

L I N D E N R H Y M E S .

B Y M A U D E .



HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA:
ELBRIDGE GERRY FULLER,
34, 35, & 36 HOLLIS STREET.
1854.

C A M B R I D G E , M A S S . :
M E T C A L F A N D C O M P A N Y , P R I N T E R S T O T H E U N I V E R S I T Y .

DEDICATION.

THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION,

TO

LADY SEYMOUR,

WHOSE NAME WILL BE LONG AND TENDERLY REMEMBERED
IN NOVA SCOTIA.

MAUDE.

P R E F A C E .

IN the way of Preface to this small book, I have not much to say. It is impossible for me to explain how it was written, or why it is now published;— else, perhaps, I might disarm criticism. But I can offer to my dear friends, without whose generous and effectual aid I could have done so little towards publishing, and to my numerous and kind subscribers, most grateful regard; from my countrymen and countrywomen generally, I entreat a merciful verdict.

MAUDE.

C O N T E N T S .

	PAGE
SONG OF THE NILE	3
THE RIVALS	8
THE GAMBIA	12
THE WINDOW	19
THE BRIDE OF SALSBOOK	23
PICTURE OF "RED RIDING-HOOD"	33
THE SUMMER-HOUSE	36
SNOW	38
TO WILLIE, ON HIS FIRST ANNIVERSARY	41
FAVORITE SUMMER HAUNT	45
LINES SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN "OLIVER TWIST"	49
EXOTIC FLOWERS	52
THE GARDEN	54
THE WITHERED ROSE	61
THE WATER-LILY	65
SORROW AND MEMORY	68
PETIT RIVIÈRE AT SUNSET	70

THE SWEETBRIER IN AFRICA	73
SARAH CURRAN'S SONG	77
RIVERS STEWIAKKE AND MUSQUODOBOIT	79
THE BOUQUET	82
JUNIPER-TREES	86
GONE TO ENGLAND	89
THE PIGEON-BERRY	92
THE ANNIVERSARY	95
THE VISITOR'S CARD-BASKET	102
THE MAY-FLOWER	110
SONG OF THE POLAR NIGHT	113
AN INDIAN GIRL	118
THE PONY	122
THE INDIAN CUP	125
A LAMENT	127
THE TREE CRANBERRY	132
THE SEA-SHORE, A FRENCH LITHOGRAPH	134
AUSTRALIAN PASTURES	136
SIR JOHN HARVEY	140
APPEAL TO THE POETS OF NOVA SCOTIA	142
<hr/>	
NOTES	150

LINDEN RHYMES.

SONG OF THE NILE.

ERE the earliest of men
Wore the young world's crown,
From a sacred mountain glen
I came rolling down.
O'er my lone, triumphant birth
Sprung the giant Palm,
Casting to the charmèd earth
Plumes of shadow calm.

Never I that regal fount
Gave to human eyes,
Though, its story to recount,
Came the bold and wise ;
Came the gorgeous Cæsar, drest
In his golden mail,

Deeming that his haughty quest
 Could not, dare not, fail.
Brave and tender Antony
 Came, with gallant zeal,
Crying, "Thy grand mystery
 Love shall now reveal."

Priest and warrior, sage and queen,
 Dared my silent scorn :
Yet where mortal hath not been
 Was the Titan born.
Vainly primal sail, unfurled,
 Sought my secret sway ;
And a curious, later world
 Baffled stands to day.

Come, ye streams of younger time,
 Chant your storied scroll,
While the marvels of your prime
 Down your courses roll.
Seek I not such late renown ;
 In my glorious morn,
Saints and prophets earned the crown
 Egypt hath not worn.

SONG OF THE NILE.

Dawning earth's majestic sons
Left their deeds with me, —
Tenderer pictures, meeker ones,
In my mirror see.
She, to Memphian monarch fair,
By my warm, soft wave,
Found — the Syrian tent to share —
Her rival in a slave.
Joseph's brethren came forlorn
To my bounteous plain ;
Laden with my wine and corn,
Went they not again ?

Pharaoh's daughter from my tide
Claimed the Hebrew boy —
Cradled on its rushy side —
With a gentle joy.
Saw I not the groaning Jew,
Bound and burdened, toil,
While the man Jehovah knew
Smote the haughty soil ?
Voyaging from sweet south land,
Lured by Judah's fame,
Bringing rare gifts in her hand,
She of Sheba came.

Safely slept the holy child
 On the Virgin's breast,
When the twain, from fury wild,
 Fled to me for rest.
Lovely lip and cheek may lean
 O'er a colder tide, —
I recall the matchless mien
 Of the Roman's bride.
Earth grew lavish where I came,
 Beauty robed my shore ;
Monsters dwelt with me whose fame
 Time shall not restore.

Still the royal Palm-groves rise
 Through my flowery plain ;
Still bend blue and fervent skies
 O'er my golden grain ;
Still the tall, bright Ambak smiles,
 From my bosom thrown ;
And the fragrant Lotus isles
 Yet come floating down.
Radiant birds throng to the slope,
 O'er my reedy brink ;
And the graceful antelope
 Cometh down to drink ;

SONG OF THE NILE.

But no voice the mighty calls,
Perished from my shore, —
In their shattered Theban halls
Glory sits no more.
Vainly I, at Memnon's feet,
Offer wreaths of bloom ;
Mute he sits, the dawn to meet,
In gigantic gloom.
And the Sphinx, whose grandeur spread
Down my famous shore,
Wrapt the Desert round her head,
Dwelt with men no more.
Faint tones from her mystic page
With my waters roll ;
Shall I to an infant age
Bare her solemn soul ?
Sweep, rejoicing rivers, bear
Little wonders on,
From the Pyramids I hear
Rameses, my son.
Through the ages ye may go,
With a gracious smile,
But the glory shall not know
Of the crownless Nile.

THE RIVALS.

IN festal rooms, in sacred fanes,
In throng of city street,
And 'neath green boughs in shady lanes,
The rivals often meet.
The one is brown-eyed, fair, and pale,
Just wise enough for art,
And matches with her aspect frail
The graceful, pensive part.

The mirror of her dream of love
Reflects herself alone ;
By all that o'er its surface move
Her triumph must be shown ;

Nor ever crossed her inward glance,
Doubt, or misgiving chill,
Of power, through every after chance,
The secret soul to fill

Of him, who, — in the reckless fall
Of passion, coldly met
By one for whom he hoarded all
Love ever lavished yet, —
Yielding to hope of solaced days
For the wild heart within,
And tempted by her skilful gaze,
Gave all she cared to win.

The one he deems so gay and cold
Hath eyes with sorrow dim,
But in her heart's despairing fold
She weepeth most for him.
That heart hath watched him through the day,
And prayed beneath the night ;
Yet in its pride and fear can slay
Its captive of delight.

Yet knows she, that to him she 's fraught
 With life's sole guiding beam,
That her familiar, daily thought
 Her rival cannot dream ;
That she to him wears fairest face
 The sun hath looked upon,
Though oft the hidden heart-throe trace
 Her brow with shadows wan.

And when soft words of greeting rise
 Between these ladies fair,
Each looks into the other's eyes
 To read her terror there.
For each, the other's claim can bow,
 Upon their struggling thrall ;
One holds his love, and one his vow,
 He neither can recall.

One bends her brown eyes on his gifts,
 With proud, triumphant beam ;
The other's roam o'er memory's drifts,
 Where dearer treasures gleam.

One claims, with soft, successful wile,
His raptureless caress ;
The other meets his quivering smile
With one that dare not bless.

His clasp, and kiss, once pressed love-dole,
On hand, she holds apart,
That clasp is yet upon her soul,
That kiss within her heart.
She knows the word she will not speak
Would bring him to her side,
But leaves him, maddened, to the meek
Arts of his promised bride.

THE GAMBIA.

“ Rivers unknown to song.”

WHERE the Mangrove shadows
To the hot winds quiver,
Through majestic bowers
Rolls a splendid river.
Evermore broad branches
Stoop their heads to lave,
And wreath a sylvan coronal
To grace the Gambian wave.

Lone and lovely islands
Are lying on its breast,
Verdant, blooming marvels,
By human foot unprest ;

Amid their flowery thickets
The serpent finds a home,
And through the gorgeous solitudes
The wolf and leopard roam.

Amid the dusky nations,
Bordering Gambia's side,
Floats the English banner
Up its stately tide ;
There, o'er English faces,
The proud old flag may wave ;
But honors with its drooping fold
Full many an English grave.

Calm, great creeks stretch inland,
Beneath a Mangrove crown,
Whose green and clasping branches
Send morning coolness down.
On their still waves, the stranger
Might dream that word and wand
Of magic held these portals fair
To sunny lands beyond.

And fields are bright with sunshine
Amid the burning plain ;
And wondrous plumes are glancing
Where fearless birds remain ;
And round the native village
Are towering regal trees,
And Tamarind, Oak, and mighty Teil
Sway grandly to the breeze.

There the jetty Jaloof¹
Basks the hours away ;
And there his graceful maidens,
At morn, in early May,
Grouping in the corn-lands,
Cast the blessed grain
Across the warm, luxuriant soil,
Before the time of rain.

And rude invention aideth
The tiller of the ground,
Beside his simple anvil
The Jaloof man is found ;

And though to him comes never
Stern labor's careful pain,
Aneath his brilliant heaven he plies
The art of Tubal-Cain.²

And life hath other aspects
Where Gambia's waters sweep ;
Sunny, pastoral pictures,
Where shepherd Foolahs³ keep
Quiet herd and sheep-flock,
Gigantic boughs below, —
Or range the green, wild pastures, where
The long, strange grasses grow.

Far in the shining distance
A little leaf-thatched town
Lies, 'mid the blooming verdure
These glorious deserts own ;
With water-jars head-laden,
There, in the sunset calm,
Come Foolah girls, from wells beside
Some old chivalric Palm.

The patriarchal people
Here oft, at clear nightfall,
Hold 'neath the lofty branches
A moonlit festival ;
And gracefully the maidens
Move to some simple strain,
Whose gentle charm to joy beguiles
These children of the plain.

The ancient Arab beauty
Is lingering in their mien ;
And yet their glowing language⁴
Can tell of what hath been ;
Still, delicate in feature,
As Europe's daughters fair,
Lovely with the locust garland
In their glistening hair.

From his distant kingdom,
The swarthy trader hies
To thy broad breast, Gambia,
With native merchandise.

Down the shining highway
Comes the earth-born star,
And nuts and gold and ivory
And cheà-oil from far.

From remoter regions,
Whence tribute waters pour,
Tribes come, wild and warlike,
Along this wondrous shore.
On the sunny borders
Monsters swarm unstirred,
And hither leads the elephant
His own majestic herd.

Strange night-cries are booming
Across the silent air,
When, roused, the river-horses
Forsake their watery lair.
All day the vulture watcheth
For prey the stream and slope,
And boundeth up and down the banks
The dainty antelope.

