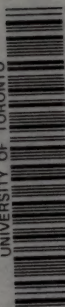


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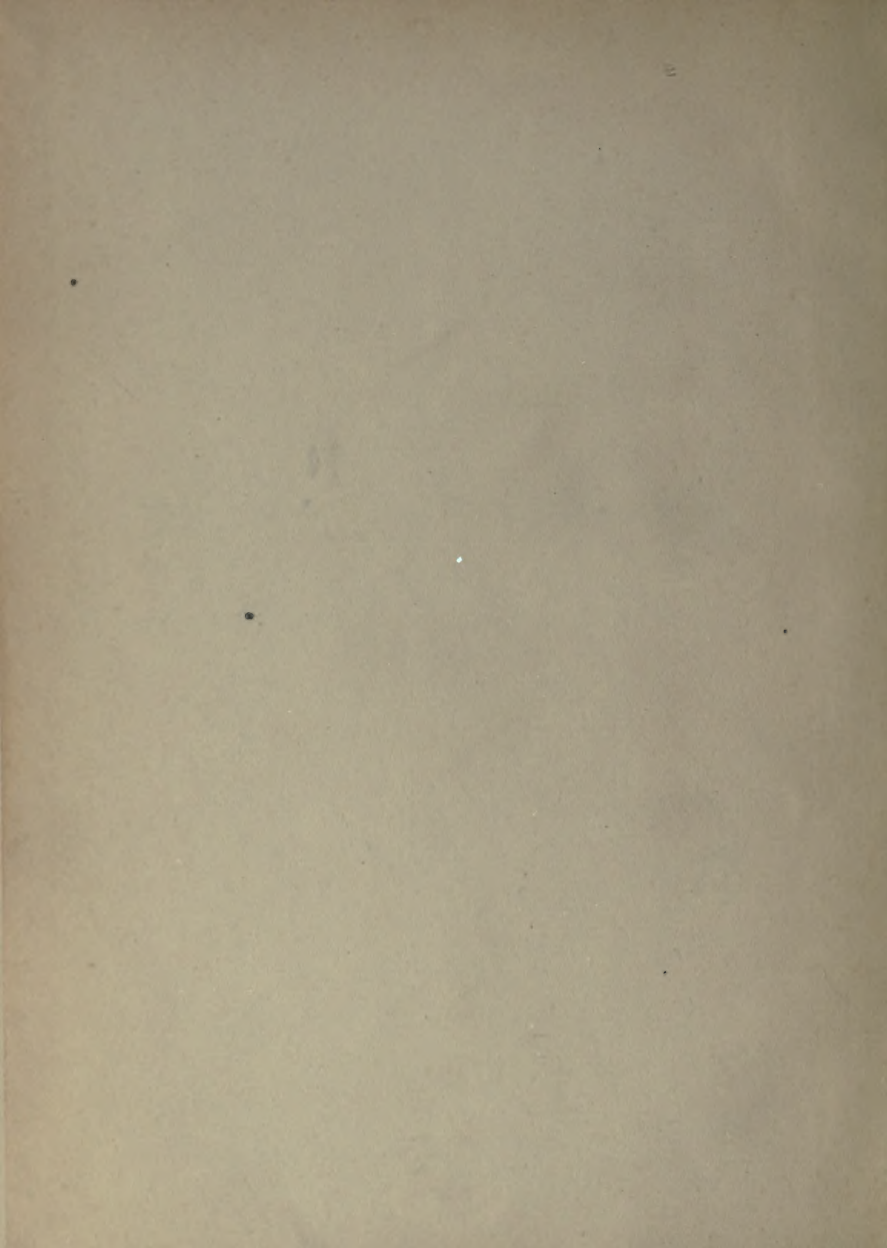
ALFRED THE GREAT

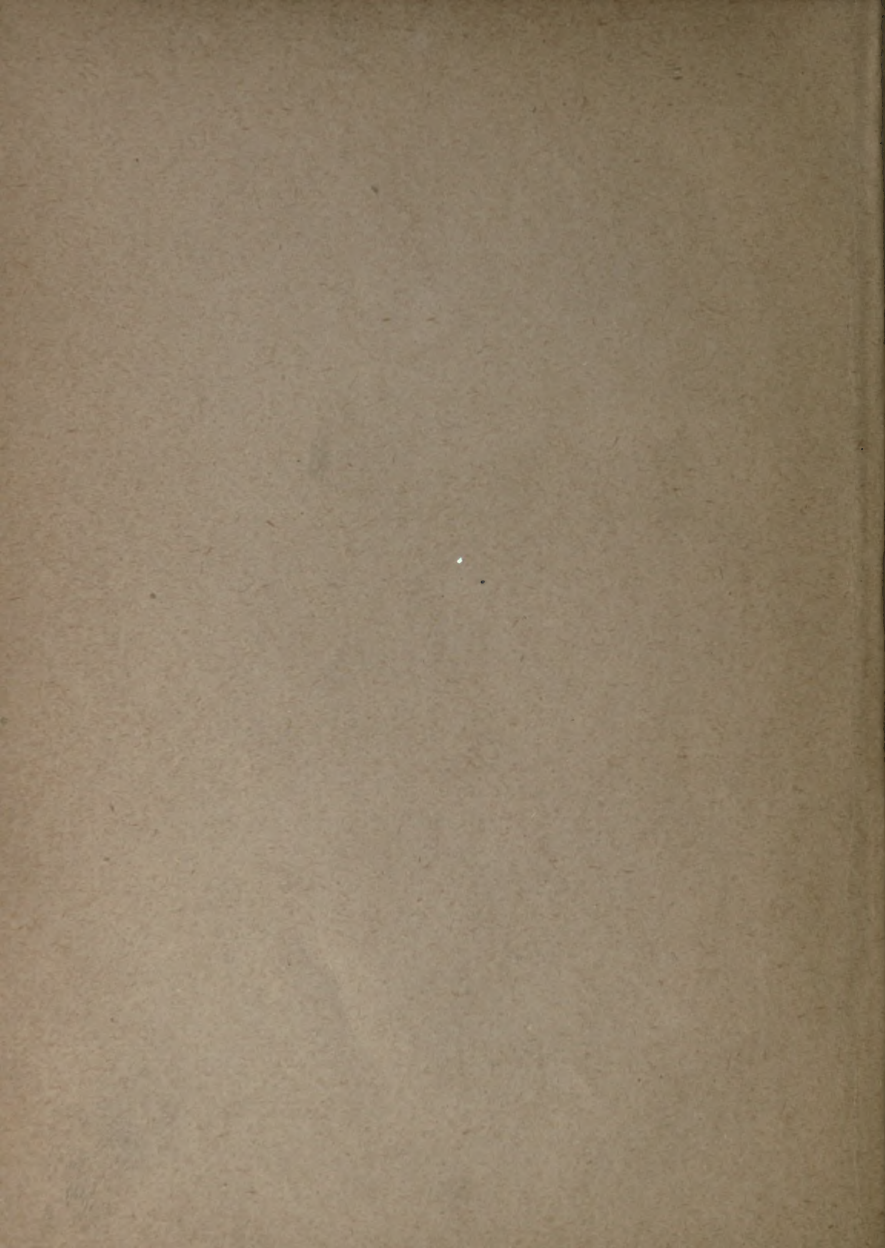
AND OTHER POEMS.

PS
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K46A8

Prof Goldwin Smith
With the compliments
of the author.

Palmer House,
Oct. 1902.





AUTHOR'S ADDENDUM AND ERRATA.

EDWARD VII.—It was intended to be stated, by a note, that the poem is an attempt to describe the main and dependent features of the spectacle, as originally devised.

Page 17, line 1 of verse XXV. :

For "The cheorls," read "All orders."

Page 49, line 7 of verse II. :

For "nurselings," read "nurslings."

