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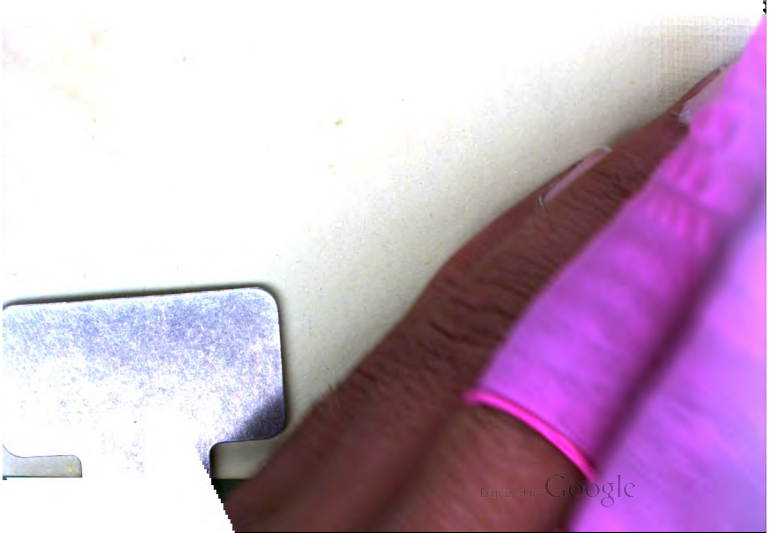
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OCEAN-PILGRIM'S JOTTINGS.

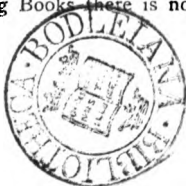
OCEAN-PILGRIM'S JOTTINGS.

OCEAN-PILGRIM'S JOTTINGS.

BY

J. H. KNOX.

"In making Books there is no end."



LONDON:

PROVOST & CO., 36, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1870.

270. g. 281.

LONDON :
R. BARRETT AND SONS, PRINTERS,
MARK LANE.

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ERRATA.

- Page 36, line 6, for *woman* read *women*.
- " 56, " 11, " *were* " *where*.
- " 120, " 20, " *worl'y cares* read *worl'y mairs*.
- " 229, " 19, " *these* " *this*.
- " 279, the word *Me* is used in a sense of *innateness*.
- " 289, line 3, for *manna* read *mannä*.

I never knew you.

Address to the folks of Leith ...

Greenock, by herself ...

Ellorree ...

Mac's Reply ...

Oh! Boppins ...

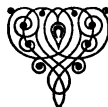
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OCEAN-PILGRIM'S JOTTINGS.



THE VOICES.

THERE were Three Voices. The *First Voice* came in a voice, The *Second Voice* through a Rent, The *Third Voice* was by death.

The *Second Voice* uttered—The Land of Dour-nicht flourished mightily! Its trees groaned under reasonless and exacting leafage, intent, but on sawwaste, for the Rulers of the Leafage held wise counsel with their charge, and finding it only careful of *present* bowed unto it; then sat they also down to sap-suck with *artificial* greed, for *natural* though sinful is prudent. Thus were the Trees. Many people set up pulpits, and sang psalms to praise and honour of *cookery*; to power and graciousness of *fashion*. Many wise ones *said* wise things about them. Many not so wise, *wrote*, with great pens upon pink paper,

wrote terrible words, swelling up their little souls, till they, big with cookery and fashion (but being delivered, were burst paper-bags), witless were of the Wind-Myriad, casting up their scoffery to the delight of the Seven Sisters, who, for some thousands of years have with somewhat afflatus *pitied* man, more especially the men of Dournicht, for most lived though eternal, and each an eternity—as Heaven, or that shunned Hereafter were to be gained by driving and riding in fashion parks and gardens, but by no revelation am I induced to believe there is a Hyde Park in Heaven, and as there is not, where can Drivers and Riders go to, unfit as they are for anything but *idleness*? Also women played for husbands, got them, got children, but drove, rode, shopped, as of yore, setting aside their missions; dwindling from next-to-angels to next-to-nothings, leading their offspring to lend themselves on pawn for example.

Such *generous ones* were they, that no mission but they subscribed to for other *souls* and *bodies*, yet sacrificed their Souls and Bodies upon the daily altar of Society.

Above all would I tell of the National consistency, strong of song and much vaunted, the more popular because a Bubble born of Tyranny and Contempt, fostered by *superstition*; all-con-

victed often, so the Acute feel called on to admonish, but they have not endurance to *natch their words*, so wayfarers *pass* the rocks—*pass on*, for they are smooth with the hands that have *felt* along before. Thus the House-Head, unto Twenty-One, girded for contention, said—“Be consistent, let not the wrath of, tongues, the grief of fashion, polite hypocrisy, move thee to cataplasm thy soul with change, which is not of consistency. Heed me, and die ye rather being true, than live on fickle. Inconsistency doth clog mankind with many failings, blamed on luck, doom, fortune, upbraiding Him who slumbers not, forgetful He is “*very jealous.*”

There is no such thing as chance!

I imagine not of other laughter so unprejudiced by servility, so known through constancy, as that broad-winged which flees o'er cots and palaces of Hell at man's Eternal Inconsistency; at mortals o'er the Counter vending their immortal selves for change (destruction). At no one more than the House-Head immaculate—an Advice-Hoary, for he envied and despoiled his neighbours, so far they sank, and he sowed money, and the very children fought and fell in their strugglings and diggings. *Another* he also coveted, waited and watched, till long-covetousness stayed his re-

solve to take possession, but could not keep it, so returned unto his own yard proportionately down and dowie. Shortly, bribery he hinted; this to some of the *another's* folk proved stronger than virtue; and stomach catted honour from its chamber, but others scorned wealth, for laying Stepping-Stoņe Dominance over the Liberty of Freeman. So was House-Head bitterly cursed, for greed defeated, preys upon its hatcher. An evil *one* came thus—"Thou art greater in flocks and power than he; greater thy house; wider thy name. Unite with the coveted-impregnable—*flattery doth what never virtue could.* Unite showful of disinterestedness; conceal what is in thee under kindness. Show thy interest by naming thyself for all. Fear nought, only thy resolution to expunge thine enemy, for same sky-tent must not hold thee. To diversify the trampling-out, deride the United (betrayed), and as thou canst not stay its energy; undervalue it—name it *Meanness*. House-Head did, and *did it well—so well, that the very betrayed hooted at any one who dared to try to free them.* So the Spirit of the Land sank into the Manufacture of Iron, and the Sink of Insult.

A foolish one passing by said "Monstrous!"

First Voice—"What is folly?"

Second Voice—House-Head uttered—"There

shall no more be slavery where I am; further, whoso crieth for protection where my Red Flag cunningly crossed it, shall have it cost what it may."

With high noon I looked on Ormuz—Silence and Ruin starved into defiance, sequential glory—Portugal's behest to history (wrested from Persia, the ancient, once Heaven's first Rough-Rider, now only the Dirty). Sat there the Bazar-Pope's children in dens wind-sheltering, despised by Pariah, as by Fate, for their desire was victuals only, and to rise as cooks and valets. In justice, with spits and ladles (dispensing meats or fashion), do they better than erst Hidalgo, or King Strength with willing blade, *for what they have they Work for*. Pity they should ambition in silk-flaring, and devotee to pantaloons. Love of finery, and waste of time are more bindful and bondful of man as a *brother* than insight admits.

The *gulf of might* is Posterity, bounded by Judgment. In time there comes another Ormuz, another Egotistical Behest, another struggle for *breath of life* through *blood and revelry*.

At anchor lay a Watt-spirit sleeping open-eyed—a comet in a crystal vase—an avalanche tied by string. To it in frenzy fled a negro and his child, a daughter with such Beauty (as

God can give), so *lavish of itself that every* Gesture was a Boon, her duskiness a Mantle 'neath which rose an Angel. Their language strange, but eloquent, launched on horror-trembling, and cry-rending, unassuaged since Ham's ingratitude.

At *Captain's* feet fell they, beseechful, pointed the Red Flag out, and *crushed* themselves at his feet. Persians follow voiceful of tyranny, appeal to treaties (Dournicht Treaties), and "*Captain*" spurns them from him; then are the chattels, made by God so curiously, *only* to be used as chattels, given up to murder, whilst "*Captain*" lights a cheroot. One Persian kicks the girl in the bosom, the rest fell the man with cudgels—a genteel comedy with Dournicht men as audience. Into the boat are thrown the insensible father and daughter, from thence into a Bugolah anchored by. Soon the genteel comedy is dropped, and things assume a merry and vigorous show. The twain are tied up (God by) and handled by fiend after fiend, armed with scourges, pumping blood from head to heels, but with scarceless and much courtesy for the Flag of a Great Power, keeps somewhat of the sun off, and flaps pertly in their ears. What indifference, but the most *high masterful*, could keep from laud of policy so jokeful. Why need

nineteenth century savants pore over to find fault with, and pare down the Scriptures, when politicians through merest carelessness accomplish and see the end of their work. Surely, O savants! God can do His own work without your interpreting; lend us a little of your wisdom here—*here* makes *hereafter*. Certainly the girl *was* flogged—*flogged* till the flesh of her back came off in shavings—*flogged*, till her Backbone formed an Exit for her Soul. The man a little soothed by Red Flag's flappings, and cock-crowings, held out some longer, then *went* as the sweet Muezzim and Christian Hymn sounded through God's creature—Space. That night were many *sleepers* and *sleeps*—whose was best?

The Writer said—"What else?"

Second Voice—The Passive Fool as much as Active Rogue is a *villain*.

Thereafter I saw a burying-place. In it a group of men—the whilom blood-painters and comedians (*acting* praisers of policy) afflicted with dismay, carrying a white to rest. Not quietly moved they with the maid-marble for dirging woke monuments, and the Unquiet of the Restless. One of all I marked—he with sorrow creeping to Divinity, on white hair of a hundred years circumstanced grief, demanding notice.

I saw sorrow for *all*, oppressors and oppressed, furthermore, Doom is Life-Rented.

First Voice—Men holding death in leash, and cannot bear a poultice! Dournicht, thy joints are stiff, thy Deity *indulgence*, thy Oligarchy *traditional*, thy Democracy *insincere*, thyself an Enthymeme. Thou hast thy *songs* and *reasonings*; but is History *nothing*, and art thou greater than Revelation? Wrap thyself in blankets, take thy warm bath, send sympathy to ass-torturing scoundrels, punish those who freed thee from such frightful villains, and be Spartan in wondrous Indiscretion.

Enjoy yourself, go to the opera, crush soul-music for puppet glee, throw “bouquets,” “encore,” and Rags and Death upon your *door-step*. Why come *hoar-frost* and *satire* of the Poor to trouble you. Ah! why i’ faith, why “cumber they the ground?”

Meek respectability, and a three-fourths soul even, *nothingness of soul* command battalions, while gruff virtue and god-spark aflame have not a post. From epitaphs look they over life; thus chiselled lies, lay quick-lime of their kind to lure young Innocence.

Second Voice—“Dournicht your religion is a farce; your logic inconsistent.”

Third Voice—“I believe in God, because I can-

not *know Him*, Himself is to Himself alone comprehensible. Yet some would have *after-death* palpable as an Irishman."

Writer—"Why an Irishman?"

Third Voice—"So might be *read* of fools, but riddleful to thinkers, for beyond belief is the pathos and hypocrisy of an Irishman."

First Voice—I see the poplar flaunting its Green Impertinence at the *sky-curtain*, yet stars kneel there in the Outer Courts.

Folks say, "*How ill he looks, poor fellow*," they themselves *diseased*, but circle "*How ill*," &c., and other *diseased* commiserate.

A down the *crag*s and *precipices* of a frightful sea, Raving with Whirlwind, rolls a mortal to destruction, yet happy, for says he, "there is a life-buoy in the ship," Is there? oh, yes, but *in* the ship, *in* the Captain's cabin, and the Captain is drunk.

Another writes a book, prefacing "Ere you read this, the author, long ailing (through working night and day oftener than otherwise), with a chest disease, will (D.V.), be dead, therefore revile, oh, Righteous! for he cannot answer."

Writer—"Do we not live for enjoyment?"

First Voice—No! to improve or *deteriorate*.

A certain vessel, on a certain voyage, carried several madmen as passengers, besides were

passengers male and female, amongst them a damsel frolicsome, but *married*. To a ship-officer was she more than a little seductive, hence in darkness agreed they to meet, and met, when by, came one of the madmen. The damsel-matron shrieked "how dreadful to be mad;" but the officer pacified her with "*nobody sees us, let's be merry.*" Terror thugged lust, so she would not, nevertheless both she and her amiable partner secretly cursed the mad.

Third Voice—"Which mad, the woman or the officer? Cursed they each other?"

First Voice—Nay, but the Unchained who had interrupted, cursed they.

Third Voice—"They cursed the 'very God of very God.' They, the '*nobody sees us,*' they, the '*let's be merry,*' they, the Adulterers, *were* the Mad."

First Voice—A rain-pool lay on a clay-bottom, wishing to benefit it, but the clay disdained. In *time* the sun dried the pool up, and the clay was pleased. In *time* the sun cracked the clay, that it cried for mercy, blaming rain for making it weak.

A visitor on board an Oriental Steamer said, "look at that sea-cunny, he has no less than six flaringly coloured handkerchiefs round his loins, and as result is, six handkerchief proud. After-

wards *visitor* dressed, put on all his orders and went to a brothel.

Second Voice—"I pity the visitor."

Third Voice—"I pity the orders—Merit, Honour, Valour—choked eyes in hell-sulphur."

First Voice—Says Ioa, "*I can paint with both hands equally well.*"

Yes, and with both equally ill.

Second Voice—The Visionary shouts, "Here! come here, look at me; I am sole promulgator of an original idea—no *copying* for me, all *originality.*" Fact answers, "Well, verdant friend, what is your idea but trashy-obscure; so covered up, it is valueless. If found, would be useless. Be Commonplace and Sensible, rather than on tiptoe crying for a rainbow.

Third Voice—The highest Earth-Wonder is an *old man*, yet is he passed by, and sight-seers rush off to stocks and stones, twisted convulsively into *styles*. To water hedged-rockily foam-sweltering its life-rush. To other sights, in the *end* o'erpassed by female-nonpareil varied as to shape, colour, virtue—more puissant the bolder.

Genius is infinity of truth and contempt.

Writer—"But all is not genius that is truthful and contemptuous, be they never so superlative. An Empress strips naked before her male slave

with '*faugh, that a man!*' Myself pities more the Slave than the Empress, for the crown of man is woman, and lust is love of parts."

Third Voice—*Pompous* rolls on wheels through life, habituated is to homage, so heeds no rivalry, fully expecting when he dies to ascend in a molten chariot unto The Gate, whose attendant seraph will make a bow, feeling highly honoured that *Pompous* has *condescended* to be *saved*.

O! that man would look within, around. That he would *act*, not hang in leading-strings, haunting standards, and Philosophy of High-Priest Fragrance *starched* and *hard*.

Man wholly and solely is a Trio, a *quintessence*, an *essence*, a *body*, an Undefinable, a Colorer, a Coward. This is wonderful that the inheritor of Stupendousness and God, glancing fitfully between eternities should *dare* be *temporal*; yet is it Wonderful when *one* dares to be Eternal.

Said a maiden—"I shall only marry a man of spirit," and one wooed her, but she measured him by *length of limb*, and despised him, cleaving unto Job Six Feet, who disrobed her, and himself was a poltroon.

A paper advertises that a "Colonel" and so many "Details" will proceed to such a station on such a date. Readers envy the "Colonel," yet is there amongst the "Details" a man

whose pocket holds more wisdom than the Colonel's head—than the heads of all the *Colonel's* family.

An old fisherman bales out the boat, while his son snores on his back. Age is querulous, and *rebuke savours according to the receiver*—not less annoying is it to be forced to disgraceful service, for his son's hand is heavier on him than ever his was on his son. Many sons horrify at this, do not so by their fathers, but *thwart* them with Insubordination, rising to *unblest manhood*. Their *callousness* fends from Heed, as argument is grievous to the hasty.

Regretful, heigh-ho's! "Had I never married I had been rich to-day." Paralysis strikes him, and his children tend him, and are tender of him, then brilliantly from his helplessness comes "*Are riches equal to this?*"

First Voice—Smooth words, well-adapted thinkings, oft pervert the senses.

Who is there that will not do as he has done, spite of experience?

Thinkers incline to idealise the Fair; Loutocracy, and Small-Talk Heroes flatter, blind them, and carry them off; thus is the *balance* of *beauty* and *wealth* set up against Brains. So is the world ruled by mediocrity; likewise talent dragged and held down like branch of tree, to

spring the higher *when* let go. Not until there is *suffering* can there be *hope*.

Man's aims should be of judgment, not of strife.

Miss Wiseacre utters—"The Master of Taste is very good-natured, and such a nice-looking fellow; I hope he'll get on."

Second Voice—"Over better men, who hang out *no* sign of disaster, yet *sigh* for every *smile* he raises, who despond over a *future* he knows not of."

First Voice—Take from him his "good nature," and what remains?—a "nice-looking" Satan, loved of *many* Misses, father of *many* children, lies, debts. Not knowing contrition—Hope's Masterpiece.

He who deals in implied doubt—most judicious of compliment—is *nothing*, for not "good-natured."

He who avers—"I love my country, but love not all her sons" is "cynical" for honest; lacks "good nature" because he abominates the *touching-hat* principle—the *style* of Popularity and Good-nature.

He, the "good-natured" (generally fat), is as his kinsman eating a fish wholesale, and *feeling* no bones, is content to believe there are *none*.

How many thick-hided are there "good-

natured?" How many "cynical" misunderstood, but natured of Best.

Third Voice—Is high-noble of men—the epic-framer, the paint-student, the oratorio-disciple—greater than the Unlettered—lowly, dead and blundering? Is the boatswain falling into a fish-pond with "It's only fresh water," but is drowned, worse than he who, hanging out clothes to dry ties up the smallest piece, saying, "The big ones by their size are safe," and loses them through "their size?" Or than the shipmaster taking casts of the lead night and day, but leaves a boy in charge of the watch, and goes ashore a wreck?

Wisdom is not of *one*, neither of *many*, but *strangest folly* is that of Judgment.

How much more gathering is of thought than of handling, for *manifold* on every side are known as "Everybody's," but marked are by reapers of Word-Creation, volumned and bound. "Everybody's!"—Nobody's! though rut-rolling through life after life.

Shipowner growls because his ship in a cyclone has perished, forgetting such wheel-massacre can generally be evaded, but *cannot* be opposed by such wrong-heads as Stiff his shipmaster, whose theory is "that the law of gravitation causes them;" whose mate's idea is

“they are caused by heavenly bodies acting upon eddying airs displaced by earth-revolution;” whose clerk thinks, “as they generally—almost always—rise between the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, and as the five currents there *meeting* naturally give off in evaporation, they communicate to the atmosphere the current motion, which augmented by squalls, and winds, and possibly by some earth-motion (likely revolution) cause such throes of air.”

Ah! how many souls are tortured through theory. How many bleached bones lie fathom deep because of inconsistency.

Youth shouts “*Faugh-a-Ballagh*,” a little, and not even “*Nemo Me Impune Lacessit*,” not even “*Dieu et Mon Droit*,” only “*Ich Dien*.”

Roy sneers “I am beholden to none, will live fifteen years longer, then go to Heaven if anybody will.”

You may, but be not offended if the new song be not wholly for you; be not annoyed that angels feel not uneasy at your frown of £300,000 a year.

Also says he—“Who is God? Nobody—no more than myself.”

Thou mocker! fearless thou art not, who canst not look the sun in the face, or bully the lightning, yet deridest their Master, whose mercy

Himself alone can measure. Thou accursed ! thus it is Hell mouthpieces itself, speuing its abominations and stricture-subtlety on reason and broadcloth. . Woe to the heedless in health, rejoicing in lie-Bible till *The Hour* finds them mad.

First Voice—" B. A." maxims—" Love is but a joke."

I fear me " B. A." jokes us a grave joke, or only *à la* " B. A." talks. Ere he can be an authority, he must be worthy. How much Word-Powder is blown off through lacking *self-presence*.

Boy—" The ship goes along twelve knots an hour, but I've drawn a bucket of water overside." Yes, and through hurry, at the topgallant-rail spilt *half*.

Ink-worthy—" Fame is a speculation ; I shall be famous, although, as you say, my eyes are failing." His eyes go blind, then *repines* he.

Midshipman—" This is a life ! an officer in the navy !—all the girls after me ! " The little wretch, if he only knew what's before him.

Englishman, Times of India—two of the leading Indian papers—tell in their usual full-blown style " of prosperous commercial houses, great connection, immense resources." Thereat a dirty native, with a sixpenny cloth round his middle,

tells the woman squatting beside him in the leaf-bungalow, of the sums the "houses" are indebted to him, of how much has already been spent on *appearance*, and generally of what the Indian press seldom or never know—the *facts* of the case.

Like-Wise — Dournichters excluding from publication "Merry Muses," "French Cards," forcing on their children, *mythologies*.

Baboo speeches—"I will not sit in the same train as him; he is of a low caste."

Good! how good! his wife is twelve years old, and his concubines are many, ranging in years from ten to forty.

Mussulman in secret eats and drinks with unbelievers; in public, with much unction and righteousness, reads the Koran.

Second Voice—I hear Landsman's—"It is a shower, don't unpack yet, we'll pic-nic further on."

First Voice—"It is a wind-feeder."

Third Voice—"It is a widow-maker. The boats, where? Children romp on the sands; mothers, wives, cower o'er the hearths; but the presence of the Goodman is not."

Second Voice—In Calcutta an English lad is taken with cholera at 2 A.M.; he is conveyed over the river in a boat. The boat lands him,

but it is 300 yards to the hospital. Scarcely landed is he, before deadlier pangs gripe him, and he falls at the cold road-side. His only comrade goes to the railway station—finds many officials, also Municipal Police—they he entreats to help to carry the dying boy, if not to the hospital, at least to the fire before which they are warming themselves, but they passionately scorn him, saying, “*It is against our caste.*” For *two hours* the boy lies on the exposed road, before assistance arrives—reaches the hospital only to die—in all likelihood dying of exposure, more than of the actual first of the disease.

I lay this sad, although, I am sorry to say, common case, before you, trusting to your honour to make it public, and would conclude by asking—“Is it righteous or right for such hideous inconsistency to be amongst us ?

Ought it to be always overlooked ?

If caste be our safeguard, (which it is not), over this realm, should it be allowed to decorate itself with murder, and then conceal itself under an old song ? I say no ! *Caste must give way where life is concerned, or be crushed.* Is it not somewhat ludicrous that police, railway officials, and other public servants, when *lazily* inclined, throw their convenient “caste” at us, when all of us know it is an exploded shell. Yet we fear

to clear off the fragments, for if we dare, lo! ariseth see-saw of "Tolerance," and "Behind the Ageism"—sent to "*The Englishman*," by a Residenter.

"*Englishman's*" study—Reads letter—soliloquises—"Publish it, indeed—a youthful enthusiast—says he knows it is of common occurrence, but not so common as we know it to be—what would contemporaries say?—Waste-Paper Basket, I make you an offering of the letter, hoping you won't take cholera, as I can't afford another like you. Boy! brandy-pawnee!"

A mechanic, his wife, daughter, and two little friends, go to cross the River Hooghly in a boat: at the centre a *bore* capsizes them. Some dozens of native craft are close by, filled with men. The drowning shriek for help—help for God's love!—but for God's love is there none to help them—no! Caste, with sleek sides, peers curiously at them—the helpless—almost can tell with certainty when they will sink for ever, so accustomed is it to such sights. Over the immense country, Dournicht is said to be a great Empire—is it not possible to save three girls, one woman, one man, from drowning within hail of the Government House? No! it is not possible, for the Caste-Fester has *rotted* the Body, and even now *trenches* upon the Soul.

This case is complained of at the Police Office. Complainant is sent "*to hell.*"

Is taken before the Justice, who declares he "*can do nothing, absolutely nothing.*"

Is tried to be taken before the Governor-General, and there—"Where's your card?"

Third Voice—Did not Babylon and Rome flourish and perish in their conceits, and shall Dournicht loll eternally on her duplicity uncurbed? Shall she longer with sly sleeve-laughter spread Bible Diffusion and Tract Illumination to profit with the more sincerity from Hindoo temples and dancing girls? From the lacs spent to uphold them, there are more lacs gained, so as to profit—she is *well*.

But were it possible for her to issue tracts of law, with honour, faith and boldness in them, filled with resolve to give up questionable profit, selfish gluttony, and Withering Dishonour—it were *better*.

Second Voice—Jacob says—"I love my blind father, and would do anything for him. But he marries a wife fond of herself. Then through his sleeplessness cries Blind father—"My son! my son! could you not have waited a little for your poor blind father—for the old man—for your father?"

Yuhan—"I wonder, I wonder, I wonder."

Well, make a round-robin of "wonders," dash Gracious Mercy in the centre thereof, and sell up!

India-Judge—"I've been here for twenty-one years, and am as fresh as the day I came out." Yes, and as *knowing*—you *know* not the language; you have done *nought*; your subordinates (superiors) do *all*, even as colour-sergeants (nine out of ten battles) manœuvre the companies. You make a statement—"Fresh." I initial it.

Fair-Fold—"I knotted that." What a sailor fastens, a sailor can undo, but a meeting of infernal roperies would need be convened ere your "knotted" work be undone. *You!* knotted that—generally so lazy—now like Portuguese devils, said to be "too good" and "damnable."

Chimo—"In much have I speculated, yet am as at first for riches." So most often. One torn with many plans—all feasible—all profitable—finis, O. Another plans *nothing*, and astonishingly does right. But he of *one plan*, be it even of Stupidity, is surer of rise than *thousand* planners ever dissatisfied.

Girl—"I saw a ghost!" Aunt—"Tush! child, such nonsense." Aunt, didst thou ever in a too uncertain and undefinable mood feel *must-turn-round-but-dare-not*? What was by? Nothing—or wast thyself of thine eye-power fearful,

lest it should picture up thy dread? Are there no ghosts because thou cannot grasp them? Is theory and science puissant enough to still thy fears, making thee believe in "*No ghosts?*" Perhaps not as far as thy grandfather's theory. 'Ware that thy next flesh-creeping be not a *felt* ghost; 'ware sleep, lest thy spirit, ghost-visiting, come not back when thy body wakes, and thou *see* many ghosts—thyself one; then wilt thou crow more at mortals *disbelief*, than now at their *belief*. But, certain be, there are ghosts beside—within, us all, whether we *see* them or no.

J. H. K.—“No promotion—plenty injustice and favouritism—the ‘Cheduba’ wanted a chief officer—I was promised it—another has got it.” Those by the Throne almost paused in praise to see how even Eternal Goodness took the complaining, for beyond boundary had He been gracious to the complainer, who was indeed a heinous transgressor. Where is the “Cheduba?”—has she not in her bravado sailed into, and challenged Destruction, for the sea took her, three weeks after, disgorging a few sodden bodies. That the young man could take warning not to be energetic *only* about the *temporalities* of Three-Score and Ten, but that he would *occasionally* be Earnest upon a Future of such *countlessness* that bare thought terrifies us.

More are lost by *not* thinking than through *acted* sin.

First Voice—Listen to Rev. Robert—“ Burns was well enough, but too much fuss has been made about him—a wretched drunkard—a gauger—a writer of fragments. Why do people read him?—why not read Green, Gray, Parnall, or the classical writers? They *are* the men. Is not Diana more natural than a rose—the classical higher than nature?—but the populace have neither brains nor taste, so cannot see it. Burns was not classical or educated enough to be worthy of praise (‘little Latin and less Greek’); he was not an Oxford or Cambridge graduate.”

Dear Rev. Robert, since when have you been privileged to measure the Immortal with a foot-rule? Is it long since you were deputed to degrade Burns to a standard of Incumbent excellence and bigotry? Was it for the filth of gold, Robert, or the applause of Narrow-Minded as yourself? Do you dislike the clergy-scourge because he is *true*—consequently *fearless*? You are infected with “*fearless*” when you edit; but are you “*true*”?—you know, Bob, you are not.

Do you love a tumbler of punch, though your nose is not red, and do you display knowledge and appreciation of the '48?

It *must* be fashionable to apologise for

Burns' shortcomings in character and length of lyric; but is all honourable that is fashionable, or is it necessary to dig weeks for a diamond of same size, purity, and value as one incased in inch mould? You are fashionable without doubt, otherwise you would be more manly, less *miserable*. You might have kept your carefully elaborated aspersions on the poor dead—but Master of Song—for the shade of your parsonage, and given them with much effect to the curate and sexton, who, even if they objected, would not dare utter, for I do not accuse you of being merciful, or forgiving, or humble—only with a *desire for notoriety amounting to disease*.

Robert Burns was *only* a Scotch ploughman—not an Oxford or Cambridge graduate, not a Green, Gray, or Parnall, not even a Rev. Robert—*only* an Only, so you hiss and spit, and are unusually venomous.

Robert Burns!—"Often in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfarade* of independence to be found in his works, &c."

"Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an exciseman by necessity, but—I *will* say it—the sterling of his honest heart, poverty could

not debase; and his independent British spirit oppression might bend, but could not break."

Rev. Robert—"And the utterly abject reply to Lord Buchan's card would have disgraced the vilest Grub Street hireling."

Let us howl together, for posterity is cold and fault-finders numerous.

Third Voice—" *Me* happy and prosperous; yet might *he* have been as I am. Now doth his grumbling sit unwell on his estate of villain poverty."

He—"I dare not come, I dare not go,

It, is reiterating so;

Swaying Its broad wings lank and lean—

Would God that *Thing* had never been,

So ravenous it is, and keen;

Nestling but the loathesomest death—

Death so vile, the blessed's breath

Dips to it; not as common-place death,

But death in *eager holiday* drest,

In-sucking *little* deaths to breast—

Suckling them, till the common things

Crave life, to hurry past *its* wings."

Thus ever will each essay *me*, unknowing what is, what was, what may be. Who goeth higher than death? *Me* saying of grumblers, "always discontented, and disagreeable"—see-

ing but only the Soul-Ends, like *ends* of a *burnt rafter*, projecting burnt and horrible ?

When there is but Dust between the Winds, then She of the Sceptre, and He of the Crust, acquire no enmity.

Love, mixing radiance with hope, looks out with bright eye to the end.

Second Voice—Provoker, “I’ll punch your head for you.”

Replier—“Was your mother’s milk strong enough to fit you for the work—the work of five years ?”

Provoker and Replier walk in, pummel, and roll over; get up again, set to, till nothing to look at but bruises and blood. Then compromise.

Provoker—“You’re a good man—let’s have a glass.

Replier—“You’re an outspoken true fellow—no spite with you—a round or two and all’s over.”

Provoker—“You’re the sort of fellow I like.”

Replier—“We’re friends for ever.”

Friends, never ! A *wrong* done, rankles, and wounds ; years make it more jagged, imagination throws shade the deeper on it. Beware of him you have offended, for few, *very* few, but will *say*, “Forget and forgive,” will hate you tirelessly, will smile, be friendly, hoping for revenge, and slyly slandering.

Mate—“Sir ! I say truly ; if you doubt me, I,

in the faith of truth, think less of you than an honest man would like."

Master—"Mere talk. Who are you? My *mate*—my *inferior*."

Mate—"Not so; your *junior* only. Your senior in what you've little known—*honesty*."

More rupture results from words than blows; not pen-crack insult, so harsh as ear-heard.

Bradslow—"I don't say so—I only heard it. Don't believe all you hear. People will say, and say, and lie—I only repeat."

Himself is the greatest talker and forger of tales extant.

Parker—"Famine in Ireland—tut, why didn't they eat turnips?—I don't believe in famine!"

Wise believer in nothing—O! faithful to folly, is the land full of turnips—are turnips ever-greens? Your *ditch* may come, then try your turnip-remedy.

First Voice—Many scoffed and japed an idiot, foremost amongst them was James. That night did he dream, and behold all seemed of idiots, and idiotic. In, from the midst a voice said, "Who made? doth He not well? how durst thou venture to upbraid?" In great fear James woke up, ran to Bible for refuge, opened at "speaketh twice, ay, thrice upon a bed, but man heedeth not." At daylight went unto the

Simple, spoke kindly, familiarly, even as a friend to him, so the Simple One wept, for the Spring of Bitterness is in all, apparent oftener through kindness than oppression.

My son, *taunt not*, even were it not *cowardly* to tyrannise, it would be *abominable*.

Third Voice—To all wisdom is there *two sides*, and a *hollowness*, only is there a Wise, sideless but *so high* ! Wisdom sickens on rain-bewildered mortals, upon seraphim essenced on Divinity, dwells only with the Highest, whom we *wot of*, but *know not*.

Will this never cease—this mill-crushing—this antagonism—this man against man—this fury—this contempt? Is selfishness rampant to ride for *ever*, and none to cry halt—none to disapprove—none to subdue? Must the tyrant reign, the upstart frame in recklessness, the sycophant crawl? Shall the atheist blaspheme, the drunkard croak, the whoremonger revel? Is friendship to be a cloak for villany—a twin to murder? Is *relationship* a plea for cruelty? Was the earth and the foundations thereof made but to support persecution and loathsomeness? Whither is the poor not vilely abused? Whither is there law, equity, justice? Can this last always? Is there in life one *true* lover, one *true* friend, one *true* worshipper, one *true* man? Natheless, many

disbelieve an Hereafter, pout at Hell, and theorise strangely.

Transcending every sin is *this* that knows not repentance, for *discredits* punishment. To Eve "ye shall not surely die," and her descendants *believe* it. If aught possible *can* anger the Almighty, it is this slur upon His Power, His Truth, His Son.

First Voice—You to healthiest station—I to sickliest.

"*Healthiest Station*" died, "*sickliest*" returned to his own country, and friends wondered.

Third Voice—"Wondered! Who holdeth the book, and of Whom is the writing?"

First Voice—Forth goeth the Rector, and crowds delight in him, but that morning saw him passionate over a wanted button, outrageous over ill-starched surplice.

Dancing mightily in red coat, highest of heeled-boots, with fairest of damsels is "*army*"; turkey-pride is meek beside him. But *battle* retaliates; so the enemy are gratified at a wing-officer's going off expeditiously, and unhurt.

Fellah takes medical advice with, "If I'm dying I must repent!"

Is repentance to be bought and sold till death is visible?

Paul writes, vague is his meaning—laboured,

his diction—though used “Roget’s Thesauras.”
Poor friends of Paul’s! “But *He* is a scholar?”
 The more, *poor friends of Paul’s.*

Third Voice—Boast. “I care nothing for death—I love the prospect.”

“Fact—“Not I—I am frightened for that eternity you exult in.”