Beautiful is Gambia,
Approaching Ocean's sway ;
Beautiful is Gambia,
Five hundred miles away.
Through exhaustless glories,
Passing all we dream
Of lovely, wild, and wonderful,
Sweeps on the splendid stream.

THE WINDOW.

“ Walls that have echoed to our pleasure ;
Walls that have hidden us in grief.”

THE dear old cottage Window looks out upon the same
Familiar things and lovely, that in old time graced its
name.

But I stand where the framing casts the fashioning of
yore,

In quaint and antique shadows, across the silent floor,
Thinking sadly, that not alway stood I looking forth
alone,

Wrapt in the lustrous garment the soft moonlight
droppeth down,

Recalling loved and vanished ones to sit within its
gleam,

Who now, in moonless mansions, rest in a brighter
beam.

Inscrutable lies their abode beyond that boundless sky,
That portal shutting out from us a rarer mystery.
Humanity stands warder, where the unrevealing are,
And secures the solemn entrance, with Life the golden
bar.

Nor unremembered are they who crossed the ancient
main,
Who left us pleasant word and deed until they come
again ;
The place they loved is vacant still, in the deep Win-
dow-side ;
And though new steps bring gayer smiles, the void is
not supplied.
We 're lonely in the eventide, in paths the absent knew,
Where pale and radiant roses are shining in the dew,
And still the favorite woodbine is lovely as of old,
When its scarlet trumpets opened with a lining of pale
gold.
Still lends the moon her beauty to the waters blue be-
low,
When she spreads her regal presence o'er their un-
troubled flow,
Like the Milky Way that stretches its marvel through
the skies,

The wondrous golden alphabet of untaught mysteries,
The influence of whose glory is to wise and simple
given,
When it casts its splendid silence across the distant
heaven.

But sadder visitants than these throng round the Win-
dow-pane,
Shorn of the sweet enchantment they cannot wear
again ;
The fairy tale hath shrunk away from Time's pro-
gressive lore,
And the future it was meant to grace believeth it no
more ;
But not the less will Memory send from that departed
prime
Her sweet and sombre fantasies, to haunt this wiser
time.
For dearest eyes here oft have looked a blessing into
mine,
That daily traced prophetic page, yet read no warning
line ;
And watchings, hopings, agonies, and expectations
vain,

Return with no great store of bliss, but scantier hoard
of pain.

For through that magic land afar, Truth still walked
me beside,

And reigneth now o'er common day with peace-bestow-
ing pride.

Since through the diamond lattice first streamed the
morning ray,

The sunlight of a century hath sped the time away ;
And faces fair, and happy hearts, and spirits strong
and high,

Have smiled, rejoiced, and suffered out their human
destiny,

Within the walls whose shelter now another race may
claim,

Till it close the varied journeying, whose goal is still
the same.

But the Window, the old Window, while I struggle
through my day,

Keeps a way-side blessing for me when I stand within
its ray.

THE BRIDE OF SALSBROOK.

“ And kind tradition has preserved the tale.”

THERE 's a western vale in our wilderness land,
Soft and green as the Pagan's Elysian strand ;
A broad, bright river the fresh sward laves,
And rare fruit ripens, and tall corn waves, —
For the plough hath been here, and hard-handed toil
Hath furrowed its blessings deep into the soil.
The meadow-lands stretch their golden green
In the lavish light of the sun's wide sheen ;
Begirt by towering hills, that stand
To shelter this nook of sweet garden land :
Hills that — with leaf-robe over them flung
As gorgeous to-day as when earth was young,
While their lonely freedom the wild-birds share,
And the stately moose finds a covert there —

Disdain man's power from base to brow,
And look untamed on the valley below :
The valley below, where quaint homesteads gray
Peep out from the flowering-locust's spray,
Or shadowy lie in the beautiful gloom
Of old elm-branches and orchard bloom ;
While prouder mansions glance through the trees,
When the broad boughs sway to the sweeping breeze.
And the fairest of these hath a fairer crown,
That hallows its roof as the days run down ;
Where the wisdom of manhood lends genius no shame,
And Beauty enhances the lustre of Fame.
There too hath calm Learning her spirit bestowed,
To honor a chosen and lovely abode ;
Whose walls have sent forth the bold, brilliant, and
sage,
To write names of renown on the world's trial-page.

But an antique house on a soft green mound,
Crowning the emerald slopes around,
Is filled with a memory of bygone woe,
And a shadow of fifty years ago.
Of no lovelier things could your fancy dream
Than the verdant meadows and fresh, bright stream,

That lend the old dwelling its picturesque fame,
And keep unforgotten its first master's name.

But childless he laid his head under the lea,
And strangers came hither from over the sea,
And Salsbrook rejoiced in their generous sway,
Who were kindly and bounteous and fair as the day.
They came of a race ancient, loyal, and brave,
That had given true sons to the field and the wave,
In the days when Britannia her banner unfurled,
And shook its broad folds in the face of the world.
And they brought to the calm pleasant valley the same
Warm, lofty nature, and chivalrous name ;
And the land grew proud of their words and deeds,
And the sounding tramp of their sprightly steeds
Brought cottage children and rustic dame
To the simple doorway, a smile to claim.
They were welcome at gathering of grand and gay,
And honored by poor men miles away.

But Love came, and behind him the mournful doom
That walks in the shadow of shroud and tomb ;
But beside him he brought a gay soldier to share
The untenanted heart-depths of Ethel the fair.

And Ethel was fair as the fairest you 'll meet,
And stately the tread of her little, light feet,
As they bore her along with the natural grace
That followed the maidens and men of her race.
Her soft, dark curls went floating away
From brow as sweet as the poet's young May ;
And the spirit reposed in her lustrous eyes,
That were tender and pure as the dew-filled skies.
The dimpled chin, childlike, loving, and fair,
Was made for caressing and tempted it there ;
And the mouth had a smile like a paradise gleam
To hearts that ached for some missing beam
That gilded the clouds of their summer-morn sky,
But darkened for ever ere noontide went by.
And Ethel was loved as a maiden would be,
When she ventures her soul on Love's perilous sea.
For Otho rejoiced in the bondage he wore,
And was gallant and tender as e'er knight of yore.
The world had not tarnished the heart good and
brave
That spake through eyes blue as the fetterless
wave ;
And his vigorous Northern blood was told
In the daring forehead and locks of gold.

But there came an eve of a summer day,
Whose morrow was destined for bridal array ;
And Ethel was dreaming, on yonder brook-side,
Of a new, happy home and a happier bride ;
For the charm of the spot Ethel cared nothing now,
She saw not the glitter, she heard not the flow,
Of the beautiful brook that went wandering by,
To the low bird-songs making sweet reply.
The great oak-shadows fell over its breast ;
And the Elm looked in at her bending crest
And graceful stem fringed with feathery boughs,
Of a greener hue than the wood-moss shows ;
The delicate Ash made a home on its side,
And the Maple, when Autumn gave pomp to his pride,
Shook out his red banners across the sweet wave,
And clothed it with beauty his might could not save.
The innocent lilies stooped down to its brim,
And through the long grass the strawberry looked
dim,
While the soft-fingered Larch parted branches of pride
For a tremulous glance at her grace in the tide ;
There the large fragrant Quince loved to lave its green
rind,
And the Brier-rose flung her pink shells on the wind.

But the lady thought only, and looked to the west,
At sunset, to-morrow, I 'm wedded and blest.

And the morrow was born, and its sunset was bright,
But Otho came not with the vanishing light.
Ere through the east shadows that morning looked gray,
He was summoned on track of deserters away ;
But his peril was small, for the fugitive hold
Had been marked and betrayed at the tempting of gold ;
And the friend he loved best left the vale at his side,
With gay promise to bring him safe back to his bride.

Fair Ethel stood robed, and her maidens were gay
With marvel and jest at the bridegroom's delay ;
The fresh valley-lilies, so blooming and fair,
Shook their odorous bells in her glistening hair,
But her cheek had a shadow of dread unconfest,
When she lifted her eyes to the far-fading west.

There 's a gentle hollow a mile away,
Whose verdant sides own the summer-queen's sway ;
There the apple-bloom leans its sweet blush to the
 sword,
Like a lady's fair cheek on the breast of her lord ;

While scatters the Thorn its satin-flaked snow
O'er the face of the bright wild-rose below ;
And through sad fir-boughs, hung with shining cones,
The gray-bird flits and the faint wind moans.
A spring sparkles up to the moonlight and morn,
And there that soft stream of the meadows was
born ;
And there, at e'entide of his bridal day,
Under stars pale and early the dead Otho lay !
And his brother in arms, the friend chosen and tried,
In his agony's strength lay as mute at his side.

They had traversed the side of the mountain at morn,
But the toil of their rugged march lightly was borne ;
The captured were safe with a well-chosen band,
And the friends hurried downward to meet the green
land.

The noon was long past ere they reached the spring-
side,
Yet paused they to drink of the cool, tempting tide.
“ Almost home,” said gay Otho, “ rest briefly and
take
One draught at the fount for the brooklet's sweet
sake.”

He stooped, as he flung himself carelessly down,
O'er the soft, sloping brink with small flowers o'er-
grown,

Casting pistol and sabre away from his side,
And blessed, as he drank, the dear eyes of his bride.
No boding had he of the doom that was nigh,
Though Death lay in the true hand of him who stood by ;
While ungirding the weapons, no longer of need,
That quick, fatal grasp wrought a direful deed, —
The random ball sped to the lover's warm breast,
Whose dear life gushed away at its ruthless behest.
Small space for that terrible parting remained,
But he who to earth was so blissfully chained
Spoke words as he left it, sad, tender, and calm,
But they brought to the wild heart that listened no balm ;
Joy lay dead in that heart when brave Otho's stood still,
And sound came alone from the murmuring rill.

There were mourners that night clothed in wedding-
array,
And weepers in peasant-garb farther away ;
Simple maidens shed tears from true hearts over-
flown,
And bewailed Ethel's lover with thoughts of their own ;

And for Ethel's crushed heart cottage mothers looked
pale,
For the soldier was loved far and wide through the
vale.

And to her, the bereaved, came love never again ;
To wean her from memory, to lure her from pain,
Did fond hands ne'er lift the soft hair from her face,
Nor welcome eyes tenderly gaze on its grace ?
No ; the love of her soul was more fervently true,
Than when daily came Otho her smile to sue ;
She knew, when her step sought haunts dear before,
That the soft grass bent 'neath his footfall no more ;
And when flowerets sprung bright in some lone, shel-
tered spot,
Some old resting-place, where now rest was not,
And the same green branches were bending nigh,
That answered of old to Spring's exquisite sigh,
Earth loveliness only could memory move,
And her spirit still lavished its strong, human love
Upon one who would never more smile at her voice,
Or roam by her side where the young birds rejoice.
The long hours bent down her beautiful head,
With a wild, sick wail to rejoin her dead ;

And when stars came solemnly out on high,
And strange sounds of night on the wind went by,
Her heart sank down with its desolate woe,
And yearned for the shores where no dead lie low.

