ! estrange her once—it boots not  
how—

By wrong or silence, anything that tells  
A change has come upon your tender-  
ness—

And there is not a high thing out of  
heaven

Her pride o'ermastereth not.  
She went her way with a strong step  
and slow ;

Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye  
undimmed,

As it had been a diamond, and her  
form

Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed  
through.

Her child kept on in silence, though she  
pressed

His hand till it was pained : for he had  
caught,

As I have said, her spirit, and the seed  
Of a stern nation had been breathed  
upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun  
rode up

In the clear heaven, and every beam was  
heat.

The cattle of the hills were in the shade,  
And the bright plumage of the Orient  
lay

On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.  
It was an hour of rest ; but Hagar found  
No shelter in the wilderness, and on  
She kept her weary way, until the boy  
Hung down his head, and opened his  
parched lips

For water ; but she could not give it  
him.

She laid him down beneath the sultry  
sky,—

For it was better than the close, hot  
breath

Of the thick pines,—and tried to com-  
fort him ;

But he was sore athirst, and his blue  
eyes

Were dim and bloodshot, and he could  
not know

Why God denied him water in the wild.  
She sat a little longer, and he grew  
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have  
died.

It was too much for her. She lifted  
him,

And bore him further on, and laid his  
head

Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;  
And, shrouding up her face, she went  
away,

And sat to watch where he could see her  
not,

Till he should die ; and, watching him,  
she mourned :

“ God stay thee in thine agony, my  
boy !

I cannot see thee die ; I cannot brook  
Upon thy brow to look,

And see death settle on my cradle-  
joy.

How have I drunk the light of thy blue  
eye !

And could I see thee die ?

“ I did not dream of this when thou wert  
straying,

Like an unbound gazelle, among the  
flowers ;

Or wearing rosy hours,  
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,  
Then sinking weary to thy smiling  
sleep,

So beautiful and deep.

“ O, no ! and when I watched by thee the  
while,

And saw thy bright lip curling in thy  
dream,

And thought of the dark stream  
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,  
How prayed I that my father's land  
might be

An heritage for thee !

“ And now the grave for its cold breast  
hath won thee,

And thy white, delicate limbs the earth  
will press,

And, O ! my last caress  
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on  
thee.

How can I leave my boy, so pillowed  
there

Upon his clustering hair !”

She stood beside the well her God had  
given

To gush in that deep wilderness, and  
bathed

The forehead of her child until he  
laughed

In his reviving happiness, and lisped  
His infant thought of gladness at the  
sight

Of the cool plashing of his mother's  
hand.

[J. R. LOWELL]

## TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that growest  
beside the way, [gold,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless  
First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride,  
uphold, [they  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample  
round  
May match in wealth,—thou art more  
dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms  
may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the  
Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian  
seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'Tis the spring's largess, which she  
scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded  
eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
The eyes thou givest me  
Are in the heart, and heed not space or  
time:

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed  
bee  
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravish-  
ment

In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when  
first  
From the dark green thy yellow circles  
burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the  
grass,—  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,  
Where, as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand  
ways,—

Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue  
That from the distance sparkle through  
Some woodland gap,—and of a sky  
above,  
Where one white cloud like a stray  
lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are  
linked with thee; [song,  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's  
Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day  
long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
With news from heaven, which he did  
bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were  
happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
When thou, for all thy gold, so common  
art!

Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty  
gleam  
Of heaven, and could some wondrous  
secret show,  
Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom  
look  
On all these living pages of God's  
book.

## SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles which a bird  
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—  
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,  
The blue dome's measureless content,  
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—  
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps  
The orchards full of bloom and scent,  
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—  
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,  
Through the low doorway of my tent;  
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—  
I only know she came and went.

O, when the room grows slowly dim,  
And life's last oil is nearly spent,  
One gush of light these eyes will brim,  
Only to think she came and went.

## THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,  
And she was given to me  
To lead me gently backward  
To the Heavenly Father's knee,  
That I, by the force of nature,  
Might in some dim wise divine  
The depth of His infinite patience  
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,  
But to me she was wholly fair,  
And the light of the heaven she came  
from  
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;  
For it was as wavy and golden,  
And as many changes took,  
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples  
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling  
Upon me, her kneeling lover, [lids,  
How it leaped from her lips to her eye-  
And dimpled her wholly over,  
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,  
And I almost seemed to see  
The very heart of her mother  
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelve-  
month,  
And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away;  
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingali  
But loosed the hampering strings  
And when they had opened her cage-  
door,  
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled:

When I wake in the morning, I see it  
Where she always used to lie,  
And I feel as weak as a violet  
Alone 'neath the awful sky;

As weak, yet as trustful also;  
For the whole year long I see  
All the wonders of faithful Nature  
Still worked for the love of me;  
Winds wander, and dews drip earth-  
ward,  
Rain falls, suns rise and set,  
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper  
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,  
I cannot sing it to rest,  
I cannot lift it up fatherly  
And bless it upon my breast;  
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures its golden hair.

## THE STREET.

THEY pass me by like shadows, crowds  
on crowds, [fro  
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and  
Hugging their bodies round them, like  
thin shrouds [ago:  
Wherein their souls were buried long  
They trampled on their youth, and faith,  
and love,  
They cast their hope of human-kind  
away, [stroke,  
With Heaven's clear messages they madly  
And conquered,—and their spirits turned  
to clay: [their grave,  
Lo! how they wander round the world,  
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,  
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,  
"We, only, truly live, but ye are  
dead." [trace  
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may  
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

[JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, 1795—1820.]

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night  
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies ;  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light.  
Then from his mansion in the sun  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the clouds,  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
Where strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven ;  
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its bleedings shine afar,  
The harbingers of Victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high !  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,—  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,—  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,—  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendours fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !  
By angel hands to valour given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe that falls before  
us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner floating o'er us !

[OLIVER W. HOLMES.]

#### 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 !

[PARK BENJAMIN. DIED 1864.]

#### HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS !

How cheery are the mariners—  
Those lovers of the sea !  
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,  
As bounding and as free.  
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels  
In circles round the mast ;  
And sing when deep in foam the ship  
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?  
There's music in their roar,  
When wide the berth along the lee,  
And leagues of room before.

[JAMES ALDRICH.]

#### A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed that long, long night  
away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's morning-  
gate,  
And walked in Paradise !

[EPES SARGENT.]

#### THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

WE will not deplore them, the days that  
are past ;  
The gloom of misfortune is over them  
cast ;  
They are lengthened by sorrow and sul-  
lied by care ;  
Their griefs were too many, their joys  
were too rare ;  
Yet now that their shadows are on us no  
more,  
Let us welcome the prospect that bright-  
ens before !

We have cherished fair hopes, we have  
plotted brave schemes,  
We have lived till we find them illusive  
as dreams ;  
Wealth has melted like snow that is  
grasped in the hand,  
And the steps we have climbed have de-  
parted like sand ;  
Yet still we despond while of health un-  
bereft,  
And honour, bright honour, and freedom  
are left ?

O ! shall we despond, while the pages  
of time  
Yet open before us their records sublime !  
While, ennobled by treasures more pre-  
cious than gold,  
We can walk with the martyrs and heroes  
of old ;

Let billows toss to mountain heights,  
Or sink to chasms low,  
The vessel stout will ride it out,  
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvas furled,  
The gallant hull will float  
Securely, as on inland lake  
A silken-tasselled boat ;  
And sound asleep some mariners,  
And some with watchful eyes,  
Will fearless be of dangers dark  
That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners !  
And temper all the gales  
That sweep against the rocky coast  
To their storm-shattered sails ;  
And men on shore will bless the ship  
That could so guided be,  
Safe in the hollow of His hand,  
To brave the mighty sea !

[WILLIS G. CLARK.]

#### A REMEMBRANCE.

I SEE thee still ! thou art not dead,  
Though dust is mingling with thy form ;  
The broken sunbeam hath not shed  
The final rainbow on the storm :  
In visions of the midnight deep,  
Thine accents through my bosom thrill,  
Till joy's fond impulse bids me weep,—  
For, rapt in thought, I see thee still !