Listen, however foolish be the congregation of witlings, for of *everything* is there *wisdom*. But “*Boast*” when time-lamps are by God-breath blown out, when thou in darkness gropeth; only the Uncontrollable Stink of the Wicks to cheer thee; only thy boasts to guide thee, wilt thou be bold as *now*? When thy soul-lustre kneaded to decay—decays. When the Skylark of thy Mirth awakes no more. When comfort is in *fetters of phylactory* inscribed with thy past life. When the brook of thy Days rounds not the pebbles, wilt thou *brave* God? No! thou wilt *die*.

Listen to thy Brother-Boast—“Rise seas! till hills snow-capped, green-sided, through the deep clash thundering—take me—I am sad.”

Charge fire, thy raiment bloody-drips,—take me! Disease—assassin truly with cheek blanched. Foul-eyes, dark-rimmed, in horror set, take me! Battle! art fitful serving death broad-cast.

Or art thou dainty-plattered, so will not choice me. Contingency thy deity is chance, if not, who guides thy chariot, that thou tak'st me not!" Boast—*God is good.* And after?—*God is good.*

First Voice—Weary. "Here we have '*humane societies.*' In heaven is there no society to save us from the *situated few* who rule and levy. Who cares for us!"

Rest ye a little feeble bearers; canst dare hope for *everlasting* peace when cry at Five Hours watch. What are ye fit for—the very paradise would pall on you if you got there. Hereafter, would be another earth, but longer, *more* unendurable. You shall pause, or *perish.*

Second Voice—Wing me your Print-Eagle to the Saharah, and who profiteth? Take ye my Camel to your Love's Bedchamber, and is there not Dismay? Is man more fit for rule because less ostentatious in his blunders, let these reply—

Nowhere was plenty, but the house was clean, also the inmates. Well might be, for the children romped not, on not one was there a gem of laughter, or *merry* dirt of childhood. Care was an inmate too, cankering, as it strained "*genteel poverty*" to its skeleton, making each babe a *worker-useless*, trained to *fear* opinion,

and young pure inclination. What solemn want of mirth upon the little faces; what awful decorousness; what mudless boots; what untumbled frocks and collars. Starch-mania damming the founts of joy—the All-Joys gift to children—little children. *What-will-the-Browns-say*, feeding Destruction. No—Play perilling Salvation.

The mother “my dear’d” as much as others, but met affection when frigidity by-passing with, “*that will do, dear,*” or, “*my dear, I trust you know your lessons,*” thinking not she sinned, repelling love, for fear of being vulgar.

How many do this same, certain child-physical freighted is with man-mental settling their perception, ruled and lined *against* nature. But when the younglings, weary of very staidness, break out to trample precepts like weeds, then exalt they their voices—“We did our duty, who would have thought it!” Thought it!—anybody with a head or heart; anybody *not* an Anchorite or fool.

Be great in love for children. Child-love is ointment, very precious to anoint and save; a love unparterred by mode; a birth from the Eternity, to Eternity and the Eternal; an *innate* strong as elements unlimbered.

Alone the father sat, holding commune with

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subtle mediocrity; arrogating position to despise all common-place, when had but right to bow, to the successfulness he contemned. What curse is like the curse of genius-tact (Genius is of three—*tact, talent, inspiration*); lifting enough to make a something *felt*; a something dreamy, unearthly, and prescient-practical of what bystanders know not, but not so high as clears behaviour of mob-criticism. Terrible fate—stock jest for everybody. Choice steel for enmity to handle. For men of *this* world and the *next* to repudiate and pity.

When genius-inspiration is inevitably misunderstood, what for mediocrity? The prerogative of genius is *criticism*,—of mediocrity—*contempt*. Sooner sell thread and gingerbread than wish for such unvarnished agony.

The First Day comes, each child is ushered to its place in the great pew; samples truly for other lambs and sucklings. A look admonished, a cough strangled, weariness demanding punishment, thus does the battle of the Lord's day begin—(*gentleness* wonders to see Divinity turned into schoolmaster *thirsting* to chastise).

Time gathers away—children follow into men and women. How they linger making sail! not all the bullyragging aids to stir them up; but the breeze is off-shore, and they *go*—go into the

turmoil foam-rushing, battle-shrieking — away and out, into that other Eternity-Maker wherein is caged Synallagmatic honour and Symphoinous Vice.

Eldest son ran away to sea. Not one on board profaner, more debauched.

“Hands shorten sail.” Such a night—a hell-dream most confused. *Lightnings and thunderbolt-terror rushed demoniac, as though skies were paved with fallen angels tortured past control, grasping and gasping flame and fury. The deep threw open crypts, for over hovered dreariness, and hum of death.*

Upon the topsail-yard, striving against the gale, when Runaway and a Just-Like had words, blows; then both in each other's arms fall overboard into the arms of remorselessness, confined in storm-howling, convoyed to judgment *in each other's arms*, with murder for Figure-Head.

Eldest daughter is at a certain house—a ruler, but as the house is given to late, and early hours, much drink, police visitations, and petticoat display, the position of Ruler is not an enviable one.

To the mother came word, but she quoted “Whoso spareth the rod hateth the child,” because they “were ungrateful and ran away, will all do so!”

Ah! but cannot one go *astray*, be Wrecked upon a Hearth-Stone!

Third Voice — Within Balmœrjo's mansion music rose and fell like zephyr on a sleeping star, lifting hearers till their hearts unlocked soul-closets. Woman framed in smile, and witchery, stranded thought upon their majesty. Wine shovelling in mirth, and jubilation, to hide its rottenness. Fashion kissed grandeur, holding Velvet Arguments to pain and snow.

Without, Winter roared its misery from darkness. The north-wombed monster cheered its hordes of frost and fog to charge the poor low-lying, hugging stone for warmth. Lee-walled, arch-tabernacled, complained and moaned; but Music? to them Starvation was of harshest, *it* of most unfeeling, so though *bore* the one, they *cursed* the other.

Lastly came morning, rolled from the east on wheel-gloom, shivering and cold, whirring its arrows poemed in the sun through thicknesses of night. Then left the guests, and Balmœrjo was *satisfied*.

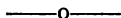
A beggar-woman frail and Seventy Winters, in Rag-Tatters (through which expectant bones craved bread) came to the gate, beseeching a "crust for God's sake," but Balmœrjo drove her away with witty "What does *he* sell, I owe *him*

nothing!" She tottering, turned, fell, and died within his garden, beside a marble column erected to the "sacred memory" of some respectable beef-eater.

"Such munificence," "such philanthropy," "such Christianity," "died as he lived"—"just what we expected"—all this because his hoarded stores went to hospitals, and as best to perpetuate his *name* founded scholarships (so often done for *reason in kind*). Would such display of mockery from one who never felt a pang save *interest* blind the Omnipotent? Would not a kind word, look, or farthing given *heartily* have franked him nearer heaven? Will what he virtuously willed (*because* could not take) bring back them he crucified, by world-approved conduct?

Balmœrjo! the words that hunted the old beggar-woman from a "Crust for God's sake" were enough to damn a world—Ay! blast a universe.

Day after day *is* the Balmœrjo-drama unheeded, goeth whence it came to glutton over torment,—the plot of much that is *acted* daintily.



THE FANCY FAIR (CALCUTTA).

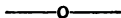
THE Fair was gran', on ev'ry han'
 Were folkies gaun a fairin',
 Mair for the dears, stalled off in tiers,
 Intently bent on sairin'.
 By nicht o' love and a' above,
 The warl' o' fun that day,
 'Tween Beauty-Knights and luckless wights,
 "Do"—"How much did you say?"

Oot flew rupees, and oft the knees
 O' purchasers were willin'
 Tae kneel, buy stall, lass, stock, and all,
 Gin she wad but be sellin'.
 Nae favour shown, the prudent *Owen*,
 Sly-arching thro' their wiling,
 Keeping the chiels, head over heels,
 In quandary, and smiling.

And there was there a braid o' hair,
 Nicht hae been Scottish Mary's—
 The sun flung doon his jealous croon,
 Enraptured wi' the fairy's.
 Calm be her rest, and be she blest,
 That modest queen o' tresses;
 Not love's entreats, but her receipts
 Her resolution blesses.

The cosy's red, the crotchet spread,
Pen-wipers, bibs, and tuckers ;
Snuff, cotton hose, horn spoons for brose,
Fobs, thimbles, teething-suckers,
Cuffs, purses, dolls, lace fol-de-rols,
Scent, monkeys upon sticks,
Ole Aunt Sally, latest ballet,
Ties, quadrupeds, pies, wicks.

The lowin' cheek, the winsome keek,
The chafferin' an' bustle,
The wandering pairs, plumes, silks, mohairs,
Swallows, green leaves rustle,
Made Januar' day, like English May—
Gang wrinkl'n, hearty laughin',
Fu' pleased tae see that charity
Is capable o' daffin.



THE EDEN GARDENS (CALCUTTA).

[The Eden Gardens were foolishly supposed to be public, but by an edict issued lately, signed by Mr. Hogg, Commissioner of Police, we are informed that except silver be bartered for tickets, the Eden Gardens are strictly private; at least that part adjoining the Temple, wherein the "City Band" do exercise themselves, blowing their apprentice lungs through eccentric-shaped instruments with correspondingly eccentric effect.]

SINNERS rejoice! Hogg, Eden guards—
 The guardians, fair disgusted,
 Swooned thrice, then flew tae auld Bombay
 Because the Hoggy's trusted.
 Ye chapel choirs, ye nigger troupes,
 Up! skreech, heroic ditty—
 Eden is deaf and dumb by Hogg,
 And Hubbub rules the city.

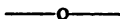
Hoots! Up, and string yer tuneful minds
 Tae other than devotion,
 Let ilka throat and virgin cheep
 Partake in the commotion.
 Skirl, ye that hae nae voice tae sing,
 An' never heed the Sunday,
 Isn't Eden ruled by Sau'ners Hogg
 Frae Tuesday morn till Monday!

Och, what a grateful sight tae see
The public meek as burdies,
Face smiling as they slinking go,
Slow-sinking on their hurdies,
Before the man who makes them pay
Tae look upon grass growin' ;
But *not* for flowers, for Eden boasts
Not even of a gowan.

Who makes them pay to hear the Band
Gang meandering and slashing,
Till even the composers' ghosts
Are first surprised, then gnashing.
But nothing holds this Band o' Hope—
Nae chord, nae pause, nor measure,
The leader swings his careless hand,
They follow at their leisure.

The carrion crows sweep slowly round,
But caw not, only wonder,
Thinking "I Puritani" is
Experimental thunder.
The river frets, afraid that this
Brass-bottomed perturbation
Will rouse the fishes till they scoff
Its dreamy exaltation.

The shrubs give ear, for firm resolved
 Tae profit by the panting—
 Dumbfounded, turn their eyes away
 On mortals' galivanting,
 Are better pleased with feathers, fans,
 And natty riding-breeches,
 So let the witching Band groan on,
 And eye the merry witches.



AS ONCE THAT MAIL.

THE mail that aunty's last words brought—
 Write of the mail!

Yes, indeed, too well I know it,
 The arrival of the mail—

Sing of the mail!

Yes, indeed, too well I know it,
 The arrival of the mail.—

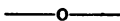
Once reigned my Soul even as the Sun,
 Throned in an oriel, wind-drifted
 Thro' the waking gold; westward it hied
 Till soon, too soon, meridian clomb and set,
 Ere birds were mute.

As once—*such* once—I sail not lightly o'er
 The times: the masts are struck whereon my
 Sails great-swelled, strength, haughty bearing.

Now jury-masted pleasures, aid my way
 But little, sagging on lee-shore of the
 Illimitable.

Waking, I *self* myself; sleep, when motive-brain
 Flees mindward, bound for dreamland, whence
 forth

Issue, toilful charms, lost tones and faultlessness,
 And the Intolerable Merriment
 Of *the dead*—awake, let me awake, or
 Wakeless come not back!—thus, and still thus
 Am I.



LAMENT FOR LORD CLYDE.

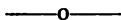
Bow your heads, ye proud thistles of Scotland ;
 A hero is dead,
 Valiant and true.
 A spirit is fled,
 Caledonia, from you,
 Whose fame evergreen, everlasting shall stand.

Gallant auld Colin, the patient, the brave,
 Oftentimes slighted,
 Faithful thro' all.
 Oft ill-requited,
 Yet waited no call,
 Till Fate waited, and called, from the grave.

Think they they honoured him, made him a
Lord!

They were high-honoured
By his acceptance,
Truly were honoured,
He did enhance,
He Field-Marshal, by worth and by sword.

Sorrow for Colin, for downstruck by ban
Just when reaching
Well-earned rest,
Just when beaching
Among the caress'd.
Sorrow for Colin! the Self-made—the Man.

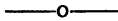


REJOICE!

REJOICE! rejoice! sea waves, and winds,
Ilk whale an' whirlin' podley,
A brither Salt's come back to life,
Rejoice! deil care how oddly.

Three lang-legged months hae stapped oot owre
The vales and braes o' chances,
Hae left me tae come hirplin' on,
Wi' hollow cheeks an' glances.

But noo again a spell o' health,
Hoochs! reelin' "Tullochgorum,"
 An' every nerve, an' firm-set bane,
 Is cryin' "Cockolorum."



WHICH ?

SOME live on by deeds of greatness,
 Some by living realms of pen,
 Some are loved, and more are ancient,
 So, lure hearts of fellow men ;
 Some by grasping mighty riches
 Some by struggling now and then.

But by worship and thanksgiving,
 And by working day by day,
 Raising beacons for their brethren
 Steering careless on their way,
 For the ignorant and headstrong,
 For the helpless castaway.

Living more for Him who made them,
 Rooting out their own conceits,
 Little sins nursed careful, weeding
 From secure, snug, sunn'd retreats ;
 Little flowers no more untending
 For more flaring counterfeits.

Do some live, and they the better,
Tho' mayhap an unknown band,
Steadfast charting ancient track-ways
Leading to the Better Land :
Hailing brother sailors conning
Courses for an unknown strand.

Where the rigging rots and moulders,
And the hull cargoed with years
Sinks in the tremendous silence
Of Eternity's arrears,
Which the Grave and Resurrection
Wade thro' like Two Ocean Piers.

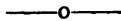
Not alone the Ocean-Pilgrims
That came sailing side and side,
But those *others* they met conning
Who a course could not decide ;
And some Masters who departed,
But *gave in* to wind and tide.

And still others, who ill able
Overlade so fell behind,
More contended as waxed poorer
Envied not another's wind,
Knew their fault, dar'd not to grumble,
Thus from error rose resign'd.

Also they who knew *no better*,
 Treading where their fathers trod,
 Maybe worshipped Mumbo-Jumbo,
 But not less they *worshipped God*.
 Self-same seed in man is planted,
 Matterless what soil or sod.

Moss-roses and thyme together
 Woo the fancies of the air.
 And the dreamy hawthorn, branches
 O'er the stalwarth garden-chair ;
 Two feet upon the richest earth,
 Two on the gravel-layer.

But who can say, and who shall judge,
Which He who made thinks best,
 Most beautiful, most fit to live,
 Is it the most caress'd,
 The most high-stepping, may't not be
 The low, the most distress'd ?



EPISTLE TO T——E.

But my heart's so filled with Longings
 That never pen can tell,
 Glad are they, tho' they come and go,
 These dwarfs and giants of long ago,

With gaze benign and heads of snow,
But speaking still so well.
Mingle, mingle, with the time of careless
fears

Ye Longings, when I wandered
Heedless of the beck'ning years.

Later on, when self-conceited,
Recking not of those I hurt,

Little thinking that such follies
Rendered friends so coy and curt.

But you will not, or you cannot,
As you distance the Where-Not.

Later, when I most ignobly
Rode from the Fight of Life,
And imagined by so doing
I could shirk my share of strife.

Worse and worse, no wish for better
Haunted me who would not yield

To be drawn, and would not listen
To the bugling from the field.

Cared not for the world's opinion,
Would have been as once I was,

But for conscience-ire and warning,
Crying "*Coward! die, or pause.*"

Then I turned, and saw the Home-Hearts
Bleeding, but still marching on,

Crest with faces strong as sunshine,
Telling of a battle won ;

Saw my Father's aspirations
Strangled on the brink of goal.

Heart-broken, but a seer-like patience
Thro' all an unstricken whole,

Saw him fall upon the threshold
In his harness—saw him sink—

And Influence rose up, and rolled
In every way I think.

Even in the pauses of the fight,
When I exult and revel,

It wiles me with a beck'ning grave,
To high and strangest level.

So, see Him till my heart grows softer,
Till my best wish is to tread

By Him, and as He's departed,
By Him, to lay down my head.

Now the Longings ask no calling,
But crowd-weary, sigh away—

“Here we stay, for this begotten

“Were we, so must thou too stay.”

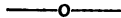
And triumphant hallelujah—

“Rise, working man arise,

“For thine influence is bounded

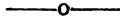
“By thy love, whose sevenfold eyes

“Look at God.”



G E O R G Y.

G E O R G Y ! can I forget
 The last time we parted, the first time we met,
 When the life-robe no longer was wearisome
 wear,
 But brushed from life-pathways the sharp frost
 of care
 Surely fellest of mightiness — speak I as
 human—
 Is following feeble, frail, fickle, false Woman.



T H E S H O R E.

T H E Lamps of the Streets wide-brilliance,
 Lay on the passing Water.
 And the sea far off was calling fond,
 Like a mother on a daughter.
 T H E Keith water was running with eerie sound,
 Like fanatics bound to slaughter ;
 And the molten glory mailed its breast,
 As suns were outward growing ;
 As angels' golden wings were moult
 To stay the darkness blowing.

With Him, whom more than *all* I love,
 I stood and watched it flowing,
 And though the night was wearing away,
 It brought not thought of going.

For the Shore seemed crying to the stream—
 “O! water forget-me-not,”
 And Ocean-Profundis far away
 Deep-rolling “Ah! forgot,”
 And for ever, “Ah! forgot.”

The sad moon on the monast'ry—
 Fenced with centuries of sigh—
 'Whelmed out its fountains lavish;
 So the trivial eye,
 Vainly supposed sublimity
 Was not all gone by;
 Laid shades and glory, upon seats, and altar—
 Departed priesthood as 'twere saying mass,
 Departed people wistful for what soon would pass.
 But ah! eld Ruin's impatient baptism,
 Was on the choir,
 Was on the amens, and remembrances,
 Which rose and fell, like fire.
 As stars into the universal morn withdraw;
 As clouds departing upon deeds of wind;
 So gathered the moon her train, from off the
 Colme,
 Leaving but stillness weary, and decay behind.

The grave-stones, whitefaced with death-frost,
Preached in many a tone—
“ Soon, soon, will this busy noise be hushed,
Hushed, and as we, alone.”
Then the Unseen echoed faintly back—
“ Alone, hushed, and alone.”

The Water said unto the Grass on the Graves—
“ What have ye under ye ? ”
And the answer “ We’re planted, live on and
live by
Death, and the dead you see ;
And the faces of folks who happy look,
Where by and bye they’ll be.
The lovers love at e’entide here,
Young children laugh and play,
And the elders smile upon their mirth,
Tender look, and inly pray.
We contented are, as a village sits,
Smiles, and knits at its doors in May.”
And I heard It laugh at the answer,
A laughter wildly clear,
So my very soul fell fainting down,
By reason of mine ear.

Great voices wrestled, rose, and wrestled,
O’ertopping to the skies ;
Hard by me some were harrowing,

Out-telling as decries
 The anguish heeding no entreat,
 The harm, that *never* lies.
 Some from the live who mourned the dead,
 From ghosts fear-shivering :
 Or as torn from Angel, and Devil-Souls,
 So strange was their quivering.
 Their utter countlessness, cross'd and recross'd,
 Air, huddled as tho' tempest-toss'd,
 But *no* delivering.

II.

Water, fire-scourged, shows the white feather,
 So man's face sells off his mind, and not
 Conceit, determination, strength, or pride
 Hold back an item ; if to light not then
 To sleep—Fate's first and best—sleep that God's
 face
 Unwraps, daring mortality to fearful be,
 And *be* sincere : forcing man-grandeur
 To call boyhood up, craving the butterfly
 To be a Grub again.
 He I saw, was garbed an Ocean-Pilgrim,
 Youth-sheen lighted still upon his brow,
 Eyes strong-set, looked on life full dimly,
 Face once perfect, now o'er-rubbed with pain.
 Deplored, till misery ministered

Where grace had reigned. Contented not, un-
willing
Much to live, as much to die unfit.
For him no burying, for him, no! no!

“ Well I mind when we sat by the fireside,
A happy family,
Whilst the candles were yet unlighted,
And all was shadowy,
When I sat on the carpet listening,
At the Elder's feet,
Feeling the touch of soft, kind hands, and
The waft of voices sweet.
Outside of the shuttered windows I,
Could hear the greedy wind,
As 'twere an unkempt murderer,
Involved in maddest mind.
All round the house and chimneys bellowed
In shipwreck might,
And baffled, veering back to veer, and haul
About the Cape of Night.
And the gas in coals, fantastic tongued
Sage tales of yore,
As it marched its brightness on the walls,
And now upon the floor ;
Revelled on faces brimm'd with fond serene,
Exulting high.
Anon, and shade fell over on smil'd cheek,
And brisk-paced eye.

Whiles the old parlour seemed to be,
 Of templed raise,
 When eyes were soulèd in the fire-unrest,
 And thoughts akined to praise :
 When words scarce sailed to lips, reached ears
 Scarce understood,
 Complacent every sitter-by too much,
 To harm the mood.
 Oh ! long dead joys my heart is weary
 At thought of ye :
 Too like the fire-rest on the floor, and walls,
 Too like for me.
 Too like ! where are *they* all—are any ?
 Let the wind reply.
 It veers and hauls as once about the Cape of
 Night
 And where *they lie*.
 I only *am* ; the Others *are not*, not
 As they were.
 Are as they *are*, but yet are hereby
 Holier, lowlier.
 There came an Entrant whom no shuttered
 window,
 Nor bolted door
 Could hold from looking at the firelight,
 On the walls and floor.
He took the chair-set elders, leaving me
 Upon the floor.

She came, weak, heart-gone, tottering,
 But came ; as years before, now, and to come,
 Regretting fruitless the departed love,
 Forgetless of the Unforgotten, better
 'Twere to be forgot.

Hoping left her, and that Innocence which
 Beauty oft usurps, beauty more valu'ble,
 But *commoner* and *less*.

Beauty, peacock attribute,
 Invincible though virtue is not—Lais!
 My prospects were, my love, salvation,
 Home? The unsullied Fair, tremendous
 In their purity, beseech—Thou, fearless,
 More tremendous, pout disdain, and I am *thine*.
 Theeward by passions masterful I'm chased,
 As waves each other chase to Shore, milk-white,
 Like a fair goddess' sleeping bosom rising
 To courtesy of gods : to Shore fashioned
 In easy verdure, an earth-sky green, each
 Blade dew-gentle giving, and loving all ;
 Clover and violets, lolling in ebb
 And flow, of stars and sun.
 To Shore, heights reaching saintly in groves,
 June-murmuring ; banded in streams aye bab-
 bling :
 Melody's long summer, too stupendous,
 For sincerity from toil, incessant throbs :
 Godwill on wings, sweeping endless colour,

Buying light to shrive their matchlessness,
Hymnology, and No-Want.

To Shore, tangled
In loitering breezes, catching their garments
On the whortleberry, essaying kisses
To the rose, red-linked to immortality.
Shore too ravishing—waves reach *to break*—
Dishevelled hair, erst waited on, and softly brown,
Now sorrow groping blindly thro', in
Silver recklessness, fouled careless
By the wind; cheeks once peach-bloom'd, by
hawthorn
Virgin-fingered, fell ill-favoured;
Then worldlings mocked at her.
Oh! foolish, love of woman *never* dies,
In madness ev'n grasps supremacy, and
Singly *dares* damnation.
Unchanged her wail, even as her love
Constant declaiming.

“ Oh! he perished!

He perished for his love,
In the heyday of his strength,
In the vigour of his worth.
Perished! for he did his duty—
For his love and duty perished.
All my hopes and fears went with him,
All my love and all my labour,
All my faith and all my fondness.

Little is there now to love me,
 Little is there now that I love,
 For he went forth and he left me,
 Left me to live on and suffer,
 To live on and ceaseless sorrow.
 Watching fruitless his returning,
 Hearing nothing of his loving,
 Watching till I see his beauty,
 Waiting till he calls me to him,
 Till my heart is at his heart-beat—
 Lamentable, loving, watching,
 For he perished! perished!
 For his love."

Ancient of Days, what other of Thy works,
 So steadfast follows out, decrees of love
 As woman mother-raised; foreseeing
 Trial, ingratitude, from those she loves—
 Her children, her new souls, gods born of her,
 Which herself worships, yet never art Thou
 Jealous, but again give more.

Poor mothers! waiving stern truth,—
Permit ye any to forget their debts,
Ye do them injury, Because, ye mind
Them not, believing more—when thou art angry
With another, thou showest that other
To be conqueror; so struggle on

'Gainst all disputing love—thy love for thine—
Thine own—deformed, world-scorn'd, criminal!
Not less thine own!

Poor mothers, fondling babes
New born; did any say—*These waxen wonders*
Yet will plague, so you'll bid welcome to despair.
Ay! that daylight will sicken on your souls,—
You'd love them more.

Are there aught others Death delights to wound,
Or aught his cowardice, triumphant
Overrides so oft?—none else!—poor Mothers,
Sprung from Girls puling after Cavaliers
And Ribbons, into God's Heart by reason
Of your love, your matchless love, by Time
aghast,

Watched, and tormented, but *eternal*.

Nothing defeats, tho' motherless still mother;
Of such was she I heard.

“O! Death, thou terror-strikin' king,
That maks a' mortals quail,
I sing yer praises tae the tune,
O' waefu' mither's wail.

“Can naught that's i' this nether warl'
Be blythesome e'er ava,
But ye maun aye come stappin' by
An' tak the floure awa.

“The bonny anes that roun’ me twined,
Ye pu’ed whan they were tine;
O! could ye no hae left me ane,
Tae mind me o’ lang syne.

“Ye cam’ nae as a conk’ror comes,
Wi’ banners and wi’ micht,
Ye cam’, an’ crushed their bairnish bloom,
At deed-hoor o’ the nicht.

“The morn brak’ fair, but no tae me
Cam’ the fair waves o’ licht:
The burdies whustled i’ the wud,
Yet wadna my heart bricht.

“Wha, wha, could happy be, whan ye
Had been upo’ the stroll,
An’ left yer medals ’neath the sod,
O’ the wee kirkyaird knoll.

“My joy was i’ my sorrow than,
An’ a’ the leeve-lang day,
Wi’ tears, wi’ floures, I strawed the grave
O’ them ye’d ta’en away.

“The nights an’ days hae aft sin’ than
Changed their chequered claes,

But nichts an' days, but come an' gang,
Tae furrow mair my waes."

Manhood tall before me stood, but sapping,
So age *was* ; age most deplorable, for
Premature ; threescore years and ten's not age,
But *honour*—grief *is* age, blighting life-front
With wizendness, crushing God-cameo
In 'ts hand, remod'ling to suit spleen of
Time, death-helping many who've no right to
Die.

He by, roamed, melancholy-weak,
Decoyed by shameless *might-have-been*.

"Came the whisper, and my darling
Knows me not for evermore,
Comes she to me never, never,
Comes she to me nevermore.

"Went she, when the tide was ebbing,
Went out, with the ebbing tide,
And was lost behind the curtain,
Where the mists and shadows bide.

"Can I listen to the waters,
Hear the ebb-hymn of the sea,
And not sorrow for my Mary,
And how blest we were to be.

“ In the dead-march of the waters,
 She my Only sigheth low ;
 But the weird ebb-hymn of night-time
 Drives my soul to utter woe.”

Not subtlest wishes, wiles, our
 Retrospection, law, authority, sage,
 Compliment, experience, or *all*, can
 Lift a shade from face of Destiny, or
 Cause a smile. Custom aids destiny. Habit,
 Ignorance's criterion, usurps
 Time-dias, judging wondrously for self,
 Blasting humanity by *case in point* ;
 By *was*, so *should be*.
 A maiden sickly, herded unto tears ;
 Usage dooming her to suffer ; despair
 Outrageous, rushing from very show of
 Dress, garmenting starvation, but clean-wash'd—
 Despair forbade disease to step thereon.

Sun-drap'ried clouds enmixed with
 Rainbow—likewise her days, till storm-stung,
 Changed to shivering grey, and callous,
 Falling evilly, unwondering, nor
 Could pray.

Tho' weak, she wept full teared,
 A tropic rain most vehement ; her
 Sore injustice, Truth hurl'd at men, yet
 Dauntedly, but they hoar rock like, tided

By the sea, *accustomed* were, so sat, and
Talked.

“ How long I’ve heard the oppressor’s voice,
And the wail of slavery—
A serfdom passing the cruellest times
Of slaves in Tennessee—
A serfdom rousing the vilest hell
To joy and to jubilee !

“ And the ‘ dull, whited sepulchres,’
The rouged and painted jays,
With eyes upturned, uplifted hands,
Who criticise their ways,
Their virtue shudders at their nights—
Does’t shudder at their days ?

“ Poor things, you’re hunted unto death,
Or, worse, to sister woman,
Forgetting, ladies they—ye what ?
A something scarcely human—
The mothers of your ravishers
Are as their sons, inhuman.

“ God shade ye, slaves of fashion-gay,
Christ’s heart’s full of your groans :
Your pallid faces, hacking coughs—
Your Starving Prayer of Bones—
Your fireless hearths, your broken trust,
Your sad beseeching tones :

“ The Pampered Menial taken on
 For stomach, and for calf—
 The lackey, offered thrice your wage,
 Would condescend to laugh.
 So are ye valued—ye the wheat
 Are valued but as chaff.

“ Father of Heaven ! in a Christian land,
 Where pious twaddlers meet—
 Missions to raise pure *senna-tea*,
 And No Bread in the street—
 They contribute to foreign schemes,
 But look not by their seat.

“ Be merciful, and be British-like ;
 Look on those nameless graves,
 Upon the misery of the girls—
 The Needlewomen Slaves.
 Slaves, beaten down by dastard want,
 Like white shells 'neath the waves.”

.

Girlhood was breaking in the gold of
 Sev'nteen ; the child-bud bouqueted yet in heart
 Red-warm ; most lowliness but lofty—May,
 The June-bridge crossing, but despair-postured,
 Lamenting, what no hand might heal, no
 Lamentation soften.

“ *That* which passed between us
When we parted,
For which I grieve, and am now
Broken-hearted.
Broken-hearted, broken-hearted,
And for ever,
For he cometh ne'er again,
Never, never.
That I could but have known
This dreary fate—
Better to then have died
Than sorrow late.
Now patient sorrow waits on me,
Seating my brow ;
Tracks my weak steps, and maids
Me ever now.
Sweet, brief time we lived
And loved together,
The one hour was, and then he
Went, ah ! whither.
To-day we basked in joys sun-beat
And mould'ring spark,
E'entide came, and light had saddened
Into dark.
We met young, happy, pleased,
And truly true—
Met but to part again,
And ever rue.

Why comes stark misery to blight
 Each joyous scene—
 Why rise our passions to erase
 And intervene—
 Why is meek life so pregnated,
 With wingèd woe ;
 Which comes and goes, *then comes*
 Never to go.
 Hail ! happy ye, who never rise
 To happy be,
 But who have ever rested
 Low as me.
 Misery, content sits in the mire,
 And tireless weeps,
 Unknowing of the pangs,
 When joy grave-sleeps."

.
 Sponsoring glory, as the sun baptizes
 Lilies, and the throb of brooks, came a bright
 Spirit, shaped as man ethereal is,
 When clay dissolves to Essence.
 Unaccustomed seemed It, like to wavelets
 First foot-break on shore, wond'ring at earth
 sounds new.

The air was troubled round an anxious grave,
 Which Terrors eyed unmoved, and deeply calm,
 When lo ! a burst of fiends saddled the air,
 Turmoiling reverence, and blaspheming.

Faces had they ghastly flashed, and litten fierce,
 By woe-infinity and thirst of hell.
 Then a coffin—poor deal coffin borne by
 Two appearing, up wilder raved the
 Tumult, ravenous for approval, for with
 It came He—the Mighty Shapeless—the Amen
 Of God—revolting anger swelling up
 His front, hate-curse, proud-bounding from His
 eyes;

Also death-empire wore they, as erst, as aye.
 In darkness, sable-wondrous, came he,
 Only contour, and eyes appearing—
 Determinate to thrust again, th' Almighty,
 Against mercy.

Stretching Himself till stars wrecked hopeless in
 Opacity dread, and day-king's zenith
 Reached up His darknesses but part, He
 Cried, so Heav'n like a bell, echoed of else
 Nothing, re-echoing still amazed—all Earth
 Entranced, watching the grief that made Him
 Desolate—till opened and the Cry dashed
 Into Beyond, demanding God.

“God!” said The Voice, and when in breathless
 Hushedness, “God!” was the reply. “Is grief
 Palliative no more, can never sorrow
 Make assurance vain, or pow'r as mine, draw
 Thee to envy and destroy.”

“God!” said The Voice—

“ Mark of my wonders, nations, worlds, of
My *am*; cannot Thou be of homage vain,
Or art Thou adulation faint.”

“ God ! ” said The Voice.

Headlong fury threw Him, so He backward
Swarmed, grasping the encoffined She, but
Brightness tarrying by, forbade, so forced
To battle, the Infernal—

“ For his own, justly his own.”

His minions shouted, and their awful
Thunders voiced—

“ Way! way! for the dead! Way! way! for
the dead!

For the eldest daughter—dead,
For the young and beautiful—
Way! for the dead.

“ Let *her* be buried! Let *her* be buried!
Not a white rose in her shroud,
Not a wild grass by her grave—
Way! for the dead.

“ Raven, harshest croak! Raven, harshest croak!
Be ritual, be requiem,
Father, mother, friends, all! all!—
Way! for the dead.

“ Lone, and lost, and lone! Lone, and lost, and
lone!

Strangely pass the castaway,
Castaway, and lost and lone—
Way! for the dead.

“Hopeless, young, and dead! Hopeless, young,
and dead!

Lived but only unto death,
Dead *she is*, and *dead indeed*—
Way! for the dead.

“Sorrow not, but laugh! Sorrow not, but laugh!
Laugh! laugh! at her deal coffin,
What *she is*, and what *she would*—
Way! for the dead!

“Fiendish, false, but fair! Fiendish, false, but
fair!

Raptured hell in luring eye,
Devils, lessons strove to gain—
Way! for the dead.

“Pity not the damned! Pity not the damned!
She you'd pity, pitied not,
Pitied *nothing*, not her soul—
Way! for the dead.

“Only those she loved! Only those she loved!
Misery, Distress, and Tears,

Be!—not to bewail, but *taunt*—
Way! for the dead.

“Way! way! for the dead! Way! way! for
the dead!

Spirits, Demons, clear the way,
Darkness! Horrors! Terrible!
Way! for the dead.”