In Salsbrook House there is revel no more, —
They have passed away who dwelt there of yore ;
They followed each other, wise, fair, and old,
And lie 'neath the elms in yon sacred mould.

PICTURE OF "RED RIDING-HOOD,"

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THE sky is dark above thee,
The path is lone and wild,
Beautiful young wayfarer,
Tender, earnest child!

Through wild bloom wending onward,
Too guileless for alarm ;
Bringing, young Samaritan,
Love-laden heart and arm.

The hood, whose name thou bearest,
Backward, careless lies ;
While unconscious prophecy
Shades those lustrous eyes.

Through a broken cloud-drift,
Sunlight falling fair,
Float waves of golden glitter,
To the dark soft hair.

And face, — O never fairer
Creative magic wrought,
Than lives in this expression
Of the great painter's thought !

Honor to him who cast
The enchantment of his art
Around the simple memory
Of many a childish heart !

For with the world's hard wisdom
His heart had not grown cold,
Who with this shape immortal
Endowed that tale of old.

Pure was the soul that, turning
From themes of pride and glory,
Thus could grace and realize
The children's favorite story.

The care and strife of manhood,
The toil that won his fame,
Rolled back like deluge waters
Till the real world looked the same

As when, long ago, he rambled
Through such a flowery wood,
Doubting not the history
Of dear Red Riding-Hood.

THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

COME to the Summer-house, whose roof the clasping
willows

Sheltered and shadowed a century ago ;
And, looking far below, upon the bright blue billows,
Think of lost eyes that loved their radiant flow :

Saying, Within securer shade than ours
Roameth he who here oft rejoiced at eventide ;
Or coucheth peacefully, where dearer flowers
Wave on greener shores, with softer seas beside.

We turn to see, above yon bounding highlands,
All the distant splendor of the sunset show ;
As the dying day goes, dropping purple islands,
Through the amber ocean of his parting glow.

But far, far away, beyond this transient glory,
Meet for old Earth's crown and our fainter gaze,
Shineth over him a sky no song or story
Ever dimly pictured for our mortal days.

Here hath he lingered long when sweet strains were
rising
From the bright waters upon the wandering air,
Now lists he melodies of new and rare devising,
Harmonies whose burden it is not ours to share.

Yield up thy dead, faithful heart of human sorrow,
Here, within the old haunt, loved by him so well,
Till breaks the soft dawn of thy immortal morrow
Over the Eden where he delights to dwell.

SNOW.

COME, drifting on the north-wind,
O white-winged, fairest Snow !
And bring us something fairer,
That we loved long ago.

Sweep swiftly down the wide hills,
That we know far away ;
And rest along the valleys,
Where we 've seen the summer day.

Fall gently, where broad branches
O'er wayfarers entwine ;
And spread thy shining mantle
Adown the river's line.

For, from a lonely valley,
 Beneath the distant hills,
Along the desolate woodland,
 And by the shrouded rills,

Will come the fair and dear one
 For whom we look and long,
If thou wilt spread her pathway,
 The lonely wilds among.

Upon soft airs, or fierce winds,
 Thy dazzling showers throw ;
Wail if thou wilt, or voiceless,
 Fall fast, fair, fleecy Snow !

There 's many a mirthful story,
 Long hoarded for the smile
That could the bright days brighten
 And the bitter ones beguile.

And to other tales she 'll listen,
 While her eyes in true tears swim,
Told by the chamber fire-light,
 When other fires are dim.

And kind ears wait in turn, for
All these late days have brought her ;
And tones are here to say, Hope
Is Sorrow's fairest daughter.

Speed on dear days, wherever
Thy white wings come and go ;
I see their first faint waving,
Sweep softly, swiftly Snow.

TO WILLIE,

ON HIS FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

WILLIE, dearest, thou art here,
Tender nursling of a year ;
With us still, through many fears,
Anxious hours, and boding tears,
Weariness by love beguiled,
A precious, dainty, darling child.

Dear little one, what earnest thought
Hath thine early birthday brought !
For know I well, 't is vain to dream,
Of voyaging adown Life's stream
With shining bark and silken sail
And rosy Summer's odorous gale.

God-sent, the sudden storm sweeps on,
Our worshipped bawbles, lo ! are gone ;
And happy if, through wreck and grief,
We reach the shore of blest relief, —
The shore serene, where angel eyes
Shine with the peace of Paradise.

Then, darling, lift we not for thee
Vain prayers for what can never be ;
For days of soft, unclouded beam,
Griefs fainter than a morning dream ;
Not such the path whose future end
Leads to our Father, Judge, and Friend.
The grief He strengthens us to bear,
Exalts the spirit, yet so dear
(Through all its earthly soil and stain)
To Him who chastens to regain.

For old in thought, if not in days,
We wander through Life's dreary ways ;
With aching heart, and careless brow,
Finding treachery and woe ;
Where that heart in boundless trust,
Human-like, clung to the dust ;

Divinely-missioned, Sorrow's hand
Points to the far-off Holy Land.

That Holiest Land, — O may it be
A home, dear Will, for thee and me,
And those who now so dearly prize
The guileless love of thy sweet eyes.

Nor merely vain the hope that prays
For thee a lengthy course of days ;
For thou wilt early learn to know
Man's noblest destiny below
Is to walk onward, from his youth,
Through toiling life, with heart of truth,
And mercy to his fellow-man,
Pitying, sustaining, where he can,
Earth's erring ones, — and looking in
His own unconquered heart of sin,
Humble himself, nor dare despise
The outcast of the world's hard eyes, —
All brethren, various though they be,
One God-created family.

All this and more will be to thee
The lessons of thine infancy,
(And life no loftier future holds,
Than growing thought like this unfolds,)
Saved from dark deeds and passions wild,
A thoughtful-hearted mother's child.

FAVORITE SUMMER HAUNT.

NATURE is beautiful to-day,
 Upon her primal throne,
The dear wild-woodland where her sway
 Is recognized alone.

Poor human pride spread not the roof
 That waves in this free air ;
Nor gave this mossy warp-and-woof
 Device and hue so fair.

The birds rejoice in many a strain,
 Within their leafy towers ;
These poets of the green domain
 Sing truer songs than ours.

The valley-lily droopeth now
 In white and sweet array ;
And here the way-side violets show
 Their millions to the day.

Abundant beauty we may meet,
 And graceful fancies learn ;
See ! the soft winds have been to greet
 The undulating fern.

And dearer things than these are mine,
 Within this lovely shade ;
The pageants of the Past here shine
 In hues that never fade.

The Hours are here, untouched by Time,
 From the heart's long-ago ;
Still fearless looks their smiling prime
 Of all succeeding woe.

I call them from the orient shore,
 With an enchanter's pride ;
And, shadowless, they voyage o'er
 The darkness, to my side.

The troubled gulf of sin and care
 May often intervene ;
But on the shining robe they wear
 No soiling trace is seen.

They have their home 'neath skies serene,
 In Memory's am'ranth bowers ;
Yet often lend their glittering mien
 To less beloved hours.

A sanctifying touch hath passed
 Over each radiant one ;
And purer influence now they cast,
 Than when their life begun.

Haply they meet a kindred few,
 Upon the present strand ;
For all things innocent and true
 Are claimed by that bright band.

Strange, that I cannot always bid
 These magic visions rise ;
Their peaceful beauty oft lies hid
 From my world-dazzled eyes.

But roaming through this dim, green place,
They leave me not forlorn ;
But, exile-like, come back to grace
The spot where they were born.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN "OLIVER
TWIST."

"'Thank Heaven, upon your knees, dear lady,' cried the girl, 'that you had friends to care for and keep you in your childhood, and that you were never in the midst of riot and drunkenness, as I have been from my cradle. I may use the word, for the alley and the gutter were mine, as they will be my death-bed.'

"'Pity us, lady, pity us!'"

Ay, pity them, ye proud and fair,
And think of them with thankful tears,
For blessings manifold that crowd
Around your calm, untempted years.
Of ye to whom so much is given,
Much also is required by Heaven.

Remember, fallen though they be,
The bonds of sisterhood remain,
And human — not divine — are ye
Who purest walk this world of pain.
The Holiest sojourned here awhile,
And had compassion on the vile.

And blessings on the earnest heart
That paused 'mid life's alluring ways
To picture forth the fearful part
That fallen humanity displays,
Degraded past redemption here,
With none to plead, or save, or care.

Prosperity too much forgets,
Scorning the child of shame and sin,
That fierce remorse oftime begets
The will, but not the power, to win
That better path afar that lies
In hopeless beauty to her eyes.

Dark circumstance may clasp them round,
From infancy to life's last hour.

In homes where guilt and fear abound,
What know they of the saving power
That sheltered ye, whose youthful years
Had watchful love and guiding prayers ?

Pure, gentle words they never knew,
The holiest Name they never heard,
Save lips of rage and riot threw
It forth with wild, blaspheming word.
“ Pity them ! ” they are human still ;
God may have mercy if *ye* will.

EXOTIC FLOWERS.

YOUR kindred, radiant strangers, rise
In warm, green, distant bowers,
And lift their heads to softer skies
Than clasp this land of ours ;
And mirror on each dew-lit breast
Stars that look not upon our rest.

Amid the young earth's verdant shades,
What marvel, did ye seem
With fairest shapes to haunt the glades,
That poesy could dream ;
Creating, by your wondrous grace,
A glorious, visionary race ?

As fresh and bright, ye still unveil
Each spiritual cell,

With sunset streaks, on bosom pale
 As Ocean's pearliest shell ;
And lovelier exiles never bore
Their beauty to a distant shore.

Here shines the myrtle leaf, beside
 A spray of drooping bloom,
Whose bells o'erhang, in crimson pride,
 Pale vases of perfume.
And sweeter, brighter roses ne'er
Could breathe or bloom in famed Cashmere.

And strange, green, plummy branches fling
 Soft shade round each bright shrine ;
The dear and common hue of spring,
 Where rarest tints combine.
Beside the painted robe ye wear,
The Tyrian vesture ne'er looked fair.

The care of earth alloyeth not
 The blessing that ye bring,
Nor can from your pure faces blot
 The glory of their spring ;
Your unworn beauty ever seems
A part of our eternal dreams.

THE GARDEN.

THE low-roofed chamber looketh out
Upon a flowery shade,
Where, close beneath our eyes, the boughs
Are gently tossed and swayed ;
And here, a hundred years ago,
Small garden plots were made.

They were not gay with foreign hues,
Nor dim with foreign boughs,
But they were cool with willow-leaves,
And sweet with common rose,
And lovely with the " Bethlehem Star,"
That still its old home knows.

Strange feet came through the garden paths,
Strange hands made changes there ;

The circle claimed a wider sweep
For buds and branches rare
That came from o'er the seas to breathe
And bless the New World's air.

And so the garden grew to be
A sheltered summer spot ;
How bright to day, and May's first bloom,
If memory heeded not, —
Her fair young darlings here would leave
No record of their lot.