Page 51, lines 5 and 6 of verse VII. :

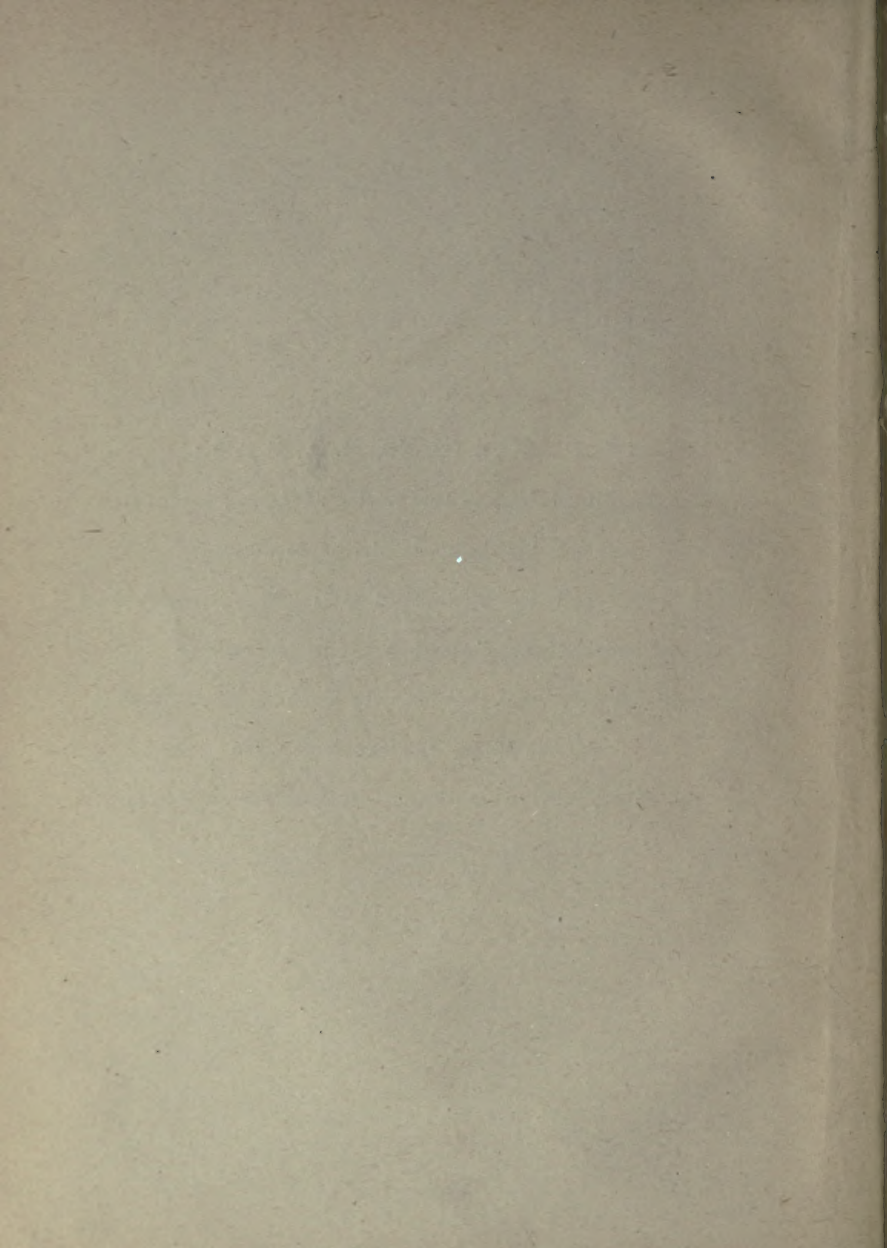
Read—"Oh! help the poor to find their bread ;
Oh! help the sick to drug their woe."

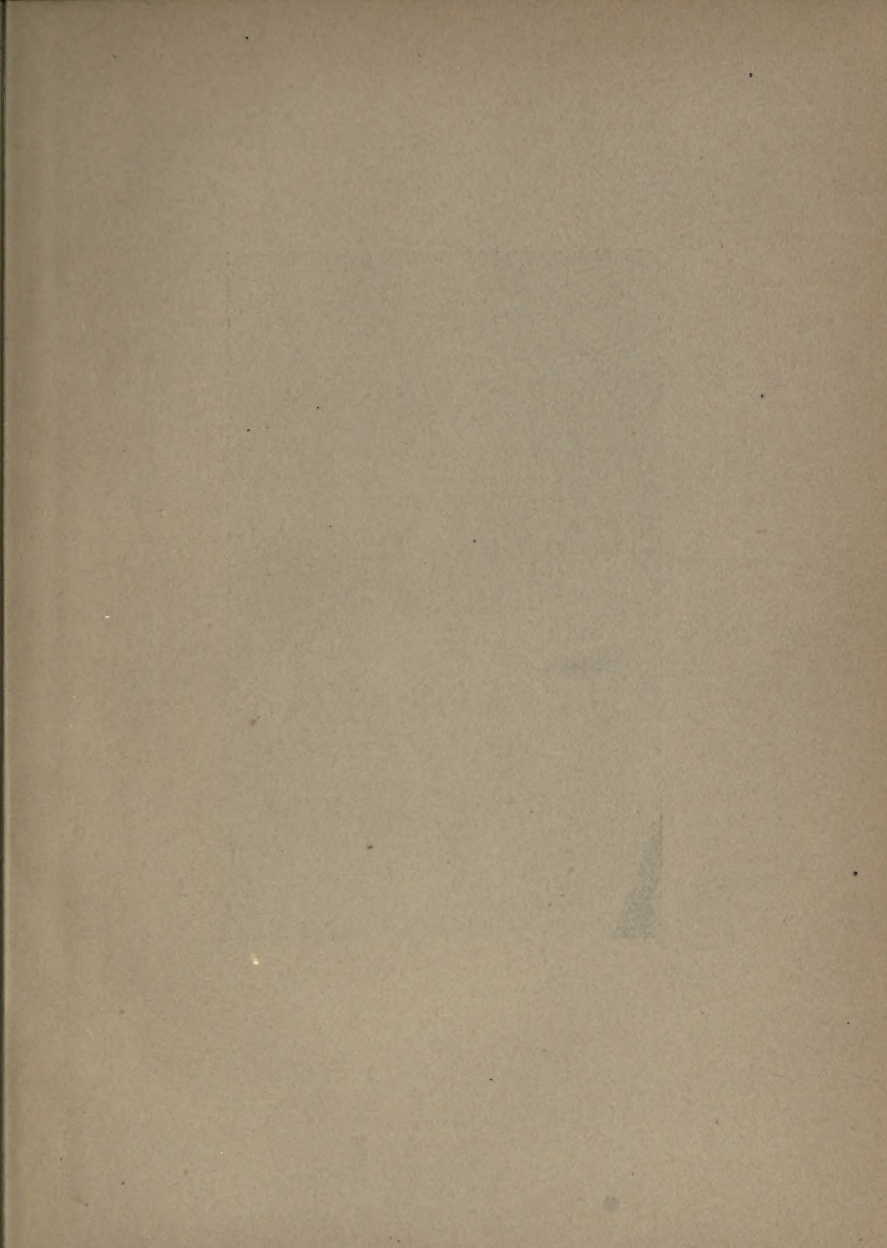
Page 64, last line :

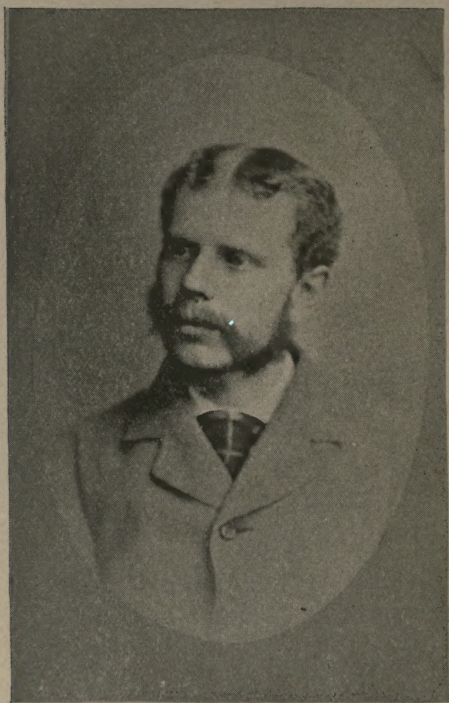
For "Fitzgibbon," read "FitzGibbon."

Page 81, line 10 :

For "Unlike some," read "No."







112
112379

ALFRED THE GREAT

AND OTHER POEMS.

By J. B. MACKENZIE,

Author of "Joseph Brant," an historico-military drama.

112379
2615111

TORONTO:

PRINTED BY IMRIE, GRAHAM & HARRAP, 31 CHURCH STREET.

1902.

His principal excuse—if any be wanted—for bringing this volume before the public is that the writer—somewhat partial to history—believes that many of the occurrences which have to do with this vital branch of study may be more kindlingly impressed through the vehicle of poetry than by any other means. Subjects in this class, therefore—a number of them dealing with figures who dignify, achievements which brighten our own chronicles, as yet, unhappily, all too impoverished—will be found to occupy a leading place in the collection. To his awarding the post of honour to Alfred—in Freeman's opinion, (to invoke no other authority) the “most perfect character in history”—readers will not, he feels sure, object.

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GENERAL VERSE.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

A. D. 901—1901.

I.

I N Wisdom—found to Virtue plighting troth—
Chief in thy storied home of royal kind ;
Loanedst thou to Wessex, furnace-passing, both
Thy lamped uprightness and bar-levelling mind

II.

Ælfred, thou statesman, war-king, scholar, bard—
Given the arm that fells, the brain that sifts ;
Thine vigorous intellect and sinew hard,
But once the Potter deeded clay such gifts.

III.