Sad-dreadful it was, to see them wield
Their terroring Despair,
As they frantic writhed at the far heavens,
And all that was throning there.
Even thro' a hate redoubling hate
It gibber'd its Boneless Bare.
The woe of Brightness that battled,—
(Again can not such be),
So frightful was it, it broke away
Trying to reach the Three.
The very seraphs flew disturbed,
Or cowered, crushed in their wings,
As Demons Denouncement, and Brightness
Woe
Mixed with the holy Things,
Which tireless bow down worshipping,
Divined, before the Kings,
The Unity, the Three-in-One, but
Not the less the Kings.

As night hies forth 'tween banks of morn,
 So quickly vanished they, and the churchyard
 lay alone
 With its willows, graves, and hours,
 With Nature issuing out her Writs,
 In Rhapsodies of Flow'rs.

III.

On clouds of music to God's ears
 Rose holocaust of pray'r,
 And the air, proud-carried aloft those worlds
 Of hardship, work and care.
 Away, away, o'er the heads of the Ghouls,
 Who watch for passing souls,
 Shrank they, as the Holiness pass'd them by
 Like sucklings when thunder rolls.

Still the noise of the streets was never hush'd,
 Neither song nor laughter light,
 But rose with prayers, grief, waters roll,
 Into the lone Church of Night.
 And the West was pouring its sinless chant,
 As the listening stars increased,
 The calm of the night was not more sweet
 Than the chant of the Wind Priest.

Inspired by the Master—Master-throned
 In the bud-break of smiles,

Whence harmony deep, profoundly steps
Out on creation's isles.
Above and beyond, ice, hail, and snow,
Where ages have trampled o'er,
Where ages as many shall tread again,
As those that have trod before.
Out! out! and beyond where the stolid Pole Star,
Sits weaving its sombre ray;
Out! out! far beyond, where the cross of Stars
Bends over the dome of day.
By, where the Seven Sisters keep,
Their untroubled secrecy:
Their powers, flood-roaring burning song,
Throw back the stress of years,
Throw man back—Sing!—but sing in vain,
We know you not, O! spheres.
Wear out the magnet in your belts,
The speed and the faith of ships,
Whilst we, like moles, look for it here,
To be lawed as an eclipse.
Where our sun's vast splendours leak away
Into a weariness,
Where the Red of his Lips has streamed away
Into a wintriness:
Seems like a Fire-Fly trying to light
Our worlds, were there no sun.
But still will rise paltry theories,
And philosophy's hoarse calls,

Fall sounding, sounding ever and aye,
Like Eternal Waterfalls.

IV.

Then said I to him—" Oh ! my father,
Is not this a useless strife,
What needs we struggle, and strive, and toil,
When the fruits must end with life :
Why should we not in revel indulge,
Whilst the lamps are burning bright,
Whilst the waters are flowing along,
Why, why, should we heed the night ? "

Said he,

" I tell you, Duration heeds not
Time, nor temporalities, but man *must*.
Know, *old age* is the sublime of sorrow,
The white-haired messenger of death, the *twilight*
Of the Land of the Forgotten, of the
Great Forgotten.

" When there is silence in
The heart : *no more* in ev'ry passing bell :
Regret, and consciousness of time : when by-gones
Live in plaintive grief, creeping from ruinous
Cell of clay, like winter night : when feebleness
Is, and for ever is : when there is
Wailing strife in ev'ry breath, and Life, is like
The Grey Sand trodden hoary, by the march
Of the Ceaseless Sea.

Youth's wing, laden with the rising sun, heeds
 Not the clouds of age, bridging horizon
 Of forgetfulness. Ponder, my son ; too
 Swiftly comes the end for loiterers, who,
 Plucking but the fruits, omit to sow, so
 Harvest may come again.

I grieve for youth for I am old,
 Sigh the faint pilgrims weary ; as the kirk
 At dead-hour listens, to the sobs of the
 Unquiet wind, so do their vext ears listen
 To the hour-voices, into the pit of mists
 For ever falling.

“ And you shall yet be old,
 If death in his immensity stamp you
 Not out ; your now I, be a vision. As
Two tides—the sea and river—Doubtless and
 Present—so are age and youth.
 Think ye my son, when on life's shore you
 crouch,
 And shudder at the black waves vomiting
 Their desolation : hear myriad lamentations
 Holding their eternal woe to Christ :
 Their parched throats, parched beyond all speech,
 Convulsive writhing for a hearing, evermore
 Denied. See all Hell without concern hear
 Th' entreaties, and stay not, for all is vain,
 And Vanity is Surfeit of Despair.
 When horror shall *remember* horror, and

Thro' a vast eternity, remembering
 Still, shall rise prophetic, and of horror
 Prophecy.

Rouse up! rouse up! in time, for what is there
 Like the Anguish lifted to God, upon
 The Agony of a Life Misspent."

v.

And I heard the water beneath
 Move solemn as angel file ;
 On and grandly, and on it flowed,
 Like the sorrow of a smile.
 Like veiled sorrow of a smile it flowed,
 Till it met the cold stone pier,
 And foamed and fretted, but *might not pass*,
 And cried, *Who'd tarry here ?*

The Wind Priest arose, and the lights of the
 streets
 Blew about like living things ;
 Rose and fell, as he hymned or hallooed
 From underneath his wings.
 By one and by one, did they die away,
Yet strifeful to keep alight,
 Till only the Pilgrim Stars paced the Aisles
 Of the lonely Church of Night.
 Like wail of women, with lights passed noise,
 And silence knelt to God,

The heavens seemed nearer than they'd been,
Seemed also an easier road.

Then I could not but think of those gone before,
Of times long, long ago,
When my heart was marching with strides of
hope,
And I was not all alone.

Weary was not, nor dreary,
And was not *all alone*.

When those who have gone, and *ever* gone,
Were not wildly dreamt of dreams,
But watered the land with their goodnesses,
And sunned with their heartbeams.

Still oftentimes do I hear them,
Like soughs of a coming wind,
And *for ever* are they roaming,
Through the galleries of the mind.

But now am I utterly friendless,
By being *too friendly* with all,
By grasping the hands of all comers,
I have never a friend at all.
I lie under the curse of no man's friend,
I live in a funeral hall ;
Where the little that has ever been said,
Has never comforted ;

For I fear I have not acted well,
 To the wan, still-handed dead.
 Folks say, "He mourneth, and doth well,"
 But, I wonder, *what saith the dead.*

VI.

Then spoke He, and roused me by saying—
 "My son, what is fanning your soul,
 For your eyes are alternately flaming,
 And smouldering like burning coal:
 There is gloom for brooding sackcloth,
 You see their eyes;—
 Your lips are black with weeping,
 And their stars

Annie,

erhead

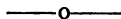
ir.

Of a' the lads I there hae seen
 I didna see ae chiel',
 The fondest mither could hae ca'ed
 A "han'some" or a "weel."

But pridefu' e'e, and self-conceit
 Were on a' hands sae rife,
 That Annie ye may thank your stars,
 You're no this day a wife.

For farmer bodies ape the lairds,
 An' lairds ape gentlemen ;
 But faith ! they wander ill at ease,
 As ganders in a pen.

An' there are cliques divide the toon,
 An' folkies that loe havers,
 An' 't were na they sae aften lee,
 They'd be amusin' shavers.



TO MARIE.

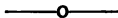
Does an owl enjoy the sunlight ;
 Does a feather love to swim ;
 And durst thou with thy strange beauty
 Dare the mating such as him ?

Aha! Marie, up! be thankful.
He's deserted, let them sneer,
It requires a *more* than woman,
To put up with such a "Dear."

Shudder, for behold on all sides
Pick of beauty marrying
Like, because moustach'd, becurled,
With an *air*, and *signet-ring*.

Let *one* lisp, and virgins rush in
Eager to obtain the prize—
What of?—well, the Prince of Small-Talk,
Good Clothes, with a Dash of Eyes.

Thou, let's trust, will marry some one
With a *something*, more than face;
With a sympathy and loving,
For thy witchery and grace.

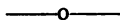


I NEVER KNEW YOUR NAME, LADY.

I NEVER knew your name, lady,
You never may know mine,
But if your love flashed as mine did,
Our thoughts must often twine.

You,—rarest beauty-rarity
 No sooner seen than gone,
 But left a radiance, which still shines
 As bright as then you shone.

The speech that fell from your dark eyes
 Was soft as thought in dream ;
 But ah ! the music of your smile
 Not memory can redeem.



ADDRESS TO THE FOLKS OF LEITH.

[The Leith coat-of-arms is a mastless boat, with an awning spread over the Virgin, who is sitting in the folded-hand style, surveying altogether too complacently the motto underneath—"Persevere." Leith has clung to the sitting principle, to the almost total exclusion of acting, or "Persevere."]

"PERSEVERE!" in straining onward,
 Strike out, not with tideway float,
 Set your sails, and sit not ever
 Like the Virgin in the boat :
 Be in earnest, be not ever
 Like the Virgin in the boat !

Here you've slept and slumbered long time,
 Rest so dangerous, so deep,
 All the world has marched and left you,
 Left you barren fields to reap.
 Up! and let the world behold you,
 Like a god arise from sleep.

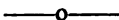
Cease the endless twaddle-twaddle,
 Drop the weary song of schemes,
 Leave them to the languid dreamers,
 Fain to realise their dreams.
 Grasp the stern fact of living.
 Clutch not at what only *seems*.

“Persevere!” a glorious motto,
 Put it to a glorious use.
 Let the spell of Commerce witch you,
 And your leading strings cast loose.
 May you now behold your danger,
 And bethinking disabuse.

Look upon your dirty alleys,
 On your beggars swarming rife,
 On your whisky-routed drunkards,
 On much young but stamped-out life.
 Energy! what use to you!
 Games at whist your hardest strife.

And the myriad Germans with you—
 Stupid as your isle Inchkeith—
 Limpet-suck you, for your wisdom
 Knows, but when your broth to seethe,
 Outcasts of the hireling nation—
 Good enough for old-wife Leith.

Bailies stout, and burgher bodies,
 If you will not listen, *fear*,
 And your names shall oft be quoted—
 “Enterprise and they were here,
 Loudly spoke out—were in *earnest*,
 And their cry was ‘Persevere.’”

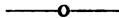


GREENOCK, BY HERSELF.

I sit here, a bright example,
 Of how happy and serene
 A town may be which liveth never,
 In the dread of being clean.
 Here rain falls, and mud-heaps rise,
 Ruts wide-gaping strain the eye:
 Improvements are wild rumoured horrors,
 Which dare never me come nigh.

Long time have I rested, speechless,
 Unsung, unmemorialised,
 With no company save the Irish,
 Negroes, Creoles (unbaptised),
 Sugar, rum, molasses, lime-juice,
 Sailcloth, seamen (mostly drunk),
Shon Hielan'mans frae owre tae watre,
 In a gown which must have shrunk.
 Yankees "right straight" from "York City,"
 Guessing with a tongue so spruce,
 I don't wonder now that falsehood,
 Gilded, loves tobacco juice.
 "I guess," says Ike, "I've tracked a spell,
 But Greenock—I ken fix it
 As President o' Dirty Peace,
 Chalk eout another licks it."
 A black dose of the Yea-Yea's come,
 To stay like Johnny Horner,
 Who when he had well plummed himself,
 Full dearly loved the "Corner."
 Descendants o' the "lairdies wee,"
 Have mercy, spare my weans,
 Noo that you've gotten a' my flesh,
 Tak' pity on my banes.
 Proudly I shout—I have a Dock!
 Wherein a boat may lie,
 Where even Ten Tons may be safe,
 And very soon be dry.

Wish ye for more—a theatre too
I have where players play
Upon the feelings of the few
Who're acted on, and pay.
Two 'buses which to Gourrock run,
At various times run they,
So various none can say "they're off"
Until they are "away."
Three tedious miles you amble thro',
And ponder in delight,
That if you get not there by day,
You *may* get there by night.
You may, for windows minus glass,
Straw smelling, old and wet.
Conductor sleeps and Jehu drinks,
Perhaps an overset
Might mar your hoping; so I tell
What I shan't guarantee,
As what would never do for you
Will always do for me.



ELLORREE.

I.

[*Scene*—A lonely wood-surrounded chapel.]

ELLORREE, of Ulderstone,
 Within the chapelle prays,
 And by her kneeleth Manoquay,
 A haughty lord was he ;
 But he was minded so to guise
 For love of Ellorree.

The chapelle, thro' an age of thought,
 Echoed her pray'rful Low.
 By all around were shadows rank'd—
 Shadows most sad and hoar—
 Shadows that ever did exult,
 Whilst others did deplore.

[MANOQUAY *log.*

“ Oh ! Ellorree, dear Ellorree,
 I live for thee, or die :
 Man's tongue may wag, its weighty curse
 May sure fall sore on me,
 But over soul, or Heav'n the love,
 With which I loveth thee.

“Thou only art my all-o'er-all,
My every, only joy :
Without thee what to me is life,
 With thee, and what is death—
I may not think, nor live, my life
 Is living in thy breath.

“Give me thy love, mine Ellorree.
My paradise, for thine.
As morning budding in the sun,
 Buds suns where were but rays,
So would my life become divine,
 By the succeeding days.

“My life ! my love ! my own ! with that
Beautiful in thine eyes ;
Guiding, and madd'ning till not my life
 Is patient, but thine own
Impatience, keeps me far from thee,
 And keeps me all alone.

“See the cloud-fruitage pressed out
In vintage on the South :
Trampled by stress of vicious gale
 Combating—you and I
Sky-written—come else anything,
 Than thus by thee to die.

Answered she not, but onward pass'd,
He foll'wing still along.

[ELLORREE, *loq.*

“ 'Tis better that thou follow'st not,
I pray thee go thy way.”
Nothing replied, but his face speeched
Aloud in woful say.

II.

[*Scene*—A wild sea beach; beside it a deserted
graveyard. MANOQUAY, musing.]

The Night crept from the Palm of Space
Ush'ring to earth the stars.
Her tresses vast swept low unbound,
Laying in shade the graves :
The moon's bright waterfall fell cold
Upon the unquiet waves.

Out o' the deep a Shape came up—
A shape whose like is Hell—
And Manoquay, unseeing aught,
Bewailed for Ellorree ;
But never a reply came back,
But the moaning of the sea.

The moaning weird filled him with ghosts—
Filled with uncanny sound—

Came to him thro' the lonely graves,
 Upraising round a pall,
 Encrusted much with age and death,
 And eke unholy thrall.

[MANOQUAY, *loq.*

“ Beloved of all, adored by me,
 Shall I this night be damned,
 Shall father dead, and mother dead,
 Arise to live by me ;
 To ban me as no more of theirs,
 Because so much of thee ?

“ To have their presences without
 The pow'r to make them hear ;
 Only the void of which they are
 Can realise their ties ;
 And the reproaches glooming out
 From where there once were eyes.

“ Shall heav'n, and hell, and life, and death,
 This night chess for my soul.
 Thiswise, I must, all choosing past,
 I shall have her for bride,
 And forfeit I my very soul
 To have her by my side.”

Then the shape laughed mockingly,
 And noiseless horribly. f

So looked as dreadful as but sin
 When captivated, looks :
 Cold, barren-heartless as death-shore,
 As winter-blasted brooks.

III.

[*Scene*—Ulderstone Castle.]

Within the castelle, all her own,
 Sat fair young Ellorree.
 Her face great-sweet as a starry night
 Blythe-dipped in loveliness :
 Serene was as a peaceful breath,
 Or streamlet hushed in ice.

Anon as Orient's jewelled neck
 By storm is grey and dark ;
 So o'er her face a thought-storm crept,
 Nor would it clear away,
 Holding the zeal of mourning
 As she muttered "Manoquay."

There were visions in the chamber,
 Meek-gracious as the dawn :
 As frail, sick winds travel weary,
 Eyeing sad the withered leaves,
 Rustling autumn in their with'ring,
 Till the summer-patience grieves.

So the visions spoke in whispers
 Rising only up to heart ;
 Bided there till dull foreboding
 Called a sorrow craped and dim,
 With hair, grey of melancholy,
 Sighing care's deep-wrinkled hymn.

Riding hard, rode on that sorrow,
 Till it rode her heart to bay,
 " *Of Manoquay we rede, we rede,*"
 It wailed as on it rode,—
 Dear Heart the *will-be* shall be worse
 Than anything can bode.

IV.

[*Scene*—Again on sea beach. GOOD SPIRIT appears and addresses MANOQUAY, beside whom is the EVIL SHAPE.]

" When years have crept, adown the banks
 Among the ghoul-vexed rocks :
 When life has cleared the flow'ry vales,
 And beaches on the sands,
 Where age and desolation sit,
 And with pilgrims strike hands.

" When you have cast the shoes of joy
 In the deep snow of grief :

When winter sways on branches bare,
And stricken is the sun :
When nature in the graveyard weeps,
Envailèd as a nun.

“ When moon and stars interpret not,
And word not say or song ;
As erst they much were sought by thee,
So much you careless be—
When moon and stars, *are* moon and stars,
Unqueened by minstrelsie.

“ When conquering years tread down thy hairs,
With ‘ soon, so very grey.’
When time ploughs up thy forehead smooth,
When days lie round thine eyes ;
When ne’er a pleasure heeds thy beck,
And love, long-dying, dies.

“ Thou like a long-deserted wreck,
Whose ribs tell sacrifice :
When woes, like sea-mists, sever
The wishes from the wish ;
When hands hang feebly by the side,
And dip not in the dish.

“ When tired, dead-tired abiding life,
And shades sit in the boat ;

When the boat lies at the quay,
 And the dark angel saith—
 ‘Ferry this mortal over, to
 The Wonderful of Death.’

“Where Silence sits eternally,
 Uncovering not its eyes,
 But listens to the noisome walk
 Of weary, drivelling years,
 As staggering by, no last, no first—
 Prolific, but of fears.

“Lists to the agony borne by
 That melancholy shore—
 The wailings horrid of the damned ;
 The demons shriekful glee ;
 The angels sobbing up to God,
 Those things should ever be.

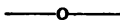
“Be warned, Heaven begs not aye—
 Live now, or nevermore :
 The madden’d *Don't-care* of thy love
 Down dash, or thou must fall.
 And *Had-I-known*, most bitterly
 Shall *think*, and ever call.”

As fall of clods on coffin-lid,
 Likewise on him those words,

But passed like souging of the storm,
As clock-stroke out thro' night,
And the Evil Shape, that stood thereby,
Was strengthened with delight.

Restless as seaman wearied out,
For last time homeward bound,
The night sinks down. By-running swift,
Young morning in her pride,
Impatient as the lov'd betrothed,
Is to become the bride.

But day cannot upraise the hearse—
The blight he daring recks ;
The mists in-gathered hearth, and home,
So night was clear as day—
There's never a wind, there's never a power
May drive these mists away.



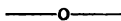
MAC'S REPLY.

“ You ask me how I feel to-night—
Well, listen to my song,
I'm just as happy 's whisky,
But not as whisky strong.

“ For with that chief of spirits
 I’ve had an interview,
 And he had such wit in his speech
 I grant he’s clev’rer too.

“ I’ve heard of spirits holy,
 Of spirits dark and slow :
 I’ve heard of cheerful spirits,
 And the spirits of the low.

“ But where is there a spirit
 So good, so staunch, so true—
 E’en fall, and when you fall, he lies,
 Content to lie with you.”



OH! BOPPINS.

Oh! Boppins boy, what do you here,
 And what are you here doin’ oh!—
 Oh! Boppins if you *do* your beer,
 It will be your undoin’ oh!
 It will do you to ruin oh!

Oh! Boppins, mind how many souls
 Are castaway thro’ drinking oh!
 Lie stranded in the empty bowls,

In which they've long been sinking oh!—
Which devils have been drinking oh!

There's many roll'd to hell-mould graves
Thro' rollicking 'mong whisky oh!
Caroled and rolled o'er night-cold paves,
A role infernal risky oh!
Their role's not now so frisky oh!

That maid—well, well, divinely made,
A Rising Missy of Arts oh!
Self-made by many a dubious raid,
Partaking drinks and hearts oh!
She prompts you in your parts oh!

Oh! Boppins boy, I wish you well,
So well I scarce am civil oh!
Drinking is hope's first farewell,
Bad women man's first evil oh!
Prime Viziers to the devil oh!

Beware of *drink*, oh! Boppins boy,
Beware how you begin oh!
To woo the maids whose holiest joy,
Is the Shrine o' the Spirit o' Gin oh!—
The holier the fuller the skin oh!



I HAVE PRAYED.

I HAVE prayed with a pray'r of fervency, my love
 Might be thy joy,
 But I'd sooner weep to lose thee love, than win
 Thee, to destroy.

I feel me like to a mountain, with but one path,
 Named *Long Ago*.
 Now thro' that path the avalanche roars, for
 Ever, to and fro.

Or as a mighty organ dreams in dust, fall'n thro'
 The aisle's vast dim,
 All tremouring in sweet harmony, but ah!
 There is no hymn.

I have prayed with a pray'r of fervency, my *love*
 Might be thy joy,
 But I'd sooner wed thee to thy Will, than
 Winning thee, destroy.



FIRES OF FANCY.

BURN up! ye fires of fancy, burn up, up!
 And let me pore.

On the desert march I'm crossing, on the
 Footsteps gone before.

Burn up! so I may see them, see them!
 As in days gone by.

Lay my blanched lips' trembling blanchedness
 on them,
 And thus let me lie.

Burn up! behold my soured life, surging with
 Unslaked desire,
 Kindled first by pallid faces, by that
 Which cannot expire.

Wild you flicker and you flare up, but woe's me
 It's darker now;
 Than when first I trailed you out on, the cold
 Hearthstone of my brow.

Die out ye! begone for ever, die out, out!
 The better far;
 To trudge on a quiet-lipped Weary, than wage
 Grief, torment, and war.

PERSEVERANCE LODGE.

AULD Perseverance is a lodge,
 Made up o' points an' crosses,
 Made up o' mony takin' airts,
 As mony unco' losses,
 Tae members a'.

There's some weel aff aye gien tae preach,
 'Ll thole nae intervention,
 An' muckle wull they storm an' rave,
 Whan they grip sma' attention,
 Frae ane or twa.

"Oh! Persevere," they yowl and snarl,
 "Just look at us and wonder,
 Thro' persevere this day we're here,
 Like Ajaces an' thunder,
 And something mair."

There's some that's come through unco' stress
 An' mony sad disaster,
 They're sick an' tired o' sermon-gaun,
 Or gaun ony faster,
 Be 't foul or fair.

Sae e'en if angels' robes an' croons,
 Frae heev'n cam' tum'lin doon ;
 They'd mak' the robes up into sarks,
 And gowd'd, be money soon,
 Sae cramp't they be.

An' some that dream their lives awa'
 In sleep upo' "*the square*,"—
 They hae the motto "Persevere,"
 But ken nought o' its care,
 Or tearfu' e'e.

Noo tho' the Lodge's *fêtes* are gran'—
 Nae sparsity o' drinkin'—
 While a' the dishes o' the best,
 Are cheek-by-jowl thrang clinkin',
 Or dancin' roun'.

Yet the puir rhymer, Wha-D'ye-Think,
 Has thocht upo' the maitter,
 An' fin's—"The drinkin' micht be less,
 The zeal for business greater,
 An' less put doon."

Fin's—"That there's swarms o' lazy drones
 Whose brains are a' cuisine ;
 But when there's business on the board
 They're rayther cauld than keen.
 Syne gang fu' soon."

CREATION'S HYMN.

WHEN morning stars globed first, and joyed :
 When night burst into fires :
 Angelic hallelujahs rang,
 Higher : as each new world sprang,
 Louder and deeper swelled the clang,
 Of worlds and worlds of choirs.

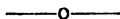
Higher, louder, and deeper yet,
 In awful music voice,
 Till thundered through the courts of Heaven,
 By the creation impulse driven ;
 By the creation impulse riven,
 To worshipping, *rejoice*.

Torrent-glory streamed and flowed
 Untellable of hymn.
 Till Majesty, Grace, Love, upstood
 In Judgment, Faith, and Mercy mood.
 Beheld, and *seeing* "*it was Good.*"
 In Sabaoth sanhedrim.

Bending, riving, and breaking bounds,
 In quakes of offering ;

Rolling in adorative power,
A gladness simple as a flower ;
But deadly as a lightning shower,
To any mortal thing.

Such song shall never more go forth,
Shall never more arise :
Till He—The Christ—The Crucified,
The Godhead—the Meek One who died,
Comes, and Almighty as His pride,
Rends thro' the trembling skies.



SAILORS, SAILORS, COMMON, TARRY
SAILORS.

“ SAILORS, sailors, common, tarry sailors,
Nasty, drunken, common, tarry sailors,
Beastly in their habits, ever on the spree,
Prodigal, debauched, they're only fit for sea,”
So say the wise, and they *only* say,
“ For those upon the mighty deep,” but pray ?—
No. Is praying but an uplift eye,
A wildering pomp of harmony,
Rhetorical conceit and litany—

“ Good Lord deliver us ”—

Go-od Lo-rd de—liver us,

It is, *should be*, a suppliant God,
To God; to Him alone applying
Praise, but generally 'tis supplying,
Self with—*see the good man,*
See the common, tarry sailor.

Right! all are good among the railers,
At sailors, common, tarry sailors.

“ Poor Jack ”—thank your sympathisers,
Pull your forelock, hitch, chew roll,
Be “ Britain's glory,” “ foolish soul,” vide
apologisers.

Sing for such saints a proper song,
When round the capstern treading;
To please them, *do* be meek and John,
And chaste as girls abedding.

Or maybe you will favour us
With patriotic bellow.

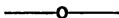
Once you were something,
Once 'twas said, you were a gallant fellow;
Now sentiment, tarpaulin hats,
Duck-breeches, tight and trembling
(Lest they should rip, and tremble a,
Little wearers did when stooping,
In a jacket 'mongst a grouping,
Sex antagonistic, who resemble a—
In theory—piece of spotless napery,

Really are, but as their drapery).
 Consigned are to the variorum,
 Assigned by lip and salve decorum.
 Send us again a Royal Billy,
 As royal-useless, gog great-royal,
 As worthless, and as much more silly,
 So he but only check the railers,
 And scoffers at the drunken sailors ;
 Coming ashore unearthly drest,—
 Farmer's coat or footman's vest,
 Sacking shirt and bumpkin's tie,
 Boots ill-fitting, hat awry :
 Trousers with a band in them,
 Glaring slop-shop has had a hand in them,
 (Oh ! shellbacks ! why be flammed in them,
 No common mortal ere was weighed
 In such nondescripts arrayed).

Wherefore dress thus ?—for highest praise—
He's nothing like a sailor.

. You're lost, you common, tarry sailor,
 You work hard, eat hard, drink hard, sleep hard,
 Swear hard, die hard, go to Blank hard.
 Your life is grudged if you fall sick,
 Your living grudged if you be well,
 My wonder is not why no better,
 But that you go not down pell-mell.
 " And you'll be "Captain"—captain, eh,

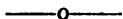
Captain of what—a carrier van,
 See the law, my pretty man.
 Courtesy—"Captain" where's your sword?
 R.N.R., upon my word;
 It's come to something, Amelia dear,
 The gamekeeper's son is somebody here,
 Strutting about, a more than lord,
 No one daring to doubt his word;
 A something robeless—yet a king,
 And such a contemptible little thing.
 To rise *is* great, and not a sin,
 But I see the mud of his origin,
 In every action, in every look,
 He insults all honour—Jane the cook
 Was his mother" — Hush, O! railer,
 He's only a common, tarry sailor.
 Hast thou done anything but taunt,
 Hast thou done anything but flaunt
 Thy bed of roses 'gainst his iron-bound-outcast-
 ness!



COULD YOU BUT READ, &c.

COULD you but read my past, my life,
 They would tell a solemn tale:
 They'd tell you, oh! how sadly,
 They'd tell you, oh! how madly,

How more than weak, how more than
 frail,
 The love I'd loved when young.
 She that I loved so long, so well,
 For that she I breathless throbbed ;
 For her all heart was bursting,
 For her all heart was thirsting—
 For her that my salvation robbed,
 The love I'd loved when young.
 Would she'd die, but *is*, and *will not* ;
Cannot die while yet I live.
 By, and thro' her I am peering,
 By, and thro' her I am fearing :
 Love I gave, hate shouldn't I give,
 The love I'd loved when young.



TO TAM, GREETING.

BRITHER! I'm just in unco swither,
 Putting a' things a'thegither,
 Whether I should rax the tether,
 O poetrie ;
 Or whether tae cut it a'thegither,
 Or let it be.

My frien's a' say I am nae poet,
 I'm sic a fule I hardly know it;
 I am a haveral, an' show it

At a' times.

And when I've ony wut I blow it
 Awa in rhymes.

Lord, save's! and is it sic a crime,
 Tae try tae crawl opt o' the slime
 They loe, an' fettle the sublime
 In varied sang;
 Is trying tae catch the ear o' Time,
 Sae vera wrang!

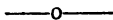
I lay nae claim tae name ava,
 I hae nae money I can draw,
 I ken but little o' the law
 O' pounds an' pence;
 But, faith, I never was deed-thraw,
 For common-sense.

I tell ye thae bit screeds o' mine,
 Were writ for hame, an' no tae shine,
 Sae that ye needna fear a line
 O' publication.
 Then loe again, if luve's no tyne,
 In deep vexation.

Take my advice, steer clear o' woman,
For gin ye follow a' her hummin',
She'll keep ye feckless strummin',

On hoo-dum-doo :

An' maybe syne, she'll send ye bummin'
In waesome rue.



THE BUILDERS.

I.

SWEETER, never sweeter,
Mortal sang than he,
Singing of that lady-love
Left beyond the sea.
Solemn, ever solemn,
The sunlight on his heart,
As it grew deep and deeper
In its hermit part.
“For ever, and for ever,”
Sung from day to day,
But the answer, “Never, never,”
Echoed his ecstasy.

II.

" The pain that is in me is swelling,
 Rending in pieces my hopes,
 And my heart is sore-lacerated,
 As devils were hauling ropes.
 Sways haggard in its grieving,
 A stricken, no-sap tree,
 Dishevelled, and deserted, waving
 The thing that killeth me.
 The still-eyed Thing, that nameless Thing,
 The bane has been of my life,
 But I'll cast off its loathsome cling,
 Again I'll be a man repenting ;—
 Let me not repine vainglorious,
 Quoting what I might have been,
 Victorious is the present liver,
 Wants not anything I ween.
 Others have not, why should I ?
 Was I created but to cry ?
 Lost ! and mew—no ! here's a pow'r,
 Fresh-dating from this honest hour."
 Honest hour, why so often re-dated ?
 You're a long way astern now,
 I fear me Resolver is fated,
 He *said*—said, but *did not*—I pass
 The hospital wards ; thro' the glass,

In the draught is a mean truckle bed,
A crabbed, harsh nurse ;
A man, who uplifts not his head,
Cursing his curse.

Strongest brandy, the only piety there,
Consoleth the nurse.

III.

“Breathings of moonlight breezing out,
Unweared my watch for thee ;
I would bide here for ever, and never go,
Revelling in monarchy.

I would sit all alone by the gates of the sea,
Till I saw thee, O Moon ! arise,
In thy beauty, and many-splendour gait,
Thou fostered of Paradise.

Full-eyed, disdainful of less than bride,
Meek, as only perfection is ;
Trailing light, lightened in thy skirts,
To strangest majesties.

I would watch thee thro' thy marriage,
With fond stars for thy bridal maids,
Twisting fleece-clouds around thy head,
In great silver-dripping braids.”

But the ship he is in is sailing,
By steam and unvarying wind :
The moon has ta'en foot to an attic of clouds,
And his high hopes are palsied and blind.

Hie onward in arching magnificence,
O! ship with thy cargo of fools ;
At turns all trifling, at turns all fear,
Men-mistakes who might well have been mules.

Set thy sails up taut till they split the sky,
Work up all thy fools and knaves,
Make them work, make the wretched hirelings
work ;
Let them die, they die scorned of slaves.

Let them die, for submitting and sneaking,
Were they dogs they would do it *all fours* ;
With blows *buy* tobacco; no rest for weak grog—
Pert public-house sailors belovèd of whores.

Wished futurity three weeks' enjoyment,
In garrets, in jails, or in gutters ;
Best music the gurgling down Refuse,
Or *delirium tremens* dark mutters.

Battle on thou Broad-Winged Creature,
With that fervid, that rash Desire ;

Indeed art a queen, for within thy womb
Is that quenchless Will of Fire.

With freest out-speech of a true man ;
With life-toil that itself forgot ;
Ever-casting the errand of his faith,
But—to be heeded not.

With song Heaven-minted, down-throwing,
Or soft as thy royals' caress,
When breezes hang back to admire thee,
In thy Bride-White Tenderness.

O ! that thou had'st sunk ere He builded,
Had been married and opened thy breast ;
*With a " dear love, why love ye another,
Let us lie down together and rest."*

Even yet may he fail in his building:
His fate is too mean for his pride,
If needful go down in thine honour,
Staunch ship thou art fit for his bride.

Ah ! the ship he is in is sailing,
A coffin overhead ;
And he sails along in that White-Winged Thing,
Unwitting his *say*, is *said*.

IV.

"This is the beautiful, this is my joy,
 To live on, and love on, and know,
 Heart-workings, heart-shrinkings, heart's ev'ry
 endeavour,
 Like wind silent budding with snow.
 For my innocent wife beloves me,
 I see its great strength arise,
 As bending her head back within my two hands,
 I kiss her between the eyes.
 She's the mother of my children,
 What will she and they do when I
 Start my voyage, it makes me a girl
 To know she'll sit down and cry."
 The husband is stalwarth and darkly grand,
 This *other* is slight, and has a lisp,
 The dear young wife is wondrous willing,
 And toys with his curls close and crisp—
 (She that *He* wots of all innocence,
 Bless you, too artless for pretence)—
 She languishes on *this* bosom and lures,—
 The children are all in bed ;
 He nothing loth not longer endures
 The sweet invite to wed.
 The husband comes back from his voyage of
 years,
 To find her as usual all fondling "my dears,"

But there's those in the bedroom all grin and all
leers ;

Who'd made corpse-candles for every mast,
For every yard, so his ship will cast,
No bunting around the hornèd dear :
No selfish tomb shall be his bier.

But an end 'mid *friends*, 'mid corpse-lit eyes,
(Staring at his poor life of lies),
Who'll back to glee with his little wife,
For whom he had toiled, had given this life.

v.

“ When this life-voyage is complete,
And finished is my lot,
When I'm aboard the hulk of Death,
I pray forget-me-not.”

Who is this man, what has he done,
A millionaire, gives dinners,—
How much say you for the lot?—
He lived, he died to rot.

vi.

“ Let me rise above the rabble,
Give me name and give me greatness ;
Tired am I of worldly babble,
'Weather,' 'crops,' 'funds,' 'season's lateness ;'
Tired of hearing sage examples ;
Vend Eternity in *samples* ;

Tired of hearing weak quotations,
Swallowed, for thrust down with Latin,
By some Cantab whose orations,
Ruffle not the sleep of satin."