“ Narcissus ” and the “ Daffodil ”
Together laid them down ;
The “ Cowslip's ” tender stems bewailed
Their golden heads o'erthrown ;
They followed the “ Wild-cherry ” bloom,
To weave Spring's parting crown.

We miss, e'en now, their soft, fresh day,
Though we may not repine :
See ! prouder things send fragrant love
To plead with thee for thine,

And boughs hang broadest green upon
Midsummer's still sunshine.

The Woodbine pale creeps o'er the roof,
To meet an outstretched hand ;
Soon at her lips shall humming-birds
Their dainty fare demand ;
The "Scarlet Trumpets" call them not,
Where breathe her sisters grand.

Fair exiles, in our Northern land,
Oft wear their best array,
And we have won a splendid Dame
From jealous, walled Kathay,
Whose lustrous garment paleth not
For sunlight far away.

And, parted from warm Indian airs,
A dazzling stranger shows
Great scarlet clusters, satin-leaved,
With heart whose gold-fringe glows,
Like soft and burning Afric ore,
Beside the "Guelder-rose."

The "Meadow-queen" waves dewy plumes
Upon the morning air,

And with her breath the new-mown fields
Afar rise pictured fair ;
Young sun-bleached heads roll o'er the hay,
And toil-browed men are there.

And see where droppeth through the leaves
The bright " Laburnum chain,"⁵ —
The golden links old " Homer " wrought,
That Time's rust cannot stain,
Were fashioned from a thought of these
For " Jove's " " Olympian " reign.

Leaves, curious, shining, large, and green,
Hang round the " Tulip-trees,"
And " Walnut " boughs breathe of soft shores
Washed by blue tropic seas,
Beside that stately shaft, of old,
The " Club of Hercules."

.

The " Scarlet Beech " bends gorgeously,
By pale " Syringa " bride ;
And broad-leaved " Chestnuts " spread their shade
The " Lilac " bloom beside ;

And waving "Sumachs" mingle with
The "Hawthorn's" perfumed pride.

Small-leaved "Acacias" quiver here,
Nor miss their distant shore ;
Young "Aspens" shake soft silver gleams
The darker branches o'er ;
And there, streaked crimson, green, and gold,
The "painted Sycamore."

And Roses, softer, rosier than
The "crimson linnet's" breast,
And pearly Pink, as maiden's palm
Upon her soft brows prest,
And white as showery mill-wheel foam,
Or noon-clouds in the west.

And lovely "Limes," young, green, and tall,
Close in this garden ground ;
The summer prime is on them now,
And summer sweets abound,
Within their shade, for myriad bees,
That swarm and murmur round.

Why weave I flower and branch and vine
 Into a fleeting rhyme,
That ne'er can picture forth the grace
 Of their enchanted time ?
Ev'en so, I yet would strive to wreath
 A garland from their prime,

For one the deep sea hurrieth o'er
 With unrelenting flow ;
Above whose fierce and desolate bed,
 Though summer suns may glow,
Grass shall not wave, leaf shall not sigh,
 Nor simple flowers blow.

He loved the very shadows here
 That round us sweep and play,
And many an aching look he sent
 For some within their sway.
O could I stand beside his grave,
 It should be green to-day !

I know, I know, wrecked, ransomed one,
 That on thy pain-cleared eyes
For evermore shall lovelier bloom
 And tenderer shadow rise ;

Nor alway would I call thee back
Where my faint travel lies.

My prayer can add no bliss to thine,
Yet reason need not blame
The heart whose fondest hope would be
For just enough of fame
To clasp a charmèd circle round
Thy dearest earthly name.

I bear my time out patiently,
Because I well believe
One face is ever fair to thee,
Whose soul it could not leave :
Still waits thy latest smile for it,
Where we shall no more grieve.

I call thee not when world-care comes,
Or skies look winter-gray,
But, resting oft 'neath sunny beam
Or yellow moonlight ray,
Fast, sudden tears drop down, to tell
Thou art too far away.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

There is a picture representing a small, ancient chamber, lit only by the fire in a wide, open hearth. Leaning in a low seat, near the blaze, is a girl with a dead flower in her hand. It would appear from her face, as the light falls upon it, that the rose has a history.

MEMORIAL of a vanished hour,
Old thoughts around thee cling !
A blissful day, poor, withered flower,
Did thy fresh blossom bring !
Almost a year hath journeyed by
Since thou wast born to blush, and die,

Like all thy kind, yet grieved me not
Thy fading loveliness ;
The scentless leaves still woke a thought
Of deep, true tenderness
For one who, smiling, offered thee,
A graceful, precious gift to me.

But go ! as easily wilt thou
 Resume thine early glow,
As in my heart hopes buried now
 Their former reign shall know :
Thou hast no value in my eyes,
The love is dead that did thee prize.

Yet not all bitter thoughts are mine,
 In gazing upon thee ;
A day of Autumn's soft sunshine
 Recallest thou to me.
Yet thee no lingering dream shall save,
Now worthless, as the hand that gave.

The hand that gave, the lip that smiled,
 The eyes of seeming love,
A true, confiding heart beguiled,
 Its trusting faith to prove.
I gave to thy unworthy soul
My spirit's absolute control.

But now I know thee, and can break
 In freedom from my chain ;

I cannot grieve, I calmly take
Thy bondage off again,
Believing that thou yet shalt know
Time harvesteth the seed we sow.

That best avenger yet shall press
Into thy heart and brain
The sense of thy own worthlessness,
Which never can regain
The love whose faith and hope were given
Almost as much to thee as Heaven.

Thou hast repaid that earnest truth
With mean and treacherous wile ;
No spark of candor, touch of ruth,
Was in thy breast of guile ;
In its revealing, none had part, —
Thyself discovered what thou art.

Else, vainly 'gainst thee had all earth
To my heart testified ;
It deemed thy lofty speech had birth
In a great spirit's pride,

And dreaded not the coming doom,
The storm of agony and gloom,

Which fell in sudden horror round
My world of hope and peace.
Yet in that wakening hour was found
My spirit's just release ;
The first, fierce, bitter struggle past,
Amazed, I saw how vile thou wast.

Henceforth, no word or deed of thine
To me availeth aught, —
Thy future, severed wide from mine,
Claims scarce a transient thought.
Think what thy name once was to me,
And on my present scorn of thee.

I hate thee not ; my earnest heart,
Infinitely above
Thy faithless nature, can impart
No wrath ; — it once gave love,
But from that heart I cast thy power,
As from my hand this perished flower.

THE WATER-LILY.

AWAY, 'neath drear Ocean's unquiet breast,
Lie gardens in jewelled beauty drest ;
There the dim, green vines of the wave bestow
Contrasting shade to the coral's glow,
Whose wreathy clustering roses twine
Where the delicate pearls like lilies shine.
What curious stems, what branches fair,
Painted and carved into beauty rare,
Undreamed of by children of earth, arise,
With buds that ne'er needed bright, genial skies !
There, under the roll of the turbulent sea,
Lie beautiful paths from the tempest-blight free ;
Through the arching boughs glance no sunny rays, —
Enough the light of their glowing sprays,
Whose blossoms are jewels of changeless prime
As the clustering glories of starlight time.

There seeks the Mermaid for coronal gay,
To deck her bright locks in their bridal array ;
For well knoweth she when the doomed ship is nigh,
And hears, through the storm-wail above, the fierce
cry

Of one on whose lip is some dear earthly name,
To whose heart in that agony sweet visions came
Of eyes that would long hoard their welcoming love,
In vain watching for him the dark waves roll above.
And beneath this roof, so lovely and grand,
Gleam radiant shells from the golden sand,
Like the cloudlets small that at sunset lie,
Rose, purple, and green, on an amber sky ;
While marvels of loveliness, blossom and tree,
Their gorgeous heads rear 'mid these groves of the
sea.

But Lily ! to us so familiar and dear,
Have they aught that with thy fragrant bloom may
compare ?

No miser art thou of thy beauty and grace,
Lifting 'up to the clear summer skies thy pure face ;
And where'er the soft lakes on our land's bosom shine
O'er the wave dost thou leaf, bud, and blossom entwine,

Reposing thine elegant head on its breast,
And scenting the wild wind that fleets by thy rest.

Thou unfold'st thy pale bloom to the wanderer's gaze,
With heart like a cluster of night's starry rays,
When on dim summer eves, from their home in the
blue,

Their radiance falls round us with soft mellow hue.

We love thee, sweet Lily! — nor by us alone
Is thine “image of purity” cherished and known:

Far away from our shores, lovely kindred of thine

The swift waters adorn of romantic old Rhine;

Superbly the Lotus-queen lifteth her smile

To the sky that bends o'er the renowned waves of
Nile;

And earth's gifted, of old, in sweet songs to thee gave
Fame enduring, dear, odorous child of the wave!

SORROW AND MEMORY.

WE mourn not for aye, we are happy again,
But no longer we trust where our trust may be vain ;
We build not our temple on false, shifting sand,
And conjure no more with Love's magical wand.
But e'en, unwarn'd by that bygone time,
Did we seek for the joy of its lovely prime
Once more, and risk the few hopes that remain,
That early wealth we could never regain,
Like the precious fragments of vase and cup
The mysterious depths of the sea give up.
The present displays naught so wondrously fair,
As the exquisite tints of that coloring rare ;
So the heart, — we may bring it, pure and true,
Through the tainting breath of the false world's ways,
But we 've lost the power to tinge it anew
With the rainbow hues of its morning days.

But Memory, — that gift of compassionate love,
To the grief-worn, the lonely, a peace-bringing dove, —
That returns, when our deluge of woe first departs,
With a faint, future hope, to the ark of our hearts.
And, while voyaging still to the glorious shore,
Across waters that shadow Life's mysteries o'er,
Doth not Memory, beacon-like, send forth a ray,
To guide through the future our perilous way,
Atoning, tenfold, for some early-wrecked dream,
By the safe track, 'mid dangers, disclosed 'neath its
beam.

Yet the long-banished bliss is held sacred and dear,
Recalled not when gay words and bright smiles are
near,

But remembered in loneliness, cherished in tears,
Morn's tissue enrobing the gloom of our years ;
Like that jewel, long buried, the diver restores
To the wondering gaze of the lovely again, —
It decketh them not in their festival hours,
But is treasured, a relic, the all they retain
Of the time long departed, the joy brief and vain,
Of that brilliant Life-picture that ended in woe,
Death, and sacrifice, wild as the lava-tide's flow.

PETIT RIVIÈRE AT SUNSET.

“ And thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.”

YARROW VISITED.

THE poet's words are in my heart,
As silently I stand,
To gaze from this green cliff upon
My native sea and land,
And feel this actual scene awake
The passionate delight
That paints for future memory
A picture pure and bright,
Whose fair enchantment Time shall spare,
For sin dimmed not the tinting rare.