No base act dulled the mirror of thy fame ;
Thy lips no barbèd contumely discharged :
None in the land but thy soft grace might claim,
So was the lodge of brotherhood enlarged.

IV.

To naught polluting gave thy white soul birth ;
 Ne'er wast thou known a fellow wrong to cause ;
 Thy life a jewel of impugness worth,
 Capturedst thou hearts, as steel the magnet draws.

V.

When pierced by thee the chaparral of Toil,
 Waded each slough that oped within thy path ;
 When—dried the abscess of Internal Broil—
 And filled by Temperance the seat of Wrath ;

VI.

With Stress' cloud admitting welcome rift,
 Calm's gladsome rainbow arching Turmoil's sky ;
 When—buried cause the battle-axe to lift,
 And warrant shown the tough yew to lay by :

VII.

With Peril respiting its anxious term,
 Bale ceasing her Medusa-head to rear,
 Thine o'erweak holding of the mace grew firm ;
 And thou, rest-pillared, couldst the torn hull steer,

VIII.

Noble thy schemes for profiting the realm,
 As yet cheered only by Improvement's dawn ;
 Happy the means, unpalliumed Anselm,
 Thou foundst to keep its conscience out of pawn.

IX.

Bettered its footing by thy provident rule ;
 It saw utilitarian advance ;
 Fresh knowledge armed the worker on his stool ;
 Thy care men's tithe of learning did enhance.

X.

The sun of Freedom with new radiance beamed,
 Soon as the Gemote had proclaimed thee lord ;
 Vassals thou ruledst not, each thy liegeman deemed,
 Bound to his monarch by a silken cord.

XI.

Pledge of calm living held thy sway benign
 For all that banyan roofed, whatso their lot ;
 King's pomp and circumstance thou didst resign,
 Securing fuller comfort to the cot.

XII.

Thy partnership (Life-undissolved) with Pain
 Could not thy strenuous habitude repress ;
 Nor yet unslacking menace from the Dane
 Taskings by which thou didst the kingdom bless :

XIII.

And—it from Vulture's claw being now released—
 Those valued laws thy reason went to grave—
 (Tokening a shepherdage that never ceased)
 Disorder's vandal guaranteed to brave.

XIV.

Adam of that unconquerable fleet,
 Which for Britannia the trident seized ;
 On Spain's majestic galleons hurled defeat ;
 Shook off the wasps, when France and Holland teased.

XV.

Though loth, Clear Light, thy goodness to parade,
 Strovest thou from Traffic's mart to besom fraud ;
 'Gainst Evil wagedst a life-long crusade,
 No price expecting save thine own breast's laud.

XVI.

Palmers thou honouredst, coming from afar ;
 The poor within didst, unpetitioned, aid ;
 Throughout the ireful dominance of War,
 To all Instruction's gold by thee was paid.

XVII.

A treasured legacy, that charming tale
 Of book their mother promised (made *thy* prize,
 The youngest) to such child as did not fail
 To height of mastering its lore to rise.

XVIII.

What fervid longing for thy charges' weal
 Did, in the goodwife's hut, with Torment, share,
 To let through Memory's waste-gates her appeal,
 That harm reach not the object of *her* care.

XIX

How clear thou showedst thy perception deep ;
 To what grand use appliedst a magic power,
 Lulling the fears of Guthrum's watch to sleep
 By notes wrung from thy harp's luxuriant dower.

XX.

Not only wert thou a world-famous doge.

Why couldst thou not, deep searcher, have foretold—
When candles using for thy horologe—

Wares from the Future's pack to be unrolled ?

XXI.

Asked homage only as thy fair desert,

High prince, who ever wast the rude folks' stay ;
Wreck of the humble roof-tree didst avert,
And ravening wolves hold manfully at bay.

XXII.

Their welfare being with thee a prime concern,

Thou brewedst them Contentment's mead to quaff ;
For them, Cheer-bankrupt, didst with feeling burn—
As much their kind consoler as their staff ;

XXIII.

On thee, strong vine, they, tendrils weak, relied

Them equally to foster and protect ;
Affliction's visits drew thee to their side,
In hope its mammoth pressure to correct.

XXIV.

A hospice warming, cheering was thy heart,
 For him who languished on Existence' road ;
 Whence—having lingered there—he, nerved, might start
 Afresh, discombered of his trouble's load.

XXV.

The cheerls placed in thee abiding trust—
 Their close fidelity were swift to cede :
 Affection for thee, sovereign august,
 Had generous aliment on which to feed.

XXVI.

For thou thy kingship didst with Justice gird ;
 Cleansed from Taint's gravel was thy motives' ore ;
 Honour the mentor whom thy bosom heard—
 Fountain which Truth's pure hyaline did pour.

XXVII.

Mould for the strengthful Briton's casting, thou ;
 Germ folding in thee of thy country's might,
 Were but thy spirit's eye to glimpse her now,
 Would not elation follow on the sight ?

XXVIII.

In frame-work, Saxon, of thy being rich,
Blent Samuel's force with battle-verve of Saul;
In Fame's Walhalla dost thou claim a niche
With guides obeying here a nation's call.

EDWARD VII.

A CORONATION ODE.

I.

FROM zones by Frost-wise roughly gripped ;
 Demesnes rich odours taste ;
 From tracts by Heat-flail boisterous whipped ;
 Australia's herbage waste ;

II.

New Zealand's fresh, Edenic world—
 Those pendants of the wave ;
 The foe-wrung chaplet, many-pearled,
 Which Carib surges lave ;

III.

Bermuda's calm, reef-portalled flock—
 Nuns mewed beyond the stir ;
 Dumb Saint Helena's Fire-gashed rock :
 From plateaus decked with fir ;

IV.

Sky-pillowed heights of mystic Ind ;
 Isles drowsing at the line ;
 Where languid toys the zephyr wind ;
 Upheaved Atlantic's brine :

V.

From balmy shelters, coral-rimmed,
 Whose lounge with verdure blooms ;
 From windy levels, ostrich-skimmed :
 Where coifed Niagara fumes ;

VI.

Guiana spills her resined balm ;
 Spring cinnamon and lime ;
 Trenches on Heaven the feathered palm ;
 Malays waste alms of Time :

VII.

Isle-pranked St. Lawrence haughty sweeps ;
 Bark seals from rock-won ledge ;
 Vintage-flushed Cypriote gala keeps ;
 Gibraltar plants his wedge :

VIII.

From Aden's cliff-browed, tonsured gate ;
 Where Fijis laud the morn ;
 From ancient Malta's flower-heaped crate ;
 Newfoundland, eldest-born ;

IX.

Swollen, noiseful trade-ways of Hong Kong—
 That spur in China's flank ;
 Where hill-strung Burmah's potters throng,
 And favoring Buddha thank ;

X.

Lakes show a delicate turquoise ;
 Deserts a flame-singed coat ;
 Burns high as clear the Southern Cross ;
 Auroral guidons float :

XI.

Bequeaths Ceylon her opulent store ;
 The dusk Papuan toils ;
 From wealth-hived marts of Singapore ;
 Where Fundy's brimmed vat boils :

XII.

From edgeless prairies, yellow-frosted ;
 Where Sioux disdainful tread ;
 Wait crowding gems to be unlocked ;
 Their nectar maples shed—

XIII.

And, spirit-leagued, move Teuton, Celt :
 Where vills nest, typhoon-blown ;
 From distant Gambia's ovened belt ;
 Where fields stretch, diamond-sown ;

XIV.

Nile's fecund cistern has its fount ;
 Kraal-housing freedmen thrive ;
 From wide-girthed, sullen Table Mount ;
 Where blacks for treasure dive :

XV.

Spume-valanced rivers mine a path
 Through canyons hedged with gloom—
 Rivers on snug vales pouring scath,
 Approach, mid salvos' boom,

XVI.

(Downs wistful crossed that emblem power ;
 Where Thought pursues her march—
 That flood-encompassed, lovely bower,
 Fit keystone of the arch).

XVII.

Heads eager owning thee as liege—
 Heir of a deedful crown,
 Which neither home-bred plot, nor siege
 Could empty of renown ;

XVIII.

Print struck from off a glorious die ;
 Vouchsafing breasts relief,
 O'erlong quite powerless to deny
 The billet-card of Grief ;

XIX.

Son mirroring a lofty sire
 (Whose grave soul's pride thou wert)
 Observed with purpose good afire ;
 By Honour's chain-mail girt.

XX.

As, in a tourney, bowmens' shafts
 Toward some mark's centre dart,
 A genial-vying impulse wafts
 Each to the empire's heart:

XXI.

Heads there of goodly branches sprung
 From one age-bedded root ;
 No widest gulf can pare whose tongue,
 Whose blood no years dilute ;

XXII.

Whelps that, in season troublous, when
 Churls ventured to attack,
 Headstrong, the mother-lion's den,
 Help gave to force them back.

XXIII.