"Let me rise for oh! it galls me,
To be no one when I well know,
Half the ones whose presence thralls me,
Are but Mode and Shams, but swell tho'
I cannot; no, I must sunder,
'Fore *this* satire, or *that* blunder.
This a world! to you it may be,
Love! Heaven! Wealth! no! give me Name,
Give me name, so men may say he,
Rose from nothing—rose to fame."

Sweet the maid was as the morning,
Daybreak crowning in her hair,
Ere the sun's majestic scorning,
Taunts the sycophantic air.
Let-me-Rise had fall'n to love her,
Let-me-Rise not wished above her.
Days and nights like blessings falling,
From Jehovah on an infant,
Fell on Let-me-Rise whose palling,
Was but at *her* tiniest want.

Well, the times passed on, like Waters
Freighted with the nightless June,

With the laughs of mankind's daughters,
Sweetest first of earthly tune.

And he rose—had name—a great name—

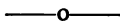
Great, and all men praised his fame—

Home he came, he was victorious—

Will not she, his love, be gay ?

Found her—she was *dead*, but *glorious*,

With her *dead face* towards the *day*.



MARIE.

WELL you must have known I loved you

As no other man could love ;

And tho' you were so deceitful,

And tho' I against it strove,

I could not—I cannot help it—

Marie, still you are my love.

Loved and lost you, you the loved one

I'd have died to save a tear,

But you left me for that other,

That Dundrearied, average " Dear " ;

In whose arms you simper softly,

As he'd simper o'er your bier.

Dear love, kiss it—kiss the darling—

Kiss the tailor-fondest Bill,

But don't bore it, mind *its* curls—

“ Marie ! Marie ! mind my frill.”
 Don't imagine it'll play “ Jack,” tho'
 You'd proudly fall as “ Jill.”

Marie, take it to your bosom,
 Let *it* scorn where gods might die ;
 Mark your pet—the “ dear ” is bothered
 And a month but married—fie !
 What's the matter with the “ ducky ”
 Does it for *its mother* cry ?

Thinking of Its only Work-Time
 When 'twas earnest over milk.
 Make it into Marie's “ dolly,”
 Dress it up in coats of silk ;
 That *would* suit sweet Marie's *husband*,
 Fitzhugh Poodle, of that ilk.

Fondle it love, clasp it closer,
 Gentleman it is, not boor.
 Whew ! it shoves you from it, Marie—
 “ 'Tis the fashion,” to be sure ;
 Better to be this way, isn't it,
 Than as jealous as *the Moor* ?

Ah, you've fondled till canary
 Pauses in its throbbing song ;
 Mem'ries of your other lovers,
 Jostling seem, in madd'ning throng,
 O'er its bosom—not o'er *yours*, love—
 No, you could not love so long.

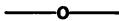
Do you think your "Honey Bee," dear,
 Loiters not at other flowers?
 That "the club" is an excuse, love,
 For sweets culled in other bow'rs?
 You won't think so—very well, then,
 Wait up for it, hours on hours.

Pale you grow, and not more cheerful,
 Does your Daffodil neglect?
 Are you told by *friendly* gossips,
 "Only what you might expect?"
 Not in words, in sympathising,—
 Feign th' indignant, recollect.

Do the heart-whole act the martyr,
 Simulating joys unknown;
 Praise the heartless; you "*adore*" it,
 As you should—isn't it your own?
 Smile your lies, and trebling them love,
 Scarcely damps, how much you groan.

Be contented; don't look backward—
 But of course you don't do that—
 'Tween ourselves, d'ye think it ranks you
 In *its* mind as dear's *its* hat?
 Or does it, in *its* behaviour,
 Show you *dear* as its cravat?

But you're not annoyed, tho' knowing
 Much more than *my love* can tell.
 Why should you? You've av'rage loving,
 And in having such *do well*.
 Pray you get no worse, dear Marie—
 Pray for children. Fare-you-well!



TO DUNCAN M'DUNCAN.

LET's hae nae clash aboot a lass,
 Inspired wi' love an' hame-brew,
 Gif sae ye steer, I muckle fear,
 The morn ye'll no be wame-fu'.

But let yer rant, my ancient saunt,
 Tak' nature's variorum;
 And faith yer flegs 'll lift yer legs
 No far frae kirk-decorum.

Mornin's comin', blythe she's hummin',
 Owre the heather braes;
 An' blithe as she the minstrelsie
 Her comin' gars tae raise.

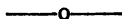
Ilk flowrie speaks, as mornin' keeks,
The sinless faith o' words ;
A' set tae sang the wuds amang
By nature's jo's, the birds.

See a' the earth, at this new birth,
O' morn in green-sleeved June—
Clasps a' its hands in caller bands,
And yerks out reel-step tune.

The bairnie's growin'—see the gowan
Bows tae kiss its feet ;
It's siller hair an' gowden stare
Are waukenin' frae weet.

The bairnie's striv'n up tae heav'n,
An' the star-bairnies there,
Hae gien up their mortality
Tae an immortal fair.

Mc, wha'd be here king, priest, or peer,
An' let himsel' be filed
Wi' rank, an' cares, an' warl'ly cares ?
Be here, syne say—Beguiled.

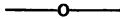


KISS HER.

Kiss your poor sister, she's nearer heaven
 Than ever we may be,
 And dinna cry, rather rejoice
 That dead, she will be free.

Only gone on a little before us,
 Faith blunders into tears ;
 The hymn-voice of your sister sweet,
 Is churching in my ears.

No more to be tortured by the vile,
 No more a drudge to be ;
 Begging, serving, sick and sorr'wing
 No more !—at last she's free.



SUCH IS LIFE.

You have left me for another,
 Whilst I forget thee not ;
 A withered love is in thy heart ;
 Mine drooped, but withered not.

In grandeur, in the gay saloon,
 'Mid fashionable glee,
 You've done yourself a dangerous ill,
 For you've forgotten me.

DRINK TO THE WINE!

DRINK to the Wine!—fill up and drink
 To the Red Knight, and the true—
 To his standard of the vine—
 Drink to the Wine!

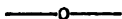
The knight beloved of fairy stars,
 Strong-fed upon south and dew;
 Ancient as his might of line—
 Drink to the Wine!

The noble of the daring eye,
 Of the honour, the sincere;
 Unlimitable in design—
 Drink to the Wine!

A bendless haught for ev'ry foe,
 To the low most kindly he;
 In all gladnesses a-shine—
 Drink to the Wine!

Swaying aloft, untwinned in red,
 Men begging of him to stay,
 To be immortal as divine—
 Drink to the Wine!

Drink! let us drink, and high-set be,
In faith of such a knight—drink,
To his standard of the vine—
Drink to the Wine!

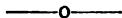


LAST TO MAGGIE.

You turned from me when I kissed your cheek,
Kissed me not in return, nor yet did you speak;
Clasped me languidly, coldly, as never you did,
And, paler and paler, till roses were hid;
Lay listless and helpless upon my fond breast,
And speechless, uncheering, downcast, and
distrest;
Gave me *no word*, as day bartered the sun,
Still, and still silent as gloaming ebb'd done.
Maggie! you frightened me, but who'd divine
You were for another, you should not be mine.
Had we two known it, better have died
In each other's arms than riven so wide.
Eyes brimming love-light, hairs all a river,
Rippling in auburn, flowing for ever.
You nestling, I shielding, *thus* to have died,
Death to have pitied, and life have defied.
Kind Father Fate, was 't in kindness thou
Contrasted Before with the desert of Now:

The living with loving, the living with leaving,
 The wild bliss of days, with a lifetime of
 grieving :

Showed us who saw not what was to be,
 Sorrow for her and distraction for me.



PLAGUE OF GOLD.

ACCURSED be the man who *buys*, the love
 He cannot win ;

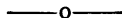
And doubly cursed be they who sell, for theirs
 The viler sin.

The victim bleeds ; not her misdeeds be blamed—
 Be *theirs* the blame :

They forced her from a virtuous love, to a
 Marriageable shame.

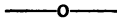
And *holy ones* are sorrowful, to see
 A cattle-fold,

In ev'ry house, in ev'ry heart, thro' the dancing
 Plague of gold.



AMEN.

JEAN ALISTER, and Dugald Roy,
 (The lassiky and loon)—
 He stole her love and sang her sang,
 And gart her very heart-strings bang,
 Sae noo she's oot o' tune.
 Another like her soon shall sing
 An' bonnilie as she ;
 Her bairnie's music strung wi' hope—
 But modesty, the very Pope
 O' femaledom, went on the spree
 When they gaed tae their revelry.
 Women are mortal, sae are men ;
 Best blessings on their work—Amen !



TO J——, PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

THE damask-wonder of your cheeks,
 The deep love of your eyes—
 Those deep and wondrous eyes—
 Blue such as never were, or are,
 As cannot be again. The star
 Of your nativity died, leaving your eyes
 Its heirs, so earth might reach the skies
 Unenvying ; for you *no sun*, no cease of reign
Can vanquish, till those eyes again

Resign. Oh, my Delight, shine on—
 Than you, none better; if such one
 There be, to Me *none better still*.

Oh, my Delight, play on!—be 't what you will,
 But play; pause not. With minstrels viewless
 I am minstrel; in thy strains again I'm young,
 And glad as once, ah! once, and now alone
 By you can be; how far you upward sprung
 On that last rhapsody! the new moon's
 Breathless listening, well might listen till it
 bursts

Full moon, petitioning for more: such tunes,
 Fanning the heart from embers, start
 Wishes, thinkings live, unfettered by research
 And fatherless, born of Music, sweeter yet
 When eyes of love mix with them, till the verge
 Seraphic-skimmed seems by; when winds round
 rally,

To gain nigh'st notion of a soul, which gained
 Raptured decline into the hermit shell,
 For ever musical, and sad complaining.
 Oh! my delight, not aught comparable to you,
 But when such harmonies evolving
 Above comparison; enriched in Sweetness-
 Sound,

I far off worship your entrance revolving,
 But fearful am lest you should die, or
 Dying not, wed Music.

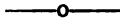
THE POET'S SAY.

BUT a poet *cannot* harden,
 For the pass of wildering song,
 Rolls o'erwhelming like the torrent,
 Bearing acts, like leaves along.

Raising up through all oppression
 With its stir-rapt melody :
 Raising up till heart by eagles
 Looks out life, as they, dawn-ray.

A pow'r-catastrophe—(the world
 Looks to for the noblest part),
 Watching for the gently plaintive,
 With a sweetness passing art.

Looks for, and deceived is never,
 For the best of Eden-throng
 Died not, but rushed many-musicked,
 Into whirlwind of Song.



SCENE—THE “PUNJAUB’S” DINNER-
TABLE.

THE Scotch Reformer side by side with a
smooth Irish priest,
As prying nosed, and well-defined a foll’wer of
the Beast
As ever lived ; by St. Jerome, it was a sight to
see,
The Scotsman, and the Irishman, determined to
agree.
Pious virgins horrified, set up a dreadful
squeal,
Declaring K—— was d—— at last by the Popish
priest O’Neal.
The stewards in their tireless rounds did right
well gasp and stare ;
So the fat captain sat and fumed, neglected in
his chair,
Frantic cried “ Steward ! claret ! and mind
what you’re about ; ”
The steward seized the cruets-stand, and vinegar
poured out.
The second steward then was called—a lad of
parts was he—
But his mind was not on “ claret,” for he
decanted tea.

Then raved the tumult, such a row, but the
twain only drank,
As if either were a patent perambulating
tank.
Still fearless, tippled sagely till the brightness
of the rose,
Was percolating gently to the tip of either's
nose ;
And their heads with nervous wisdom were
nodding to and fro,
Like hawthorn in a loving wind, when white
buds bend each bough.
Again from pious virgins came an alarming
squeal,
The Reformer to his bosom was hugging the
O'Neal :
And Father O'Neal was smiling as sweetly as a
sprat,
When swimming placidly content in one foot
one of fat,
Indeed did well to be such friends in spite of
sneers and scowls,
From those to whom religion is the sentiment
of owls.
But scarcely when they finished, for they could
hardly grope,
And the Catholic blessed the " Guid Free Kirk,"
and the Protestant the Pope.

THE LIGHT-SHIP MEN'S EXPLOIT.

WHEN the S.S. Armenian was lost on Arklow Bank in February, 1865, four of the crew of the light-ship volunteered into a small boat to aid the passengers and crew; but they were thrown in on the rocks and perished, whilst those they had gone to succour were without exception saved.

NOBLE, brave light-ship men!
 Noble, brave Irish men!
 Nobly you acted, then
 Died.

Though the winds wildly clasht;
 Though the waves fiercely dasht;
 Though spirits wailing past
 Prayed.

Onward! you went to save,
 Others from watery grave,
 Others from ocean-cave
 Deep.

Onward! through boiling surge,
 Howling your fun'ral dirge:
 On, through the storm-scourge
 Throne.

Hideous, the waters crasht ;
Hideous, the breakers gnasht ;
Hideous, the hell-fired blast
Blew.

Calmly your pulses beat :
Brave were your words and sweet,
Valiant, you went to meet
Death.

Torn by rocky paws :
Crushed by foul briny jaws :
Mangled in noble cause—
Sleep.

Sleep on, O ! noble crew,
Sleep on, O ! good and true,
A nation's tears follow you
Four.

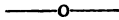
Fare ye well, *unknown four*,
Glorious your deed shall soar,
Up e'en to Heaven's door
High.

Ages may come and go,
Still will your story flow,
And future ages know
Men.

SURELY THE DAY.

SURELY the day will come at last,
 When I shall happy sing,
 Like summer birds when summer-almes
 Frae spring fa's pitying.

I canna sing, I canna sing,
 And muckle is my fear,
 Through wanderings and wearyings,
 Sae far frae near and dear.



TO FRENCHMEN.

YE valiant Frenchmen,
 In the noon age of your fame,
 Inscribe another Rhine campaign
 On the white walls of fame;
 Know well the paltry Prussians quake,
 Be 't at your praise or blame.

Mind ye the great Napoleon,
 How he trode them 'neath his feet,
 Tied their braggart pigeon-eagles,
 To the arms of his seat ;
*Taught them how to gnaw submission
 In the anguish of defeat.*

Is the nephew then so much less,
 Are yourselves less brave than those,
 Who marched on in mighty fear-nought
 On a whole world of foes ?
 And who now 'neath war-proud banners,
 In their hero-beds repose.

Talk not of ammunition !
 Talk not of needle-guns !
*A nation's independence lies,
 In the courage of her sons ;
 In the soul-litten self-conceit,
 Which from no danger runs.*

Be 't not for you to break the peace,
 E'en careful how you frown,
 But I rede degenerate not to that
 Which some folks name "*cowed-down*";
 Remember Prussia's cowardly,
 And sacks a helpless town.

THERE WAS A LITTLE WOODEN CROSS
IN THE GRAVEYARD.

MARBLE gauds and feudal vaultings proudly side
by side took stand,

Till I seem'd to walk thro' wealth, and taste, not
thro' the Weary-Land :

And affection fond-voiced varied, but in quantity
of rhymes,

As it quoted and disported 'mong the cities of
the Mimes.

(But howe'er *we love*, let's never make a tomb a
scroll of Fame,

Stone story-books make not of them ; scribe but
the age and name.)

Sadly turning I said—" *better, the far better, I
should pass !*"

When I saw a rude-carved wooden cross low-
lying in the grass ;

Rude-carved, worm-eaten, lying low in solitary
mood,

So humble, and so innocent, it seemed a Sigh of
Wood.

Astronomers may point and praise yon heav'n
reaching sky,

But it holds no monument so proud, as this
cross two feet high.

.

Methought I saw the workman coming home
from work at eve,

But wife and bairns are not within—well may
the workman grieve.

Much as the wife might, were she left despond-
ingly to roam

For him—for *when the Home-Head dies, then is
there no more home.*

Trudges onward to his cottage—never welcoming
is there,

But remembers of the beauty which was beauty
everywhere.

Tho' but little ever had they, and that little not
too sure,

Rich beyond count in love were they, for not
more rich than pure.

Sinks down by the honeysuckles, the scarlet-
runners gay,

And is carried on the fragrance back, to that
lovely summer day ;

When she planted, when herself and bairns, were
as the runners red :

Now are they white, and the Workman's face is
white uncomforted.

He arises, lifts an old pine-plank, from out his
cottage floor—

Saws and nails, would carve, but cannot for the
dim gulf *Before,*

He craneth over, his soul cries "back!" but he
heeds no advice;

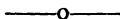
And in his eagerness to see, he sees not Paradise.

Day by day still falling weaker, sunken now his
cheek and eye,

"Oh!" he cried, "*that I were stronger—oh!
that I might carve and die.*"

At last he carved it, and it lay like bird with
folded wing—

No more toil! and no more trouble! no more
banishment from Spring.



SAILING DIRECTIONS.

THOUGH now I lie in hospital,

My pen, which seeks nae favour

Has ta'en into its will to write,

To you, ye little shaver.

To you, red-cheekit, round, and small,

With ears owre-plumt in frilling,

Who yet have to march into trews,

And go through muckle drilling.

You'll find the world rough to tread,
And unco fou' o' trouble ;
And while ye think you're walkin' straight,
Behold, you're bending double.
Syne happiness with wanton wing
Will witch and then elude you ;
Will lend you more than mortal bliss,
Then vanishing delude you.

You'll like be fain to fa' downcast,
And vent your ire in fretting,
But folks will only laugh to see
Your ignorance abetting.
You cannot all at once be wise,
For neither Cane nor College
Can give you what you'll mostly need—
A certain worldly knowledge.

Fear God, and His commands OBEY,
Guard specially 'gainst drinking.
Curse not. Of lady's paid-for smile
Beware, or faith ! you're sinking.
Be loyal to your noble Queen,
Else you'll ne'er be a true man,
Not only is she *great* as Queen,
But also *good* as Woman.

Be careful how you pick your friends,
Be jovial in joking ;
Be not offended at a jest,
Though it be mirth-provoking.
Aye take all, give all, in good part,
If possible, fight not ;
But if you *must*, remember you,
Behave like a true Scot.

Soil not your good name, *come what may*,
Let honour con your courses,
You'll find it is the only charm,
Pure-rising from its sources.
Compare not Nationalities ;
Reville at NO Religion ;
Brag not of *friends*, of *means*, of *self*,
Be neither hawk nor pigeon.

Should your lot be unfortunate,
Despair not, don't resign ;
Victorious men are *only* Great,
Determined men, Divine.
For they have will and faith strong-ribbed,
Unfaltering and sublime—
Are not defeated, though destroyed,
And crushed time after time.

If rich or great you should become,
 Be courteous still to all men ;
 Let not self-rise or self-conceit
 Tempt you to risk a fall then.
 For, be assured the saddest sight
 From Peterhead to Salem,
 Is a rich-great, proud, heartless, and
 As obstinate as Balaam.

Keep up your spunk whatever haps,
 Pray endlessly, but patient ;
 Mind death's as near you at a spree
 As when you're ~~cholera~~-caution'd.*
Mind your Up-Bringing, mind *yourself*,
 Unheeding might or throng,
 And sure am I you never will,—
 You never *can*, do wrong.

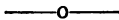
* This is pronounced (as in Scots law) as if spelt kation'd.—J. H. K.

O N E S.

MINUS wiseacreness, but sharp set,
 Fit to smoke and drink like men ;
 Believing that their future lies in
 Me, and Now, *not* Him, and Then.
 Hark! they're hectored by "*my dear child,*"
 Or that "*horrid little thing*"—
 Trash both!—take it, feed it, teach it
 That 'tis kingly as a king.

No! but rather all will meddle,
 With the quandary of whims ;
 With the stalls of genteel pity,
 Wherein Fashion's likes and limbs,
 Perk, and languish, but coquettish ;
 So the foppish thereward stray,
 And delighted with the acting,
Pay down, never give away.

Thus was, now is, and *still shall be,*
 But I think the *little* Ones,
 Are not stopped, but march with Empires
 Thro' the Shoreless, thro' the Suns !



HANNIBAL'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS DEATH.

YE Gods! on Hannibal look down;
 On Carthage's triumphant General for thine,
 Thou gav'st the pow'r, be thine the honour,
 All the world-wonder. Presumption lost me,
 So a victor is to chance a prey—
 My death is craved—to thee alone am I
 Beholden—to thee alone I kneel.
 If 't please ye Gods, I fall, contented I,
 Hoping my fervour will my faults redeem,
 And entrance me with ye. In my lone sore
 Dilemma O! discern, whether further
 I entreated am unworthily, by
 Roman baseness, or that flesh from spirit
 Part, and this hand nullifies their conjunct
 Confidence.

Hannibal my will, so I,
 Thy judgment welcoming approach: firm my
 Eye to see its ransom—This!

(Raises the Poison.)

This! Prusias, I DARE do, when thou dar'st
 Coward be, and friend of mine—
 This! Flaminius, *I do*, so thy ambition
 Thou hast not—an old man's murder—handi-
 work,

Thy pride—thy master's, but it leaves thee
slaves,

Fonder of Life than Liberty.

Now Soul, fence thyself with resolute disdain—

Show free men how a free man dies. (*Drinks.*)

Resign, O Life! and thou, O Toil! take my

Ambition, as reward for thy sincerity,

And the intolerable curse—Defeat.

Come father, see my spirit still

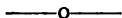
Unvanquished, tortured tho' consumedly:

First'reason led by thee, bid Rome defiance;

Last words scorn such enemy—

Gods! and my Father! come!—come!—

(*Dies.*)



BOOK-BIRTH v. CLASS.

Calcutta, March 3, 1869.

At last, my friend, at last ye've written;

I answer, though no weel, yet splittin'

Pains awa'.

Three years not over full o' *cheery*,

Hae wind'ard sailed, an' left me weary,

Downcast and raw.

Fain wad I dawn-peep i' the East,
But Wisdom peevish cries "*What neist,*
Hoo daur ye row ?
A brat like you that ne'er saw College,
Nae Greek, Sanscritic, Hebrew knowledge,
Sets up yer pow !"

The first wee callant o' my makin',
Ca'ed "*Union-Discord*" has been hackin'
Critics' sauls.
Their learned brains condemned "*in toto,*"
(I use their words) de'il tak' their veto
An' classic scrawls.

I asked nae, sought nae jurisdiction—
Nae farce o' Upward-E'e affliction
I'd tak' frae ane.
The printer chiel, a lad fu' humble,
Weel-meanin', so I winna grumble,
Did it his lane.

Told them "*The Author wad be pleased*
Wi' their critique, as he'd been seized
Wi' poetry."
By Fiddler's Green, by Mermaid's Tail,
He may be subtle as a Snail,
But kens na me,

II.

Calcutta, March 13, 1869.

Doubtless you A.M.'s and D.D.'s,
Like tomtits hopping upon cheese,
Are very clever.

But for your worshipful opinion
I care not—grant it no dominion,
Nor shall I ever.

Syntax-sedate and solemn proser,
Mouthing your pedantry and posers,
And cynic deeds :
Go ! drop your wit on piebald Baboos,
Eurasian apes, or Persian Sadoos,
Or other breeds.

If ye were judges of the *weather*,
Or knew the worth of Laughing Blether,
Ye might condemn ;
But you dig up but old-world stories,
'Bout "Mother Goose," and "Johnny Norrys,"
And text from them.

You—copying—praise the sly Hindoo,
Because in turn he copies you—
Well plays *his* game.
Ah ! Doveton College, Snake & Co.,
Your ethic-glass is very low,
And so 's your shame.

Sweet, perfumes the Ourang-Outang :
 Sweet is the Tom-tom's startling "*bang*"
 To Indian ears.

The bagpipe 's sweet ; so are Pan's pipes :
 Sweet is the toothache, or the gripes,
 Or schoolboy fears.

So sweet to taste the warm caress—
 Th' Ihlang-Ihlang of loveliness—
 A trusting maid.
 To feel her flutter on your breast
 With but one ideal possest—
 "*I must be paid.*"

Sweeter to say good-bye to you.
 Said friendly, tho' you are not true,
 But I excuse
 Your *blunders*, your *best efforts*, and your
 hums ;
 And leave you to your sucking thumbs,
 And narrow views.

III.

Calcutta, March 23, 1869.

Intol'rance is not more monastic,
 Than prejudice is all scholastic
 In narrow mind.

Insep'rables that cannot sever,
So here they are, and shall for ever
Aspirants grind.

Poor foolish bodies, Silk, and Scarlet,
May raise you o'er your brother-varlet,
In scarlet too.

But he has more life in his hair
Than 's in your bodies—scowl and stare,
But it's quite true.

The veriest dunce would shun your gowns,
For other dunces' shrugs, and frowns,
And stolid faces,
Would speech—"here comes an arrant knave
Gobbling like Gosling, but more grave,
In set grimaces."

IV.

Calcutta, March 30, 1869.

O! Quill, O! Ink, I've got among some
chiels

Who have not brains to write, or think—
nor heels

To run away.

Save me, O! Twain, if I may yet be saved
From such a Trio, who've incessant raved,

Tho' kept at bay.

O! Quill, call up thy sage maternal Goose,
If anybody's useful, she's of use :

Her very name,
Will send a qualm thro' the classic tribe,
Who kneel will, and with offerings bribe
Their irate Dame.

O! Ink, throughout thy glossiest sable
Thou'st suffered—forced to build a Babel
Which *they* think is
Quite tantamount to highest Exaltation.
Which we consider Exhalation
Of mere drink is.

v.

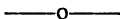
Calcutta, March 31, 1869.

Jump up, and rant among your Bookies ;
Girn ! throw your Satire soft as Cookies,
At me, the Writer.
Up ! Loons, and stir your lazy hides,
Fanaticism on you bides
As on Pope-Mitre.

Your noses curl ! rave !—let me hear you,
Talk awful work, I dinna fear you,
Nor a' your kin.

You canna raise, nor sink, nor sadden ;
 Your enmity's too dull to madden,
 Too false, too blin'.

Had you but praised I'd felt aggrieved,
 And very sick, and much deceived
 In my vocation.
Then had I pined o'er years misspent—
Then had I lived but to repent
 Misapplication.



FIDDLER'S GREEN.

Argument.—A Submarine Lady meets the original Brown, and proposes to him, as the Patriarch of a Great Family, a trip. The Patriarch, as befitted the Progenitor of the distinctive and influential Brown (without the *e*) accepts.

A FAIR Jade-Spirit met Bill Brown,
 And pressed upon him sairly,
 To tak' a trip to Fiddler's Green,
 He would enjoy't so rarely.
 Bill, nothing loth, at once agreed,
 So in the Sea they plumpit,
 And sank as straight's a plummet-fa'
 Right under where they jumpit.

Sank down, an' down, an' lower down,
And nothing still but sinking ;
But Bill was happy as a Bean
Against Pease-Pods' sides clinking.
Tho' never yet steam-furious keel
Long-ploughed, as they ploughed
down'ard,
Bill was a Spirit for a spell,
And but a wee dumbfoun'ered.

The Jade she laughed, and Bill *he*
" *haugh'd,*"
Wi' energetic gurgle,
Until, puir lad, his very wame,
Was exiting in curdle ;
But he the first of all the Bills,
The first and greatest Brown,
Had as much lead within his head,
As kept his stomach down.

Syne on the firm sand they trod,
And he filled 's windy blether,
Which raxed wi' water was as tough
As very best of leather.
His heart was glad. His feet not slack,
Struck up a *double shuffle,*
The water off in bubbles ran,
Agog at such a scuffle.

He *shuffled* till his legs were loth,
As Britons paying taxes ;
His head roun-raced as tho' the earth,
Had dubbit him her Axis.

Awa' gaed sense and left him there,
On 's scene of valiant " Double,"
Tae be prosed o'er by savant fish,
Wi' scientific trouble.

Their goggle een more goggle grew,
Till like a batch of Pastors,
All preaching up in drowsy Kirks,
Upon mankind's disasters ;
Their only praise occas'nal snores,
An' energetic nudging,
Sax pious faces starched and long,
Part shocked, but mair begrudging.

John Deacon leans wi' solemn mou',
A model swatch of Seeming,
Nod's head, and starting, stares some
bairn,
Until it pipes a screaming.
Ilk now and then a sleeper groans,
Brings down 's books with a rattle ;
And Girls true to sex, to selves,
Redemption risk for Prattle.

Precentor sits wi' steekit een,
 And look of holiest folly,
 Dreaming of last night's "*ither gill*,"
 When wi' *Jean Gow* sae jolly.
 The Laird, within his curtained pew,
 And John the chimney-sweep,
 By Pastor's sleepy murmurings,
 Are lulled to happy sleep.

And still Sunday after Sunday,
 You may see the wondrous show,
 Of the Sleepers smart and noisy,
 And the Preaching dull and low.
 How, whenever the text is given,
 Down go the Heads, as *one* ;
 'Tis Customary, and Correct,
 Until the Sermon 's done.

(I doubt not Pastors are sincere,
 And holy-minded gallant,
But why should God too often have
The very worst of talent !
 What scarce was fit to make shoe-ties
 Is "Reverend," and "gown'd" ;
 What scarce was fit to sailor be
 Is—minister *profound* !)

Like preachers were the fish inclined
To retrospect reflexion,
Upon the objects' grievous faults
That winna bide correction ;
But as these wise ones pro'd and con'd,
Up swam shoals o' sea-fairies,
An' took Bill i' their arms as kind
As ever yet had Mary's.

Swam with him to a mighty hall,
A hall domed by the sea,
Walled by great trees, encrust with shells,
And coral drapery ;
Ferns stiff with pearls avenued
The entrances, and alcoves,
And windingly, and thick, and green
Waved royally the groves.

Above all, flashing light and love,
From galaxy of glances,
Hung diamonds, arming every tree
With myriad of lances—
Which darting in the Mermaids' eyes,
And on their bosomed snow,
Were shivered and re-diamonded
In their seraphic glow.

All round about, for miles and miles,
Flowers countless held their places,
Made love to one another there,
With varied arts and graces ;
Fought too, until their perfumed strife
Aggrieved the learnèd fishes,
Who turned up their learnèd snouts,
Disgusted at such dishes.

Syne got a hireling scribe to write
Queen-Mermaid a petition,
Endorsed with very gloomiest views
Of her Chief Fish-Physician ;
Begging she would at once expel
The flowers from occupation,
Else tho' unwilling, they'd have to,
Make change of habitation.

The Queen, perplexed, called Parliament,
To ponder o'er the question,
And that night was so ill at ease,
Took serious indigestion.
The Parliament held strangest views,
Of such prodigious folly,
That even scientific fish
Felt more than *melancholy*.

Withdrew their *wish* for not so dull,
 Tho' scientific clever,
 But they could see that Parliament
 Might cogitate for ever.
 And *then* not legislate at all,
 Or do it ill and Irish :
 Justice of Peacesh ; beadle-wise,
 Or good for none ; or squirish.

And certain flowers were gift with song,
 As when two gods are met,
 Euterpè well might ravished list,
 And nevermore forget.
 Band-fish, snake-like, ribboned round,
 In bright embroidery,
 Of living silver, touched with blue,
 From the anemone.

Argument.—Tells further of what Mr. William Brown *did not see*, he being still insensible from the effects of the aforementioned " Double."

But not within the Outer Courts,
 Came the wild hordes of sea,
 For only those the Queen allowed,
 Could enter and *could* Be.

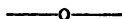
All they who lived in water, lived
As well within The Hall,
Without which rose the Water-Deeps,
High-arched as Waterfall.

The unadmitted there lay prone,
Watched over by the gudgeons,
Who used their tails, as gentlemen
Who rob, argue with bludgeons.
Right valorous policemen—they
Who fought as three to one,
And when they'd nearly killed a wretch,
Full-pitied, cried, "*have done!*"

Behind, beyond, and all around
Gudgeons in squadrons cruised,
And every gudgeon's daughter kept
His side, and him amused.
Good Lady Gudgeons stayed at home,
Wherever that might be,
Nursing, gossiping, like dames
On land a-taking tea.

The Mermaids swam with Sailor Brown
To where bedchambers terraced,
Where flowers like carpets thickly soft
Grew *not*, but never perished.

There, in the privatest of nooks,
 He lay among the virgins.
 Admired as never yet he'd been
 Except by prying surgeons.



PASS, AN' THINK NAE MAIR O'T.

I LAUGH at warl'ly men an' things—
 I shun a' that sorrow brings—
 Gleesome noo my heartie sings—
 Pass, an' think nae mair o't.

Tho' as nicht be every day,
 Tho' my speerit's aften wae,
 I dinna ken to better dae—
 Pass, an' think nae mair o't.

Life-wark is but *ups* an' *doons* ;
 Souring mony weel-faured loons
 That hae nae sense intae their croons—
 Pass, an' think nae mair o't.

We canna vera lang bide here,
 We canna keep a' we haud dear,
 Sae oor best plan is, wi' a cheer,
 Pass, an' think nae mair o't.

THE LORD PROVOST'S DINNER.

I.—*Argument.*—The mood the “Invite” threw me into.
My strictures. My determination to be “*up*” in
etiquette.

It startled me!—great was the fright,
I got by reading the “Invite”
From one so wise in grafting trees,
In splitting hairs, or splitting peas;
Rememb'ring what he never knew,
And only mis'erable when true;
Who until *now* had kept his table
Not half so well as he was able.
Now sweet's his mien and great his yearning
To play great man with great discerning;
Effects it by tremendous dinners,
At which sit down both saints and sinners,
Rich and poor, and weak and wanton,
From Germany and Greece, and Granton;
Son of Draper, Prince of Wales,
Maid of Honour, Maid of Tails,
Mormon, minister, and dancer,
Atheist, Bags, and Necromancer;
Also the clothes-wearing fry
To life no use.—no sense to die;
Sit down in state in Cabbage Hall,
Where face of brass is face of all.

There, where everything is grand,
 Seed and pomp go hand in hand.
 There the birds of every feather
 Fly from creditors and weather,
 Sponging off the *soft* ! old man,
 Eating, drinking all they can,
 Lost amid Elysian bliss,
 Their lives hang fondly around this
 Sweet gormandising habitation,
 Where whisky-toddy whips creation.
 But how could I hope to enjoy
 The dinner of the dear old boy,
 I of most mis'erable of manners,
 Devoid of riches and of banners ;
 I have it, sixpence " Etiquette "

In such a cause I can't regret,
 A sixpence—were it *twice* the sum !
 I'd buy it sooner than be dumb.

II.—*Argument*.—Treats of the manner I improved on
 etiquette. Shows forth the attire of sundry footmen.
 Gives an account of the dinner, with divers news,
 curious and rare.

The cab flew merrily o'er the stones—
 Much the jolting hurt my bones—
 Till after miles of driving sore,
 It set me down at Charlie's door.