The simple, lonely dwellings, that
 The distant hill-tops bear,
Stand, golden, in the parting gleam
 The crowning heavens wear.
While, from some sweet green solitude,
 Where trace of man is not,
Wandereth in beauty, past our feet,
 The spirit of the spot ;
Past grove and village, all its own,
The tiny river sparkles down,

To meet the sea, that rolls almost
 Before the cottage doors,
With wide, unbroken, glittering breast,
 Around these lovely shores ;
Whence, gazing onward, no dark hills
 Their limitations rear ;
The only boundary, far away,
 That circling, crimson air ;
While, close beneath, the great waves moan,
And sweep continual music on.

And far and near green woodlands spread,
 Fields shine, and waters flow,

Beyond expression glorified
 In this majestic glow.
Then, turning, gaze where lofty hills
 Clasp half this beauty round,
Their silent heads uplifting, each
 With royal circlet crowned.
Soft, burnished, purple drifts that lie
Around the pale gold western sky.

Who would not lift adoring eyes,
 In such a scene and hour,
To Him who spread this wondrous show,
 In equal love and power,
Feeling the heart they bear partake
 The all-pervading calm,
Its pain and passion purified
 By that celestial balm,
Such commune ministereth to all
Who humbly wear this mortal thrall ?

THE SWEETBRIER IN AFRICA.

An officer of an English brig of war went ashore in charge of a boat's crew, at Kabenda, a watering-place for ships, on the coast of Africa. Being obliged to proceed some distance into the interior, he was carried, in a covered hammock, by some of the natives, and in passing through one of the thickest of the jungle paths the incident spoken of in the verses below occurred.

'T is burning noon, on Afric's shore,
And strange, dark forms surround
An English stranger journeying o'er
That wild, luxuriant ground.

Faint, sick, and weary, onward borne,
'Neath sheltering curtain spread,
Around the hammock where reclines
His aching, restless head,

No vagrant breeze, no balmy air,
Visits the hot, worn brow ;
The stranger, in the stranger's land,
Finds naught to charm him now.

Yet lacketh not this wilderness
Boon Nature's life and grace,
The beauty of the Hand Divine
Abundantly hath place.

Where hath it not ? How lovely is
The home of leaf and bloom,
Where clasping vines and household flowers
Shroud us in rainbow gloom ?

And even with deeper reverence
And love, we mark the birth
Of wondrous beauty decking these
Wild places of the earth.

Here, fearless birds, of aspect strange
And splendid hue, abound,
And trees, whose blossoming branches sweep
The rarely trodden ground.

But careless of all sight and sound
The listless stranger lay,
Desiring, hoping nothing, save
The closing of the day.

When, sudden, through his languid frame
New life and spirit move,
A fragrant and familiar breath
Comes like dear words of love

To him who in the lonely land
Had borne a lonely heart, —
Whose speech had found no answering word
To aught it would impart.

Old memories of an English home
Rise with that perfumed air,
Till loving faces, kindred eyes,
Almost, are with him there.

And springing forth, his hand aside
The clustering foliage throws,
And, like a dear old friend, there smiles
The frail Sweetbrier Rose.

Luxuriantly, in that strange soil,
The scented tree had grown,
By some rare chance a dweller there,
Of all its kind alone.

The old, familiar tree, with bloom
So delicate and pure,
It seemed the very one he left
Beside his mother's door.

Soft English drops sprung to his eyes,
Dear phantoms round him press,
While, severing one sweet bough, he
Went on through the wilderness.

And doubt I not, that fragile branch,
Though fanciful it seem,
Brightened the wanderer's lonely day
With many a pleasant dream.

SARAH CURRAN'S SONG.

TRUE, tender Martyr, far away,
Hast thou forgotten me,
Within the silent gates of Day
That opened soon for thee?
I, tempted, weak, and far removed,
Go forth to feast and prayer,
But wrap thee in my heart beloved,
And take thee with me there.

By this I know thou dost behold
My face in Memory's train,
Nor will I deem love lost or cold
Whose woe floats through her strain;
But I my pain could better bear
If that fair moon I see,
Upon the wide earth, anywhere,
Looked softly down on thee.

Thou, in the chamber of my heart,
Without, I wander nigh :
Canst thou not hear, though strong walls part,
My soul go moaning by ?
Art thou not calling for thine own,
When faint, fond arms I feel
(Though with Remorse I sit alone)
Around me clasping steal ?

RIVERS STEWIACKE AND MUSQUODOBOIT.⁶

“ In joy and gladness on ye go,
My country's pleasant streams;
And still through scenes as fair ye flow,
As bless the Poet's dreams.”

HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

THE sea, the wide, old solemn sea,
Hath many a splendid hour
When spring-time's smile bends boundlessly,
And 'neath that tenderest power,
Warm, blue, and bright the water lies
Before our winter-wearied eyes.

And grandeur is a daily guest,
Where comes the sweeping sea,
To wander round earth, beauty-blest,
And moan its melody :

And well we love our own wild shores,
Where'er the glorious ocean roars.

But where the calm, green meadow-lands
Look golden in the sun,
Fair almoners of heavenly hands,
The blessed rivers run ;
Bringing to thankful hearts and eyes,
Familiar, sweet humanities.

Sad hearts might gaze their woe to rest,
In this soft evening hour,
And only know the influence blest
Of some descending power ;
When night, from o'er the mountain-crown,
Comes with the murmuring streamlets down,

And regally the gorgeous hills
Surround the valley homes,
And stretching down a thousand rills,
The axe-spared glory comes,
To stand, like chosen guards, beside
The loveliest haunts of Summer's pride.

And turf lies green where woman's head
Laid down its early pride,
And where sleep simple patriarch dead,
The chosen waters glide ;
And lost ones sit beside their graves,
Made fairer by the pleasant waves.

Beauty and blessing, wealth and peace,
Dwell where the rivers shine,
Go wandering with the snowy fleece,
And come back with the kine,
And stand amid the yellow grain
That sighs not to the royal main.

THE BOUQUET.

“ Thus one maid’s trophy is another’s tears.” — Hood.

FROM a strange old window,
Garlanded by Spring,
Shrouded with the blessings
Soft, sunny showers bring,

Leaned a woman’s face forth,
To the greeting air ;
Half hidden by the vine-leaves
And the veiling hair.

Did the shining waters,
Rolling blue below,
And the drooping daylight,
Unheeded fade and flow ?

Was her heart reposing,
Like all she looked upon,
In a sweet abstraction,
Bequeathed by sunshine gone ?

Very calm the face was,
Some would call it fair,
For the soul, aye keeping
Its presence-chamber there.

Suddenly her heart goes
Where her eyes have been ;
Lip and brow no longer
Are changelessly serene.

Where the dying light falls
On a distant pair,
(Gay and gallant one was,
The other pale and fair,)

Steadfastly she gazeth :
What doth she behold,
But a graceful emblem
Of something yet untold,

Unfelt, perhaps, for she might,
Even as the hot tears start,
Well doubt if with the flowers
The giver gave his heart.

Lovely they were ; none fairer
E'er waved to sunny air,
Than that sweet group of exiles
So radiant and so rare.

But unto her, the watcher,
Swift-footed Memory brings
How many a hoarded offering
Of far more precious things, —

Words with the heart's hue on them,
Looks the heart only knows,
Thoughts tender as the myrtle
And lovely as the rose !

All this her heart hath filled with
Incredulous surprise ;
Yet jealousy still watcheth
From out her aching eyes.

Till the night hath fallen,
 Silently she stands ;
Then her face is hidden
 In her lifted hands.

What the shadows cover,
 Should I sing or say,
Not a heart that loveth
 Would fail to echo, Yea.

JUNIPER - TREES.

WHEN sweet Spring leads her fair ones forth,
 Across earth's soft green breast,
Who hath not some peculiar love
 Surpassing all the rest ?
Each heart yearns tenderly to greet
 Some cherished flower or tree,
And so where waves the Juniper
 Is haunted ground to me.

'T is not that it is beautiful
 Beyond all other trees ;
Though gracefully its plummy boughs
 Sway in the summer breeze.
I know the wide old forests show
 Their varied, stately pride,

And skyward lift up gorgeous heads ;
While it droops meek beside.

I see the splendor of the Oak,
I know its storied charm,
I watch the Maple's waving bells,
When winds come low and warm,
And own the beauty that appears
Where'er the Hemlock 's seen,
Lifting its branchy, arching sprays
Of vivid, glossy green.

Around the Thorn cling fancies sweet
As its own odorous bloom,
And fair the frail Wild-Cherry flowers
Show 'neath the tall Pine's gloom.
But if amid this woodland wealth
The Juniper hath place,
My heart leaps up to recognize
Its simple, feathery grace.

What doth invest these tasselled boughs
With such mysterious power,
That never old enchanter's wand
Had more creative dower ?

Memory stands ever in their shade,
And points with sorrowing eyes
To one beloved spot, that still
Their presence beautifies.

GONE TO ENGLAND.

MIDSUMMER airs are breathing soft,
Midsummer skies are blue.
But thou art gone, and helplessly
My own hand's deed I rue ;
While just, reproachful Memory comes,
To sit alone with me,
Whose eyes are with the lessening ship,
That speeds thee o'er the sea.

The birds are flitting through the boughs,
The birds make music here ;
Fresh flowers are sweet on every stem,
And leaves green everywhere ;
But what avails the brightest rose
I cannot give to thee,

And what that all the earth is fair,
If thou art on the sea ?

I see again thy dreary brow,
I see the quenchless pride
Struggling upon the lips, to guard
The love it could not hide.
That strife, I know, is there no more,
When thy thoughts turn to me ;
I know it, but with this alloy,
That thou art on the sea.

I trust the ship I 'm losing now,
I trust her night and day,
So many a human venture do
Her white sails bear away ;
And though the wild waves darkly swell
Between thy smile and me,
I hold, on shore, thy heart in mine,
While thou art on the sea.

I watch no more the shady road,
I watch the seaward track,
And know that life and thy true love
Will early bring thee back.

Prayers ask for thee strength not thine own,
True tears fall fast and free,
Fall faster that thou knowest not,
Afar upon the sea.

THE PIGEON-BERRY.

FAR in the dim, wide forest,
Or by the green way-side,
Amid its fringing branches
Lovest thou to abide.

Thy beauty doth not vanish
With the Spring's flowery birth ;
For glossy scarlet berries
Bedeck the emerald earth,

Through the long late summer days,
Where'er the wanderer's feet
Seek green, wild, turfy places,
Melodious, cool, and sweet.

Or by some loneliest stream
Where birds stoop down to drink,
And the "Farewell Summer" glances
At its shadow o'er the brink,

Thou liftest brilliant head
Amid companions fair,
Nor scorneth thy gay presence
The rock-clefts gray and bare.

And for rejoicing children,
What treasures bright and dear
Are the bead-like, coral clusters
Thy delicate stems bear!

How many sweet young fancies,
Too innocent to last
Throughout our wiser wanderings,
Thou bearest from the past!

Still love we the delusions
That made the day so fair,
When clover-flowers were precious,
And berries, riches rare.