(Teeth none too soon had learned to bite,
 Made Vigour's kiln were thews ;
 The untried stanchion of their might
 She found that she could use).

XXIV.

Chiefs blithely-heralded by troops,
 From every outpost drawn,
 To form whose ranks allotted groups
 From East—from West—have gone :

XXV.

The crew all-watchful, hardy, they,
 Manning a gallant ship ;
 Fear-shackling in the awesome day
 When gales her canvas rip ;

XXVI.

The faring coach of state could feel
 They served a proper use,
 For even motion of the wheel
 Its branching spokes induce.

XXVII.

Ruler, thus prodigally blest,
 The households thee revere ;
 Beneath thy spreading ægis rest
 Love's band--no thralls of Fear.

XXVIII.

Her whom the tideless Baltic's foam
 Clasped oft in jocund sport;
 Glad, active sweetener of the home—
 Rare alchemist with the Court;

XXIX

Exerting Beauty's regnant spell—
 Choice-armed with Virtue's shield:
 Her would each family, as well,
 Heart-laden imposts yield.

XXX.

Stalled in the lordly Angevin's chair,
 The virtued ointment's gift,
 Chastened, awe-filled, awaiting; there—
 While chants through alcoves drift

XXXI.

Of classic, Memory-studded fane,
 With teaching pregnant rife;
 Flow ardent prayers that Heaven would deign
 To smooth his new-charged life;

XXXII.

And with bright robes—the miniver's fleece—
 Earl, countess them bedeck ;
 Jewels their vivid glow release,
 Latticing bosom—neck

XXXIII.

(Time's screening portiere drawn aside,
 And room viewed of the Past,
 Coigns swept where laurelled worthies hide,
 Till sounds the freeing blast),

XXXIV.

The seventh—latest—Edward greets
 Him, leader of the file—
 Wedded to brilliant martial feats ;
 Lycurgus of his isle,

XXXV.

Dowered with his weighty, prescient laws ;
 In Council grave as cool ;
 Who yet gave border-strife no pause—
 Wales bending to his rule ;

XXXVI.

To whom the after kings must bow,
 As foremost of the name—
 Orb fain to satellites allow
 Reflection of its fame :

XXXVII.

Deriving both from him, of stays
 Of empire best endowed ;
 Who caused Wellbeing's sun to raise
 Ill-fortune's visoring cloud ;

XXXVIII.

Ælfred, that engineer and sage ;
 Musician, teacher high ;
 Speaking for aye through History's page
 By work none may decry ;

XXXIX.

Who—might he know his moving dream
 Time's forge did shape to act ;
 The puny spark he lit no gleam
 Of after-brilliance lacked ;

XL.

Might—spanning cycles forded—pace
 The glebe his foot once broke,
 What pleasanter cordial than to trace
 His acorn in the oak.

XLI.

Undriven by mastering, heady lust,
 Mild prince, from Justice' groove,
 Let now the Kingdom's ample trust
 Thy lengthening sway approve.

XLII.

So mayst thou, by no dubious lure
 Moved to least blameful deed,
 From all thy world-strewn folds secure
 Attachment's broadest need.

WOLFE.

H EIR genuine of the mightful Paladins,
 (What purer Bayard lived, sweeter Montrose)
 Rubricked thy valour was on Warfare's leaf:
 As lending this grave History's emphasis,
 Let Dettingen's victorious trial speak;
 Let irredeemable Culloden speak;
 Let the Low Countries—din of Laeffelt—speak;
 Let Louisburg's thrice-brilliant capture speak;
 Let Sillery, the Plains of Abraham speak.
 Thee Action, fraught with tonic virtue, braced;
 Thee Zeal upbore, through galling hindrances,
 Thee, Hardship, Trial—served but to anneal:
 Striking that vein, the world, apt miner, found
 Genius embedded in the quartz of Worth.
 Decision's brain; calm pulses of Resolve
 Were thine; Discernment's eye; the steelèd breast
 Of Fortitude; Despatch's arm; the loins

Of Energy. Displayedst thou alike
 Marlborough's fire and wide resource of Monk—
 Retiring every draft on Self-Reliance made
 By Urgency, yet leaving, afterwards,
 No meagre balance in the treasury—
 Hewedst Glory's path, and, thoughtful, blazed the trees.
 In thee, with all of Nature's certainty,
 Intention's larva—burst the chrysalis—
 The free-winged creature of Achievement woke:
 Plot, execution—such of Purpose' line
 The start and terminus—bold in the one
 Provedst thou, as with the other levin swift.
 Discretion here a mind-sunk, friendly buoy,
 Inviting thee to shun Life's Danger-shoals—
 The cryptic rocks elude of Harm. Thou, sanguine, didst
 Faith use for alpenstock to better gain
 The arduous summit of the Higher Life;
 Claspings, in Reverence, clear-sighted judge,
 Religion's true sheet-anchor—Principle a flange
 To keep the moral wheel upon its rail.
 To rulings of that Court (meant to be one
 Of sole resort) established in Man's breast—

By thee invoked at moments critical ;
 But which too many either fail to ask,
 Or, being delivered, stubbornly dispute—
 Carrying to Bias a foregone appeal—
Thou didst immediate, unquestioning, bow.
 Ne'er on Expedience' see-saw didst thou swing ;
 Nor volte-face make, at bid of Interest :
 No blot flung on the clear sheet of thy life,
 Remitless pace the beat of Righteousness.
 Disease-sprung, Suffering-warped the timbers were,
 Going thy body's frail craft to compose,
 Yet evermore Sereneness kept thy soul
 (Over the Pain-feoffed clay firm suzerain)
 Above the waves of blank Despondency.
 To pluck Advancement's bending fruit didst thou
 Not move ; passive, it fell into thy lap.
 Wanting the step-ladder which Rank affords—
 Birth's leverage unable to exert ;
 Without least sacrifice of dignity,
 Aught which could lower thee in self-respect,
 Distinction's peak thou, Earth-god, didst attain.

THE TUGELA AND LADYSMITH.

(*After Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic."*)

[The author would like to say, in connection with these lines, that, despite the resounding outcry against him—evoked largely by his own imprudence—he, for one, retains a considerable measure of faith in General Buller.

Having the experience of decimating loss, which repeated assaults on the enemy's position brought; and disturbed by the prospect of a renewal of hostilities causing further wholesale thinning of his ranks, he might well—with such experience and such prospect weighing as a very nightmare upon him—be excused for indulging a gloomy estimate; might even, with a conscience void of offence, convey the advice he did to General White. What many of the public, in the author's view, lose sight of, is that, when definitely assured by the terms of the heliograph, that he had conceived his subordinate's predicament as a great deal more desperate than it really was, there were no longer symptoms of wavering displayed by the commander.]

I.

OF Buller in Natal
 Sing the dolorous weeks' attacks,
 When the raiders from the Vaal—
 Fossed within its mountain tracks—
 Had baffled long the searing lyddite's shower;
 By each tube the gauging eye,
 In its aim unknown to lie;
 While their chief with most could vie
 As to power.

II.

Like stern watchdogs under curb,
 Scowled their ordnance from the slope,
 Quick—should alien tread disturb—
 With the challenger to cope.
 Too likely thus our labour to be lost.
 Entrenched there, as they lay,
 Remote from Peril's way,
 Thought the boldest with dismay
 Of the cost.

III.

But the nerve of England chose
 Not to sink beneath the test :
 So—forbidding zeal to doze—
 We the storming fiercely pressed.
 "Lion's brood," our captain cried; when each man—
 Ready posted in the ranks—
 Darted up those rugged banks;
 While the Mausers scythed their flanks,
 And their van.

IV.

Three times we strove to force
 That wall of rampired heights ;
 Each new trial bringing worse
 Tale of loss in gory fights ;
 Until success became a reed-like chance.
 But the case wore altered hue,
 When the foe sage Roberts drew
 From his lair ; and we anew
 Could advance.

V.

Then our work was almost done ;
 The long night of gloom had passed :
 Toward the recess of the sun,
 Brave Dundonald, spurring fast,
 Reached the town, where Plague had scored his lavish gains ;
 And pulled off its Horror's cloak.
 Blessing-dowered came the stroke
 Of the human sledge who broke
 Leaguer's chains.

VI.

Now thanks, Old England, give,
 For the ceasing of thy woe ;
 Have each fane with chanting live—
 In each home make carols flow.
 Yet though Anxiety's burden we may drop,
 Let us think of them who bled,
 The empire's cause to stead,
 By thy naked eminence, dread
 Spion Kop.

VII.

Rare sons, in Britain's love
 Stablished all the more secure,
 By your avidness to prove
 Ye the chill touch could endure.
 To Heaven may the sacrifice appeal ;
 While Tugela rolls its surge,
 And the dunes the flame-gusts urge,
 Paying tribute of a dirge,
 To the leal.

TROOPER MULLOY AT LIVERPOOL.