I paid the fare, and turning round,
Espied a "*Yeames*" bowing to the ground,
(Full brimming of the "*Etiquette*,"
My *manners* I could not forget),
So I shook hands—"How d'ye do?"
"Tol lol," said he, "and how are you?"
Away we started arm in arm;
No cause was there for much alarm,
Yet the bystanders rudely stared,
A butcher's boy more rudely "*squared*"
His arm into a model pump,
Then mincingly stuck out his rump,
Wagging it gently to and fro,
And whistling cheerfully and low.
What was it raised this Sausage-Wretch
To such behaviour as I sketch?
Envy, I s'pose, being ta'en in han'
By such a well-dress'd, well-bred man.
Just so! once more my face calm-beams,
When out there sprang another *Yeames*.
I rubbed my eyes, and well I might,
For silver spangles hazed my sight.
The livery of a gorgeous plush
Made me at my poor raiment blush.
Old Charlie hadn't done 't by halves—
Survey the footmen's feet and calves,
The great rosettes of new red silk,
The costly hose as white as milk;

All blended in one coruscation,
Forced me to bend in admiration.
Yeames from me took my stick and hat,
My cloak, as well as my cravat.
I ran my fingers through my hair,
And did my best to reach the stair.
When lo! *Yeames* No. 3 did pounce
With—"Sir, what name shall I announce?"
"My name, Sir's, Mr. J. H. Kay."
Scarce had I uttered my last say
When "*Kay*" around those stairs,
Like sinner's voice at public pray'rs
Pealed thundering; and upward went,
With most magnificent ascent.
I gained the top, when on my view,
Burst a Stout Figure in Surtout.
We bowed, we murmured, and we started;
We bowed again, and thus we parted—
I to a room crammed full of faces
Of various idiocy, and graces:
All were engaged in social chatter,
Over such and such a matter;
And the *buzz* they were creating,
What 'twixt arguing and stating,
Vexed me; till I had been glad
To be either deaf, or mad.
Curtains at last were drawn aside,
And in we hungry ones did glide.

M

'Twas now I saw a *stroke 'd* been done—
They'd knocked the two rooms into one ;
But *one* thing I had not foreseen,
A step between did intervene,
On which I chanced to stumble,
And bruised One's toes, who loud did grumble,
Saying—" *Sir, you might apologise ;*"
Concluding gruffly—" *D—n your eyes ;*"
To which retort I suavely smil'd,
And the *One* look'd uncommon wild.
Without delay I took my seat,
And 'neath the table stretched my feet.
There was " *Le* " this, and " *La* " the other,
And " *Les* " all huddled up together.
Here was a piteous situation
For one of common education,
Who had not yet become a cook,
By rule of fate, or rule of book.
Was English not quite good enough
To name the meats and other stuff ?
Or was 't that French is kitchen-tongue,
And revels the dead beasts among ?
My eyes fell on the word "*ragout.*"
I hate frogs—this might be "*frog-stew.*"
Fearful, I glanced at "*Les Entrées,*"
Then trembling, turned my eyes away,
Resolved to bow before my fate,
And eat whate'er came on my plate ;

Drank I, too, of many a liquor,
Circling quicker and still quicker ;
I had just left the Nook of *Cosy*,
And landed on the verge of *Dosy*,
When *Midshipman*, who sat next me,
Sang of a ship that sailed the sea—

“ The ‘ Satara,’ a Sahara,
With its Arabs, White and Brown,
Who are prowling and are growling,
Day and night and Up and Down ;
And they rage there, in the cage there—
The prison-cage of Ship,
And romp there, in their pomp there,
In pride of Place and Lip.
Neither Prophet, nor from Tophet,
But do think a little less
Of their wrangling, and their jangling
Would make Might *more*—a Success.”

Well did he sing, I do opine ;
Well had he drunken of the Wine ;
Scarce had I time to coincide,
When from his chair he swift did glide,
And disappeared under the table ;
Just as a pious preacher, able,
Returned thanks as neat and natty
As Child's, when it gets a new Hatty.

Once more the curtains, drawn aside,
Showed us the portals opened wide,
As hint to go, I felt convinced
So I nor felt displeased, nor winced ;
But with a solemn make-believe,
Slowly I staggered through my leave.
Getting down stairs in any way,
Reaching the street to go astray—
To dream of an attack by Thugs—
Of champagne sparkling up in jugs—
Of Mary's beauty and her shift—
To sleep, when I her own's adrift—
Of——, when with splash and splutter
I rolled my shirt-front in the gutter.
My thoughts o'ercame me,—that the cause,
But several Men in Blue—the Laws,—
Said I *was drunk* !—it was too bad ;
But I forgave them, and was sad,
To see depravity so wed,
Among the powers of X Y Z.

BEAUTY-PASSAGING.

BUT hurrying breathless into things,
 With will-undaunt, but mortal wings
 Which weakly fail.

Then comes the rush of friends, and masters,
 Philosophising on disasters
 They never knew; they are life's pastors,
 And use the flail.

I feel as seventy, am but twenty-four,
 But for else hearts I'd seek no more,
 This thought, this surge.
 To happy be, one seeks an end;
 I have, and failed, for now my Friend
 Is buried, and dim eyes attend,
 Her troublous dirge.

Her name was Beauty, and she came in Rhyme,
 Came to me in my sev'nteenth prime,
 Or less or more.
 She raised up, what not facts would nurse;
 She found me aimless, left me worse;
 Foiled me, and did but pain disburse,
 Ere left me o'er.

With eager pain I gathered up her ways,
For her troth hungered all my praise—

My all-of-love.

Prospects crumbled beneath my feet,
I careless, for she was so sweet,
And I through every pulse and beat,

To follow strove.

Solely my Love, my Saint—crossing her years,
She laid before me songs and spheres,

Of other men.

Who'd striven on to dotard age—

To rest, before the Rabble-Sage,

Released the linnet from her cage—

Wide ringing then!

Rolled She as waves of roses roll awhile,
Pressing their breasts against each smile,

Each drop of dew.

Awhile, as Nature threw her last

Into an agony so vast,

That other agonies shuddered past,

Or cheerful grew.

But She, cloaked in my deep devotion,

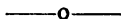
Lov'd but to leave: my ev'ry notion

Was of her—One.

Cruelly cast-down, for I am grieved,
To tell I've been so much deceived
By Beauty, which I once believed,
As lark, the sun.

Ev'n as I tell, Her spaceful wings, Her eyes,
Hush me with their decided rise,
Now swift, now slow.
My love, tho' buried, holds such sweep,
She dresses in the robes of sleep ;
She haunts the whirlwind, and the deep,
The rain, and snow.

Alongside ranges, upon every tune :
Nightly comes spinning from the moon,
And wheels the stars.
Enthrals me in the midst of working ;
Lies watching me, and ever lurking,
In crudest shapes, and guiseful murking,
And merry cars.



“CHEDUBA’S ” LAST.

WRITER! I bid thee write thy chronicle true-
hearted ;

I bid thee in thy strength arise
And write, as if from every word, and line, there
started
The Lost Ones, in their surprise.

The dreadful Cyclone, horrid in its fitful sphering,
Scourging its blackness at the Waves—
White-armed-gigantic, stung and mad, by
mighty fearing,
Answering their Lord, like slaves.

Graves founding; tier on tier, upheaving thro’
the Midnight :

Bounding their mountains through its reign :
Crashing their cowardice at the shivering vessel’s
fright,
Shrieking in her vexèd pain.

Fogs crowding death ; thunder, and the hail, and
rain, and sleet,
Down-tearing, charioted on stream

Of Lightnings, fork’d incessant, as tho’ Heav’n
 raved on Feet
 Of Flame, or in Demon-Dream.

Soaring up-by, on ev’ry hand the great White-
 Winging ;
 Gibbering Phantoms of the Sea ;
 Pause-chills ; the Foul Blast Horror ; and the
 unsightly Thinging
 Which Hell surnames *Jubilee*.

Writer ! not a British mariner, but true and
 staunch,
 Fronted th’ Immortal full in line ;
 Michael-wise when the *Word* shall sound, the
 Judgment-Day shall launch
 Over, from the Great Design.

As if they were engaged in a deep sweet devotion :
 Carried along in Ocean-Flow
 Of incense, music ; rapt in Joy’s celestial notion,
 And voices loved, and low.

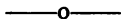
Write ye ! that above all, were they cool, and
 calm-majestic,
 Unlettered in the art of Frail ;
 That overtopping ; high’r, in most brave charac-
 teristic
 Proud-rose, The M’Corkindale.

Mourn for the weak, and bitter be thy lamentations—

Mourn not for these Ocean Knights.

Such were they; such are the histories for future nations

Time, the World-Master, writes.



DRINKERS.

PUIR "*Tweedle Dee*" cries "*Losh-keep-me*"

"D'ye think I'm a dram-drinker?"

And then to show his virtuous throe

He drains a startling blinker

I' ilk anes sicht.

Churchwarden sweet, *he* keeps his seat,

His linen nae ways hashes,

But gangs away frae speechfu' day,

And gill-stoup sternly thrashes

Wi' fervour bricht.

The *Sailor Boy*, his *Jeanie's* joy,

At hame owre much restricted;

Wi' rum's strong gree, and melodie

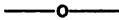
He's unco sair afflicted,

As oftens micht.

The *Lady* sips; sad demireps,
 Oft mantle in chemises,
 Tae *sip* she'll think is no tae drink,
 But sax *sips* mair than pleases
 Sobri'ty's flicht.

The *King*, law's sang says, *can't dae wrang*,
He's chaste as snow or monk;
 Well *dirty snow*, or, as *monk* so,
For I hae seen him drunk—
 This holy licht.

The hypocrite will nought **admit**,
 The **fact loes** no to tell,
 But you, my man, tak' honest scan,
 And you've been drunk yoursel,
 Or mair than *richt*.



EDITH.

CAN you not imagine the little girl
 With her bit girlish smile,
 As romping 'mong the little flowers,
 Soft-prattling all the while.
 And the wind from under her white straw hat,
 Disturbs the sleep of her hair;
 Throws back the Gauntlet to the Sun,
 From the Ringlet-Glory there.

Then disease—how oft'times worse than death—
Strikes hard with cruel main.
Ay! the flowers may grow, young breezes lilt,
But she comes not again.
The thrush, and mavis warble long,
But nightingale she loves best ;
For its throatful grief has her consent,
From her unquiet rest.

Upon the upturned Rose, the West
Pours miracle of song ;
And South and Lily pledge themselves,
Nor love less nor less long ;
But she never comes out again,
And she sees the old trees nod,
And hears the winds put up their plaints,
To the merciful Lord God.

She speaks not as she used to speak,
Poor simple, bonnie Edith,
She is not as she used to be,
Young, helpless, bonnie Edith.
But the day-sheen still caresses,
As it speaks among her hair ;
Living words it makes out of the
Gold-baptized, and braided fair.

For years and years does she suffer sore
Till there is *no* hoping done,
And her life is like the Star-Life
Which sinks into the sun.
Dear Sisters beckon silence,
Mother's impatient strain ;
But still the days bring no relief,
The nights, no cease of pain.

Ay! the flowers may grow, young breezes lilt,
And the corn wave bonnilie,
The sea roll laughter upon the shells,
And make love merrilie ;
Night-shade, day-triumph rise and fall,
And seasons come and go,
But Time still holds her as his own,
With her unaltered woe.

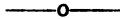
Weaker, lowlier, and very pale,
As infant hosts alone ;
When catching from over the Spaces
The Great Pale of the Throne.
But happy for fathers and mothers,
Are reaching out for their dears,
And draw a sweetness from their smiles,
A sweetness from their tears.

There was more in the heart of that poor girl
Of the undaunted brave,
Than 's in many Warriors, ending in stone,
And lead in Abbey nave ;
With shew-grief and farce of nodding plumes,
And eight-horse funeral cars ;
Taking the dead to stare from death,
Thro' the gilt, and iron bars.

How oftentimes, oh ! how oftentimes,
In the humblest page of life,
Do we not behold more valiant acts,
Than in all our valiant strife.
I tell you the closet has seen such scenes,
Has held such glut of woe ;
The Spirit died ; the body alone,
Went from the Overthrow.

The *black coat* has covered more harrowings,
Has buttoned o'er more *slain*,
Than the *red*, slow-carried from the Fight,
Through blood-fall thick as rain.
But the world is unsympathetic,
It can feel for no One-Soul :
It *can* echo the Grief of the Many ;
It hears when great bells toll.

For years, and years, and suffering still—
 There are mutters when she calls.
 There are wrinkles of vext impatience
 At sound of her sad foot-falls.
 There is many a harsh word spoken,
 There is many a wish denied ;
 They even forget to bless her,
 But they *blessed her*, when *she died*.



UNION DISCORD.

INCONSISTENCY DOTH CLOG MANKIND WITH MANY FAILINGS.

OF many that were there,
 Two glorious came ; as sun from morning strays
 Eternal amber stringing, for God's feast
 Of Time.
 Guardian spirits they—for Scotland *one*—the
 Other was for England. Spirits, but were
 Mortal-crowned with faces, such as Eve's by
 Mothering of ages touched, ere self
 Denial disdainèd ; ere she fell
 Defamed, and damned.
 Majestic each, in stature equal, with
 White hair like clouds' thanksgiving upon
 Mountain tops ; wonderful in seem, yet unlike :

One, as a lion, charging foes rock-habited,
 Gaunt-strange from fear to fail ;
 The Other *content* so far,
 Summer born of her beauty, lived with her.
 Great wrong had wantoned, for The Both were
 Moved as forests are, when strive to tell
 The winds' vast aspirations. Unequal
 Seemed they for their grief awhile, then
 Mutually embraced, weeping their thoughts ;
 Till dry upon the Sands of Speech, England
 Spoke thus:—

ENGLAND.

Since last we met the wonder-stricken years,
 Have told but little good to you or me ;
 Part hatred, distrust, tyranny and jeers,
 Would fain have swamped unalt'erable *to-be*,
 Tho' cannot make us as we were, still bribe
 The hate heredit'ry of tongue and tribe.
 A thousand years of murdering, cried God,
 Unite ! Unite ! or our dear lands must perish,
The only victor, ruin's callous plod,
 Black curst by hate which brethren cherish :
Death gasps cry daily, with their terrored pray'r,
Unite ! unite us, and this cruelty spare.
 A thousand years of woe set off in cursing,
 A thousand years of wailing lamentation,

A thousand years of frightful hatred nursing,
 A thousand years of awful desolation,
 When dying ones unhappy said *farewell*,
 Except their enemies were first in hell.
 And now there's more blood, more and murdered
 blood!

Rashness made judgment by the voice of fool;
 Wild vengeance foaming wildly as a flood,
 Law and Peace stabbed by the assassin's tool.
 Men slaying men, they scarcely reason why,
 All *justice* waiving, saying, *They must die*.
 Not men alone, maids, and old widows frail,
 Young children tender, others at the breast;
 The dead who died like men in fight, assail
 Thron'd God from heav'n, from hell e'en
 there distrest,

To see descendants making murder, trade,
 And writing *patriotism* on the Blade.
 Our *other* Sister by old lore deranged
 Has done these things, or rather been the
 screen
 For monsters fiendish, who'd fain see estranged
 The mightiest sisterhood the world has seen;
 A might united worlds could not shake—
 A might which only we ourselves can *break*.
 We love her; may the time soon come she'll
 know
 Our love, from that which teaches her to kill

Pretentious only of unaltered woe,
 Anarchy, deceit, and egotism, which still
 Prowl rampant; tho' maybe with care disguised,
 Are still by mocking notice recognised.

SCOTLAND.

You wonder much at "risings," "98's,"
 And other acts unpleasant, still most true;
 But yet you'll sit still and pervert the Fates—
Consult yourself—judge from your own rich
 hue.

You won't take warning—no; tho' on the brink,
 Go *on*, and in your going you shall sink.
 Still much you wonder, when men act and
 curse—

Scottish and Irish men, of course, I mean,
 I only *wonder* that you fare not worse—
 That they disgusted, leave you solely queen,
 As in fact now you are, tho' three should share
 it,

Wonder not what they do, but how they bear it.
 On every hand 'tis "Englishmen did this!"
 "The English army, navy, volunteers!"
 "England has said so, and defiant is!"
 "The Englishmen were greeted with loud
 cheers!"

And Scotland, Ireland, are to lowly cove,
 Whilst England binds fresh laurels on her brow.

I'll tell you why the United States so
 Hate you—fain she'd o'erwhelm in chaos-
 blight—
 You know numbers of Scots and Irish to her go,
 And think you it finds favour in their sight,
 To see their mothers sneered at and despised,
 And in Great Britain's *work* scarce recognised.
 'Tis time this reign of discord were at rest,
 And let this century sing faith and peace,
 Swiftly times come and go, still we're distrest,
 And will be till this one false name shall
 cease.
 Let *Britain* British be in name, in law,
 And what base wretch will 'gainst *his* country
 draw!

ENGLAND.

We meet to make things well, for some time
 back
 We've heard fell rumours of destructive hurt;
 Rancour, and wrong, and anger in the pack,
 Orders so haughty, feelings must be curt,
 Of wrongs which *must* be rectified for aye,
 Lest sister-stricken we march bloodily.
 United, differing little less than yore,
 Each just as resolute in self-conceit,
 Defaming each to others, so the open sore
 Can't heal; the heart is fev'rish in its beat,

The brain's on fire, and gives the tongue its
arms,

Which, horsed on folly's, careless whom it
harms.

I blame *my* sons full oftentimes for their talk,
And tell them 'tis dishonourable and rude,
That by and by rash words might armèd stalk,
Demanding *satisfaction* as their food,
That as they for "the Union" first desired,
They should be careful lest the train *be fired*.

SCOTLAND.

Too true, oh! sister, your o'erbearing sons,
As first desiring, let them first undo it,
And *my* sons, ever vexed by shameful shuns,
Take oath *by death!* they 'd not be first to
rue it.

For me, I'm tired with insults, scoffs, and jars,
Better! ay better far, our ancient wars.

ENGLAND.

Love! think you, wouldst so far disorganise,
As arbitrate with murder-gorging guns.
A nation's worth and independence lies
In self-denial and bravery of her sons:
In striving to be worthy each of each,
As willing to be taught as proud to teach.

Balance all pow'r, and name where diff'rences
unite :

Companion merit with the place of trust ;

Let right be justice in defence of right :

Give truth free hearing tho' it speaks from
dust.

But years steal by, and men "experience" prate,
Merge all in *wise talk*—acting when too late.

Although I check my sons for words of froth,

Your sons I *must* check, for the converse
reason—

I think in patriot speech they're somewhat loth,

And fearful to put in a "word in season" ;

At least those are, stiff-seated by the Thames—

Those servile "Ayes," "Agreed," and sapient
"Hems."

SCOTLAND.

I' faith ! too true, my sons are slow to change,

And led by those they love would "seat" the
devil,

So as their luck's in noodles won't derange,

For their own weal their "member's drivell."

But let them *sit on*, blunder, or worse, bletcher,

Thro' *wit* and simile, as coarse as heather.

A pleasant farce, many of my towns all life

Have not a soul to Parliament their plaint ;

I tell you, an't were not great sense is rife,

My sons might rise, and tearing down re-
 straint,
 Unite with en'mies, ancient banners raise,
 And what could you do if such were Fate's
 ways ?
 Your pocket boroughs may two members give,
 To represent the tailor, butcher, dean,
 How washerwomen in that Eden live ;
 In soapsuds, or on Sundays bless the Queen :
 How starving curates fall devout, and pray
 To bishop-sinecures for some more pay.
 About some " right of way " across the grass,
 Where all the little Smiths and Tompkins
 romp :
 About the strange shape of some sprightly lass :
 Or some discovery of squirish pomp :
 Or of some gallant, but passed o'er unknown,
 Who patient, bravely has his trumpet blown.
 Had there been a perfect legislation,
 And *equal* rights for *equals* such' as we,
 We'd had more Scotch representation,
 Much less low sneering, and hypocrisy.
 I trust you may not go too far some day,
 And find out carelessness is *not all* play.
 I *ask* you now—may never worse attend
 But grant—for avalanches gain by roll.
 Ask any of your sons, who is your friend,
 If fair I speak not, and with fervent soul,

Resolved to do for country, sons, and laws,
 Scorning e'en semblance of tyrannic pause.
 There is much grace resides in little things,
 A different wording, e'en a hue in dress ;
 And the bold outlaw loyal-hearted sings ;
 The "disunite or die" changed to "God
 bless,"
 Not "England," but Great Britain bless alone,
 For that's the only pow'r we'll ever own.

ENGLAND.

Why send you not a *man* to tell this truth—
 It must be done, or we decline to act.
 We two have left the maiden-front of youth,
 And know the solemn reticence of Fact.
 But if you'll still absurdly so behave,
 Send *slaves* to Parliament, and *be*—a Slave !

SCOTLAND.

I thank you. Satire in such hands as yours
 Interprets Virtue as she should be known ;
 The little harm it does it quickly cures
 By some oppression it has overthrown.
 I see I only have myself to blame,
 Electing "money," "mutes," "fools," "halt,"
 and "lame."

Why left I not when this I knew before—

That Bannockburn carries Flodden's gun ;
That " Union " felled souls which rose up no
more—

Altho' 'tis doubtful Scotsmen feel a shun.
My cry is for equality of power,
The Wind not glorifies the Hothouse Flower.
Throughout your realm—it makes me madly
sigh—

" 'Tis Scotch," synonymous with pert con-
tempt.

There's times, when vexed so, I would gladly
die

Rather than be where courage is exempt.
Your sons dare lower what their valiant sires
For ages placed as height of their desires !
Tho' now, to tell the truth, it is not much—

A Briton e'en can scarcely well distinguish
Between your sons, and your step-sons the
Dutch,

German wife-hunters, and true English.
Beg Germans, oh ! my sister, to leave you alone,
Or eat you up they will—both skin and bone !
I fear me much this foreign element

Will work us woe, will yet all councils rule,
Through wiving, footmen,—such means suit
their scent.

But rule they well, as long's they have a fool

To coax or bully; strike out now, and show them
 You're done with them at last, because you *know*
them.

ENGLAND.

They are an incubus I've pray'd 'gainst sore ;
 For years our noble sons filled up their ditches,
 Manured their gardens, died midst roar
 Of mirth from (we're polite) their boors and
 witches.

Now! to reward us for our mad endeavour,
 Come over here to stay, and stay for ever,
 "God save the Queen," and may He take her
 kin

And safely house them by their babbling
 Rhine.

Such "Highnesses," magnificent in name Fitz-
 Tin,

Should have some shame, and should not tire-
 less whine

For Princesses, and thanks, and thousands paid
 down clear,

Lord only knows how much besides, per year,
 From taxes scalped, taxes yet unrepealed
 (India is governed at much less cost).

Dear patriot potentates, your country's shield,
 Must you too grovel to St. James's host ?

Have we not paid enough for German lairdies ?
 Have we not paid enough for the kail-yairdies ?
 Enough for their concupiscence, aye here be-
 holden,

Enough for their expenses coming here to see
 us,

Enough for their frog-pomp, so brass and
 moulden ?

Can you not try in these late days to free us,
 Or *must* we toast them in subservient bowls,
 And *must* we pay the vermin in their holes ?
 But we ride on because too proud to walk,

But soon we'll walk, because we cannot ride ;
 The whispers of our must-be fitful stalk—

When Britain's by-gone shall be Britain's
 pride,

Then, then, when we can't pay, there's not a
 question,

Germany will leave us to a free digestion.

SCOTLAND.

Dull Shade and Common-Place, father my ken,
 To sing of "Owen," the tremendous son,

Of more tremendous father, whom Scotsmen

Much praise, and as reward for what they've
 done,

Are sneered at by the learned twain,

Whose noblest effort is insulting strain.

Their province was to toady lords—not teach,
 Leave other dogs to bark at other game,
 Not try the stale old dodge of pop'lar preach,
 Not try to struggle from their right of Tame:
 Contented be with Nurs'ry Maid or Duchess,
 Who praise and laud before they read or purchase.
 Oh! Shades, if challenged with such dirty action,
 With such misplacement of sweet common-
 sense,
 As Owen-critics did, and do in factions,
 And with such *morale* of a just pretence.
 You'd scorn this clime—retire to “Fiddler's
 Green,”
 And think it truly nobler than the where you'd
 been.

Tobacco-mountains, rum in perfect oceans,
 Pipes filled and lighted, glasses ready filled,
 Sweet spiritual Sally's of free notions
 To endless love, to swill with until swilled
 One's mouth, and brain, and heart's agog in
 blister,
 Thro' these and some old “salt's” infernal *twister*.
 Such is the Paradise sailors believed in.
 Is't worse *belief* than theirs who here pawn
 souls
 To death which cannot die, for *bribe* received in
 Exchange? For “joy,” a “name,” and
 “flowing bowls.”

Some 'd say "yes" unto their mother's ravisher
 In tones of which content could not be lavisher.
 List ye! to his lugubrious "Last Words"

Where tells his notions o'er his booby
 "Will"—

(Churning ideas as Joan churns curds)—

Who'd been an ass in life, and was so still.
 Such axioms, such a speech—not Ranter's
 sermon

So rambling, maudlin, puzzling to determine,
 Whether as a recipè for countless woes—

Like "Pills of Holloway," or "Norton's
 Flow'rs,"

Or if 'tis meant as sudorific dose,

For cold Fair visiting his father's tow'rs.
 Read it, O! Shades of Dull, and rebel hair
 Will rise and help you, to bewildered stare.

ENGLAND.

Upon the lad I think you're somewhat hard :
 He pleases "Curl-papers" and "Mary Jane,"
 With time, care, practice, he might yet be bard
 Of some asylum for genteel insane.
 Or better let himself charade "Bo-Peep,"
 Proving in person the sage views of sheep.
 As witness—*ev'ry sheep's tail sheeply waggèd,*

So *sheeply* wags his *tongue*, but not *behind*
 Like *sheep-tail*, for entail'd on (so wags) *sheep-*
head,

So *sheeply*, not "Bo-Peep" herself could find
 Her "lambs" so he but raised poetic *bleat*
 Cross-bred 'tween Poetess-Rhyme and Self-
 Conceit.

Verses are vessels freight with thought and song,
And Poets are the hands that work the ships,
 So find ye them bluff-bowed, in folly, or aught
wrong,

Blame ye the Wind, the Cook, an Earthquake,
or Eclipse.

So say the critics, and I think 'twere best
 To leave such margin for the *Owen-Fest*.

But shall the bold Disraeli be forgot,

The last who perjured faith by word of mouth,
 The last who stalked the common game, the Scot,
 And fêted, honoured, went rejoicing—South.

Now this is lightsome to vent loud applause
 Upon the birth of such unshrinking jaws.

Good old St. Ben, right hon'rabable St. Ben—

The Subtlest Blunder of this Subtle Age,
 How well he "educates" his little men,

How well he marks the aptest scholar's gauge,
 Harangues triumphant at the Premier's bench,
 Whose wood shall blush, when his pure lips
 shall blench.

SCOTLAND.

Only the other day when our First Daughter—

In mem'ries sown o'er Him she lov'd so well—
Said of all folks fate yet had brought her

In contact, none so made her great heart swell
As Scotsmen—queenly dubbed her “northern
friends.”

Higher than Queen, in that she condescends.
Higher than Queen, or any daughter yet we've
had,

Who knew the slighted and became their
friend,

Who does her duty—loyal hearts makes glad ;
Disdaining narrow, High-Church carp and
bend,

Eschewing politic's text, wrack, and ruin,
And doing that which not requires undoing.
Higher than Queen! who acts by conscience-
laws,

Acts, as she has to answer for, to God :
Heeds not soft courtiers'-flutter, mob applause,
Is not *too proud* to follow where Christ trod.
His words she thinks may be as good accord
As my Lord Bishop's, *tho'* a spiritual lord.

Higher than Queen, who never coined a tear,
Womanly fervent. Man in haltless mind,
Greater than “great”—Victoria the Sincere.

ENGLAND.

Strike her dead, and *dead!* (be worth resign'd)
 No living thing so queen, so beautiful ;
 All love, proud-sweet, so just, so dutiful.
 To Wisdom (oh! rarity) when he came round
 Begging, she, hall'wing royalty, kiss'd his
 cheek,
 Made way for him, enseated, and then crown'd.
 Like her, none other! submissionless but meek,
 Erring alone in love, but love for all ;
None other otherwise, in cot or hall.

SCOTLAND.

This was a crime, this "northern friends" of
 hers,
 Your churchmen and enlightened press said so,
 One would have thought the doctrine "love as
 brothers,"
 Church, mosque, grove-ridden should have
 taught, but no,
 A common enemy was in the field,
 Therefore, in honour, Press nor Cant would yield.
 Church-Cockneys, Snobbishness, and Common
 Pray'r,
 Horse-Breakers, Lawyers, rung th' alarum
 bell ;

Press-Bunkum Muffs cried with one voice,
 " Don't spare

The Queen, she must be heretic as well
 As mad ; she, Queen of England, dares to say
 Scotch Presbyterians can preach and pray!"
 Yes! said it, and preserve 's, she did not die!
 Spite of false fronts, false tongues, hearts
 worse than false,

Who libelled her because she would not cry—
 As misses, gay-laced, love th' embracing valse,
 Making of " dance " pretext for healthy weal—
 So crushed the hooded monster 'neath her heel.
 Are my sons less good now, than long ago,
 Is Scottish Chivalry dead in its grave,
 Are they less honourable, less stern a foe,
 Has valour dwindled into dwarfish " brave " ?
 Most strange am I in my strange widowhood,
 Mother of sons by all misunderstood.

ENGLAND.

Was there one man rose up from north the Tweed
 To tell the rabble that Scotsmen are free ;
 And is the Queen less free in thought or deed,
 That " England's " but a *part*, a one in three?
 Not one! one or two pens ran hasty o'er
 The insult, leaving it room to mother more.
 Surely forget you must that the Consent

Of Patience works not well ; that ev'n Irishmen,
Thro' grumbling, stoning the police, for that their
rent

Is *begged*, gain more. If more be wanted, then
Vendetta swear, turn Fenians, take their land-
lords' lives ;

I'm merciful—they shoot their landlords' wives.

SCOTLAND.

Poor, patient sons of mine, from year to year,

First in the Colonies ; despised at home,
Shipped of in droves, so that the deer

May thriving live, may unmolested roam :
May toss its hoof-pride where the patriarch
sleeps,

Where villages uprose, where mercy weeps.

Poor plodding sons of mine—their tenure-right's
Ingratitude. Their health and strength's best
Mays

Are spent reclaiming ; weary days and nights

They toil—then lease is up—they go their ways,
Because another offers fourpence more,
The man who *made* the land is shown the door.

ENGLAND.

My tuneful Laureate lately made a rhyme,
Catch-penny scarcely, tho' paid for in gold,

o

In which he tells us 'twas the "dead-hour time"

And "wet"—I hope he did not catch the cold—
At all events the "wind" was tireless "blowing;"
Where it was going to, was past his "knowing,"
Till driven frantic by the "wet" or "wind,"

Or both, he soared far over human croaking,
And begged the "wind" to bustle round and find
Anything worth "knowing" or worth the
soaking.

The "wind" since then 's been often "blowing,"
"blowing,"

But still I think my Laureate's not more
"knowing."

SCOTLAND.

There was *something*, and that below his nose—

His Queen to fight for, and the Scotch to
scourge,

But *maybe* his large wit already knows,

To judge 'twixt interest and truth's meek
dirge ;

Maybe he thought it best to keep quite quiet,

Whilst other madmen were intent on riot.

ENGLAND.

Maybe he wished to spare your aged heart

The taunts delivered by a master-hand ;

Maybe from his quick eye the tear may start,
 To see such bigotry stalk o'er the land.
 I'm pleased the man of "In Memoriam"
 Is somewhat better than an *Owen-Sham*.

SCOTLAND.

"God and my Right," the most bare-faced,
 black lie
 Ere worn for crowds to hoot at and to spit,
 There's only *one* can peer it, that one I
 Give, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"
 O! misery, holding glory such as this,
 And have not courage to give back a hiss.
 Years, fateful years, why love ye such extremes,
 Laying great titles upon *one in rags*,
 Making as reas'nable the wildest dreams,
 Consoling wretchedness with Tales from Flags.
 Better my children you had died distress;
 A beggar's roadside may be honour's rest.
 Dress you in velvet, give you plums to eat,
 And give you hard words many as they please;
 If you should wince they'll find another sweet,
 And you'll for ever wallow on your knees—
 Hail, happy Isle, where south *must* rule, north
serve,
 Neither from rule nor service ever swerve.
M.P. in Scotland now *Mute Peacock* means,
 Strutting its little soul, and talking much:

At "meeting of constituents," one gleans
 The land is cripple, without *it*, the crutch :
 Or *M.P.*, now Milk-Porridge represents,
 Or Mighty Person who soirée frequents.

ENGLAND.

But what a falling-off within "The House!"
 Where is the *Peacock, Porridge, Person*, there?
It is as tim'rous as a virgin mouse,
It dare not talk, it dare not even stare ;
 There *it* is drilled, to march out in a row,
 And register *as directed*, "aye" or "no."

SCOTLAND.

'Tis hard to tell one's children what they are,
 And let outsiders hear you reprimand ;
 But when for years one's door has been ajar,
 One only tells what others understand.
 Let's hope to hear the Wallace-like reply—
 "Scotland was not created now to die."
 To England. If you will—to Britain. Yes,
England's the wind which will not let us sail,
 Brimful of squalls and endless pettiness,
 Now in calm mocking us, now burying rail
 In sea ; now proudly all things 'fore it carries,
 It puzzles me why it e'er spares or tarries.

Why comes it not like sacrilegious wind ?

Is it that there 's been other wind of late,
Which strove, yet all unblest, so fell behind ?

Is 't that the time's not blossoming of fate,
Or is 't that Scotch blood *not yet* zeros
To Maudlin Lawn-Sleeves, or to Tape-Line
Heroes ?

"Pride comes before a fall"—'tis welldirected,
The navy-scutcheon is St. George's cross—
So thoughtful, kind, as if 't had recollected
St. Andrew and St. Patrick surely 'd be at loss,
Unless so crossed by red-tape wit and beauty—
"England this day expects each man will do
his duty."

Oh ! terrible Content which sips its wine
'Mid wail of trouble and the wrecks of time,
Fain would it hollow for itself a shrine,
While Thunder-Whirlwinds roll their chime.
Is there then nothing than can rouse you now
From simp'ring lukewarmness and stagnant
brow ?

Tell me ! the children of the yet Unborn
Will thank you for the lore of ancient days,
Their heritage—no name ; their birthright—
scorn ;
Their place to tend, and hand, not wear the
bays.

But you sit still, for furthermore you know,
Year-dust, landmarks and memories overthrow.

ENGLAND.

Yet hope I nothing, who will rise to fall.

Patriotism is dead ; Dogmatism reigns alone ;
The first of desolation which shall thrall

Your sons and mine, sowing our fields with
stone.

Destiny ! how much man feeds thy baleful fire,
How much might check thee if he 'd but aspire ;
So pleasant to live well, and die together ;

All things must die, but not all live again.