But we recall such memories
As we do a pleasant dream ;
We are awake, to marvel
Like truth they e'er could seem.

Each time Experience meets us,
Her hand, as on we stray,
Sweeps some guileless folly
Relentlessly away.

Grieve not that by such teaching
At last we wiser grow ;
Thus lose we earthly yearnings,
Whose fulfilment is our woe.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

THE last bright hours are drawing nigh
Of this midsummer day,
And with the sunlight one sad year
Is vanishing away.

How many years of usual life
Hast thou contained for me !
How many sweet delusions were
Revealed and lost in thee !

Thou art within my memory
Filled with the ceaseless strife,
The war of pride and tenderness,
Which agonizeth Life.

To cross an unseen boundary
Unto that region vast,
Where thine ancestral kindred wear
The garments of the past,

Soon shalt thou leave us, with the deeds
Of countless human hearts,
For in thee vile and noble wrought
Irrevocable parts.

Thou takest youth from many a heart
Where peace sang soft and low,
Leaving the spirit power to tell
Its conflict and its woe.

And many a silent martyrdom
Thou bearest hence away,
Of those who much endure, yet hope
No happier earthly day.

Or, if some scarce acknowledged hope
Their aching bosoms bear,
Bright Expectation long hath left
Them lonely with their care.

O passing year! the echoing
Of thy departing feet
Will linger with the myriad hearts
That thy successor greet ;

Its untried hours come in hues
Of thy bestowal drest,
In gorgeous contrast, like the clouds
And glory of the west.

And, looking toward its dim advance,
Faint-imaged scenes impart
Vague, mournful prophecies unto
The superstitious heart.

And thou, great Guiding Spirit, whose
Benignant hand doth sway
The sceptre of thy purposes
Above our pilgrim way,

Forgive the heart that cannot still
Its yearning and unrest,
Its doubt that such a bitter draught
Can wisest be and best.

O make me thankful for the fate
Thou hast appointed me, —
So well endowed, that some alloy
Had mission just from thee !

I thank thee for the love I give
To sky and sea and star,
The adoring trust I own where'er
Thy great creations are.

The lofty boughs that o'er me spread
Their green and glorious age, —
The fern that waves its scented plume
Above this rhyming page, —

The beauty of the waves below,
Seen 'mid the opening trees,
Crowned with the parting light, and curled
By the soft evening breeze, —

The silence of this lonely place,
This temple of the wood,
The peaceful awe which sanctifies
Such thoughtful solitude, —

Are priceless treasures of thy gift,
Whose influence dwells secure
Within the soul, to minister
Thoughts resolute and pure.

The common world may dim their glow ;
Oft to its glare they yield ;
But in our sorest need arise
A refuge and a shield.

They purify our wandering aims,
They keep our faith unchilled
In noble purpose, though our own
Dies often unfulfilled.

We shape a future, whose career
Achievement great involves,
And circumstance or destiny
Mock at our firm resolves.

But not for this should fail beliefs
That elevate our way ;
The spirit oft must faint that bears
The soiling weight of clay.

But now, with this departing year,
I, Father, send to thee
A fervent longing, whose desire
Will not unheeded be.

I will not ask to realize
My vanished, blissful dream,
I know that thy withholdings are
More tender than we deem ;

But I implore that precious gifts
From thy great store may be
A crown of blessings for the head
That bends not now by me.

O make the heart that lights the lip
With smiles I may not meet,
A dwelling-place where purity
And peace each other greet !

I ask not for him the rewards
Earth's poor ambitions seek,
But a spirit triumphing o'er all
Its vanities bespeak.

O be that passionate nature's guide
 To some high future goal,
And in its journeying gently aim
 Life's arrows to the soul, —

And in lone sorrowing hours, which
 I may not soothe or share,
Grant him some dream of memory
 Undimmed by haunting care !

Forget him not ! Forgive, if e'er
 Thou art by him forgot ;
Humanity but once was worn
 By such as sinnèd not.

THE VISITOR'S CARD-BASKET.

SEE, from their brilliant pathway
 The crochet-needles vary,
And we 're tired of song and story,
 Though somewhat "literary,"
And couches in that cumbrous frame
 Awaiting consummation,
A white rose on her violet bed
 And pillow of carnation.

Industrious maidens were we,
 This bright day of October,
Discussing o'er our labors
 Things merry, sweet, and sober ;

We 've earned a little idleness,
So push the Basket over ;
The pasteboard-people heedless are
Of aught we may discover.

'T is but a simple basket,
And proud eyes would not love it ;
But in our native woodland
Small Indian fingers wove it, —
Unmeet abode for gallant gay,
Or dainty beauty's splendor,
Though twined by one whose face and heart
Were lovely, warm, and tender.

Well, well, forget the Indians !
See, here 's the black-eyed Rover, —
The courtly " gay deceiver,"
The universal lover ;
The one who opes for ladies' eyes
The old, enchanted story,
But ever skips the page that tells
His own whole-hearted glory.

Patience ! Will not some maiden,
 With face pale, calm, and stately,
Avenge the careless fancies,
 Of long ago and lately ?
And then, though sore may be his need,
 His eloquence will fail him,
Nor much will, 'neath their gaze serene,
 His 'witching smile avail him.

Who 's next ? The handsome Sailor, —
 The true and cordial-hearted,
Who came with pleasant greeting,
 And as pleasantly departed.
One friend we hold in memory,
 Whose eyes we never saddened,
Who loved us, and who left us with
 The hearts he always gladdened.

God speed his ship, that tosseth
 Upon the Afric billow,
And bless him while he slumbers
 Upon his wave-rocked pillow !

A manlier spirit never yet
In "house of clay" was tenant ;
And better sailor never trod
Beneath Britannia's pennant.

Nor pass the "Beau seraphic," —
The self-created Cupid ;
He of the "curls ambrosial," —
The superfine and stupid.
The wit whose horse once lost a shoe,
Because it "did n't fit him" ;
Whose silver-headed cane supplied
Temptation "vast" to hit him.

Comes next, a noble lady,
With two young, gentle daughters ;
A name of ancient honor,
Renowned across the waters.
At need, the younger maiden's step
Will meet fate self-reliant ;
The other's soft, sweet Saxon face
Ne'er glowed with dream defiant.

And see, the ball-room hero
Comes to adorn the muster ;
As happy, vain, and harmless
As his eyes of hazel lustre.
Harmless and vain, but kind of mood ;
Though gracious, not quite graceless ;
With blissful unmisgiving head,
And phrase benign, if baseless.

And near him is another
Less pliantly compounded ;
With a head of reckless daring,
And heart of scope unbounded.
Too passionate for usual love,
Too hopeless of the rarer,
He treads the path that many tread,
Incredulous of a fairer.

Love only is controller
Of such a meteor's courses,
And, if he claimeth empire,
Routs all opposing forces.

But while Egeria's form is but
The phantom of a vision,
On, deathward, sweeps the erring star,
In unsubdued derision.

And one is here, companioned
By maidens sage and silly,
Who shines upon Life's waters
Like the "Spirit of a Lily."
No worldly soil lies on her brow
Of pale and tender brightness,
And regal pomp might wane beside
"Array of such soul-whiteness."

And, lo! the gay Crusader
For every bright lip's favor ;
Whose triumph is the winning,
Whose "winnings" keep no savor.
Thus graces he a name oft borne
By knight and poet glorious,
And round his own Apollo-head
The myrtle wreathes victorious.

And fascinating damsels,
Whose speech of brilliant flow
Declares a Polka "lovely,"
And "Jane Eyre" "very low," —
Ladies who labor night and day
Some simpleton to capture,
And youths who lounge through Granville Street
In self-sustaining rapture ; —

Enough of these : speak softly,
My eyes are on another, —
The tender, the unworldly,
The youngest of his mother,
The darling of her brooding heart,
That lies beneath the billow,
Who had no shroud of fresh, green turf,
No shade of bending willow.

The eyes of soldier brethren,
Mayhap, had tears to blind them,
When they gave him dirge and volley,
And left him there, behind them ;

They left him in the solemn grave
Fond footstep reacheth never,
And onward bore the tale, to hearts
That weep above it ever.

That he 's "not dead, but sleeping,"
Each day, each hour, still owneth ;
Not dead, albeit for ever
The sad sea o'er him moaneth.
How can he die to those who loved,
Yet gave him but heart-breaking, —
Whose life lies in the dream that shall
Be realized in waking ?

THE MAY - FLOWER.

GREEN Earth throws many a perfumed star
From her exhaustless breast,
Lovely as those which shine afar
In calm Elysian rest ;
Though never fade unto our eyes
The golden kindred of the skies.

The splendid Stars, — for ever they
A radiant mystery wear ;
Our spirits own their solemn sway,
But flowers are very dear ;
And Spring's first bloom we seek and bless
Almost with human tenderness.

For every heart hath memories
Of sad or happy hours ;

Dear visions of lost, loving eyes,
 Returning with the flowers ;
And some sweet leaf a thought supplies
Of days when Earth was Paradise ; —

When from a hand beloved was given
 Some blossom frail and fair,
Whose leaves recalled that blissful even,
 And priceless treasures were
In many a bitter after-day,
When hope had perished, even as they.

A sweet rose may evoke the shade
 Of some departed hour
(Whose dawn no coming cloud displayed),
 Graced by a kindred flower,
That yet, ere breath and bloom could die,
Was wet with tears of agony.

But pleasant thoughts with thee are blent,
 Meek emblem of our land !
No brilliant hues are to thee lent,
 Simplest of all thy band ;

With gleam half hidden, low and fair,
Oft found but by thine odor rare.

Amid leaves brown and green, from moss
And turf, where they abide,
Peep up thy fragrant flowers, across
Acadia's woodlands wide ;
Where, 'neath dark fir or wailing pine,
Thou shelterest oft thy branchy vine.

And ere soft Spring's delicious airs
Charm Winter's steps away,
Thy faint pink bloom as brave appears
As in its own sweet May ;
While round thee eve's last sunbeams throw
Faint purple shadows o'er the snow.

SONG OF THE POLAR NIGHT.

I REIGN alone, in my dark domain,
When the pale North sun goes down,
And the moon leads forth her stately train
To weave me a royal crown.
On the great, white hills my throne I keep,
Where lies the avalanche snow,
While my wrathful vassals fiercely sweep
The desolate seas below.
The shores are rigid, the wild moan stilled,
Where billowy strife was loud.
My kingdom lies, by no faint pulse thrilled,
Under her glimmering shroud.
Brave sons of the sea my memory heeds,
Who reckoned no great deed done
Till gleamed their sail where the North-wave leads
To the green lands of the sun.