I see thee still,—that cheek of rose,—  
Those lips, with dewy fragrance wet,  
That forehead in serene repose,—  
Those soul-lit eyes—I see them yet !  
Sweet seraph ! sure thou art not dead,—  
Thou graces still this earthly sphere,  
An influence still is round me shed  
Like thine,—and yet thou art not here !

Farewell, beloved ! To mortal sight,  
Thy vermeil cheek no more may  
bloom ;  
No more thy smiles inspire delight,  
For thou art garnered in the tomb.  
Rich harvest for that ruthless power  
Which hath no bound to mar his will :  
Yet, as in hope's unclouded hour,  
Throned in my heart, I see thee still.



While humanity whispers such truths in  
the ear,  
As it softens the heart like sweet music to  
hear ?

O ! shall we despond while, with visions  
still free,  
We can gaze on the sky, and the earth,  
and the sea ;

While the sunshine can waken a burst of  
delight, [night :  
And the stars are a joy and a glory by  
While each harmony, running through  
nature, can raise  
In our spirits the impulse of gladness and  
praise ?

O ! let us no longer, then, vainly lament  
Over scenes that are faded and days that  
are spent :

But, by faith unforsaken, unawed by mis-  
chance,  
On hope's waving banner still fixed be  
our glance ;  
And, should fortune prove cruel and false  
to the last,  
Let us look to the future, and not to the  
past !

[BAYARD TAYLOR.]

#### MOAN, YE WILD WINDS.

MOAN, ye wild winds ! around the pane,  
And fall, thou drear December rain !  
Fill with your gusts the sullen day,  
Tear the last clinging leaves away !  
Reckless as yonder naked tree,  
No blast of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and wild embrace,  
And pour your baptism on my face ;  
Sound in mine ears the airy moan  
That sweeps in desolate monotone,  
Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat  
The marches of your homeless feet !

Moan on, ye winds ! and pour, thou rain !  
Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,  
If shed for her, whose fading eyes  
Will open soon on Paradise :  
The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,  
Or ere ye cease, if shed for me.

[R. H. STODDARD.]

#### THE SHADOW OF THE HAND.

YOU were very charming, madam,  
In your silks and satins fine ;  
And you made your lovers drunken,  
But it was not with your wine !  
There were court gallants in dozens,  
There were princes of the land,  
And they would have perished for you,  
As they knelt and kissed your hand—  
For they saw no stain upon it,  
It was such a snowy hand !

But for me—I knew you better,  
And, while you were flaunting there,  
I remembered some one lying,  
With the blood on his white hair !  
He was pleading for you, madam,  
Where the shriven spirits stand ;  
But the Book of Life was darkened  
By the Shadow of a Hand !  
It was tracing your perdition,  
For the blood upon your hand !

[WASHINGTON ALLSTON.]

#### AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,  
Our fathers' native soil !  
O stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,  
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore,  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,  
From his pine-embattled steep,  
Shall hail the great sublime ;  
While the Tritons of the deep  
With their conchs the kindred league  
shall proclaim,  
Then let the world combine—  
O'er the main our naval line,  
Like the milky-way shall shine,  
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have passed  
Since our fathers left their home,  
Their pilot in the blast,  
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—  
Yet lives the blood of England in our  
veins !  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains ?

While the language free and bold  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of heaven rung,  
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;  
While this, with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
From rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between let ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the  
sun :  
Yet, still, from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach  
More audible than speech,  
" We are one ! "

[SAMUEL WOODWORTH.]

#### THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them  
to view !  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-  
tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy  
knew !  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill  
that stood by it,  
The bridge, and the rock where the  
cataract fell,  
The cot of my father, the dairy house  
nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in  
the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in  
the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a  
treasure,  
For often at noon, when returned from  
the field, [sure,  
I found it the source of an exquisite plea-  
The purest and sweetest that nature can  
yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that  
were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom  
it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth  
overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose  
from the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the  
well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to  
receive it, [lips !  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt  
me to leave it,  
The brightest that beauty or revelry  
sips.