When our huge Summer droops in Autumn
weather,

And hist'ry tells of Britain's wondrous reign,
Would it be good to have hereditary hate,
To weaken weak ones, and to keep irate ?

Equality preserves free countrymen ;

Without equality, we faint, we fall

Untimely. Pray you pause before that *then*,

That *then* when earth sighs at our funeral ;

When sons rejected, often driv'n away,

Come full of vengeance, with a will to slay.

.

Gone were they Both, and lo ! instead
Stood *Shop* and *Clown*, wived with *Self-Interest*
And *Gain* : their idol *Self*, and *Present* only
Liv'd they for. Further I saw a golden harp—
Deathless in music, erst had quenchless stream'd
Peace-offerings to God—fall in the market-place.

Or ever its majesty and royal song
 Ceased quivering, the *holy gold* was
 Taken, melted into coin, for rich to
 Belly-glorify.

The sweet tongues torn out
 Lay under foot till One—whose parcel came
 Undone—beheld them, *had to wipe, ere fit*
To tie up vegetables!

The moon drifts slowly down the stream of
 night,

'Mong banks of clouds o'erhung by trees of
 stars,

(Duration's graftings from the One-All-Light,)

Nodding their blessings thro' our *prison bars* ;
 Luring our souls to hope for better things
 Than those which hang upon and break their
 wings :

Slowly she drifts, and surely there is bliss

And patience, in her miracle of smile,
 Falling upon us in an angel-kiss,

Forming our thinkings with unconscious wile:
 Pale-steals, slow-drifts ; thro' the entrancèd air,
 Ply out her parables in lettering fair.

To-night I feel again a careless child,

Unknowing hardship, tyranny, and toil,
 Or anger, or disgust ; happyfùl and mild
 Subdue me, and fain, fain would I recoil

From work, for I am weary, but 'twere best,
To do as conscience bids, then pray for rest.

Fathers! my cry is for our native land ;

My cry is for the birthrights of our sons ;
My cry is now or never make a stand ;

My cry is heed not promises nor shuns.
Elect ye " Members " who are patriot men,
Not like dumb mutton in a cattle-pen.

There is much slavery within your reach—

*Men praise God better when they praise him
free.*

Towns yet ungifted with the pow'r of speech,

In Parliament, are despicable as can be.

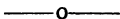
The land 's not free, the very household graves
That hold your dead are sepulchres for slaves.

For thy great name, that it may not depart,

I write, oh! Scotland, e'en in wrongful cause,
For thee I'd die, and happy ; for thou art

My all. If thou contented art with laws,
I'm dumb ; but art thou nothing, or a lowly
thing,

Or is this " English " egotism *meant* to sting ?



STILL MUST WE PAY.

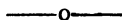
STILL must we pay for Prussian sneers and
scowls—

For Prussia-eagles peck like warlike owls,
Except we pay and sneak as now we're doing,
Thro' abject terror of such paltry booing.
Have done—we're low enough—a lower low,
And not a Pariah but will be our foe,
Holding our flag—our flag (pride of our sires),
Unfit to cover what the law requires—
His *wretchedness*—unwashen, tho' that be,
He wouldn't insult it with such drapery.
Don't make France always the pretext for war
With France: leave Prussia and its star
To flutter on their boasts—leave them to
France,
Their master; let them have a chance
To fight like men, not under *petticoats* go hide,
Crying, "O! save us!" to their British bride,
Who, if report saith truly, is not used
So well, as she is very well abused.

AS YANKEES.

As Yankees, Confederate veins
 Filled up with negroes, choked up with black-
 wash,
 In lieu of their manhood, their honour. Such
 trash
 Must be paid for. Who doubts of that hour
 When the "Bonnie Blue Flag" shall the world
 o'erflow'r,
 When some Hannibal shall from her Carthage
 arise
 With the blessings of honour, the love of all
 eyes;
 To drive the oppressors where were wont to be,
 Before death of "Stonewall," disasters of Lee—
 Brave hearts I mourn—O! that such souls as
 yours
 Should be vexèd and tortured, by brute force and
 boors.
 Were *South's* altars down-hurl'd—did her men
 die in vain;
 Were her matrons and maidens outraged, burnt,
 and slain;
 Her children, her sucklings baptised by the
 breath
 Of rapine, red-horrible, starving for death.

For no end? South gave not Irish from over
 the seas,
 The honour of *boasted* Milesian Lees.
 Yankees lying and fawning when nigh over-
 thrown,
 By the wonder of all lands—the pride of their
 own.
 Not to “Beast” Butler—sound loudly O! fame,
 Till the kindred hyena revolts at his name—
 Said—“Assassins and cut-throats at so much
 per head
 To butcher the living and plunder the dead.”
 No! South gave up her liberty, gave up her sod,
Not to Yankees, Blacks, Germans—she gave it
 to God.



AH ! MAGGIE.

AH ! Maggie, ye were fair, too fair,
 Too saintly, and too good,
 Loved all the right, bore not with wrong
 Until we waesome grued.
 Well could we see the Auld-Farrant Carle
 Was working at your shroud ;
 And so you melted from the World
 Just like a morning cloud
 Pale-flitting thro' the sun.

MY LOST LOVE.

LIFT up, O hills! thy green delight,
 And mingle ye in my lay—
 Ye are the only love that I have,
 For my other is lost and away.

Ravines and fissures fight for me—
 Thro' her, Oh! how wild their throats,
 Jutting their jaggedness thro' my song
 As they rush fury-tumult of notes.

The half of me ever was with thee,
 Tho' *her*, beloved alone.
 To the love I loved, I gave myself—
 Now thyself am, and thou art mine own.

Thy ev'ry torrent veins in my heart,
 And thy tops, O mighty hills!
 Shed down my feelings infinitely
 As tho' only they were babbling rills.

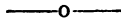
I see' ye tow'r o'er our cottage door,
 Uplifting the shores of Fife.
 Ye seem to me like the Promised Land
 Of another and promisèd life.

The bright smile wantoned over *her* face,
As moon-rapture in pearl dwells,
And her lips guarded a sweeter breath
Than joy-ringing of heather-bells.

When she but walked, not statelier form
Was in lady or in queen ;
But a gentler than Venus, when she lives
Upon Morning's fond breast to lean.

"Thine for ever !" her morning voice-love
Patterned on morning air ;
But her gentleness carried faithfulness
Till it found was not anywhere.

"Thine for ever," so true said she then ;
"Thine for ever," so says she now ;
O the *curse* of her *too much gentleness*,
Has outraged her every vow.



TO SEA-SICKNESS.

I'm thinkin', Sir, you're crawin' crouse,
 An' no fasht wi' much meekness ;
 Not even Woman can deny
 Yer power, Magog o' Sickness.

They're fu' o' pride. In onything
 Their vainness gangs adorning ;
 Their vanity comparin' gangs
 When they ought to be mourning.

But let ye ca' on them but yance,
 I jalouse they'll be carin'
 But unco' little hoo they look
 As little o' ensnarin'.

Their pawkie tittle-tattle then,
 An' a' their powre o' tongue,
 Flees tae their een, an', sittin' there,
 Sings sma' as ever 't sung.

Sole conk'ror o' the female race—
 Losh keep 's ! what's a' the clatter ?
 It is—the *sickest sea-sick fair*
 Already on *the chatter*.

WRITE DOWN, O! SCRIBE.

WRITE down, O! Scribe—"All men are fools,
tho' varied

Be their folly,

Tho' eke they feign the gay coquette, or monkish
Melancholy,

And they who write for lean applause, and *print* at
"Friend's request."

Fools all, or well they must have known, *un-*
printed's

Surely best.

"One folly foals another, see how solemn

Critics look ;

Poor father's champagne déjeûners can scarce
Digest the book.

Bumble wrote once, in rhyme he wrote—a
rhymmer,

But a dunce ;

Now for thy families' sakes I beg, be thine too
Scourg'd with "once !"

"The hypocrite who spreads his brow, with
nature's

White and red,

Thinking to cheat Godhead, when equal man,
knows

Him a rogue beside ;

Is he a fool—and is not he twin-brother
To the liar?

A fool who cheers dislikes to kill, and quenches
Royal ire.

“The joy invited, but that went so soon, for
It was but a guest;

The fools that knew it but aggrieved were, when
By it uncaress'd;

And they who lend their names to schemes, but
scarcely,

Understood;

Poor fools! tho' they may 've done their best, do
they

Do any good?

“The arrogance of the would-be-great, lamest
Of popinjays,

Whose plumage is adjusted to their wills, not
To their ways.

Is not this folly—that the world should praise,
Hold unabhor'd,

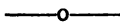
A *Life* that never was, or tried to be a man
Was *but* a lord?

There are three great Nobilities, tho' *folly*
Oft has tried

To change their *places*, almost has Two ignored,
And rank denied.

Nobility of Soul, of Genius, *then* of Birth,
 These three—
 First *heav'n*, next *heav'n and earth*, third is
 Chance
 And Earthy.

“Yet are they all *most noble* when in harness put
 To draw Life's car,
 But when restraint's eschewed, when little diffi-
 culties
 Make them shy;
 When they throw off Omnipotence, heed nothing:
 hoot,
 At judgment-bar;
 Then are they fools indeed, and “*in their folly*
They shall die.”



THE SHIP-MASTER.

THE master was as bold a man, as any man
 could be,
 And when he looked, you might be sure there
 was something to see:
 Yet not at all times; for at times he looked a
 little queer,
 As tho' he looked at nothing thro' the medium
 of beer.

Of felt, black-brownest, was his hat, of shapes
the queerest it,
But the queerest thing about it, was that ever it
should fit.

At times no one could know it, it assumed such
elfish shapes,
With the aid of little breezes, and ~~the~~ shabbiest
of napes.

But the mightiest thing about him were his
wondrous pantaloon,
Hanging about his crane-legs like emaciated
balloons :

His shoes were tired with ribbons, his coat was
tired with wear,
And his vest had been so long worn, it wore on
in despair.

At e'entide he ensconced himself behind a virgin
clay,

Forgot the world, and held commune with the
clouds he blew away.

Occas'nally hummed he a song, in honour of the
moon,

With most religious disregard, of either time, or
tune.

He could be am'rous too, for some who had been
maids

Contented rose to other charms thro' his paternal
raids :

Delightful was it to behold him bending down to
kiss

The *panting rose* of Mary Jane, or *peach* of Lady
Miss.

He loved his Ship, Queen, Country's Laws,
Tobacco, and good Rum,

This World, and held some hazy views of the
World which is to come.

But he lived and died under the pain of an
untruth vilely sad,

Because he did not as others did, his enemies
said, "*he's mad.*"

Accursèd be they who said this thing, who
hatched this hellish lie,

For it crushed him early in his grave, and often
dimmed his eye !

It gored his soul, and raped his heart, and pri-
soned in his brain,

Till the squall of death broke out of it, and he
lay still again.

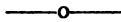
He lived, he died, the Sailor's Friend, a merciful
just master,

Whose leisure time was mostly spent assuaging
some disaster.

So was he loved in spite of all his erring, and his
fancies,

For he was honest as the Light, which dips Far
East in trances.

Whenever I would describe a man whose Truth
 awaits no mart,
 Whenever I would describe a man who shirks no
 honest part,
 I say, "You've done as *he'd* have done, *you* have
 a Cottier-Heart."



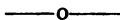
THE BOOKSELLERS AND DEAN.

A MAN may court a lady fair,
 Pay homage to a queen ;
 But small indeed must be the men
 To toad so small a dean.
 He speaks, the bookmen smirk and nudge ;
 He smiles, they fill with glee ;
 He laughs, straightway they all go wild
 At jokes none else can see.
 Hawkers of books, and critics too,
 Are they of whom I sing ;
 So smallest brain at once perceives
 The Dean must be *the thing*.
 In Ludgate Hill do they reside,
 Crowds at their doors are seen
 Expectantly awaiting there
 The arrival of the Dean.
 He comes ! he comes ! the crowds hurrah—
 Out rush the Name & Co.,

One humbly takes the carpet-bag—
The rest are bowing low.
In orthodoxest black he comes,
His smalls are somewhat tight,
(I heard once of a boarder
Who grumbled at the sight.)
But ladies say "he's clerical,
And therefore must be right."
His hair stands up like unshorn ram's
All lost amongst the snow,
And his nose is like a trumpet,
Neither sweet in sound nor low!
For he snuffs a hundred times a day,
And a hundred times doth blow.
The snuff seems as tho' into
His eyes it had recoiled,
And there, reinforced day after day,
Complacently had boiled.
"Shall I," "Will I," these the words
O'er which the Celtic stumble,
The Dean 'd instruct, but ah! his wit
Was like the poor bee "humble."
He might have been a jockey bold,
Gone to the fair rosetted,
But surely with the "Queen's English"
He ne'er should have coquetted.
He might have been a backwoodsman,
And hunted the racoon

Upon an alligator,
But he tried to puzzle Moon.
He might have been the ring-tailed Priest,
Of noted Gretna-Green,
But he would fain have married
His English to his Queen.
He might seem a most learnèd man
To curates, but we've seen
But mighty little to admire
In this almighty Dean.
Friends all! foes all! come down, come down,
To us at Canterbury,
And you will hear a mannikin
Word-rush in ramping hurry;
Running in prancing fits of heat—
Achilles in a Curry.
“ Shall I ? ” “ Will I ? ” “ Irish, ” “ Scotch, ”
He'll sigh are still existing,
In spite of all the soiled “ *Good Words*, ”
And all his Dean-like twisting.
“ Shall I ? ” “ Will I ? ” say I'll end
In sober-browed affliction—
I pine; I may not rest; I've lost
The dear Dean's benediction.
Since end I must, then I shall toast
The Booksellers and Dean,
And may they never again try
A deanified serene.

More earnestly I'd fain request
That they won't quite extinguish
The language which our fathers spoke,
Altho' not quite Dean-English.



THE CLERGYMAN'S COMPLAINT
AGAINST THE FOURTH MATE.

I wish they would displace the man who now
serves out the water,

He is so full of naughty words, I fear some
dreadful slaughter.

He holds a book wherein he says he keeps a
proper score,

But for myself I really think 'twas fairer served
before.

His "*tally*" labours in such dirt, I wonder he
can know;

Yet if we say "*Dear Sir, we're short,*" he smiles
"*I told you so.*"

Then he becometh witty, and says "*I've read, I
think,*

*There's many a very precious soul is cast away
thro' drink.*

*Anything in excess is bad, and as I'm sure I'm
right,*

We'll let the watery question run on, till to-morrow night ;

Spite of your stiff white-chokerism, I like you, cleric swell,

Look sharp, make sail, down tacks, aft sheets, and you may weather Hell."

He with impunity insults as oftentimes as he can,
Let he who will deny it, *Situation makes the man.*
Oftener than man makes his *actions*, Links of the
Sublime—

Tho' *eternal*, man is less *eternal*, than he is for
daily time.

But I wish they would displace him, if not, a
short space more,

And the *Water* will have washed him, clean off
salvation's floor.

Yet again, did they displace him, I doubt he
would consume,

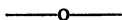
And become a hermit and retire from life into
his "*Room*"—

A place so full of lumber, smells, and guiltless
of air free,

That tho' I much dislike the man, he may
remain for me.

M A R Y.

WE are parted, but still thou
Art dear as thou wert,
And thy tender face smiles thro'
The door of my heart,
Till it opens ; and every living thing
Thro' thee inhabit my heart.



TO MAJOR-GENERAL HAVELOCK.

A FEW remarks on, and a few remarks to, MAJOR-GENERAL HAVELOCK ; the man who wrote such an impartial "Enquiry into the Indian Mutiny Campaign," and a still more unprejudiced criticism of the military character and position of the gallant old Field-Marshal, Colin Lord Clyde. With a number more, we think the younger Havelock was induced to write, not from a wish to arrive at the truth, but because his and his father's renown—such as it was—was almost totally eclipsed by the departed hero's.

I HAVE heard of demerits of great ones,
I have heard of unmerited fall,
But the merit but half rewarded

Is the hardest trial of all—
Ah ! the merit but partly rewarded
Is the hardest trial of all.

It is hard to behold the living
Running down, and aspersion the dead ;
Behold him perverting the actions,
And the every word that's been said—
Behold him so handling the action
That the dead say what living ne'er said.

Striving knightly to pull down the banners
Of memory that's raised to his name ;
Heedful only of his small misdoings,
Careful only to make praise be blame—
Dare he think the dead Marshal's misdoings
Will wipe out such *chivalrous* blame ?

What was it the elder Havelock did
That the Younger holds critical pen ?
I am told he would preach, and sing sweet hymns,
Sing when marching along with his men ;
And I doubt not he preached and sang sweet
hymns
Well enough, to please such-like men.

But because the Nation put up with the *one*,
Is the *other* one thus to presume,
To malign a nobler than all his name—

A hero scarce cold in his tomb?—
 To defame a Soldier whose martial name
 Is *not* buried in book or tomb?

By courtesy he has been raised to a rank,
 Which his merits could never have bought;
 And wherefore should he not be humble,
 And thankful, as pensioners ought?
 But I grant you, he's all things but humble,
 Plays all parts but those which he ought.

He's been seized with mania to amble in print,
 And has wasted much time, pens, and ink;
 His book would make excellent primer,
 To aid ancient ladies to wink—
 Spitefulness spite of, his Primer
 'S an opiate brimful of wink.

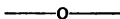
All success I wish him when next he may write,
 But advise him to drop foxy hate,
 Be more interesting, less prejudiced;
 With the certainty that his own fate,
Will be death; and none will be less prejudiced
 Than such a No-man, and his fate.

Scribe, critic, soldier, or whatever you be,
 I'd advise you to slay your goose-pen
 Until you can write, and until such time,

Try to learn to drill up your men ;
 I'm told you've a good deal of spare time,
 Better use it in drilling your men.

Leave *enquiries* to impartial writers,
 Not again try what cannot succeed—
 The jotting down envy as history,
 Taking *thine* eyes to witness *his* deed ;
 Trying to palm off as matter for history,
Thy words of ink as his deed.

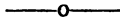
I've no doubt my man you behave well,
 And are *great* in the *village* you live,
 But my man you must learn to be greater,
 More Christian, and learn to forgive ;
 We all know The Campbell is greater,
 Than your father or you—but *forgive.*



WHISKYDOM.

HAVE you heard of famous Campbelton,
 Which Whisky loves and grows ;
 Where babies suck down whisky-sips,
 Maids sip whisky-goes.

Where men have whisky-jorums,
 To haggis and to brose ;
 Where the Curate texts from whisky,
 The hearers drink and doze ;
 And a ruby sheen is all about—
 The Ruby of the Nose.



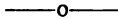
LATEST FROM CAMPBELTON—
 CAPTAIN M'CROOKED-NAIL TO MR.
 DOUGAL M'FADYEN.

Tho' on three periwinkles reared,
 With now and then some meal ;
 I am the captain, and my crew
 Shall my importance feel.
 Ev'n tho' like rabbits in a snare,
 They struggle, fling, and squeal ;
 What am I like—is anything
 The very least like me ?
 Is there another living man
 Can drink such barley-bree ?
 Is such an elephant of bones ?
 And shall I care for common moans
 From common men. M'Crooked-Nail
 Is chief, and by the Jonah-whale,

He means to be. He says amen—
M'Fadyen don't let your blood boil,
The wretched specimens of men
I have, will never spoil.
They are as greasy-meek as oil.
I tamed them, taught them how I struck,—
How I could wag my tail ;
Be summer, with an earthquake touch
That made them turn pale.
By Whisky Shrines o' Campbelton,
By God o' Naked Knees,
If I'll not have my will at once
I'll take it by degrees.
Iron-shod 'll walk upon their souls
If they dare but to sneeze,
And in the next world I'll them hunt,
Till they distracted rush
Into the lake of brimstone boil—
Into the demon crush.
They know this, Dougal, they believe,
And dread a coming hell ;
Feeling assured your friend will there,
Captain them as well.
And hope there may be some friends there
To shelter them—
Can I be drunk ? I can still drink—
And drinking, am not drunk ;
But a tremour is in all myself.

~~Away~~ ye sights—they have not shrunk !!
 The cabin's full of them, is sunk,
 In spell, help ! for M' Crooked-Nail,
 Help ! they strangle me, and they rail—
 They are my thoughts alive ! my Heart
 Split into Devils ! Did my sharp-edged art
 Lead me to this ? Did it depart
 With drink, legacying this ?
 And *everywhere* is *this*.

D. M'F. his note received,
 And D. M'F., said he—
 " M' Crooked-Nail is *down*,
 Is therefore a burgess of the town—
 Is free of Campbelton,
 Because at last, he's got D. T."



WELL FOR US—WELL FOR YOU.

GOOD-BYE, I well might wish you,
 After what is past and done,
 Only we remember failings
 Numberless, not one by one,

Resolutions made, repented,
By the makers, you and I,
Loving more, as need showed sterner,
Pass ye one another by.

“*To do better or to sunder,*”
So said pious Duncan Gray ;
But his reading of the riddle
Scarcely pleased us either way.

“*To do better*” than to love you !
That indeed would be a feat ;
So the very mermaids, puzzled,
Cry, “*Dear Duncan, take your seat.*”

“*Or to sunder,*” pious Duncan—
Be ye rigid as you please ;
But I fain would be excused from,
Doing penance on my knees.

Is pure love but fruit of mar'ying
Tied up to a modest half ;
Purse-bewildered or dejected
By the sequence of a laugh ?

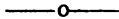
Let us wander on, and careless,
As the brooklet babbling by ;
Love-kissed by the green-leaf fairies,
Bowing with a laughing eye.

Scarcely philosophical this,
 Pray'r of ours to *leave alone* ;
 Scarcely pious, but can our love
 Testify to hearts of stone.

What's the lordling's condescension
 And the favour of his name ;
 But the fiat of the fashion—
 “ *None of our set are to blame.* ”

We have dared and done ; if not well,
 We can dare and do again ;
 Be assured our love rewards us—
 Wherefore should it give you pain ?

There is love that asks no better—
 There is love 'twixt nameless two !
 Fate has joined them—you'll not part them,
 Be assured—so, fair adieu !



THE FOP.

HE'LL never die if he can sleep,
 Ne'er think if he can dream,
 Lives upon chances that turn up :
 By *dress*, by solemn seem.

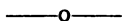
What his eyes see his soul believes,
 Not lets it run along the eaves,
 Till thought discharges, or receives.
 By smile that's tailor-fashioned
 To suit assenting face
 Before men, and I never knew
 Him to *feel* out of place.
 By his behaviour, so polite,
 The ladies love to be
 Helped by him when he handeth round,
 The tea-bread and the tea.
 Clasps waltzing misses, pats poor
 boys—
 A model man is he.
 Ne'er out of temper, but likewise
 Unknown to aught of good,
 Except when lays on righteousness,
 Politely as he should.
 His life indeed is summer,
 No tempests thralling lour ;
 But less the joy of singing-birds,
 Timid Beseech of flow'r.
 He puts his hand before his face,
 And cannot see the sun ;
 His common-place and dressy smirk
 Decry what God hath done—
 “ *Six days he took to make all things,
 I could have done 't in one !* ”

Aught that's original, he's sure,
 " *Must certainly be odd !*
The originator mad, or drunk,
A fool, or vulgar sod."
 Altho' whenever *he* understands,
 Must certainly be odd—
 Altho' whenever instincts rise,
 To teach *him* what is God,
 That will indeed be odd.
 Reason, can this being have?—
 He sees the Planets roll?
 He sees death's gaunt sincerity?
 Sees the green corn's swan-like end,
 The wind in requiem harping bend,
 As Green swarms into Gold?
 He hears the wavelets prattling
 The simple truths of Old;
 Learnt when the Deep's first triumph
 Crashed through Chaotic Cold—
 His eyes reach up to chandelier
 Death means "*Who's in the Will?*"—
 The Corn-Symphony most blest—
 '*Twill give the rabble fill.*
 The beach—" *I cannot—pardon pray,*
 '*Tis damp, I should be ill.*"
 Thus, thus, this jewelled solitaire
 Shelters where never nature beat:
 He only craving the "*élite.*"

If the Last Trump's tremendous wail
Appalled the Eternal Blue,
He 'd stroll off to his mirror
To don his best surtout.
He 'd feel more damned by a bad hat,
By ill-made boots or tie ;
Than another thro' disaster
Would be fain to ride down "try,"
The fair sex much affect him,
But 'tis sorrowful to me
To see a *man* fit for no more
Than handing bread and tea ;
Than handing Silk-Priests in and out
The kingdoms where they reign,
Praising with what small wit they have,
In chit-chat small and *Cain* ;
For are jealous, so their happiest is
When they are giving pain.
Than earnestness in coats or gloves
Enraptured with his *tire*—
Well! let him—*men say he is sane*—
When such is his desire.
Yet have I seen a *less fool* chained
Saddest misfortune's tool ;
Whose brains arose in strife with peace,
Who fell in strife with rule.
But he had no brains to go *mad*,
Filled up, was but to *fool*,

He might be sillier in his way,
 Could scarcely be more Fool.
 The Book he studies is his Glass,
 His Neck-Tie is his Hymn :
 His Soul has never dared to rise
 Above his Collar-Rim.
 The aspects of his nails and teeth,
 The keeping of his dress,
 Must surely kindle Dæmon's wit,
 Must surely where the Infernals flit,
 Must surely where the Infernals sit,
 Call up a mild distress,
 That they should have to take a man
 Damned for such Trash as dress.
 They *must* despise him even there,
 For devils not resigned—
 Enforced obedience quenched not thought—
 The Charter of the Mind.
 These quelquechose leased out by the ills
 To fritter noble life ;
 To teach us life is not our end,
 Else wherefore all this strife.
 The blood-stains on the commonest things—
 What thing cries not of woe ?
 There's not a thing creation knows
 But's had its bygone throe.
 As tho' earthquakes had torn up Hell,
 Hurling it high and low.

Or had salvation's palms and robes,
 Saint-Great with sight beholden ;
Or had frail infants ris'n and sung,
 Among the prophets olden.
Is not the freedom we enjoy
 Splashed thick with brains and tears,
From those who wear now fame's crown
 golden,
Mayhap from many an unknown,
 Drowned in the tide of years ?
And shall one wretch have pow'r to *play*,
 Amidst wild-litten fears,
And not one tell him what he is,
 Tho' worldlings vent cheers ?
Tho' he be sailed to deeper ditch,
 On Rouge and Coronet's leers ;
Tho' he be " Not at Home " to Truth,
 " Home " to Slip-Brigadiers ;
Tho' he be in ball-room or tomb,
 I shall express my fears.
Fop ! wretched Sir Fool of Fools,
 On this side of the grave :
The lowliest Thing that I wot of,
 That has a soul to save.

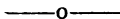


LORD SNEAKSBY.

I KNOW, Lord Sneaksby, your mamma,
Considers you look smug,
And "Mam-ma's" an authority
Upon her own hearth-rug.

But think you she, you're courting now,
Will take "Ma's" partial view;
Might she not dread you'd make her "Ma"
Of several such as you.

She said—"you were a man in parts,"
And yet, alas! no man,
Part fop, part fool, so much "Mamma,"
That marry you none can."



BY THE UGIE RIVER.

ADDRESS.

TAKE my song, wild wishes o'er me,
Since I knew thee, rash have flown;
Now are heartless, so to-day they
Flow a stream, as calm 's thine own.

Gravely move, thou ancient Ugie,
Ravenscraig still guards thy banks :
And the Centuries patrolling,
Greet thee from their veteran ranks.

Thou hast seen the mighty Marischals ;
Watched the sweep of Beauty-Throng ;
Washed the blood of many a combat ;
Listened to grey harper's song.

Joined the pure delight of bird-song,
From the Ecstasy of Leaves,
As it clambered up the sunbeams
To the calm East's distant eaves.

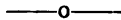
Heard the broken heart outpouring ;
Seen the weary's careless con ;
And the martyr, maid or hoary
Have received, and still *flowed on*.

After such things thou may'st scorn me,
Look upon me as a child ;
My experience be as nothing,
All my disappointments mild.

Well may laugh at my aspirings,
Well may call mine fancied woe,
Well may swamp me in the *ardour*
Of thine own Eternal Flow!

But the time may come when thou'lt say—
 “Ah ! my child, you're getting old,
 And your heart is slower beating,
 And your Resolution's cold.”

Nearly done is all your workings ;
 You scarcely have strength to doubt :
 For *Where*, has slipped along the Winds,
 And ranges in *the* Without.



S O .

DISAPPOINTED, oft attempted,
 But attempted, baffled, vain ;
 Vain and oft—*so oft* attempted,
 Fain I would not strive again.

The distress of being rejected
 Presses heavy, scorns control ;
 I'd give up, an't were not something
 Urges a defiant soul.

Is 't in Providence poor rhymers
 Strive and struggle not to rise,
 So their hearts, by suffering grander,
 Droop not, spite of sneers, and sighs.

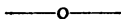
That *reality* not sickens
Weird imagination's powers ;
But, thro' wind and weather *tortured*,
Burst, Imperishable Flowers.

Take your **places**, worldly puppets ;
Are you ne'er chafed by the strings ?
Did it never cross your vileness,
You are despicable things ?

You are great, respected, wealthy—
There are some whom most men shun ;
But they would not soil their fingers
With the dirty acts you've done.

With the sycophantic crawling—
With the rare astonished eye—
With the ready-list'ning talent—
With the sleekness, set and sly—

You may drink to your Victorious—
You may flourish as a Name ;
But you've *bought* a servile Sunshine,
Setting in reproachful shame.



as passengers, besides self and butler, seven Arabian "gentlemen." Which statements being made by a person in authority, of course I believe.

7 p.m.—Give a convivial farewell—meet several parties whose power of condolence is only equalled by their power of drink—make several speeches—am complimented often—drank to oftener. Have choice interviews with Old Tom, also converse with Earl Barleycorn, and several of his friends. Find that being unaccustomed to such high society, my head becomes affected with pride, and will not condescend to do anything but whirl. I essay songs—am inclined to dance—am strongly of belief that the company is considerably augmented—that some of the new arrivals are in duplicate—are attempting acrobatic feats—are behaving indecorously. I rise to put a stop to such untoward and unwarrantable proceedings—find that my legs have asserted their independence, and assumed a separate existence. I endeavour to curb their eccentricities, and failing, go to grass.

11th May, 6 a.m.—Am roused up in a summary manner; from various appearances believe water has been freely used.

Friends drop in who insist on accompanying me on board. Make a start at

7 a.m.—Go alongside the "Hydrabad," and scramble on board, with kind assistance from a rotten rope-ladder, which with me only playfully swings to and fro, but with two of my friends drops into the water. The ladder is saved first, then the friends. Are all deeply impressed with her being a "*first-class ship*." If dirt, ropes slack-hanging about in easy indifference, sails rag-wretchedly festooned, and other small such-like constitute a "*first-class ship*," then the man in authority was certainly correct.

7.15 a.m.—My friends depart after paying the "*first-class ship*" sparse and somewhat dubious compliments, which my feelings will not permit me to enumerate.

7.30 a.m.—Rehearse my determination, and nerve myself for a voyage of discovery. Find my berth and butler simultaneously—the one suffocated in bags of pimento and like spiceries; the other in idiotic perplexity. Find that "*well-found in all things*" must have meant mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, and cockroaches, they undoubtedly being "*well-found*" as to condition and abundance.

7.33 a.m.—Make the acquaintance of two of the "*Arabian gentlemen*," who, lying in placid slumber across the cabin-door, I mistake for ill tied-up bundles, and fall over. See the other five afar off.

7.35 a.m.—They approach. Attempt to calculate when last they washed, or if ever they've done so. Am cast down on finding Algebra has lost its powers.

8 a.m.—Go to the assistance of my butler, whom still I find in idiotic contemplation. After some little difficulty succeed in rousing him up, when we attempt to clear away. I observe the butler is somewhat unsteady in his gait, and put it down to the strength of the spiceries; but on a closer inspection change my mind, and find an inebriated friend and bottle.

Another wild rally on the butler's part; the continued obstinacy of a small bag of ginger, and the butler falls upon the field of battle. I participate in the feelings of the fabled youth who supperless was *sent* to bed.

10 a.m.—Hear a sound as of a hive of bees in full confession, but discover it to emanate from a Pagan reading a letter in great tribulation, and through his closed teeth.

11 a.m.—The Nacodah (Captain) comes on board in great state in a two-oared boat with one thwart, accompanied with much noise, and more Arabian gentlemen, a number of Turks, Lady Turks, Missy Turks, several Persians and Beloochees.

Noon.—Get under weigh. Every person gets

into a passionate excitement for every other person's benefit—get orders—give them—have lost the captain in the crowd—cannot tell who's who, or what's what, except that every man appears to consider it his divine right to take charge. Wonder what it all will come to; comes all right in the end. The ship sails from the anchorage.

1 p.m.—Come to, about seven miles from where we started, as one of the Arab gentlemen has forgotten a basket of oranges and a paper bag of dates; remain hove to till 4 p.m., when the boat returns, and we resume our journey.

6.20 p.m.—Worn out, I throw myself on the bags of spices, one leg on the prostrate butler, and attempt sleep.

9 p.m.—Wonder if I shall ever sleep. Fall into variety of ideas on many subjects, the most absurd being that my position is comfortable, if not luxurious.

11 p.m.—I envy the butler, the butler's bottle, the butler's friend, the butler's friend's bottle; but, strangely enough, my envy contributes not to my happiness.

12th May, 2 a.m.—I may have been asleep, but am certainly wide awake at present, and likely so to remain, if two tongues, which appear to be recapitulating their lives from boyhood up,

do not halt somewhere between this and that time.

3 a.m.—There is a disagreeable odour from the direction of the two tongues, which rouses me to indignation; but on my way to remonstrat_e against such impropriety, encounter other smells as disgraceful, so return to collapse on my spiceries.

4 a.m.—Either tongue still exists in vehement bursts of guttural variety, lastly flaring up in mutual exordium; then am I left to the tender mercies, and comparative kindness, of the plagues of Egypt.

10 a.m.—Awake from nightmares and other nocturnal pleasantries to see—no butler, no breakfast—no signs of either; thus am I rendered more pleasant. If ever fit to die in angelic mood, I am so now. Go upon deck to chew the cud of contentment. Though most excellent of dishes for humble man, I decline for the future to breakfast off the same.

Noon.—The butler turns up, with eyes like unhappy grapes; this eye-extravaganza he attributes to sea-sickness. Try to take an altitude of the sun, and am pleasingly reminded of the state of things in the 9th century by one of the Seven seizing my sextant, and throwing it overboard. On my expostulating somewhat hotly,

he informed me in most persuasive of tones—
 "We go by stars and compass, and cannot permit you to put all hands' lives in jeopardy." I bow, with smiling face. Am silenced, though just a little afraid I may, some of those fine nights, be like the small boat; which in nautical legends has always taken up its place, *a long way astern*.