One voyager reached my silent realm,
 Who bore a conqueror's eye,
But never beneath his daring helm
 Did the long-sought waters lie.
Through dark wild billows, and tempest breath,
 He led the true brethren on,
Who sang : " We fear not the shores of death
 Till the secret way is won."
They met each foe with a dauntless brow,
 And lifted a wary hand
In the iceberg drift, till their skilful prow
 Scoffed at the terrible band.
They left that bright-mailed host behind,
 And gallantly sped along,
While followed fast on the quaking wind
 The roar of the giant throng.
But I disdained the invading quest,
 And they gained a dreary shore ;⁷
Where some lay down to the brave man's rest,
 And strove with the waves no more.
But when light came o'er the southern hills,
 The mariners' isle to find,
The living followed the seaward rills,
 And left the true dead behind.

While the broad beams gilded vale and crag,
And lit the perilous main,
The chief sailed on 'neath his ocean-flag,
But I found him once again,
Telling the valiant, who shared his doom,
Of the land's renown that gave
Her sons to strive with my trackless gloom
For the hidden Arctic wave,
Mingling with tales of old conflict gained,
The triumph yet to betide.
When hope in his constant soul had waned,
From its early place of pride,
I wrapped them round with a gorgeous pall,
Till their brave souls sat in gloom,
And in dreams they heard soft waters fall,
And saw the sweet meadows bloom.
Each faithful one clasped a brother's hand,
And echoed warm words of cheer ;
With hearts grown sick for the far home-land,
And the distant voices dear.
The wolf-dog sledge of the Esquimaux
Through the darkness came not nigh,
But the track of the flying hoofs they saw
As the swift reindeer went by.

They shut their eyes on a hopeless shore,
And held converse sweet and gay
With the tender ones whose faces wore
The look of an earlier day.
But the spring-dawn flush, that shall not fail
To color the wild-bird's wing,
Will gild, too late, the succoring sail
Their shadowy fancies bring.
The false, fair moon, and the mimic sun,
Showed the faltering eye and hand,
That said: "Rest well, for your work is done
On merciless sea and land."
Aurora over them pitched her tent,
Far up in the dark blue sky,
And the frozen drift that cold bed lent
Where their brave, white faces lie.
The crimson tints of each swaying fold,
She gave that canopy wide,
And waves her brilliant banner of gold
Above their last sleep of pride.
There came another of that grand race,
To whose mighty soul I yield,
But he vainly seeks their resting-place
Who slumber beneath my shield.

He traversed my empire's farthest bound,
Through that mysterious way
I hid so long in my garb profound
From the babbling tongue of Day.
The blood of his soil, that sent bright streams
To the nations' tide of war,
Set in the mirror no prouder beams
Than fall from his lonely star.
Again he may sail the sunlit wave
To his green isle of the sea,
Where drooping grass may cover the brave,
But wins not the lost from me.
The wife that waits for her absent lord,
In her quenchless hope alone,
Keeps place of honor at household board
For an unreturning one.
Great lands shall mourn for my captive train,
And earth's noblest bards may vie
To sing of the solemn polar plain
Where the unforgotten lie.

AN INDIAN GIRL.

DARK daughter of the wilderness,
Thy presence is to me
A type of that fresh loveliness
That aye surroundeth thee.
The beauty of thy forest home,
The freedom and the grace
That glorify the natural world,
Are in thy form and face.

The world, that counts so many days,
Is young each soft Spring-time,
And though thy dawning bloom will pass,
Renewing not its prime,

Now thou art like Earth's fairest hour,
When wearing, soft and green,
Her robe of beauty, scarce matured,
With gay, yet modest, mien.

Thou dost evoke sweet images
Of Summer's woodland pride, —
The varied moss beneath thy feet,
The wild rose by thy side,
The ancient beechen stems that rear
A leafy roof for thee,
Companion of the dainty birds,
As innocent and free.

And when the stately woods have put
Their Autumn splendor on,
Oft, 'neath the maple's crimson bough,
Thy form of grace is thrown
Beside some lone sequestered pool,
Where water-lilies leave
Their latest bloom, and o'er the wave
An odorous carpet weave.

Ah ! must thy low, melodious voice
 Forget its careless tone ;
Thy laugh of harmony be changed
 For coming sorrow's moan ?
I fear that grief may visit thee,
 Secluded as thou art ;
Such loveliness escapeth not
 The woman's woful heart.

For dark eyes of thy kindred youth
 Will glance in love to thine,
And thou wilt trust, and dream sweet dreams,
 In the soft day's decline ;
And watch, with heart that will not doubt,
 That crusheth its own fear,
For absent steps that tarry far
 While thou believ'st them near.

But thus oft doth the Wisest wean
 Our hearts from earth away ;
And He will not disdain to guide
 Thy else untutored day ;

As dear to his creating love
As Wisdom's cultured child,
Shall bloom in heaven's long summer day
The floweret of the wild.

THE PONY.

WHAT 's missing from our treasures ?

Why bear we this heart-load ?

Comes not the pony daily

Up the familiar road ?

Watched we not for him always,

With hopeful, happy eyes,

That darkened if he came not

Ere sunset left the skies ?

And small need had the watchers

His absence to bewail,

And the glad words, " Here 's the pony ! "

Were rarely known to fail.

Ere through the ancient willows
Came aught our gaze to meet,
Quick hearts told ears that listened
Of the pony's rapid feet.

Grief, thought we, cannot touch us,
While the pony comes and goes :
He was sprightly as the west wind,
And white as whitest rose.
He cometh still, — why mourn we ?
Why doth he drooping stand ?
He comes no longer guided
By the old, kindly hand.

Strangers hold the rein now,
Each and every day ;
Careless voices urge him
Along the well-known way.
His head forgets its gay toss,
His feet their merry trot, —
The pony's life is weary
With those he loveth not.

Thou art missed, lost master,
As thou wouldst wish to be, —
Sadly keepeth Snowdrop
A memory of thee.
And, though o'er the waters,
Dost thou care to know,
That some, beside the pony,
Remember long-ago ?

THE INDIAN CUP.⁸

AWAY in the dismal, swampy ground,
Thine elegant, vase-like cups are found ;
Stately they rise from their mossy bed,
And a gorgeous smile o'er their wild home shed.
O, the spirit of beauty hath wandering feet,
And roameth, full oft, desolation to greet,
Casting round, as she speeds to some bright garden-
land,
Gifts, lovely and pure, from her bountiful hand.
To wastes wild and dreary thy shape she supplies,
And through thy green woof bids the bright veins
arise,
That in delicate crimson their branches entwine,
Fresh and bright with the tints of the Painter divine.

And thy flower-crowned stem, by the free breeze
 swayed,
Awakens a thought of the Indian maid,
With her graceful motion and rich dark bloom, —
An image of beauty 'mid wilderness gloom.

Nor is grace external thine only dower :
Thy cup is the shrine of a strengthening power ;
It drinketh, when soft summer rain descends,
And such healing balm to each cool drop lends,
That the child of the woods, in the fever-thirst, craves
From thy leaf of beauty the draught that saves :
And often thy desolate haunts are known
To the step of the moccasoned foot alone.

A L A M E N T .

I DREAMED that thou wast by my side,
 With fond arms round me thrown ;
No heavy cloud within my eyes,
 No death-gloom in thy own.
There was no drift of salt sea spray
 Upon thy shining hair,
The soft locks wore, beneath my hand,
 The gleam familiar there.
No wail of waves was in thy voice ;
 The old, sweet tones it bore
Told nothing of the billowy shroud
 That hides thee evermore.
I woke to fill my eyes with tears,
 That dream could never shed,
That fall to count the dreary days
 Since thou art of the dead.

I loved thee when thou least believed,
 Before thy head lay low,
The proof of that unfathomed truth
 Is that I love thee now.
Thou art not here to minister
 To vanity or pride ;
I cannot show to other eyes
 The dead one at my side ;
And missing, everywhere, the smile
 That lit the world to me,
I will not mourn that thou no more
 Its bitterness can see.
For cruel words were in thy ears,
 When thou from earth didst part,
And scrupled not a tyrant's tongue
 To break a breaking heart.
Thou art avenged, high, gentle soul,
 Without my feeble line ;
God's hand is heavy on his head
 Whose hard heart tortured thine.

I helped the doom that round thee stretched
 Its unrelenting clasp,

And closed upon thy latter days
The refuge in thy grasp.
Thou 'rt refuged now, though it may be
'Neath holier eyes than mine.
O best beloved ! O dearest dead !
Some heavy faults were thine ;
Such faults as wreck the unanchored soul,
From its own haven driven,
Adrift upon mad, worldly waves,
Storm-launched and misery-riven.
And thou, whose struggling spirit missed
The answering, guiding tone,
Though ne'er unwise for other's weal,
Wast careless of thine own.
Thy faults shook not my heart, — of it
I knew thy ceaseless need,
And Love was born to separate
The doer from the deed.
Though unto me thy sins were none,
Naught had I to forgive,
But grief is mine, who left these words
Unsaid while thou didst live.
The heart I hid ached tenderly
'Neath pride's mistaken fear,

And telleth now, remorsefully,
What thou canst never hear.

I was not great, I was not gay,
I was not very fair ;
And sweetest lips had smiles for thee,
Among the proud and rare ;
But thou didst wrap me in thy soul
With self-misgiving pain ;
Exalting thus a humble heart,
To charge it with disdain.
'T was bliss unreached, and midnight prayer,
And dread's sick tears to me ;
Death's prophecy, and fear-blind hope,
And whirlwind strife for thee.
Too late the beacon-light was shown,
That earlier might have saved ;
Vanquished thou wert, on Life's last strand,
With armor battle-graved.
But comfort, in thy sorest hour,
To me did faintly flow :
" Tell her, I send once more the love
I gave her long ago."

Kind soldier-brethren shut thine eyes,
 With strange drops in their own,
And gave thee to a wild sea-grave,
 With martial pomp and moan.
Dark Northern waters round thee roll.
 Far from the gentle gales
That o'er thy kindred bend the grass
 Of old, heroic Wales ;
Who gave to thee the generous soul,
 Fond, passionate, and brave,
That beat upon her ancient hills,
 But found thee not a grave.
Thy tent is pitched on lovelier land,
 O pilgrim ! travel-worn,
And if within its shadow thou,
 So early tempest-torn,
After thine agonies, art blest,
 My weeping shall not reach thy rest.

THE TREE CRANBERRY.

THOU crownest verdant banks that rise
Where river-waters glide,
The while thy graceful picture lies
Within the lucid tide ;
Reigning where all sweet things are strewed,
Queen of a flowery multitude.

The low winds lift thy fresh green leaf,
With plaintive, murmuring tune,
And thy soft blossoms, pale and brief,
Answer the smiles of June,
That thee entreat, with wooing air,
To make thyself so very fair.

And when the fragile bloom is cast
Of thy young summer day,

Thy stem wears beauty unsurpassed
To greet a future May ;
Bending, ofttime, a grape-like show
Of crimson clusters to the snow.

Sweet spirit of haunts lone and fair,
Thoughts lovely must be thine ;
And these enchanted shapes declare
Thy craft sees no decline.
And bounteously thy gracious moods
Have wrought in our wild solitudes ;

And vision beautiful hadst thou
Of old, by some lone stream,
And didst, in this creation, show
And realize thy dream,
And to thy graceful darling gave
A home beside the river-wave.