[The subject of this poem—chosen, with the officer in charge of the honoured band, to answer the greeting extended by the Mayor and Common Council of Liverpool to men of our contingents, who had served in South Africa, and were returning, invalided, to their homes—was, though betraying no physical infirmity, conducted to the platform by two of his comrades.]

WHO may this be on whom the multitude
 Lay Observation's fine—outbidding all
 For Wonder's patronage; who, though form—build—
 Of Health's estate reveal the title-deeds;
 Brawn, tissue laden quarries finding him
 The building-stone of oaken virileness:
 Though, in the upward trial of its stairs,
 Life's first-met landing he requires to win—
 Abiding still in Effort's ante-room,
 Yet asks companions' leading for his steps?
 How chanced Might's pairing thus with Helplessness?
 Fortune no pitcher of the treasonous dice
 (Begetter of that misalliance, she,
 Cozened more wantonly—more callously.

When sensitive Peace—as bird of passage doth,
 Where solar changes its well-being threat—
 In region of that wide circumference
 (While Time, God's licensee, whose privileged grant
 He may revoke at will, expends its term)
 Unfailing sentried by the Southern Cross,
 Spread, querulous, her wing; time that Goodwill
 Began its long demise of truancy
 From an eruptive school of politics—
 Concord a wilful estray had become,
 'Neath College-roof, planted on different sod
 (Briny Saharas from that vexed realm fence
 Its purlieus calm) yon Fate-ground being passed
 Heaven's largessed hours in study; fixing his
 Prime thought upon the Christian ministry.
 And with that holy purpose beaconing him—
 That Love-induced ambition rowelling him—
 Felt he no work to be exhausting which
 Employed his ready-answering faculties.
 No sooner, though, had flashed the weighty news
 That his Queen's rule in those far bounds was mocked,
 At bidding of one graybeard mutinous.

(When separate members of the frame complain
 Associate limbs partake of their unease)
 Than Longing, hard Soul-tyrant, ostracized—
 Martyred without a heart-wail Preference,
 He, checking from Devotion's treasury,
 Aid promptly offered to requite the slur;
 And—broached the vessel of his loyalty—
 Instant the grove deserted (class-weaved ties,
 At Need's blared summons, rending) for the camp,
 That rule by force of his good arm to stay:
 That Britain's honour by Aggression's feet,
 The walled recesses treading of Natal,
 Was there sought to be trampled in the mire,
 Than his aims' barque changed to a derelict—
 Hopes wrested from the paps which nourished them—
 He by the sinews' toil replaced the head's;
 Without the profit weighing and the loss
 (But showing forth as pure an altruism
 As held before sweet regnance o'er his mind)
 Invested were his adolescence—vim
 Exuberant—in service at the front,
 That honour with his blood to vindicate.

Then—much already known of Battle's shock—
 The day of Bronkspruit Farm, ill-omened, broke ;
 While hastening forward in the line, a shot
 Behind each temple carved a lightning path ;
 Wrenched from the saddle by the impact fierce,
 The smitten rider, tossing, griped the dust !

* * * * *

Sensation blotted for a space, he woke
 To consciousness ; but ne'er again to woo
 The benediction of the morn ; applaud
 The royal progress of the sun ; mark when
 Heaven's artillerist to his primed guns
 Applies the kindling linstock ; to joy in
 That winsome baldric which the rain-freed vault
 Fastens around its waist ; clouds which pursue
 A loved itineracy : not, afterwards,
 Be ravished by the festal pageantry
 Of flowers—the sumptuous wardrobe of the trees,
 The ringlets on the corn ; nor yet consult
 The Priestess in her sanctuary ; inspect
 Wide Ocean's floor cerulean ; from the hills
 Inquire their æoned mystery ; no more

With spirit elevate, to watch the sky
Arrange its flashing orders on its breast.
Could aught of sympathy its bosom—wealth
Its coffers—might discharge—these poor gifts—leave
Him stricken, yet unmurmuring; that soul—
To wage, thus chained, his fight for prizes here—
Else than his country's life-booked creditor?

PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I.

AT last the dove, persuaded to alight,
 Soft healing bears upon her gracious wing;
 Consolement's day expels Dejection's night;
 In palace—hovel—Jubilates ring.

II.

At last the sword of Havoc has been sheathed;
 The gloomy reign of Travail sees its end:
 With olive now is every portal wreathed;
 Henceforth no kinsman shall his kinsman rend.

III.

At last the vampire, Bloodshed, has been filled;
 Entered has Ruin's flood upon its neap;
 The Maxim's Stentor-bellowings have been stilled;
 No more wan Death from rifle-breech will leap.

IV.

At last wolf-tusks have ground their latest prey;
 Held on the spit, no further victim turns;
 O'ertaken is the monster by decay,
 Whose hellish commerce fullest odium earns.

V.

At last Confusion's outlaw has been tamed;
 Calm doth the serpent-head of Tumult crush;
 The ponderous arm of Violence is lamed;
 Ensues upon the storm a tranquil hush.

VI.

At last the chaptered book of Woe is closed;
 Twined now are garlands where the cypress hung;
 Joy is become Grief's changeling—she but dozed;
 Land those who to Misgiving's plank had clung.

VII

At last the wail of Misery is checked:
 Lose tears of Sorrow meet excuse to flow;
 Before the hopes of millions have been wrecked,
 Met is their vision by the pledging bow.

VIII.

At last the grave of Enmity is dug ;

Envenomed Malice' fangs have all been drawn ;
 No more shall families Repulsion hug ;
 The winter of Acerbity is gone.

IX.

At last Hate's frozen pools will Love's sun melt ;
 So Blessing reaps what Wrongfulness had sown ;
 Forgotten is the blow that Anger dealt ;
 While Grace's touch Wrath's fever has to own.

X.

At last doth Sense each gun of Folly spike ;
 Law sits in that usurper, License', chair ;
 Mantles the rose, Esteem, the brier, Dislike ;
 And lips that once reviled gently forbear.

XI.

At last the running sore bids fair to heal ;
 Good was obscured behind the mask of Ill ;
 This heart's alliance, marked by Heaven's seal,
 May Intrigue's deathful upas never kill.

XII.

At last the drafts on loyal veins will cease ;
The freshet-roll of treasure has been stayed ;
To realms o'erlong to Ferment under lease
Coming the boon for which mankind warm-prayed .

XIII.

At last the bond of Amity is knit ;
Remains no bridge of Jealousy to be crossed ;
On Feud's dark brow is Reconcilement writ :
The grave years' teaching may not all be lost .

XIV.

At last the knell of sour Disunion strikes ;
The heated iron of Vengefulness is cold ;
Opposing Rancor's tide by Goodwill's dykes,
Rest now the long-estranged within one fold .

ODE TO A PRESENT-DAY DIVINITY.

I.

THIS new Athena has the gracious mien
 Of nuncio missioned with a greeting warm ;
 Writ choice expression on an unblurred page,
 Whose truth-stamped letters all perusers charm.

II.

This new Athena has a cloudless brow—
 Delightful casement framing-in the mind ;
 Of that pearl-fishery the scattered wealth
 Each questing diver, toll-exempt, may find.

III.

This new Athena has rich chesnut locks,
 Rimming the head they, fondling creepers, deck ;
 Its easy movement—gracefulness of poise
 Gifts from the pillaring porcelain of the neck.

IV.

This new Athena has a luring smile ;
 Which lights, as glad Aurora's beam, the dark—
 The dimples summoned by those cheerful glints
 In cushion sinking of each lily arc.

V.

This new Athena calls the scintillant glow
 Of animation to a mobile face ;
 Which, like the fulgent rainbow, comes to span
 The sky of thoughtfulness its tones enchase.

VI.

This new Athena has a lucid eye,
 True heliographist of the curtained soul ;
 Deals Logic's cartes and tierces with a tongue,
 Whose zither-music half-attains the goal.

VII.

This new Athena has a downy cheek,
 Which shames the pillow pressed by it in sleep ;
 Twin cerise keepers of a dainty mouth,
 Through which trim regiments of ivory peep.

BARON TENNYSON.

[The writer disclaims any idea of these verses conveying, in their entirety, his own sentiments ; although he feels bound to say that the poet annulled—and must have known that he annulled—the teaching, not only of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, but several other poems, through his complaisance in accepting the title. They simply denote a posture which anyone might, without being charged with impropriety, assume with regard to the matter discussed. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that the venture was called forth by the episode when it happened.]

I.

BARON Alfred Vere de Vere,
 By this you may not win renown ;
 You have but flawed a high repute
 For gaudy title from the town.
 Why thus have smiled ; and then, beguiled,
 Into such weakness, have retired ?
 Founding a line of stately earls
 Will cause you not to be desired.

II.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,

I know you—proud to bear the name—
Your pride is hardly mate for mine,

Its *frank concernment* whence you came.
False to its weal, you would congeal

A heart long touched by truer charms;
Have nurselings of your house be taught
To lisp of blazoned coats of arms.