2 p.m. — Seeing the Ishmaelite inclined to make up, I assure him I think nothing about it (the *deed*), or it (the *sextant*)—two of many falsehoods I shall have to answer for.

4 p.m.—For two solid hours has an antiquated Arab been trying to carry on a conversation with me in French, upon the strength of his having *once* been to Mauritius. He seizes a word at random, eking out the sentence in gibberish the most extraordinary; worse still, as I have not any wish to offend, I smile and reply, upon which he *mouths* the more. Is evidently much thought of by his countrymen, who delightedly crowd round to hear the unknown tongue. Advisedly I say *unknown*. All the learned societies from now till millennium, could they form its alphabet? Could they, then is the philosopher's stone, of easy accomplishment, and perpetual motion, child's play.

8 p.m.—I jealously guard the compass, as if

anything happen to that, we might as likely as not, take tea with the polar icebergs; the Arabian method of looking up the way to Bombay, per the stars being, though unique, scarcely reliable.

10 p.m.—I accept an orange from the Nacodah; the same sets my teeth on edge; but bearing in mind the precept which my grandmother's scullery-maid's third cousin early inculcated, I heroically swallow, consequently suffer *gripes*.

11.15 p.m.—Go to bed, to be again entertained with conversations, decidedly medicinal, as far as concerns a person's not sleeping too easily, nor too much.

Fall asleep—dream of "Arabian Nights"—therein do my *sextant* and *French* friends perform parts of extraordinary merit.

13th May, 8 a.m.—Saw several of the women—*one* rather more than pretty. Bowed politely to all, and was dreadfully scowled at by the houri's father, a straw-coloured Turk of fierce exterior. Console myself with a cigar, and water slightly diluted with brandy.

When opportunity offers, I close one eye in a decisive manner (the vulgar might call it winking). Thus begins the day.

11 a.m.—Find a rusty barometer, rusted at "Change," with a rusty lady on top calmly observing with a rusty smile. I speculate as to

why they put a lady on top and then allowed her to rust—how the weather was when it wanted to “Change”—whether the lady or the weather wished to “Change”—if both, which would tire first—how often it should have “Changed” since—and whether the lady and barometer consider “Change” as a fair compromise for all weathers, besides a safe and practicable way of mystifying future generations of Arabs, as to the state of the weather at any time. From these have I deduced results no doubt to be ranked among great discoveries of the age, viz. “Change” is not to be relied on, except in as far as ladies and weather are concerned. Also that rust is not a barometrical necessity.

1 p.m.—Have come to conclusion that my butler delights not only in peacefully reclining under the shade of a cabbage tree, or any other tree or shade; but is so tender in care of my brandy, his marks of affection are plainly visible.

3 p.m.—A breeze springs up. I feel nohow.

Let those who have lain panting on a five feet shelf, in a confined, stenched, dirty *den*, rolling and tumbling, creaking and groaning, with all its deck-seams and top-side seams leaking, rain pouring, torrent of foreigners, clouds of smoke, much spitting, disgorging of edibles, also drinkables, with dreadful headache, rush of feelings

and stomach, imprecations, prayers, howls, shrieks, a drunk butler, a drunk butler's drunk friend breathing close by—then write *if they can*.

14th May, 4 p.m.—Enter it as my decided belief that Persians live principally on dirt, curry and rice, quarrelling, and prayers. The latter so intent upon, as to raise misgivings, if sincerity and vehemence were criterion of religion, where they *must* go; where we *might*.

7.9 p.m.—Find my friend of the unknown tongue has an unmistakable and inordinate partiality for oranges, if I might judge from his devouring them from early dawn until I lose sight of him at night; how long afterwards I shall not venture to guess; but enter it as my opinion,—I may be wrong, but it is my opinion, he sleeps with, from 3-8ths to 7-8ths of an orange in his mouth, night after night.

10 p.m.—Subscribe myself a thorough and entire believer in the time-honoured rhyme of "The Devil ran away with the little tailor boy." I go further, and hold that the said little tailor boy has been brought back and put on board this ship. For here is a boy, who might have been sojourning with his Malignant Majesty from then till now; so black is he, so stamped with goose.

15th May, 8 p.m.—Hearing there is an Oriental Society somewhere, I beg to be allowed to bring the following question under its notice :—

Are there not many Arabs who never sleep? Methinks if this position be met with *sleep is necessary to life*, then many Arabs contrive to slumber with all their senses wide-awake; their tongues especially in first-rate working order, equal to any donkey-engine ranging from 4 to 7 horse.

Might I venture upon a *fact*?—I should say, an Arab in fault goes through more pantomime than a Frenchman in delight.

9 p.m.—Butler catches three plump rats, and horrifies me by proposal to curry them.

Certain that he is *down* on me in consequence of the brandy question, not having been adjusted according to his expectations; I mentally resolve against curried dishes.

11 p.m.—To bed, but not to rest, or dream, or sleep, for after most unequal struggle with hundreds of mighty cockroaches, invaders of my peace and bed; in which I gloriously defeated two and twenty of them, and might have overcome more had they not made a simultaneous charge and driven me out on deck, where forlornly did I gaze for some space; thereafter lay down upon the planks. With slight exceptions

of being walked over *twice*, fallen over *once*; I slept well, and arose pleased indeed, because of these interruptions having had Four sleeps instead of one.

16th May, 5 a.m.—A squall strikes the ship. The Mate flies into such ecstasies of terror, claps his hands so often in despair, is so pointed in person, wears so small a red skull cap on his shaven head, has a hooked nose, and small eyes, cries so like a cock, that I hesitate not but put him down as such; and a very good rooster is he, for manages out of every twenty-four hours to undergo the fatigue of sixteen of solid, hard sleep. Spends the rest of his time, pecking, crowing, hubble-bubbling, just to appetise *him* for the coming pilgrimage to the Land of Nod.

7 a.m.—We see the land.

7.10 a.m.—Feel it! What matter? the Nacodah says he "*knows where we are*;" further, "*the people are cannibals*;" that "*this is Ul Hherab*."

The Orientals evidently are dubious of its fair fame, as they tear their beards, shout their prayers, with noise sufficient to disturb Mate's journey ere seven hours are over; assuredly enough to attract any wandering man-eater's notice.

I put out two wishes—one for the beard-tearers

and prayer-howlers ; one for the place. First, that Bedlam, Newgate, or other monument of antiquity might catch *them* ; second, that *it* might sink two fathoms for two minutes.

9 a.m.—Fain would I say "*my bark is on the sea,*" but it's still on shore—myself, bark, and barque ; likely so to remain except the tide flows high ; for pith, of Mahomet's religion as interpreted by "*true believers,*" evidently means Words—no more.

11 a.m.—She floats off. The air stupifies with cries of "*Allah !*" "*Allah-el-Allah !*" "*Allah Ackbar !*" See several suspicious-looking natives peeping over the sand-hills at us ; then my fellow-passengers cry "*Seere !*" "*Estubrrah !*" for which tokens of friendship we are rewarded with an arrow-shower. One of the shower, transfixes my butler in that part fabled to be honourable, but oftener converted into a seat than raised above its compeers. He shouts in an alarming manner, and is consoled by several believers gagging him with their turbans ; showing what excellent comforters people are, when neither hurt, nor implicated.

Noon.—I attempt to convince the Nacodah the nearer way to Bombay is to cross the Arabian Sea, but fail, he demonstrating evidently to satisfaction of all but myself—"The quickest, surest

way of getting to the shore of Bombay is by coasting."

I coincide as to its being "*quickest, surest way of getting*" *a-shore* and there remaining, but am doubtful as to its being "*quickest, surest,*" to shore of Bombay.

3 p.m.—I am aware I sat long at dinner. Joy, *not* brandy, possessed me. I entered into confidence with an Arabian poet, who had visited at Calcutta, so was *au fait* on British manners, and engaged him to write me a sonnet in praise of Beauty, dear to me. Here it is translated word for word:—

“O! fairest female, you're everything nice,
 From crater of Etna to pailful of ice;
 O! fairest female, my *sweet* and my *salt*,
 My bottle of blacking, my milk, and my malt;
 O! fairest female, I'm drunk for your sake,
 For your sake, my *head* will be sore when I
 wake.”

I object to the sentiment of the last two lines, but the poet, like others of the genus, scorns criticism and walks off.

4 p.m.—I *know* I walked about the decks unsteadily.

5 p.m.—I *know* I did several things I ought not to have done, but 'twas all joy, *not* brandy.

6 p.m.—I *know* I kissed several women against their wills, or otherwise I *know* not.

7 p.m.—I *know* I displeased the straw-coloured Turk because I persisted in seeing his daughter.

8 p.m.—I *know* I did see her.

10 p.m.—I *know* I must have fallen asleep, for I *know* nothing about it.

17th May, 5 a.m.—Awake to find—O, horror! the fair Turk beside me; my modesty is shocked; so is hers. I cannot bear to see her cast down, so embrace her. Am detected in the act by many eyes. Immediately am hauled out, and brought before the Nacodah. A dozen tongues howl out against me in varied stages of truth and passion. I tell *my* story. The Nacodah, as Judge, proves a *wise* Judge. Finds, "there has no wrong been committed:" Finds, "a wrong may have been committed:" Finds, "that if a wrong has been committed, the two parties shared and shared alike; that if they did *not* do so, they should have done so:" Finds, "it is all a mistake; that if not a mistake it should have been, *but* opinions differ:" Finds, "it has a curious look, but curious things are not always *rare*:" Finds, "many things are strange; everything is strange." Sums up by assuring all, he "considers both sides right, but what they may consider *right*, he knows not; that in considera-

tion of both sides being right, neither side can be wrong; except that the two accused, if they feel themselves right, should be content; and if they feel themselves wrong, should right themselves as soon as possible."

I put the Nacodah—Ali, Bin Mahomed, Shawgh Ali as equal in Exchange to two Sultans, four *holy* camels, humps and all.

8 a.m.—I am a convert to the Oriental style of dress, as far as modesty and comfort go.

8.15 a.m.—My butler has got on a pair of jean pantaloons of such large and glaring pattern that I am constrained to tell him, he will die a fearful death.

9 a.m.—The "Hydrabad," I was told, had never been known to leak; but, as the pump-gear is by much the brightest furniture in the ship, and as they have never ceased throwing water since we left, I must question the veracity of the teller.

10 a.m.—One of the sea-cunnies (quarter-masters) thrashes a boy to the tune of Cane—plays it skilfully, but perhaps *rather* severely, if one is to conjecture from the culprit's troubled countenance, and body-gracefulness. This performance disturbs not the equanimity of the Believers, who are at their Koran, and *are* calm.

11 a.m.—I relate the Lascars' (seamens')

mode of washing their garments. They wear them night and day, storm and sunshine, eat, drink, pray, sleep in them ; wear them into rags ; then, to reward them for their patience and perseverance in accumulating populated dirt, top them overboard to be washed by the Great Washerwoman—the Sea.

2 p.m.—Feeling unwell, I ask for a dose of salts, and am accommodated with what the mate and butler assure me is such. Being dubious as to their skill as apothecaries, I wish to see from whence they got it, and am *delighted* (?) to find they took it from a phial labelled "Acetas Plumbi." This remembers me of a story :—

A certain Dr. Cumming—famed for loving verbosity, pomposity, and aqua cinnamome—went into a country druggist's shop to obtain a draught of the last-named love. In his own words—"found an awkward, growing lad placed behind the receipt of custom. I supplicated for a *glass of aqua cinnamome* ; but the foolish lad, unwitting what he did, gave me a glass of *aqua ammonia*. Had it been *aqua ammonia fortius*, whereas it was the *aqua ammonia metius*, I should inevitably have been suffocated."

18th May, 3 p.m.—I see something painted on the port bow of the two-oared-one-thwarted-only-boat-we-have-of-honourable-mention-heretofore.

The *something* I take to be the Moon, with eccentric flourishes disturbing its usual placidity. Nearer, I take it to be a Wash-Hand Ewer of curious design ; but on enquiry find it to be a Peacock.

Time uncertain.—Aroused by piteous lamentations ; rush out of bed to see a pair of legs protruding from a tubful of water. My butler and a boy—the exact height of the tub—vainly, but frantically, endeavouring to assist the legs in getting their appurtenances into proper sphere of sociability. I convert myself into "Instructions how to proceed with those apparently drowned," and spill the Tub-Wrecked upon the fragrant deck.

19th May, 6 a.m.—Awake with strong presentiment of death by suffocation ; find three heathens solacing themselves with smoke. Attempting to escape, I put my naked foot into a brazier of red-hot ashes. I shrink—I fall—amid the crash of hubble-bubble stems, the entanglement and discomfiture of beards, turbans, sandals, modesty—tableau.

10 a.m.—Waited on by two sick men, who have been attracted by the fame of my not having permitted myself to be poisoned. Adopt an amalgamated system of hot water, mustard, and fat.

11 a.m.—Another patient arrives. I improve upon my former treatment by mixing up with it julep, two pills, and a proportion of castor oil. N.B.—With pride I may say the dose has had an extraordinary effect.

20th May, 4 p.m.—Behold a system something like a system! An unfortunate man has a deranged stomach with severe headache. His throat is seized in a strong grasp, and held till strangulation seems probable; when released, and before he has time to gather breath, he is turned on his face, extended at length; then do a couple of heavy men deliberately jump upon him in most approved American fashion, except that the latter *cow-hide*, the former *cowe-sickness*.

My queries on seeing the above, with answers I received:—

Why was the man seized by the throat?

Because he was sick.

Why was he nearly choked?

Because he had a sore head.

Why was he jumped upon?

Because he had a sore stomach.

Why did *two* men jump on him?

Because *two* is better than *one*.

Why were they heavy men?

So they might jump the heavier.

11 p.m.—The sick still groaning lies—a bril-

liant example of the patience and exertions of the *sore head* and Thug—the *sore stomach* and Jumpers.

21st May, 9.30 a.m.—Find the sable hero of the devilish luck, and lines has got a name. A name of grandeur—of five syllables; the first two of which are pronounced through the nose, followed by the others, breathless hurrying after. Lo!—Hhyps-ump-shee-y-me; total, Hhypsump-sheeyme.

2.37 p.m.—Sight Sootra, showing we must have taken and made a good course for the Red Sea; but as we originally purposed, and still desire, to get to Bombay, I suspect the Nacodah has got inkling of geography not to be found in maps.

3 p.m.—Meet the straw-coloured Turk, who goes through a pantomime to the effect that if "he had me in a certain place he would perform an operation upon me which would relieve him from all further care," and thereafter changes his colour into a long-barned-hay complexion; looking very sour indeed.

In dumb show I reply as follows:—Express obligations for his kind and surgical intention; imitate an infant crying, bend myself reverentially, and go.

7 p.m.—Retire early in case the tragedy of

"The Spider and the Fly" should be recast for my especial benefit. My friend—my very kind friend—the Turk, playing *Spider* to my *Fly*.

22nd May.—A day, and nothing more.

23rd May, 10.15 p.m.—Listen to one of "Sinbad's Voyages" told in Arabic; very well told it is, if it were not the narrator insists that "Sinbad" founded London, conquered the Land of Egypt, and was Mahomet's greatgrandfather. These assertions give rise to much lively discussion, well-flavoured with personal reflections.

24th May, Noon.—Witness a Nubian war-dance. The dancers knot their limbs, and disjoint themselves at pleasure. Stranger still, the audience is pleased. To one of the performers I secretly tendered a glass of whisky, curious to see what he would do with it. He drank it off in the usual manner, in rather less than the usual time.

1 p.m.—The Nacodah carries the reputation of being a devout worshipper, one who since five years old has not omitted a single form of prayer. Hence being at present 37 years' 9 months 15 days old he has—in round numbers—knelt 551,000 times, not taking into account extra observances, &c. It strikes me a stout man cannot be a good Mahomedan, but a gymnast should be.

6 p.m.—Nacodah tells me, "when a lady after a certain interval presents her lord with what is not generally in the Trousseau, he immediately hies to his mosque, and lies down upon his face, praying for some considerable time. When a lady is contrary, or wintry; the lord repairs to his mosque at night, frequently kneels over 500 several times between dusk and dawn, while the lady, evidently an uninterested party, takes comfortable rest."

25th May, 0.1 a.m.—Having been calm for several days this midnight has been elected to pray to, and propitiate Allah and Mahomet. Such performance as I saw, bears comparison with nothing of our day, or century; so mixed up was it with Arab-superstition, Druid-fanaticism, Christian-groping.

A Lamp was lighted and put down on deck, next a pot containing "Luban" (incense-smelling); then a man in white from head to foot, holding a short bâton, sat down on the *right* of the Lamp and Luban. After sitting down, he lighted the Luban. Nacodah sat down *between* the Lamp and Luban; on his *left*, another man in white bearing the Koran. On the other side of Lamp and Luban were seven, and afterwards twelve, men dressed variously, who sat upon their heels, and as close as they could pack.

Dead silence was. The bâton-man held his symbol high overhead; sat as the seven sat, then raised his body to his knees, stretched slightly backward, moved his *right* shoulder glidingly and to the *right*, dragged his head slowly after, then uprighted himself; and again sat down upon his heels. The same process he repeated, but to the *left*. When finished the men opposite contributed to a terrific howl, which might well have frightened into the Granary of Winds any tender breeze intending to assist us. Thereafter the bâton-holder began a chaunt, to which the seven chorused, swaying their bodies as above described for half an hour. I never saw men so serpentine in their motions, so earnest in their invocations, so disregarding of weariness as they were. But withal discordant above conception, so an Objibaway wake is harmony to it.

Nacodah proceeded to read sentences from the Koran, it being handed to him by the *left* man. At end of each the devoted Seven responded by invoking the name of "Allah!" *Luban* was then passed round for all to smell.

A short interval ensued; during the limited time—ten minutes—strong coffee was drunk. Thereafter Nacodah, and the two in white, commenced a low but very sweet tune, sung in

parts by the Twelve, and throughout the bystanders by a deep, bass *hum*, now murmuring, now decisive, now dying. No not with the *Miserère*, not with any music was I ever so impressed, so lifted up.

Adown the heavens the moonbeams flowed, breaking against our sails, our turbaned passengers; a silent music, mixing with harmony and immortality.

I grew as earnest as the believers in Mahomet, and as solemn.

About 2 a.m.—Some mummery was gone through, such as one fellow stabbing himself with a real sword in an imaginary manner; another realising the saying "the first time I struck him I missed him, the second time I struck him in the same place;" others gibbering, making faces, &c.

At 3 a.m. they began with the first-described motions, which they never rested from till all was finished. The sentences and chaunts were different from the former ones, till about 4.10, just before day-break, when my favourite was sung. One of the twelve worked himself into a fit, and was allowed to come out of it as best he might, it being considered impious to handle mortality until the invocation be concluded. Seven others went into fits soon after. At first

peep of day the chaunt wound up in an unearthly shout from every living being aboard. Nacodah put up a short prayer. Then all knelt; aloud asking a blessing, and the service was over.

Truly was it a sight impossible to forget.

26th May, 11 a.m.—The "*French*" scholar gets hold of my MSS., holds them upside down, and is evidently benefited thereby.

9.40 p.m.—Smoke a peaceful pipe with *one* of the *seven*. Am sick in consequence, but feel too highly honoured, to make much of such mishap.

Decline henceforward to put faith in tests as to strength and durability of rope. Here are withered-away, broken-down, sickly-looking ropes, bearing strains, healthier patent ones would crack under. Not only do they bear them, but appear perfectly content, seeming by their placid endurance to defy all ails hemp, manilla, hide, coir undergo usually.

27th May, 6.50 a.m.—After serious deliberation, I incline to believe that "*When shall we get to Bombay?*" is soon to rise to riddle-dignity, without any means of solution. That, "*Shall we ever get to Bombay?*" is a more felicitous way of expressing the feelings.

8.20 a.m.—Who has not read the threateningly-polite placard placed in front of helmsmen in British steamers? Here the leader in all

conversations within range of his ears and understanding is the sea-cunny, (quartermaster) who happens to be at the wheel. "Hydrabad" is easy on her helm, so he is accommodated with a chair; he occasionally fishes, smokes, eats, drinks, brings the ship round, gets her aback, forgets the course, and does everything but *steer*.

3 p.m.—To any who may wish to visit Arabian Courts, and assume fitting apparel, I should advise there be procured several dozens of long white night-gowns; a gross or so of fishermen's cowls; a few selected full-dress sleeve-waistcoats, such as are used by valiant coal-traders, who smoke long clays, are known as "Geordies," and tempt the "mighty deep" between Shields and London; an assorted stock of flaring patterned neckerchiefs, beloved of Bumpkins at fair-time; a score of table-cloths or bed-sheets to be used in lieu of under-flannels; three blankets; five gaudy shawls, with as much red and yellow in them as possible; three pairs of washer-women's pattens, then is the outfit complete as that of Sheik.

6 p.m.—Am indisposed, so lie down on the poop, trying to sleep. Disappointed by four Lascars, three passengers, the man at the wheel, or he who should be there, getting up a nice,

noisy game, comprising much shouting, numberless clappings of hands, stamping of feet.

9 p.m.—The little game so interesting to me is concluded, and I hope for sleep.

9.15 p.m.—Numberless cockroaches come up through the glassless skylight, and a regular battle ensues.

9.32 p.m.—Am perspiring freely, but victorious. I calm my perturbed spirits, and excited frame with a walk, during which, I come to the conclusion that cockroaches have leaders and spies—a language—are subject to hate for me and my blanket, and fain would drive one or both of us overboard.

10.37 p.m.—Am *very* sleepy.

28th May, 0.33 a.m.—A sea-cunny with a long neck, a voice like an emeu, a heart of stone, commences a song of most outrageous duration and discord. I charitably put him down as moon-struck, but, alas! thinking stays not his lay, so I proceed to regale myself with terms orthodoxy might object to listen to from the pulpit—of none avail! The strain may be a little more discordant, but no other effect is perceptible.

1.45 a.m.—Rendered ferocious by despair, I jump up and challenge the sea-cunny to mortal combat—this has the desired effect.

There must be a plot to dethrone Morpheus. A heavy swell has set in; the wind is flying round the compass, braces and Lascars are in constant requisition, sails flap, yards creak, timbers groan, doors bang, men shout, halyards squeak, blocks scream, sheets hammer, leaches shiver, bowlines part, tacks unhook, and Hhypsumpsheeyme falls overboard. With some trouble we get him on deck. Then is he treated to a sound thrashing, and the title of "d—d bush-nigger."

29th May, 7 a.m.—Never did I see two such moon-faced, goggle-eyed, stupid-in-everything young men as are to be inspected here. If one giggles, so does the other; if one stares, ditto his friend. When praying, stumbling oftener than kneeling, besides excessively loud and out of regularity. They drink—the better part flows down their chins and garments. They eat—they are a sight to see. They smoke—either sick or semi-suffocated. Wonder if they were brighter as children, or if they are only coming into their wit. Were they brighter as children, much I wish I could have seen them, to learn what species of brightness would take lodgment in such soup-heads. Stupider as children, then in sincerity condole I with their unfortunate parents.

I must inquire if they are still alive. After

such penance of cross-bearing, they should be fitter for examples than any four I know. Do the twain slowly *now* progress through the alley leading unto wisdom?—at what time, at same rate, will they be named, not knowing ones, but ones of *any* knowing? Much fear, time will weary on them ere they have as much, as would buy sweetening for their gruel, or help a drunk man from a ditch.

O! how they would "take" in a show—"In the centre of the caravan stand the two wild men of Arabia; they were captured in a palm-tree whilst holding festival with various monkeys, and *others* of the feathered tribe. They are the most extraordinary specimens ever brought before an enlightened public. They eat with their fingers, and understand one another. No man has been able to get an intelligible answer from either of them. They can drink from a glass, and count *four fingers* on their left hands. At rare intervals they have been heard to utter sounds, the import of which linguists and philosophers are at variance about—the former contending they wanted more food, the latter of *opinion* they were conversing with the pelican of the wilderness—the wise quadruped in the next cage."

30th May, 3.12 p.m.—Find an old life-buoy

hanging over the taffrail by such a consumptive string that I puzzle, why it did not sigh itself into the water long since. Can only attribute its preservation to its possessing an extra quantum-presumability of mind.

31st May, Noon.—A man sick with fever underwent the choking process to-day.

Should any Muscat Arab in Britain ever commit an offence worthy of death; I'd counsel the Judge not to sentence him to be hung, if he has any regard for the reputation of the gallows and national hangman; as I feel positive that this people become so tough and leathery by continual garotting, that suspended in the air they would collectedly make a choice speech for the benefit of spectators, and any stray pigeons pleasuring at the time.

1st June, 1.13 p.m.—The "Sextant" fiend has been afflicting me with nudges and mutterings. He pounces upon me, draws me to him, whispers, and is off. I *look* intelligent, surprised—*am* lost, bewildered.

2nd June, 3 a.m.—Note truth—the more ignorant the nation, the dearer to them their *forms* of religion.

Note another—the more civilised, the greater deference paid to women.

2 p.m.—The Lascars aloft scraping, are sing-

ing and chattering to each other in such wise, as remembers me of a synod of crows discussing rights of trespass, and probable growth of snails and potatoes.

3rd June, 11 a.m.—Find my butler at work *two* distinct times; am so bewildered that I rashly promise to make him Lord Mayor, or Perpetual Grand of Patagonia. They on my showing being dignities of high respectability, much thought of, involving no capacity save that for meat and drink; the butler declines a choice, and expresses himself content with either.

1 p.m.—One of the Moon-Faced takes part in a game, gets himself overjoyed, till his face assumes the nearest representation of a haddock after being boiled in *two* waters that mortal was ever privileged to behold.

2nd June, Noon.—A calm; ship going nothing.

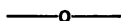
3 p.m.—A nice breeze has been blowing for the last two hours; but as the yards have never been trimmed, ship drifts towards Zanzibar.

All men are fools more or less; it is the *continued foolishness* makes difference between fool and wise. This treatment of the ship is *only* prolonged for four hours, so it is *scarcely* folly.

3rd June, 3 p.m.—Sight Henery Island.

4th June, 1 p.m.—Disembark, leaving one of

the Moon-Faced interpreting for the Sextant-Wise to a Hindoo boatman. As long as I am in sight they hold the same positions, and appear to arrive at the same result—total ignorance of each other's capabilities and wants.



FAIRY-BELLE, CLARABEL.

THERE, where the moon is setting,
 Where the star-lamps light the sea ;
 Lies alone the lonely sea-boy,
 Who went down there for thee
 Fairy-Belle, Clarabel.

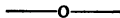
Lonely, but lovely, Clarabel,
 So very, very young ;
 The strings of life were worn out,
 Ere ever they were strung
 Fairy-Belle, Clarabel.

His voice is silent, Clarabel,
 And you've forgot him soon ;
 But excellence like his, lives green
 As Leaf-High-Mass in June,
 Fairy-Belle, Clarabel.

Strange that such perfect thing as thou—
Such gorgeousness, such art,
Should turn out only a woman,
A woman without heart,
Fairy-Belle, Clarabel.

What art thou but fair limbs and breasts,
Soft eyes and mossy hair ;
Without a touch of human love,
A touch of human care,
Fairy-Belle, Clarabel.

Oh! why like hallowed censer, full
Of incense, was he swung
To death; before the incense quenched,
Before the *Amen* was sung
Fairy-Belle, Clarabel.



LARRY O'TOOLE TO SWATE
BIDDY O'TONE.

WHEREVER I wander, och ! still shall I wonder,
That you could have loved a gossoon like
O'Toole ;
Sure it's I'll not forget the first time we met,
When you falein'ly said, "*Sure the boy's but
a fool.*"

Swate Biddy, me wild rose, yer Cheek like the
Dawn Blows,
Beneath the Blue Heav'n af yer purty eye—
The eye that can sing, the eye that takes wing,
Wid all O'Toole's fancies to love or to cry.

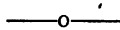
It's you that pirplixes me, you that so vixes me—
Makes me go wish for a cot af me own ;
Where wid you as bride, an' meself by yer side,
To cuddle, and kiss you, acushla O'Tone.

Och ! the chimbley's on fire ; babe O'Toole's in
the mire ;
The pigs an' the cows are the pratties among ;
Me father, me mother, are makin' sad bother,
The whiles that I'm writing ye this bit af song.

Whasht ! father, whasht ! mother, be whasht wid
yer bother !

It's love is me pratties, me potheen, me school ;
An' it's Bidy O'Tone—Dungannon's and Own,
Has run off wid the sincis af Larry O'Toole.

Ye pigs an' cows rist ye, I'll niver molist ye,
But mind ye yerselves, an' lave pratties alone ;
For faith I'll be sworn, by snout, hoof, an' horn,
That every O'Toole af ye, has an O'Tone.



PITLOCHRIE.

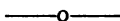
“MAGGIE, my lass, gie me yer han’—

The morn I'll see nae mair,
An' pu' the winnock up a wee,
Let's hae the caller air.

Green wades awa' in yellowness,
The simmer's high twal's nigh—
But oh ! the shearers winna see
Pitlochrie's stan'in' by.

The west-wind brisks the bairnie's cheek—
Tae me it only moans
A kirk-wind, wi' a muffled fa',
O' Sod-Hoarse Semitones.

The Lan' o' Heev'n is bricht they say—
 Nae poortith, an' nae pain ;
 But wha can say I'll no think lang,
 An' no look back again.
 I've been sae happy i' yer luv—
 Ne'er fasht, nae fykes tho' ailin'.
 As gude an' true by the Dyke-Side,
 As e'er ye've been in Mailen.
 I leave ye tae gang on yer lane,
 An' I my lane maun gang
 Oot-Owre, among my faithers', an'
 Amang unearthy thrang."



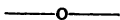
LAUGH AN' THINK NAE MAIR O'T.

AE nicht tae Guadur wi' the mail,
 The sea rose up baith teeth an' nail,
 An' wat me owre baith heid an' tail,
 Laugh an' think nae mair o't.

Twa kindly chiels I met on shore—
 I dinna ken their names, or o'er
 This rhyme they'd sing in unco splore,
 Laugh, &c.

For they got brandy in a trice,
 An' wad hae ha'en me drink o't thrice,
 But *twice*, cheeped oot, "*tho' unco nice*,"
 Laugh, &c.

Sae I gae tae them baith fareweel;
 An' hope ill-fortune winna steal,
 But by their ways an' by their weal,
 Laugh, &c.



THE "MARIGOLD."

IN that far-off sea, where gloom and cold
 Hold their diablerie :
 Where the very waves all holy roll'd
 Along that holy sea :
There ! was driven the ill-happ'd "Marigold,"
 Ill-happ'd and was not she ;
 There's never a seaman left that told,
 Nor ever can there be.

The tempest lashed its sides with Scaith,
 Blasphemed its might along ;
 Its scutcheon was gnarled gules of death,
 Supported by elf-song—

“ Ha! ‘ Marigolds,’ and their Master saith,
 We’re good, and true, and strong ;
 Ha! we shall rend the curtained wraith,
 Already here too long.”

Oh! “ Marigolds,” oh! “ Marigolds”—doom’s
 mark—

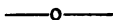
Oh! master and mariners brave,
 Not evermore at the kirk you’ll hark,
 Nor o’er you, kirk-grass wave.
 For the ancients of that hoary dark
 Their secrets ne’er yet gave ;
 And now there is but some hearsay cark
 Of “ Marigold ” t^o save.

Oh, Lord God! for the sweet green fields—
 oh! Lord,

For no more, no more sea :
 When the many Lost, shall be restored
 From that crypt of misery . .
 When fogs, and gales, by God, the Lord,
 Shall revel no more free ;
 Then we’ll behold above the board,
 The “ Marigold ” mystery.

.

British men, should you ever a mariner see
 Whose locks too soon are grey,
 Whose steps are feeble, and whose flesh
 From his bones has shrunk away :
 Remember the fate of the " Marigold,"
 And soften, whilst you pray,
That God will o'er sea-pilgrims watch,
And will Save, not Cast Away.



DEATH?

I KNOW not why I love to dally about death
 —is it that death
 Is in my Anywhere,
 Is in my bed, is by,
 No matter foul or fair :
 Whether I run or lie ?
 I know not, but its *darkling* sweeps me
 headlong, down its breath.

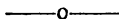
Not old in age, yet is my age old, being
 fondly great in sorrow ;
 Wrapping my threadbare clothes
 Round me like winding-sheet ;

T

My hearth, which no friend knows,
Funeral is in beat,
Always haunted with the tones and steps, I
cannot borrow.

Is it that Death's lean horses, in their rusty
harness standing by,
Stamp on my barren heart
Till it cracks with care ?
Is it their impatient start,
Their tossing unkempt hair,
Carrying my wish for freedom, in its storm
and baleful dye ?

Is it in veriest mercy that my soul is pleas'd
to grieveful be ?
That summer shall behold
My green leaves fall and die ;
Autumn, with solemn mould
Shall cover, what reck I,—
*From withered Leaves of Time, springs
Foliage of Eternity.*



MA MIGNONNE.

SHE lay with one arm o'er her head—
 An arch of ivory ;
 The other upon her bosom lay,
 Entranced on harmony—
 Twin-sculptures with a waking love
 Defying poetry.

The eyelashes upon her cheeks—
 Scenes of færy-land—
 Laid shade as eyes and heart could tell,
 But could not understand ;
 Guarding the harbours of her eyes
 From ill-dream band.

As a harp's sweet delicious thrill,
 Her breath from lips
 Baptisèd-red. As lily blown
 Upon a rose-bud sips
 More loveliness, and breadth of love ;
 So chin superbly sistered lips.

Like Happiness the taken air
 Languished in strife
 To kiss Ma Mignonne Juliè,
 Whose fourteen years are rife
 With opening flow'rets,
 And festoons of life.

THE MATE'S MUSINGS ON THE YEAR

1869.

NO. I.

LAST night of December, ye
 Meditate on what shall be,
 Brought forth by the Coming Child
 Promising so meek and mild :
 Wouldst thou have me bless its advent
 For the blessing got from thee,
 For the questionable blessing
 Of a stagnant life at sea ?

Height of aspiration reaching
 To the cutting out a sail ;
 Or that A B's bags of pepper ;
 And that C D is a bale.
 Oh ! such blessings, not less honour
 To be tethered to a boor,
 To be placed amongst rascallions—
 Perfect blessings, to be sure.
 Yes ! indeed I mourn the blessings,
 You contrived wherewith to bless,
 With the reservation—*doubtful*,
 That you could have done much less.

NO. II.

But I've heard thy solemn song
 In its strength, and sung so long.
Still beloved by countless hosts
 Crowding from thy boundless coasts.

Listening *now*, they crowd about me,
 Listening to the Year-Amen,
 O! its Wildness and its Woeing,
 O! its Wondering and Flowing—
 To thy dirge, and to thy going—
 Going, not to come again.