THE SEA-SHORE.

A FRENCH LITHOGRAPH.

WHAT nameless, lovely lady
Is this upon the strand ?
The pencil hath not shown us
Her history or land ;
We only see the surging waves,
The stormy, sunset skies,
And her whose aching heart beats through
Her tender lips and eyes.

The desolate waste of waters,
The fierce wind hurrying by,
Are powerless o'er that sad world
Of dearest memory,

Where other dying sunlight glows,
Where wilder billows roll
Round one lost form, that evermore
Is painted on her soul.

Look, then, — ye cannot weary, —
Where, never worldly-wise,
Gleams the despairing angel
From out a woman's eyes.
While her fingers' passionate clasping
Tells her struggle sore ;
Better her fair head were lying
On Time's wild sea-shore.

AUSTRALIAN PASTURES.

BOUNDLESS fields stretch, green and bright,
In the mellow, lustrous light ;
Lost Arcadia's soft delight
 And golden dye
These unfading meadows keep ;
Great herds range the grassy sweep ;
White as May-clouds, silent sheep
 Unnumbered lie.

Grouping oaks majestic stand,
Dropping shadow through the land ;
The lone horseman checks his hand,
 And, gazing down

Soft, wide, undulating plains,
Sees afar his cattle-trains,
Faintly hears the lowing strains
 Familiar grown.

Shepherds, where soft waters glide,
Guileless creatures rest beside.
One sees, o'er the salt wave's tide,
 The yellow "broom,"
'Mid whose flowery rods he lay,
Through the Scottish summer day,
Watching careless flocks at play,
 Till "gloamin" gloom.

Some, though honey-bells are sweet,
Miss the primrose at their feet,
Striding through the dew to meet
 The flushing morn.
Some, when clover scents the grass,
Looking in a magic glass,
Bless the shamrock as they pass
 Through tracks unworn.

One, beside the soft Lagoon,
Dreams of distant harvest-noon,
Sees the snow-drift 'neath the moon
 Of colder skies,
Clasps in heart the dear lost hand,
Dearer now in that far land,
Be ye sure, whose souls demand
 The exiled eyes.

Here the bird of beauty brings
Shining breast and painted wings ;
Paler throat wild music flings
 On gentle air.
Where the opening mountain wills,
Wandering flock the wide pass fills,
Like snow-spots 'mid Northern hills
 That spring days spare.

And the sun, in royal flight,
Over all wraps purple light ;
Matchless morn, and marvellous night,
 Succeeding glow.

Clearly fall the soft day-beams ;
Widely spread the gold moon-gleams ;
Strange, great stars lie in the streams
 That waveless flow.

SIR JOHN HARVEY.

LAY him down, lay him down! we are proud of his
bones, —

The old man of sorrow and toil ;
Britannia spares him from her world-renowned ones,
To honor our wilderness soil.

Let him go to the Wife of Mortality's days,
The Bride of his spiritual youth,
Who waiteth, heart-robed, for his glorified gaze
In the realized Kingdom of Truth.

Make room for his memory, when heroes are nigh,
Room where poor men and gentlemen stand ;
His bold heart had ever for sorrow a sigh,
And for want a warm, bountiful hand.

Stern grief had unshrouded the innermost cell
Of his tender and passionate soul ; —
Mourn not at his rest, — he hath borne the day well :
Grieve not that he gaineth the goal.

Not on African sand, nor 'neath Indian sky,
Did he tarnish his country's dear fame,
And on well-won fields, where the snow-drifts lie,
He bled for her old martial name.

Her warrior-sons sleep on many a shore,
And low, under far, foreign waves,
But his white hairs shall rest by the wife he wept o'er,
In the midst of our green exile-graves.

Then lay down the old man! we are proud of his
bones, —
The brave man of sorrow and toil ;
Britannia spares him, from her sepulchred sons,
To honor our wilderness soil.

APPEAL TO THE POETS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

“ Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land ? ”

LIFT up your voices, sons and daughters
Of the Land we claim ;
Forest hills and river waters
Look to ye for fame.
Valley, village, mead, and mountain
Ask ye for their dower ;
Dim drops from the human fountain
Wait Song's sunlit hour.
Ye 've honored heads in grassy graves,
And broken hearts beneath your waves.

Broad, bright Chebucto claims the meed
Awarded long ago ;

Still northwest sweeps, his waves to lead
 The painted hills below,
And, when the autumn light looks down,
 So mellow, warm, and still,
And in the lustrous mirror grown
 Seems each enchanted hill,
Evoke the notes most sweet and rare,
And sing September sunset there.

Go watch the fisher's picturesque toil,
 And mark his thrifty home ;
Where, round your rugged sea-shore soil,
 The shining millions come.
Honor the glittering kin that sweep
 Their armies to your door ;
For Labrador's famed myriads keep
 A place in minstrel lore ;
The captors ask a native strain
To carry with them to the main.

Still guarding many a lovely spot,
 The old French willows stand
Where stood their homes, yet unforget,
 Whose toil first blessed the land.

The stranger's⁹ charmed voice told not all
 The story of their doom ;
 Still moan, through many a ruined wall,
 Past agony and gloom¹⁰ ;
 Moan that the Old World came to view
 Its lost Arcadia¹¹ in the New.

Bethink ye, that ye leave unsung
 The stately Moose to roam ;
 Nor less might some sweet Lyre be strung,
 For you wild hunter's home.
 Beneath the sighing branchy Pine,
 The wandering people dwell ;
 While delicate, dark fingers twine
 The brilliant fabric well,
 Till in its graceful craft you trace
 The fancies of the simple race.

Have ye not one melodious strain,
 For that strange exile-grove,¹²
 Whose boughs are bright in warm spring rain,
 And green when snow-winds rove ?
 The Indian deemed he earned his doom,
 Whose guidance had betrayed,

To brethren pale, the sacred gloom
 Of that mysterious shade,
 Unreached upon the alien shore,
 Save alien's daring foot explore.

Look, with the yellow autumn sun,
 Where the flax-gatherers toil ;
 Nor scorn the mirth, when day is done,
 That mockery cannot spoil.
 And mark, across some threshold lone,
 The evening sunlight lies,
 Where, humming to her small wheel's tone,
 The white-haired woman plies
 The whiter threads, that yet shall crowd
 Round household cradle, board, and shroud.

Still songless sweeps the splendid wave
 (Whose rafts float to the sea),
 The wild, romantic banks to lave,
 Of " Shubenacadie."
 And many a lovely stream that lends
 The mill-wheel's dashing spray,
 Melodiously pleads as it wends,
 To echo through your lay ;

And murmurs of some broad, bright lake
It left for the green valley's sake.

See, through the bounteous Truro vale
The Salmon water¹³ wander ;
Did purer wave e'er grace the tale
Of glory-gilt Scamander ?
And ne'er did goddess, nymph, or queen,
Her brow immortal lave
In fairer solitudes, than lean
Round loveliest Lahave.¹⁴
And proudly blue Mahone¹⁵ may show
Her matchless Archipelago.

Ye 've fair, familiar things at rest
Your hills and plains upon,
And marvels on the jewelled breast
Of stormy Blomedon.
Ye 've all the beauty culture yields,
Beneath the summer air,
Where Labor spreads the waving fields, —
Labor, the wheat and tare,
The curse and blessing error leaves,
For binding in the wide world's sheaves.

The birds' sweet notes ring from your boughs,
The silver salmon swim,
The painted trout its beauty shows,
Where river-pools lie dim.
And women smile within your homes,
Of various hue and mien ;
One with soft, midnight glances comes,
While oft another 's seen
Beside whose locks might gleam in vain
Resplendent showers of April rain.

The strong man heweth down the tree
For craftsmen's skilful toil ;
Launched on your native waters see
What crowned your native soil.
Sing of the grim coal-miners' lot,
Beside the firelight glow ;
Fed from her breast who faileth not,
Whose grace 't is *yours* to show.
The sweetness of your measured line
Shall pierce the chambers of the mine.

Ye 're dwelling in the city streets,
And far 'mid sylvan shades,

You 're where the stretching meadow meets
The swelling mountain glades.
The voice that calls ye claimeth not
The music of your own,
It asketh but the pleasant lot
Of answering their tone,
Though all it needs Time shall not bring,
'T will echo what it cannot sing.

The hand that points this urging line
Falls fainter, day by day ;
The heart that sees your dayspring shine
Longs to beat far away ;
We cannot strive when dearest eyes
Look not upon the meed,
And seek no wreath when grave-still lies
The voice that charmed our speed.
Who wins the goal with flagging pace ?
Who runs, if nothing crown the race ?

Wake ye, then, for the new wild land,
The old harp's magic measure,
And let its chords your care command,
For in them lies your treasure.

Fear ye not to lift your strain,
 'Mid songs of famous lyres ;
Among the old prophetic train,
 Strike free the golden wires ;
Time shall never rust or flaw
While resounds true Minstrel-law.

N O T E S . .

NOTE 1. — Page 14.

“The Jaloofs are very dark in their complexion, but are regular in their features, and of handsome form. Their hair is short and curling, and their skin of a jetty black.” — *Up the Gambia*.

NOTE 2. — Page 15.

“The native workmanship in iron is very rude, yet some of their agricultural implements appear admirably suited to their purpose. The native workmanship in gold is not merely curious, but often really beautiful.” — *Westminster Review*.

NOTE 3. — Page 15.

“The agricultural Foolahs are the great herdsmen of Africa.” — *Westminster Review*.

NOTE 4. — Page 16.

“How is it that these people are now found in a semi-barbarous condition, while traces remain of civilization and mental culture of no mean order?” — *Up the Gambia*.

NOTE 5. — Page 57.

“Let down our golden, everlasting chain.” — *Iliad*.

NOTE 6. — Page 79.

The name Musquodoboit signified to the Indian the “Culled or Chosen Water.”

NOTE 7. — Page 114.

Beechey Island.

NOTE 8. — Page 125.

The Indians esteem the water contained in the pitcher of this beautiful plant very efficacious in many diseases incidental to them, and frequently travel great distances to procure it.

NOTE 9. — Page 144.

Longfellow’s *Evangeline*.

NOTE 10. — Page 144.

“The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of the unreflecting soldiery; stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half-extinguished embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant’s humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of

the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch-dogs of the Neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them." — *Haliburton's Nova Scotia*.

NOTE 11. — Page 144.

Acadia, Acadie, and Arcadia were the names given indiscriminately, by the first French settlers, to this Province.

NOTE 12. — Page 144.

See the account given by Mr. James Irons of these singular trees, upon the occasion of the successful search for their locality, by Captain C——ly. Also, the very fanciful tradition attached by the Indians to the spot.

NOTE 13. — Page 146.

Salmon River.

NOTE 14. — Page 146.

Lahave River.

NOTE 15. — Page 146.

Mahone Bay.

THE END.