III.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,

Some kinder critic you must find;
Not to be lord of all that is

Had I thus dulled so bright a mind.
Useless to crave that I should waive

What seems the world of Art's reply,
The lion on your own stone gate

Reproves you full as much as I.

IV.

If—letting fall a bitter word,
 One scarcely fit for you to hear,
 I've manners lacking that repose
 Which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere.
 Your muse held course, with subtle force ;
 You propped our faith in bardic worth :
 And now—drawn feebly to the glare—
 Repose you in your noble birth.

V.

Trust me, Alfred Vere de Vere,
 None who its mintage had been lent
 Dreamed they would hear that Orpheus tongue
 Recite the claims of long descent.
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only valiant to be right ;
 More choice the stone is than its frame,
 And simple worth than State-born might.

VI.

I fear me, Alfred Vere de Vere,
 You'll pine among your halls and towers ;
 Or unto Recollection vain
 Devote the weary, rolling hours.
 Enjoying health, partnered by wealth—
 Declining to a Sybarite ease,
 'Tis pity that to gild your path
 You needs must act in parts like these.

VII.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
 May not high tasks employ your hands ?
 Is there no squalor nigh your gate—
 No Want-bred vice about these lands ?
 Oh ! help the drudge to win his bread ;
 Oh ! help the serf to break his chains :
 Pray Heaven for a wiser heart,
 And let the sham thou hailedst go.

REMEMBRANCE.

THOUGH Joy-dreams which the past inspires
 Be all now left for me to prize,
 Linned shalt thou rest in Fancy's eyes,
 Bright pole-star of my soul's desires.

A BRITTLE CREDO.

A POPULACE that, when the chance was theirs,
 Legreed Basuto—Matabele racked;
 The Zulu harried and the Kaffir bled,
 Intone the watchword, "Liberty of Act."
 Ishmaelites, who, "trekking" northerly,
 From toilers sucked the treasure which they lacked—
 Using blunt means to suffocate complaint—
 Thunder the slogan, "Liberty of Act."

SONNETS.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

L INKER of states which furthest leagues did part;
 Welder of jarring peoples into one;

This faith-buoyed Nation's most exalted son—

Who wast its father, how acute the dart

Which pierced that Nation's breast—alike on mart

And ingle quiet fell a blow to stun,

Advised of thy bright planet's course being run,

The steward lying closest to its heart.

Pray we for strong Elishas to appear,

And carry on the work thou didst begin;

Wholly thy vision justify, expectant seer,

Of might in her, whose fortunes thou didst spin—

Borders thou, necromancer, foundst a mere

Faggot—now realms a prince might eager win.

FIRST SPRING-RAIN IN THE COUNTRY.

READY accoucheur of the lissome blade,
 The showers ungrudgingly dispense their boon :
 The long hearth-doting husbandman will soon
 Forsake his love ; the train, with care, being laid
 Of useful project, task anew both spade
 And plough ; excite the mould to brim the spoon
 Of Plenty offered with th' ingathering moon.
 Be, then, his efforts by such guerdon paid.
 Cease not the tears of Pluvius to descend :
 Fields, thankful bearing, nourish, infant lakes ;
 That dusk freebooter, living to offend,
 His reconnaissance of the fallows makes.
 Where, vapor-sheathed, the frontier woods extend,
 The pool-frog's mandolin their quiet breaks.

BARNET.

HOUR big with Fate yon fair slope doth revive.
 Engaged there Lancaster and York in test
 Decisive; hurried marshalling the best
 Of England's fighting-men—their breasts alive
 With heat of civil feud; pledged, they, to strive,
 With all the rabidness a sectary's zest
 Gives arms, to back the faith which they professed;
 One set of power the other to deprive.
 In blood extinguished, then, bold Margaret's star;
 Anguish the mother-heart did sorely wring;
 Bleeding, stout Warwick did the fortunes mar
 Of his proud house—*unmake* this time a king.
 Thus, by full stringent ordinance of War,
 Henry's chill Winter becomes Edward's Spring.

THE PASSING OF BROCK.

WHAT hero's life has found a meeter end?
 Could Atropos more thankful wield her shears?

Wolfe, Abercromby, Moore—still on their biers
 Plucking their martyr's bays, taught him to spend
 His dear blood Time-arked liberties to fend.

Like one that, breakers faced, the vessel steers,
 Awhile for pivot of men's hopes and fears
 Served he—tough limb, which force might break, not bend.

Numbed every loyal spirit by dismay,
 When he fell, pierced—the dooming Valkyrs' choice;

He, roll unmatched of strenuous, ardent clay;
 Under whose charge the sheep-fold could rejoice;

And who will ever move the poet's lay—
 Free levies make on Approbation's voice.

HAYING

ELIXIR soft June's clover yields the sense
 Of vagrant drooping on the sun-bleached road;
 The field-embarkèd wain—to seize its load—
 Visits each port of call—the neat cocks, whence
 It draws its cargo. Broken labour tense,
 This—æstival first-fruits, passing without goad—
 The stevedores lodge within secure abode:
 Now may Sleep's gyves be hugged without offence.
 From various angles of its circuit bare—
 (As will the flower unrecking feet destroy
 Its perfume held, when Beauty mansioned there—
 So beaten, crushed—in strength more full enjoy)
 Each meadow, boasting late habiliments fair,
 Spends fragrance those absorbing may not cloy.

QUEBEC.

UNFRAYED shall Diamond's air-throned cape endure—
 A plenteous-catering volume for the mind!

The eye, to divers glowing pictures blind
 Thought's lantern casts on Memory's sheet, a cure
 For its defect, when this commanding lure

Has been applied, doth, unreluctant, find.

All must the grave-clothes decorously unwind
 Folding the past which these chaste nooks immure.

Forms of undaunted Wolfe, steadfast Montcalm
 On Fancy's knocker, with persistence, beat:

Champlain re-wins the triumphs worlds yet psalm;
 While Bigot, Frontenac Oblivion cheat;

Staunch Carleton (him the leal of heart embalm)
 Performs anew his merit-spangled feat.

TECUMSEH.

DETAINS a mighty warrior the gaze ;

Royal discerned his carriage—proud his mien.

Him the mulled wine of Flattery could not wean
From Britain's side ; nor pledges' sun-burst daze :

Who, hearing with chagrin, as with amaze,

That he on timorous agency would lean,

Strove with his leader—all its vainness seen—

And won the day ; no title weak to praise.

Unlearned the spot where lies that noble dust ;

Else Honour's plinth such hallowed turf would mark.

His faithful tribesmen, dreading "Long-knives'" lust,
Their chieftain's scar-valed body—rigid, stark—

Into a quick-trenched hollow rudely thrust.

Grand one, sleep there, unvexed by worldly cark !

THE TREES IN WINTER-DRESS.

HAS filagree been laboured to compete
 With yon rare workmanship? Could polished frieze
 So blend its forms as, on those rime-clad trees,
 In one brief night, by execution feat,
 The conjurer has done? What fuller treat
 Could human eye secure, which, charmèd, sees
 Tracery divine, that, pencilled, brings light ease
 From Utterance' load; appears, indeed, to cheat
 A tracer's ken, so marvel-brimmed the sight
 Offered by those mantillas of wrought lace;
 Product of skill are they, fellowed with might—
 Rare specimen of loveliness and grace,
 That loud impeach Man's freely-boasted right
 To sovereignty—his arrogance debase.

BANNOCKBURN.

HOW may Emotion freight a slender pole,
 As this which, graceful-tapering, doth rise!
 Here the anointed ruler—valiant, wise—
 Of that vexed country; driven to furnish toll
 To ruthless Edward (all-consuming Dole
 Her uncraved spouse) amercement huge of sighs
 Long paying, curt-withheld further supplies:
 Led Gale-torn Scotland to her destined goal.
 Swallowed a Pomp-fraught, rich-accoutred host
 By glutton Earth—his forethought laying the trap:
 As did the surges, by remembered coast,
 Another cavalcade presumptuous wrap.
 Curled every lip with Exultation's boast,
 When came to sober all that dread mishap.

LAURA. SECORD.

NOT small the tax on Reason to believe
 That she with patriot fervour could so burn
 As to fulfil her task; obliged to spurn
 Love-ministries that she might this achieve
 (Her husband lying, then, Pain-ravaged) cleave
 Enmeshing family ties to lasting earn
 The Colony's worship. Hearing of the stern
 Move purposed by the foe, plunged she, at eve,
 Into the darkling forest round her home,
 Pushed ever on, keen to expose their aim
 To perilled camp; when there, unburden some
 Of their grave talk—her body spent; bruised, lame
 Her tender feet: had clueless oft to roam,
 Ere she Fitzgibbon's thankful arm might claim.

THE DUNDAS VALLEY.

(Pictured from the Southwest.)