And now, far removed from the loved  
habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively  
swell, [tion,

As fancy reverts to my father's planta-  
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in  
the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in  
the well !

[RICHARD HENRY WILDE.]

#### MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground—to die

Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless—and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

[GRENVILLE MELLEN.]

#### ENGLISH SCENERY.

THE woods and vales of England:—is there not  
A magic and a marvel in their names?  
Is there not music in the memory  
Of their old glory?—is there not a sound,  
As of some watchword, that recalls at night  
All that gave light and wonder to the day?  
In these soft words, that breathe of loveliness,  
And summon to the spirit scenes that rose  
Rich on its raptured vision, as the eye  
Hung like a tranced thing above the page  
That genius had made golden with its glow—  
The page of noble story—of high towers,  
And castled halls, envista'd like the line  
Of heroes and great hearts, that centuries  
Had laid before their hearths in dim array—  
Of lake and lawn, and gray and cloudy tree,  
That rocked with bannered foliage to the storm  
Above the walls it shadowed, and whose leaves,

Rustling in gathered music to the winds,  
Seemed voiced as with the sound of many seas!

The wood and vales of England! O,  
The founts,  
The living founts of memory! how they  
break  
And gush upon my stirred heart as I  
gaze!

I hear the shout of reapers, the far  
low  
Of herds upon the banks, the distant  
bark

Of the tired dog, stretched at some cottage  
door,  
The echo of the axe, 'mid forest swung,  
And the loud laugh, drowning the faint  
halloo.

Land of our fathers! though 'tis ours to  
roam,  
A land upon whose bosom thou mightst  
lie,

Like infant on its mother's—though 'tis  
ours  
To gaze upon a nobler heritage  
Than thou couldst e'er unshadow to thy  
sons,—

Though ours to linger upon fount and  
sky,  
Wilder, and peopled with great spirits,  
who

Walk with a deeper majesty than thine,—  
Yet, as our father-land, O, who shall  
tell

The lone, mysterious energy which  
calls  
Upon our sinking spirits to walk forth  
Amid thy wood and mount, where every  
hill

Is eloquent with beauty and the tale  
And song of centuries, the cloudless  
years

When fairies walked thy valleys, and the  
turf  
Rung to their tiny footsteps, and quick  
flowers

Sprang with the lifting grass on which  
they trod—  
When all the landscape murmured to its  
rills,

And joy with hope slept in its leafy  
bowers!

[GEORGE P. MORRIS. DIED 1864.]

#### WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And wouldst thou hew it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
Oh spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy  
I sought its graceful shade;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here too my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here;  
My father pressed my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE. 1811-1849.]

#### THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I  
pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume  
of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping  
at my chamber-door;

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping  
at my chamber-door—  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the  
bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought  
its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I  
had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—  
sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom  
the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of  
each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic  
terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my  
heart, I stood repeating:  
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at  
my chamber-door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at  
my chamber-door:  
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesita-  
ting then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your  
forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so  
gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping  
at my chamber-door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here  
I opened wide the door—  
Darkness there, and nothing  
more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I  
stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals  
ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the  
stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the  
whispered word, "Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured  
back the word, "Lenore!"—  
Merely this, and nothing  
more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.  
"Surely," said I—"surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.  
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—  
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,  
With such name as "Never more."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered: "Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
Then the bird said: "Never more."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,  
Of 'Never—never more.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sadness into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;  
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Never more."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
*She* shall press—ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, O quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven: "Never more!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,  
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,  
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidan,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"  
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—  
Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"  
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door:  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,  
Shall be lifted—never more!

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.]

#### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above;  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before:  
Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more. oo

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe  
 this prayer!  
 Descend with broad-winged flight,  
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the  
 most fair,  
 The best-beloved Night!

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A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN  
 SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act,—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labour and to wait.