COULD aught the peace outvie of yonder vale,
 Stretched in its hammock, with engirding steeps?
 Each pulse of Nature's bond-slave fervid leaps,
 When glad "Coote's Paradise" he turns to hail;
 Before such outlook other vistas pale—
 Outlook that, once provided, Memory keeps
 Among the treasures of her lowmost deeps;
 Refusing to admit her prize to bail.
 Aiding the landscape, by its charms, to deck—
 Light-pressed within soft uplands' verdurous hoop,
 Which cattle, sheep, demurely browsing, fleck—
 Dundas, uncoilèd serpent, threads the loop:
 Hangs jewelled Ancaster on this crag's neck,
 And toward her sister doth, with benison, stoop.

IONA.

HOW peace-wrapped lie these roods of hallowed soil !
 Though—Sabine chaste—grown covetous Ruin's bride
 What rush of feeling wakes that Love-reared guide
 To Heaven ; where blest Columba stamped his toil ;
 When come the arts of men's soul-bane to foil—
 Point them for moorage-ground to Him who died :
 Tender with such as his brave task decried,
 And, purblind, welcomed the Ensnarer's coil.
 Was emprise, then, in that asylum wrought,
 Which, through Earth's round, the linkèd ages choired ?
 Were maxims, by tongue Pentecostal taught,
 Of eld, on those pent shores, there, too, inspired ;
 Whose oftenest voice was from the sea-mew caught,
 Roaming the lucent arch with plumes untired ?

GLADWIN'S DEFENCE OF DETROIT.

GLORY approaching Wolfe's to thee belongs,
 Who fiery Pontiac didst grandly check,
 Time he essayed proud Albion's aims to wreck.
 Albeit freely conscious of no wrongs
 To be redressed, poured he his ghoulish throngs—
 On thy frail post (congregant flakes that speck
 A dun horizon) wolves which, at his beck—
 A frenzied horde that for its quarry longs—
 Would spoil and ravage. Brave thou heldst the fort,
 With its lean garrison, from week to week—
 The muster alway dwindling: calm thy port,
 E'en though new loss occurred by Famine's leak;
 And thy cooped refuge—inner space and court—
 With fetid vapours came at length to reek.

NIAGARA FALLS.

THE finite stands before the Infinite!

Man, self-roused Etna; who discredits Rule—
 The vane by Impulse twirled; Occasion's tool,
 When he this world of convened waters, split
 Into broad hemispheres—made to emit

Their steam-veiled torrents marks, will find a school;
 Himself appraising truly, as the liquid spool
 Is being unwound—discovers his babe's wit.

How is the breast by those strange nuptials thrilled—
 Precipitancy yoked with Unconcern!

The mind—Impressions' battle-ground—is filled
 With jostling occupants; hungry to learn

Thy Being's secrets, Thought proceeds to build
 A structure fanciful. Vain shall it yearn.

BROWNSBURG, QUEBEC.

SET in her flinty brooch the hamlet rests ;
 Dim-spied Laurentians vigilling her sleep :
 The garrulous brook here, in its curving sweep,
 Tilts with the rocks (heave the wild chargers' breasts,
 Which, sheering, blithely wave their prised crests)
 Trilling without or pause or break a strain
 Of gladsomeness : by Labour's haunt, again,*
 With barmy toque each billow's head invests.
 The woods' bland parasol—herb-quilted floor—
 To prove ; all scents devour which they exhale ;
 Fern-walled retreats, paths moss-garbed to explore ;
 The interchange to view of hill and dale ;
 Follow the cruise of birds that dip—wheel—soar :
 Ne'er grew such food for Nature's feaster stale.

* The allusion here is to the extensive works of the Dominion Cartridge Company.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO TORONTO.

DOES victor enter, who has stormed the lair
 Of potent chief; bossed arch and gay-decked shaft
 His meed—shoutings the courier breezes waft?
 High feast alone would prompt each thoroughfare,
 As now, its full canonicals to wear;
 Vivacity upon its dulness graft.
 Why glow these meteor-prodigies of craft?
 Whence falls this hour of widowhood from Care?
 No Africanus rides, in pomp arrayed—
 Dent of Numidian on his worthy shield;
Here seen the card wise-judging Statecraft played,
 When chance it spared the Kingdom's heirs to wield
 A talisman—the close of Feeling raid.
 Our fount of loyalty have they unsealed.

ROSEDALE IN AUTUMN.

AROUND its shoulders either peak has thrown
 A dazzling cape: with grading nuance blent
 Pink, russet—amber, saffron. There was spent
 All the resource to its high Weaver known ;
 Missed of refulgence no conspiring tone.
 Nature, intoxicate, avows her bent
 Through the flame-orgy upon each ascent,
 Rimming that deep-bowled gap, shrub-overgrown.
 What frescoed marvel could be graved so well,
 As with that piece by champion brush to vie ;
 What Joseph's coat, in chequering, excel
 Those rich-tanned leaves whereon Death's fingers lie ?
 Such Autumn's choice heraldic bearings tell—
She right of armiger had not to buy.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES.

COULD higher theme inspire the duteous bard?
 Lallemand, Brebeuf—casts from resplendent mould—
 With helpers giving back the ring of gold;
 Whose lives upon the chance throw of a card
 By their own choice depended: let us guard
 Their mild renown, as some trustee would hold
 Assets, in minor's interest, untold.
 Why should it not become Posterity's ward?
 Banished those Gabriels every thought of pelf;
 Judged at its proper value earthly dress.
 With Principle ne'er laid upon the shelf,
 They no less outrage braved, than courted loss:
 Living in free extinguishment of self,
 Each proud embraced, in death, a martyr's cross.

THE GRAND RIVER.

STREAM, on whose bank the dreamer would recline—
 Odd flowers of thought unclosing from their bud;
 When vesper-beams have Midas-changed thy flood
 Calm, slumbrous: yet, lake-wending, givest a sign
 Of being not always humour-rid, supine—
 That hoyden riot creeps into thy blood;
 Elbowing the rocks bends of thy channel stud,
 Thou seemest like one who has imbibed strong wine.
 In thee relives thy namer, haughty Brant—
 As dread in battle as the Highland Graeme:
 Who, godly ever, though at feud with cant—
 His race's higher good his foremost aim—
 The first church in the Province here did plant.
 Descends on him for that an aureoled fame.

THE TAY AT DUNKELD.

CANST thou be drawn, ideal mountain-stream ;
 Like steeplechaser, quarrelling with the bit,
 And which from mouth and nostrils foam doth spit ?
 Contented may thy lover watch the gleam
 Of thy fierce tide, as—flung aloft its cream—
 Thou nearest the bridge ; thyself to grimly pit
 Against the boulders : scan thee, Phœbus-lit,
 When thou with bronze illuminings dost teem.
 Mocking thy fever, stands in bold relief
 That restful-biding, patriarchal shrine—
 Of Scotland's abbeys, she, among the chief—
 Past which thou journeyest to wed the brine.
 Wouldst be of its composure odious thief ?
 Toward such ill end thy course doth much incline.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

NO jot of his hand's proper cunning lost,
 Re-waved has been the marvel-gendering wand
 Of idling Prospero. The cliffs have donned
 Rib-veiling togas—lobe and shelf embossed
 With alabaster smooth; their will dark-crossed,
 Runnels are ligatured (close-drawn the bond)
 And from them glittering halberds have been spawned—
 Clear-symbolling the procreant might of Frost.
 As emeralds couched upon a breast of snow
 Take lustre from the bed where they recline,
 So, to the fancy, doth the marvelous bow
 Richness more fulgent, beauty more divine
 (Goat Island surpliced; white-casqued trees; below
 Each rock in swaddling-clothes) to-day enshrine.

THE FRESHET OF 1900, AT BRANTFORD.

HOW unrestrained these placid waters' course—
 How mad—becomes, when Spring, (embezzler frank)
 Despoiling Winter's full-charged savings-bank,
 Piles here the booty gathered from their source.
 Swept on a current of resistless force,
 Bear down that Cossack horde, rank upon rank,
carried Of ice-blocks—riders uncouth, lank ;
 Dams—bridges hewing, they, without remorse.
 To stream-side tenants cause of trial, woe,
 The basin's cloyments o'er the lowlands burst ;
 Which quick into a second Venice grow :
 Boats ply between the dwellings, half-immersed ;
 And ways of men in fresh-wrought channels flow.
 Irruption, verily, has done its worst.

GLENSHANE, COUNTY DERRY *

WINSOME the picture which the glen reveals :
 In happy wedlock joined are hill and vale ;
 The Roe, sun-lacquered, chants its pauseless tale,
 As through the fairy haunt it moves swift heels :
 Velvety meadow to the streamlet kneels,
 Where, past the brig, is drawn its serpent's trail :
 Shaved Carn beyond, lifting a towered pale,
 From looker—fascinate—ampler view conceals.
 The scattered bounty of the fields allures :
 Trim-bodied kine plunder the grateful sod ;
 The while their lord the harvest-wealth secures ;
 By nibbling flocks the heathered slopes are trod.
 Over the land Eve's placidness endures ;
 Above are scrolled the mysteries of God.