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THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;  
 And sinking silently,  
 All silently, the little moon  
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
 But the cold light of stars;  
 And the first watch of night is given  
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
 The star of love and dreams?  
 O no! from that blue tent above,  
 A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
 When I behold afar,  
 Suspended in the evening skies,  
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
 And smile upon my pain;  
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,  
 But the cold light of stars;  
 I give the first watch of the night  
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
 He rises in my breast,  
 Serene, and resolute, and still,  
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whoso'er thou art,  
 That readest this brief psalm,  
 As one by one thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
 And thou shalt know ere long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong.

THE REAPER AND THE  
 FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is  
 Death,  
 And, with his sickle keen,  
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
 And the flowers that grow between.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and  
 tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there!  
 There is no fireside, howso'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair! 002

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children  
crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflic-  
tions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and  
vapours,  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is  
transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affec-  
tion,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor pro-  
tection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclu-  
sion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's  
pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is  
doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pur-  
suing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep  
unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though  
unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold  
her;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's man-  
sion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expan-  
sion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with  
emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like  
the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feel-  
ing  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

#### THE ROPE-WALK.

In that building long and low,  
With its windows all a row,  
Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their threads so thin,  
Dropping, each, a hempen bulk.

At the end an open door;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
Light the long and dusky lane;  
And the whirling of a wheel,  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and reascend,  
Glean the long threads in the sun;  
While within this brain of mine  
Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
Like white doves upon the wing,

#### THE TWO ANGELS.

Two Angels, one of Life, and one of  
Death,  
Passed o'er the village as the morning  
broke; [neath,  
The dawn was on their faces; and be-  
The sombre houses capped with plumes  
of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same;  
Alike their features and their robes of  
white;  
And one was crowned with amaranth, as  
with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of  
light.

I saw them pause on their celestial  
way:—  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt  
oppressed, [betray  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou  
The place where thy beloved are at  
rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending at my door, began to  
knock;  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's  
shock.

I recognised the nameless agony—  
The terror, and the tremor, and the  
pain—  
That oft before had filled and haunted  
me,  
And now returned with threefold  
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard  
God's voice; [best,  
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house  
with light—  
"My errand is not Death, but Life,"  
he said;  
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

First before my vision pass;  
Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At the shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms,  
Drawing water from a well;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower  
Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
While the rope coils round and round,  
Like a serpent, at his feet,  
And again in swift retreat  
Almost lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth;  
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!  
Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a schoolboy, with his kite,  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look;  
Steeds pursued through lane and field;  
Fowlers with their snares concealed,  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
Anchors dragged through faithless  
sand;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And with lessening line and lead  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These and many left untold,  
In that building long and low;  
While the wheels go round and round  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.

"I was at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
Pausing, descended ; and, with voice divine,  
Whispered a word, that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom—  
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God !— If He but wave His hand,  
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud ;  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;  
Without His leave they pass no throes ;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

#### HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited ; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;  
He but perceives what is ; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands ;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and every-  
waits through these earthly mists and vapours dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires !  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate or cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and wanders  
our thoughts above the dark abyss.

#### DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

In broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a poet's mystic lay ;  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overthrew the night  
With revelations of her light.

And the poet's song again  
Passed like music through my brain ;  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery.

#### VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
Victor Galbraith !

In the mist of the morning damp and gray,  
These were the words they seemed to say,  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith !"

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;  
Firm was his step, erect his head ;  
Victor Galbraith.

He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it said ;  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith !"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,  
He looked at the files of musketry,  
Victor Galbraith !

And he said, with a steady voice and eye,  
"Take good aim ; I am ready to die !"  
Thus challenges death  
Victor Galbraith.

"Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;  
Victor Galbraith.

Falls on the ground, but he is not dead ;  
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,  
And they only scathe  
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,  
But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith !

The water he drinks has a bloody stain ;  
"O kill me, and put me out of my pain !"  
In his agony prayest  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more these tongues of flame,  
And the bugler has died a death of shame,  
Victor Galbraith !  
[cane,  
His soul has gone back to whence it  
And no one answers to the name,  
When the sergeant saith,  
"Victor Galbraith !"

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith !

Through the mist of the valley damp and gray,  
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,  
"That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith !"

#### SANTA FILLOMENA.

WHEN'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Where'er is spoke a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.