* The birth-place of the late Marcus Crombie, the writer's grandfather, and sometime Headmaster of the Toronto Grammar School.

SURGEON HENNEN AT GIBRALTAR.*

ATTARED thy selfless work smells for mankind :
 Who, didst when Horror-bristling Pestilence
 Upon Gibraltar preyed—its pangs immense
 The lord's, the menial's, frame did pitiless grind—
 To thine own safety generously blind,
 Month after month pierce that effluvium dense,
 Thy peerless skill to lend—rearing *its* fence
 Against the Reaver, him thyself to find.
 Full justly doth this marble court the sky,
 Which tells a scanner of thy Christ-like end ;
 Conveys its lettering no sugared lie,
 Dubbing that solacer Humanity's friend :
 Our isles to thee, consenting thus to die,
 To be thy fellows' saviour, praise extend.

* Doctor Hennen was one of the most celebrated surgeons who passed through the severe campaigns of the Peninsula—if, indeed, any could dispute with him the supremacy. Having filled many high appointments, he was, finally, transferred to Gibraltar ; whence—profoundly affected by the devastation wrought by visitations of the plague—he undertook an expedition through the Mediterranean littoral to ascertain, as far as might be, its origin and nature, in the hope of stemming future outbreaks. After weeks of self-ordained exposure to infection, during the “ Black Death ” of 1829, he was, in the end, attacked himself by the disorder, and died in extreme agony. The citizens of Gibraltar thereupon erected an imposing column to his memory.

ST. CATHARINES AND THOROLD.

HERE prospects are unfolded that reward
 The gazer—vantage had of either bluff;
 His glance repelled by nothing shabby, rough.
 A carpet view outspread of luminous sward;
 Which maize, with shoulder-knots, doth interlard:
 Sightliness templing, of itself enough
 To rouse the coldest. Laggard vessels puff,
 As, through the locks, they struggle havenward.
 Bold Thorold—to its rocky platform chained—
 Unlike Andromeda, no rescue prays;
 But, rather, boasts the throne it has attained;
 While fair St. Catharines her wealth displays
 Of trade-halls—residences—which have gained
 Her station, rank to last through womb-sealed days.

STONY CREEK.

TIME past, did not this eye-rejoicing haunt—
 A shower of dainties falls into whose lap;
 Which all sweet Heaven's fostering dews enwrap,
 Its freemen hurling back assailer's vaunt,
 Prove them no Atlantean stress can daunt,
 On gore-washed field, charged with the parent sap?
 Nor of that daring, swift the mortallest gap
 To close, were they, choice patriots, in want.
 Favoured, indeed, these wide-outrolled parterres—
 Lake-curtseying; walled by Burlington's rived scarp:
 A drinker's sense their magic beauty snares;
 Their full-cupped splendour tunes the minstrel's harp
 Gay-tunicked fruit, grain which a coiffure wears
 Full-stocking Plenty's horn, let no breath carp.

A RETROSPECT.

WELCOME the earliest anniversary
 Of glad encounter—bright adventure spun
 By Accident's cocoon; a flood of sun
 On darkened path. Shaming joys' actuary,
 Piece of the tetherage of Memory
 Will it for life be found; beside it, none
 Of Sentiment's dues—gifts from Fate's keeping won—
 Leaves in so frank a state of beggary
 One's thought. *This* heart-stamped character abides—
 Unlike some print upon the sand, which billows quick
 Erase; attacks from rivals light derides;
 Gloom-hours illumining, as by a wick
 Unneeding trimmer's care: in Time confides,
 Tattooed by Predilection's fadeless prick.

JOSEPH BRANT.

REDOUBTED sachem of that kingly tribe,
 Which ofttimes France, whirling a vaquero's noose,
 Tried to entrap; from its ally seduce
 That owned its warriors' trust. Withstood they bribe
 Of temporal advantage; flinging jibe
 Back at the leveller: nothing could loose
 Them from solicited marriage; yield excuse
 For slaying a creed they willing did imbibe.
 Stout girder wast thou, later, for the throne.
 Such because thy kin's fealty thou didst hold
 Secure. As with the needle which, unknown
 To veer, affects the north; has ever told
 Of constancy, were they as little prone
 Thee to desert, though Evil's tempest rolled.

NURSERY RHYMES

IN NEW ATTIRE.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

I N coign remote, under th' ancestral roof,
 The hopeful scion of a ducal line
 Perceive ensconced. Yet this without design,
 Of clearing penance—due not to reproof
 Parental. He, with greater zest, to dine
 On viands deleterious, there—aloof—
 Stablished his infant seat; not thither crept
 A blenching culprit, by look torrid swept
 Of wrathful sire: rather, devoid of blame,
 Ranges some mead, with purple crown
 Of musk-drenched clover. See, unto renown
 As moral urchin does he found a claim;
 Deep-thrusting his anterior digit down
 Into the savory pie, up damson tasty came.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

ELDERLY fable this: not glad
 The strain, nor grateful; since, for burden fell,
 It penury defying parallel
 Takes up; by cupboard this announced, which had
 Been stripped of cheering provender. It doth tell
 Of canine dull-eyed, ill-conditioned, sad—
 With phrase aggrievingly laconic, speak
 Of matron (not uneld) when she did seek
 The prompt enforcing of a gracious bent,
 Would straightway knead to act a purpose sweet
 Harsh flouted; of such merciful intent
 Quite balked: left was no vestige her to greet
 Of meal for that beseeching palate meant—
 Osseous remnant of the juicy meat.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

MIND ye that piteous pastoral? Profound
 It thrills; anon, as more intent we read—
 View in distinctness dire the dastard deed,
 Of grief upbuilding in child-breast huge mound,
 The fearsome facts our faculties full feed.
 The legend with grim horror doth abound;
 At once begin we to esteem more true
 What 'twas that from surchargèd heart forthdrew
 Its plaint pathetic. How the sad refrain
 Enters, a sharp-edged lance, our being's core,
 Time the grieved shepherd, doth her flock regain;
 But to survey the deprivation sore
 All underwent; *ours*, then, becomes her pain.
 Such is the tragedy from wee-folk lore.

HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE.

OLIO features now the stalls divert,
 Acted in triumph different essays,
 Well-fitted to engender wide amaze.
 Sleek Tabby's confident paws their skill exert
 Upon the voiceful bow—much power assert ;
 The spirits of the listeners he doth raise,
 So that each fond extravagances plays ;
 Doth rooted usages forthwith invert.

That leap, for aye impressed on Wonder's page,
 By supple ruminant across the moon ;
 Exploit seen quite profoundly to engage
 Fellow quadruped's mirth—unlooked-for boon :
 The dresser, too, puts figures on the stage ;
 Letting the felon dish kidnap the spoon.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

TURN we, in this brief legend, to review
 Action which furnishes a counterpart
 To case of youthful John; here did the heart
 Of trusting maid prodigious fear imbue,
 And her incipient blissfulness undo.

How did she, all a-tremble, quickly dart
 Aside, on viewing her companion swart;
 Then, slave of Panic, to the nursery flew.

The tale would seem this moral to enclose:
 Resort with caution to the friendly sod
 For place to banquet; there, in wait, repose—
 Denizens of every Beauty-vestured clod—
 A troop of mischief-workers—few of those
 Will tarry for the license of your nod.

TRANSLATION.

“ART THOU WEARY?”

ART thou weary, art thou languid;
 Art thou sore distrest?
 “Come to Me,” saith One, “and, coming,
 Be at rest!”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide?
 In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side.

Hath He diadem as monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 Yea, a crown in very surety—
 But of thorns.

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What my portion here?
 Many a sorrow, many a labour;
 Many a tear.

L ASSUS esne—fatigatus?
 Ne condolesce.

“Ad me veni; veniensque,
 Quiesce.”

Si sit dux, habetne signum
 Sibi dirigens?

Lateri; in manu, pede
 Eloquens.

Regium atque diadema
 Frontem decorat?

Ita, vero; sed corona
 Lacerat.

Si, reperiens, subsequor,
 Præmia mundi quæ?
 Multum doloris—laboris;
 Lachrymæ.

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last ?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended ;
 Jordan past.

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay ?
Not till earth, and not till Heaven
 Pass away.

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless ?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins
 Answer, " Yes."

S' eum teneo in propinquo,

Estne redditum ?

Dolor victus : atrum flumen

Transitum.

“ Accipe,” si sit precatio ;

Tum me recusat ?

Lata terra—coelum prius

Abeat.

Tunc, sequenti ; contendenti,

Bona, plena stant ?

Angelus, et martyr, virgo

Assonant.



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