I not less than they am listening—
 Spirits of the year, farewell!
 Ringing echoes from *my* spirit
 Cry—*eternal fare-you-well* ;
 Thy night is cowering, crouching,
 Shivering its Everywhere
 In the earth, and sea, and air.
 Thou art filing through the door,
 Rearmost columns of No-More.
 Dresses careless, droop and flutter,
 Lips would fain, but cannot mutter;
 They scarcely seem content to be
 Marching dejectedly.

Departing, and the broad track follow
 Of the Long Departed's rears.
 Down the avenue o'ershadowed
 By the Murkiness of Fears,
 By the soot and smoke of torches once
 Displaying, bright careers.

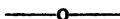
Downward ! still I see them marching—
 Downward ! fain I'd call them back—
 For I shrink to think, they march to sink
 Into yon awful Black,
 From which strangest Noise comes back.

NO. III.

Stay I, standing still, nigh dreaming
 Of the future by the seeming ;
 By the semblance of departing,
 Till I'm startled by the starting
 Up of Light—of morning's halls new-spring
 On golden arches wondrous cling
 To space, on Heights of stars and night
 Architraved by throngs of light ;
 Lifting up its bright dome-rod
 Till it almost touches God.

NO. IV.

I heard a little one
 Say, "*Gentle Jesus, once a child,*"
 And I said, "*This little child,*
Has higher reached than Me."



DRIFTED AWAY.

AN old sailor, who'd lived in Indian lands,
 Sang thus of the love he'd loved ;
 Sang thus of his lost beloved—
 " I saw her a-sitting in her canoe,
 Alone with the midnight hour,
 And the river rolled, and the forest tolled—
 The river was dark, and the air was dark,
 With the Hush of many wings,
 Dusk and uncountable.
 The river rolled like Bible-Word
 How solemnly along :
 My belovèd sat with her hands clasped
 Like morning, when leads dawn to heav'n.
 My belovèd sat—her dark hair's radiance dying
 away
 In mournfulness of her eyes.
 The river was her doom,
 And the spectres of trees and air

Took speech full prophet-wise ; but only sobbed,
And sank.

Forlorn for her young, for me, she was—

But what matter, she drifted away,

Away ! she was drifted away.

Rushed on the river with her bark canoe ;

No babe to comfort her, no love supporting her,

Only and every misery there.

Wide-foaming the river, *but touching her not* ;

Dashed onward, and downward, and on to the
rapids,

Of Ugohr the fearful, Ugohr wrath-horrible,

Jaggèd-gigantic.

Where Fear-Mother sits everlastingly brooding,

Bald with Storm-Torture, and reckless Disturb-
ance.

Whelmed up, and shrieked up a Throne, did the
river,

Whence white Death looked down.

Calm sat Beulore as by me in the wigwam,

When marriage was by, and she nursed.

Ay ! well might Orion gasp, and dim-blink,

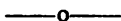
As he saw her drifted away,

Into heav'n on Ugohr—

Washed up to God's knees, upon Babe-Cries and
Ugohr.

Wash on with your Surge-Vain and Pride-Rush,
oh ! river !

Wash on in your deadly furore ;
Rise ! clap your hands valiant river ;
Rise ! clasp your brows with the woe-fog of
Orphans ;
With the sorrow of her whom you drifted away—
With the blood of Beulore.



JOHN DEWAR.

I TELL of John Dewar, sailor bold,
A sailor and a mate ;
Of how he gained immortal fame,
And most immortal fate.

For Johnny had as strong a side,
As homo ere possest—
He loved the vein of mighty deed,
Vaingloriously drest.

Incautious he one luckless day,
Let *brag* his senses hip ;
Let boastful tongue tell one and all
Of wondrous horsemanship.

Untoward man ! untoward day !
Behold you what upsprings,
And what results are brought about
By paltry little things.

Betimes his ship in port arrived,
With rue his *leave* received ;
For Dewar-horses rode the ~~tars~~,
Until they ~~were~~ believed.

Ashore they went—he got a horse,
“ *Of horses* as all said ”—
Named “ Pet,” one-eyed, of dirty grey,
And solemn fiddle-head.

With air of one who knows its points
He viewed the quadruped—
Knew just enough to feel convinced
'Twas not a four-post bed.

After the wrong side getting up,
And arguing with the groom,
He started 'mid astonishment
And strokes of willing broom.

Away they went—off horse and man
Rushed, glad to find relief—
Both thinking more of present pain
Than chance of future grief.

With legs wide-spread from horse's side,
A hand to either rein,
And jolting up and jolting down,
As does a sack of grain.

Away they went !—the road was wild,
But not more wild than they—
Alas ! alas ! most daring salt,
The devil's in the grey.

A horse before he ne'er had crossed,
So now methinks 'tis clear,
The horse was not more wild with joy
Than he was wild with fear.

The One-Eyed winked emphatic, with
A twinkle in its eye,
Plainly meaning—“ *My sailor friend,
Why did you try it—why ?* ”

Racing they flourish—the four-legged
Strides out at furious pace ;
And John's is an unhappy mind,
And most unhappy face.

He tugged and strained till tired and sore,
He roared in deep remorse ;
Whilst merry children shouted loud—
“ *Here comes a sailor's horse.* ”

A sailor on a sailor's horse—
Oh ! sight of pantomime !
Disdaining all that ever was
Essayed, in prose or rhyme.

Brimful of corn, at break-bone rate
The Pet kept its stride on ;
Uncaring so it had *its* way,
What might become of John.

In letters largest took his mind—
Resultant from this trip—
*Here lies the body of John Dewar,
Who died of horsemanship.*

He dropped the reins in dire distress—
The tars cried out—“ *A wreck !* ”
Not so !—the horseman still was there,
Recumbent on the neck !

And hanging on despite of grace,
Or rule of road or rail—
Head down, with garment-cries of “ *Thread !* ”
And most eccentric tail.

The “ Pet,” disgusted at such work,
Threw up *its* playful heels,
And the Notorious did descend
Among fish-maidens’ creels.

Half-stunned, clothes torn, ’mid fish and slime,
He dolefully there lay,
With sense enough just left to hear
His horse’s ambling gay.

Nor was this all. Fish Ladies round
Him flocked, as flock wild geese,
Exchanging phrases most polite,
And many words of peace.

“This hero should be a dragoon,”
Said one quiet maid with glee ;
“But I am sure if he is pleased,
He also pleases me.

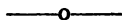
“Tho’ somewhat shocks my modesty,
By coming unawares
Half-naked ; and the covered half
Delirious with tears.

“But why does he lie where he is,
Amongst the cod and ling ?”
“Because he’s gallant,” said a friend,
“And does the gallant thing.”

“Heigh-ho ! to have such darling set,
A centre of such dish ;
One scarcely knows where he begins,
And where begin the fish.”

Another offered her embrace,
And did a kiss request ;
Whilst Maid the First, *Napoleoned* hands
And did rebirth suggest.

John made reply, untimely John,
 It grieves me to the core ;
 For Maid the First quick seized on him,
 And laid upon him sore.



P R A Y E R.

PRAY God to keep us all
 From the alphabet of woe ;
 If sickness suffering come, oh ! pray,
 They swifter still may go.

But better yet, be ready to meet
 Sorrow and gales of care ;
 Lest walking too long in worldly calms,
 The world becomes our pray'r.

Lest walking too long in our own conceits,
 In our pride of health and love,
 We forget the Turning that's further on,
 Where there's never light above.

Where the air is thick with terror's cry,
 And the orisons of death ;
 And "*earth to earth*" and "*dust to dust*"
 Is what the Preacher saith.

THERE'S PRIVILEGES, &c.

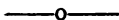
THERE'S privileges for men of worth,
 There is a rest above :
 I only ask the power to sow
 Word-flowers o'er her I love—
 To clothe her with my memory,
 Once more to bring her back to me.

My only love, my only life,
 Is pallid and is past ;
 The pleasure that of busiest was,
 Sickens on me at last.
 How dearly bought our little joys,
 When minding of their sweetness cloys.

I saw her first, when craven want
 Unweariedly did stare :
 I saw her last, wherever she was,
 She was never yet so fair—
 Her hands still-lay upon her breast,
 Owing to whom she made request.

Fair and delightful lay she then,
 Though she was cold and stone,

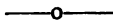
I wondered she started not up alive,
 Through my seeing her alone—
 My fondness said, *had she so looked at me*
I'd have started from out eternity.



OH! FOR THE TIME, &c.

OH! for the time when my heart like a river
 Rolled on in majesty equal to thine—
 Hast thou ever loved, as hast thou been ever
 A statuesque maiden with no flesh-incline :
 Behaviour so guarded, seeming the liver,
 Whose *wasp-sting* is sweetness, whose *water*
 is wine.

On wings of her voice my heart flies, but never
 Attempts to fly over the love of lang syne—
 Why, why, did she humble me? but I forgive
 her,
 And trust her heart never may break-up like
 mine.



FLORA.

TELL o' her charms I canna,
 For she's beyond compare;
 Could I, yet I manna—
 She's modest as she's fair.

Sing o' her graces mony
 Is mair than sang could dae,
 For she is artless bonny,
 Abune poetic say.

My love a wee white rose is,
 Timid amang the green
 When saft Winds peep : when Roses
 Cry—wee Rosie where hast been,
 Such rose we hae na seen.

—○—

TO ———

NOT a thing of joy I see,
 But straightway I am with thee ;
 What is worldly power to me,
 So my love's no power to thee ?

U

Love is everything, and thine
 Is the everything of mine ;
 Not a look and not a line
 Thou hast, but is also mine.

Which is most love—which is best ?—
 Caressing, or to be caress'd ?—
 Blessing, or the being blest ?
 Finding, or the wistful quest ?

Thou dost mar me in thy doubting,
 Thou art luring in thy pouting,
 Thou distractest in thy flouting ;
 Scarce my love can bear such routing.

Could my love the more believe,
 Then wouldst thou the more deceive ;
 Fain would I, but cannot leave,
 Nor of thee myself bereave.

Dear my love, be dear my wife ;
 Waste not with thy further strife—
 Strife of pouts, and kisses rife,
 Bubbling up of joyous life.

Dear my wife be—Oh, my own—
 Lightly write I—inly moan—
 Doubting thee, for thou alone,
 Hast the pow'r to make me groan

BRITISH CHRISTIANITY?

“BRITISH Christianity?” quoth he.

“You err,” was the reply; “to be Christian-British we must take an energetic, one-sided view of the *case*, to please the Hindu community, and missionary subscribers at home and abroad. Were we to take no notice of Mr. William Walker’s act, none would sooner call for punishment on him for insulting the ‘mild Hindu,’ than the people of Britain, who, knowing nothing of the merits of the case, would necessarily clamour the more loudly.”

“And justice and consistency?” quoth he.

“To be just, we must defend and pay for idolatry, or give up the country—(salvation *versus* a paintpot); to be consistent, we must serve God, Siva, or, in fact, *anything!*”

“Yes,” quoth he; “but ’tis for lucre, and vile Bauble-Popularity from the most grovelling, woman-abusing race of History—‘British Christianity!’” quoth he.

Mr. William Walker was charged with “*defiling the idol Nakkatye Thakooraanee*”—a false charge (therefore Hindu-like when under British jurisdiction), as he, a servant of the railway

company, obeyed orders, and had it *removed*; but certain wise Justices—such as generally either by undue temerity or cowardice are prolific of insurrection—made a “charge” of it; remitted him to the High Court of Calcutta. Scarcely was it known that the Government intended prosecution than the Calcutta press, as usual, and by prerogative, as being the most servile, and thereby consistent class of opinions ever got together; did, paper-tiger-wise, bristle up, and fraternisingly gloat over their fellow-countryman, prisoned amongst villains of various dye and colour. So well did the press behave, so well did they *à la* Hindu play the Mendacious that not a word of pity was admitted into them till they saw the Government waver over its engagement, to ruin the friendless lad Walker. The following lines they would not print, hence at some little expense and pain—the author being then in bed in Hourah Hospital—were they given forth. But they were *reviewed*, and characterised as “*blasphemous*” and “*subversive of the ruling power.*” If it be “*blasphemous*” to be truthful, the author is “*blasphemous.*” If it be “*subversive of the ruling power*” to be the one voice crying for justice against a Puppet-Wisdom, and Minion-Intolerance, the author is content to be a subverter of what is *wrong*;

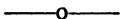
feeling as he does for it a contempt he cannot master, and cares not to conceal. Shortly after these lines appeared Walker was released, and had to leave the country in penury, hopelessness, but we deny in disgrace.

Bow your knees, oh ! British public,
Lowly bow in praise to Baal,
Lowly bow till heathen plaudits,
Praise your show, and praise your quail :
Lower bow so proud of rulers,
Rarely wise, and strictly just,
Idols fighting for and fostering,
Not, down-hurling in the dust.
So *consistent !* spreading missions
To convert the erring Jews ;
Teaching Negresses to simper
Over fashionable views ;
Eurasians training, till they almost
Live and lie like good Hindoos.
So *consistent !* singing psalm-tunes
Till the air is downright tired :
Hypocritic chant till Baboos
Sing the psalm—“ *By faith we're fired,*”
When paid *are so,* and full of fervour,
As could ever be desired.

For British money pays their priests,
The strapping girls who dance
In temples, and are gay
At their *inheritance*.

Long you've wearied for Millennium
When the Lion and Lamb lie down.
Now you've got it—" *God and idols*
Wear by turns an equal crown,
He's not jealous, and He's not mocked,
Neither has He right to frown."

Justice says so, British justice—
So *consistent!* once blood-spattered—
Thieving—tush! *that* nothing mattered,
So vast nations cursed its rule.
Now, so despicable, natives
Use it as a handy tool;
Now so mean, so Lucre-Leprous,
Pariahs its nose may pull,
And for "*Nakkatye Thakooraanee,*"
Justices will fawn and fool.



LONDON SPACES.

I AM lonely in thee, O ! London—
 Of thy Flesh, of thy Brick, of thy Stones,
 Feel each an Only, matchlessly Lonely,
 Tho' laugh-blown, or bare with groans.

To Many, *the* Many, O ! London,
 Of the Units, that walk thro' thy streets ;
 The Religion of Love sends forth its Dove,
 But is driven from their retreats.

O ! Life of London surging throughout,
 And away in thy terrible Zeal ;
 Till widest Earth-Shores, re-echo the roars,
 Of thine agony, or weal.

I weary for Pause in the Life-Pass,
 For a cease in the aye To and Fro ;
 Peace-Thrill, and Pouting, Downcast, and
 Doubting
 Incessantly come and go.

Of very Life, am I sick and sad ;
 Of the selfishness of Smile and Moan ;
 For the Life's vast bloom, cannot *care* for
 Doom,
 Or for *any* Self alone.

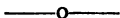
I shrink, from the thought of the Passage—
Of the Passed-On, the Comers, the By.
Coronet-Frown, over new Train for Gown,
Rose-Buds sore-craving to die.

Little things lying down on the Banks,—
Lie unpitied by Woman, by Man,—
Lie praying lowly, thankfully holy,
Thankful, and O ! God, so wan.

Simple hearts, toiling, and braving on ;
How sublime in their No-Hope and Trust,
That angels, with me, might wonder to see,
Such abnegation in Dust.

The Wealth-Rush, and the Position-Pride,
Of the Brain-Light, and Tribes of the Hand ;
But the countless Waves of the City-Graves,
Must break on Another Land.

On another Land, that myst'ry Land,
Boundaried off from all Outs, and Ins ;
But there is One Gate, named the Hope of Fate,
Another, the Seven Sins.



I YEARN.

I YEARN for that longing love,
 I see on every side ;—
 For many a poor heart-broken Girl
 Once such a happy bride.

Fondness is dead ; ah ! Mother-Wife,
 Remember ye the maid
 Lost in the love-troth. Sworn, and seal'd,
 Only to be betray'd.

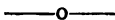
And would she be to me as Dear,
 As I had vowed she'd be :
 Devoted still, and I to her,
 Staunch-faithful as is She.

And she were mine, and mine alone,
 Her soul between her lips
 Catching my love ; my ev'ry love,
 Her High of all Saintships.

My swellings, and my vauntings, but
 That she was proud of me :
 And I nor ever had a wish,
 Another where to be—

Dotard ! and Dreamer, where thy Youth,
 That thou dar'st dream of wife.
 She'd *pity* thee, thy Forty Years,
 And her scarce Twenty life.

Down in thy closet sit, and muse,
 Upon the days gone by.
 Or in thy Folly sit, and mope,
 And like a Dotard die.



THE CHRONICLES OF CAPTAIN BRAMBLE.

I.—AND behold there lived in the City of Palaces a mighty man (in his own esteem), and the name of the mighty man (in his own esteem) was Bramble.

II.—Now the man Bramble waxed very fat, by reason of which he called himself "Captain." Divers of the foolish said, "Of what is he Captain?" but he patted his belly saying, "I am a wise man, a very wise man."

III.—And he looked up to the clouds and down into the gutter, and there was nothing too high or too low for the man.

IV.—Now in those days there was a feast, and Bramble did gird on a sword, buttons of brass, much lace, and a very fierce countenance.

V.—Also he took a ram-horn trumpet, and blew upon it, so all the city ran after him, then spat he upon his hands, swearing eternal love to all. So the prophets and oracles of their own accord said, “He is a good man.”

VI.—Thereafter did the undoubtedly fat, and reputedly good man, retire into a chamber, take many *pegs*, laugh, and doubtless would have danced but that his fatness was great. Nevertheless he *sang*, “I am a wise man, a very wise man.”

VII.—Now repetition is very strong, so in time he buoyed up his excellencies, on the current of public approval.

VIII.—At this time in the city resided a small man, apparelled in a costume—product of a consumptive crinoline and infatuated jupon—of many chequers, and colours; but his mind was large, and he was greater than the great Bramble, though his tongue was weak.

IX.—Again his purse was heavy, for he traded much; moreover he held many vessels, which went without sails, wanting only water and coal.

X.—And he needed a wise man to look after the commanders of those vessels, for their ex-

penditure was boundless, and their volubility extreme.

XI.—Now Bramble, the “Captain,” heard this, and blew with violence on his “ram-horn,” assembling the people from all quarters, to hear him glorify himself in his wisdom, and to shake hands with him.

XII.—Then purchased he a clean handkerchief, and a new pair of slippers, and in his finery went forth.

XIII.—The little man was, by curiosity and loud acclamation, constrained to attend, and was lured by many words; till he swore by the great Bramble, and made him Superintendent over his oxen, and asses, and commanders, and servants, and vessels, and scribes.

XIV.—Shortly the servants, dumb and human, cried, being grievously oppressed by the Superintendent, who dropped the pot of hypocrisy, and lo! therein was more vinegar than honey. All that were under him cried, and all that cried were maltreated, and discharged, and laughed at.

XV.—Many petitioned against him, but the little man went to bed saying, “He is a wise man, a very wise man.”

XVI.—Soon great changes were, so folks knew not the Vessels because of the changes: knew not the Trade-House, for the intolerance

of the Bramble, who fatter, louder, more shameless grew.

XVII.—At length the little man woke somewhat from his infatuation, looked for old faces, but found them not, examined the books and the expenditure was greater than ever; then sighed he and was sorrowful, yet his bowels moved more at the loss of pence than they did at the loss of faithful servants. But Bramble had recourse to his trumpet, and the little man was satisfied with *wind*.

XVIII.—The more he of the Bramble-Song sung, so grew he the more intolerable till nothing less than a public exhibition would please him; therefore valorously did advertise, that on board a certain vessel would he eat a Cherry, and fell an Ox.

XIX.—Very many people flocked together to see the exhibition, which opened by Bramble coming on very big, and with much dust; but the Cherry was sour to the taste, threatening of biliary derangement, and an Ox could not be found without horns.

XX.—Thus was the Bramble at his wits' end, so swore an oath—an oath by his father's hat shop—to fall on some one and devour him.

XXI.—Then walked he round the decks, and looking into the Chief Scribe's saloon spied a

brandy bottle dying of consumption, hob-nobbing with the end of a cheroot.

XXII.—And he shouted, and roared, but the Chief Scribe was proud, thinking himself as equal to a Cherry in sourness, and to an Ox, though without horns apparent. So he looked not towards the Superintendent, but turned to him his nether parts, and whistled.

XXIII.—Now indeed was the great Bramble very wroth, knowing not how to devour the Chief Scribe because of his nether parts, till one said, “He hath a red nose,” and upon that fact only did they lay violent hands on him, and heave him overboard.

XXIV.—Then all knelt, sang wise words, and worshipped Bramble.

XXV.—And the wisdom and management of the Superintendent were only apparent in his own pocket and person.

XXVI.—Ye who would get on in the vessels, crouch unto Bramble and salääm, and lie unto him.

XXVII.—Ye who have any honesty, and would not unfit yourselves for decent society, shun the vessels he is over, for therein is much hope quagmired, ambition wing-clipped, and faithlessness cherished.

XXVIII.—Lastly, and worst, he apeth red-tapery and encourageth relatives and favourites.

ON THE '50's.

I.

SEEMINGLY am I bent on connecting all things with the long-gone '50's. They to me so familiar are, that joys and dates insensibly fall into their trail, this-way lingering till fact irate-disperses, or destroys their wistfulness, carrying on to habitate them on reality. Did I lower go than front gate of Father '50; did I sail further than just beholding wrecked fleets of '49, surged through ranked cycles, then indeed would I be an oracular elderly, not a live bachelor hedging on midsummer vagaries.

Such fancies for me those '50s held, unintruding, jovial, undaunted by futurity, or chimes rung clashingly from history; for was not I in those same periods an infant to the law, less to my parents, and, though bumpkinly egotistical, little more in mine own? Was it the dawn still sheening on the hills of my imagination, coming from the Word to the Effectuated and lingering on braes where once it gambolled? Was it the bustle-crush of knowledge yet to come, from cataracted dens up-peering louringly, and by contrast glee-forcing? Was it that mortals

sagely retrospect upon some date or tract of dates—bellowing “Happy!” and that present discomfort said “’50’s were kind, write and praise them.” Or as a rock becomes a Name, yielding sublimity, budding use-flowers more by village-mason, than with rapture-lazy of the moon; so-wise I, fitted to upbear by much time-defeat, being borne far from home, with flag-pæons, health-drinking (affection showing small among such boisterousness); hemisphering, suffering such as few have — not less intensified because myself a Scot verging on dourness; infected too with wish, “what is the use of living” at fourteen years? Pause! who can theorise upon a joy, or cry “Eureka,” over spirit-axioms which *are not*, though *existing*, with fraternity, and folly.

From I Am to Mortality is of boundary. From Primeval Eterne Jah, to this Most Courteous of Souls or that “lowest in humanity’s scale” is but a guess—a venturous guess. From the Illimitable sunned in Its glory—where Eternity is but a Waiter—down to the cannibal with savoury zest tearing rib from rib of some relation; Metaphysics hazards, “What difference?” What are we all but spirits fleshed with queerest raiment, subject to a need for cuddling, else we drop our raiment and folks say, “He’s dead.”

Then why, if joy to joy benign, should I attempt to analyse and Solomon-direct? With fact that I was happy must I rest, and, if unsatisfied, still rest.

Memory faint-rippling on the bulwarks of '69 tells of much comfort, home-conceits, eyed-carefulness, and ruddiness which now is worm-eaten. To-day I pant, am breathless, hunting for the once despised, also am I past all feigning *poor*—these with the slight incidents of being worsted-weary and *only* unsuccessful form a quorum not to be eluded. Above and over are willing, and, as I well know, ready to legislate for me through this and this-after.

With Flattery of *meat and drink*, man sootheth man; if more be requisite *toy-ribbons, parchment creations*—Daughters, freely passed, achieve commercial monarchy. But who calls up departed youth—who from the Vessel can transplant the Beech, so birds may summer in its leaves, lifting the morning radiance on their wings—can garnets be uncut—will day-march halt till frailty rises, or be less day-march because she sleeps? Let it pass—lost youth farewell, for like a Flower thou liest between the Pages of the Book, and I'll see thee no more, till Azraël shall have kissed me.

Those years, when alphabets gaudy-rigged;

with doubtful wit, but undeniable morality, raised first man-motion in me, stirring up the sand, so innocence was blinded and sank to lower deep where knowledge *was not*. For silence—first harp of time, the earth-adoration of God is babe-prerogative. *When* fairy tales glamoured so, that I to commonest of things attributed quaintest, when winds tree-mingling gave each leaf a tongue, each bough a tenant, each tree a wonder. *Then* over a certain *Kirsty Bauhhals* I trembled, she being, according to my considerate nurse, the Moloch of Scotland, punisher of infant iniquity, and generally of all the disobedient; more so, when unhappily they were boys. Yet in the day-time was I valiant, and as unruly as any boy of my tone of voice might be, (if he were a “limited” concern,) certainly as troublesome as susceptiblist of mothers could have desired; but under ye, oh, night! when backed by nurse withholding the bloody *Kirsty*, only upon certain conditions, based upon perfect docility. How I gazed over a narrative wherein a certain gentleman, having chosen to die; thereafter disported himself in public resorts, minus his body, to the astonishment and grief of his relations. Also was I delighted with the account of one who, neglected as an infant, had grown up in the belief that berries, long nails, and

nakedness were indispensable to life ; therefore when breeched before ladies (he being the only man present) evinced much uneasiness, acting mostly so as to create slight blushing, some tittering, paradoxical "did you evers!" set to considerable enjoyment.

When shall I glean such other pleasures as from thee I got, dear Marryat—Dundonald of sea-writers—in thy "Midshipman Easy," when I with measles lay along. Though from thy spells my sea-longing dateth, my harrowings began, with life only can I cease to love thee.

No child ever detested or feared sea-bathing more than I did, owing to my aforementioned *gentle* nurse, who with hypocritical fondness used to undress me on the beach ; at the same time whispering in my ears her very pious hope that she "*might not be tempted to drown me ;*" which, forcing me to give vent to my infantile terror, in a dreadful howl of wondrous length and intensity, I was held up to other diminutive "*Littles*" as a prime specimen of a "*little wretch born to be hanged ;*" my amiable female tormentor being proportionately sainted, and pitied. So much interest did surrounding maidens take in my welfare, that not a few of them frequently volunteered to chastise and bathe me ; when permitted (which was not seldom), they *did* most conscien-

tiously—adding, to show their entire want of prejudice and self-abnegation, much kissing and fondling when our backs were to the beach. This I did not object to, except when bosom-pressed by virgin-vigour till speechless, or when they, ducking me, kept me under water till nearly choked — frequently letting go altogether — doubtless for my good, certainly for their own gratification. Such alarming incidents being, it came that only main force could catch and hold me. So obstreperous did I become that nurse used to disrobe me at home, carrying me in a shawl from our villa of "*Filliside*," down to the bathing-place about a mile off. But fear has faculties as determined as love, as clever as a nurse; in my case it was cleverer; for one day I had been placed cosily elevated on petticoats, &c., preparatory to being seized and borne into the sea for healthful exercise and strangulation. Whilst mourning my unhappy lot, a Belle-Virgin, but to me the most relentless of furies, made show of taking me up. In an instant I was off, naked as born, through the village, followed by a ruthless multitude of Bathing-Gowns and other *Deshabille*. Run—I did run, and reached home unharmed, but muddy, and ultimately was found bedded in sheets, which were not improved by my company. Thereafter was I taken in hand

by an aged female relative, who put me in a tub ; placed me under a pump whose water was famed for coldness, and day after day did sedulously water me. I admit it was cold — correctly speaking, it was *very cold* ; but was somewhat better than sea-bathing, accompanied with accessories such as I have described. Health (Promissory-Note of Success) was at least better insured.

II.

Those '50's, when through shop windows I used to stare upon dingy prints of Kaffirs bayoneted by Britons ; flanked by Humane Society Tracts, Missionary Efforts, Bible Diffusion, and rigmarole of perfect inconsistency, and profound contempt for public morality, public opinion, or any morality or opinion whatever ! Even now, am I witched by plumes, palmettos, strange muniment of war, ambush-catastrophe, chargeable to that Afric campaign,—to that campaign in which British might, Christianity, and Civilisation worried the "Poor Ewe Lamb," and butchered its keeper.

In due time (the devil having leisure) came the involvement with Russia, causeful of Bomarsund's falling like card-house—the "600's" charge—600 glorious know-nothings—600 fright-

fully helpless, through ambition (noblest of follies) of *one*—through duty (blind as love) of *all*, with much smoke, tumult, gun-roaring, soul-escaping, gave man their Bodies, and death their Worth. The usual incapacity evinced by Commanders-in-Chief (this is of so common repetition it belongs to no particular British era); and the ignoring the only man fit to command—Sir Colin Campbell, who, disgusted by bungling and double-facedness, went home, and by Majesty's self was asked "*to return.*" Then rose Man-Loyalty—"I would carry a musket for your Majesty"—and the gray hair hallowed by *earth fury, blasted deserts*, Endurance—highest excellence of humanity,—lightning-laurels battled for and won, caressed in homage the soft white hand of best of Britain's Monarchs—Victoria, the Sincere.

Most wonderful of all, the stand of the Highland Brigade, "the thin red line," against overwhelming masses of Muscovites, under whose discharges the vaunted Guards (warrior nurses) staggered; but with clan-chivalry, pride indomitable, cannyness, Campbell and his men defied and conquered: assisted by the perfection of light infantry—the Zouaves—made sure the heights of bloody Alma.

Then came a tulzie with the Celestials, in

which Mouth-Braggadocia (diplomacy), Paper-Rascality (policy), gained their point with but little bloodshed, and as small danger was to be incurred, rampaged and curvetted, till lost dignity. *When Juno grasps a nettle, she must do so firmly if she'd come off scatheless*, but culling violets *needs* no such energy.

Afterwards the butchery war in the East, when Blacks, forgetful they were *men*, unthankful for so much of benefit, listened to serpent-savageness, and ankle-deep in gore, babes' entrails, woman's rapt agony of shame, called jeeringly for reprisals. And nobly did the old Field-Marshal *do* his duty, showing himself "*Second to none.*" Lesser, but *great*, Outram, the king-hearted. And wonderful where nothing was expected—Nicholson, Havelock, and Neal—*perhaps* Rose.

The ogre, Germany, managed to partially swallow up Schleswig-Holstein, in its usually bullying and cat-spitting manner.

The Coup d'Etat of the wonderful nephew of the wonderful uncle, reinstating order, laying up grievances, building together history, and estranging Hugo, Guizot and Thiers.

Crystal rose to its meridian in the Paxton-Albert Exhibition, wherein shopkeepers held shrewd merry-making; fashion much display,

beauty insatiable gossip; the "Piping Bullfinch" many admirers, and science and art but few.

Fires too were rife—fires *unlooked* for by insurance companies, though booked up in "general averages." Fires, incendiarised to slaughter; devising poverty where none had been. Fires lolling their mighty violence, against the walls of night, transfiguring to lurid romanticness much of common-place, and ordure. Raising mobs contaminate by twin-fire in heart, playing *delirium tremens* in two acts, and actors. Mobs, willing contributors to discord, pilfering when possible, but loud in disapproval thereof. Determinate if not to help, leastways to see, expatiate on, causes assigning; pitying not reality, for theory-comfort. Fire-engines, fire-escapes, firemen-helmeted, hatcheted, spirited to match. Sleek horses roused to thunder by the trumpeting, clanking, passaging of those they bore. Yet is the world for fire cynically unthankful, rallying assurance, ideas, and plans, as each Fire-Evangelist, harshed by his *mission*, sweeps by, till grandeur-pristine, vanishes in wail and wantoning. Know, fire is careful; allotted is to circumstance; oftentimes effecting that which man *will not, cannot*, or has not the heart *to do*. It is a master—God's aide-de-camp messaging from land to land against selfishness,

carelessness, disease, probability, and chance. Truly involving much innocence in its high falling; but not less watched over by coincident restriction. The victims of the Holocausts wedded to new walks; occupying more tenured office by fiat of affliction, drain into emigration, and passing by life's southern wall, whence fruits and flowers of comfort drop on them, say—*"There is more in fire than mankind wots of."* So ever is it; for through *frequency* do we misesteem not even the God-wonders, but even the very God. Will no one ever be free from the blindness of FREQUENCY? Will no one ever reverence the Common? No! because the Almighty laid His oracles in our laps; His words in our hearts; His Spirit in our souls, we will not! We will rather worship King George, whose wide mind could contemplate a *seduction* and a *new-patterned waistcoat* at the same table.

III.

Shipwrecks cropped up plentifully, garnished with the usual "might-have-beens," "but-fors," "ought-tos," "errors in judgment" (ignorance), "indiscretion" (drunkenness), "used not the lead" (bravado), "confusion" (cowardice)—Warning precocious youth from hope of ease which so press-gangs for sea. Also the livery

loaded with brass and tinsel, emulates position, rendering the wearers thrasonical; yet is **the** genus very silly and easily hoodwinked, for they love a certain concoction named "grog"; they know not **the** value of money; they cram a year into a week, and live for hours as emperors. Deadlier, they being estranged so long from Flounce-Dialectics, *fall* at the argument of Touch, and life is distilled in seconds.

Youth knows better, *of course*. Romance bowls up all silken-sailed, with sailors upon deck smoking, drinking, dancing, hitching, rolling, &c. Or, as philosophical youth hath it—"amicably conversing on 'state of funds,' 'Sally's bust,' 'the Veda's,' the relative merits of Luther, Calvin, Knox, as against those of Wycliffe, Huss, Zwingli; whilst a fair wind (right aft) bears them along from port to port." What avails it to tell of discomfort unparalleled in other trades; to threaten of imprisonment in a wooden or iron den, as the case may chance, with joyous possibility (half probability) of being burned, starved, or drowned. If none of these be preferred, there is the risk of falling from aloft, or ingeniously killing one's-self otherwise: to expatiate on being cooped up with shipmates, watchmates, messmates, to whom bears would be amiable, certainly not ruder, not beastlier; lastly, and

best, the eschewed, but common horror of dying in some foreign hospital pauper-ward, unvisited, unsoothed, unfollowed, and unwept.

Yes! Commerce *must be*, hence this wistfulness for sea, which much beloved, martyrs, and thus shall it be, till "*no more sea*" surges and slays.

Ye who would to sea, *go not*, if fitted for aught better. All *must* work, be it never so little. All *must* die. But ye sea-longers, go! bid farewell to all your loves; hope not for the blythe happiness of middle life, for it shall *never* sun you; pray for green memory, so you for a while may fend off rottenness of sea-slang; crawl of bad company. Go! and gone, see that never duty is shirked; be able at least to say of easiest of professions—*I know it*. With that be satisfied, for that only will you have; *except* as you may make sure, Incompetency, Favouritism, and Ignorance will captain you very often.

But now as *ever* Commercial Oratorios rend the nations, to adore, and bareheaded to celebrate treaties, profits, ventures. Riding Juggernaut on devotees who scare not others from self-sacrifice; rather hallow the calling with a danger which is itself a prize; so Lassies to their White Immortality clasp *sailors*, when a *sage* is laughed at.

Well memoried am I, of the heart-burst from universal men when Burns, throned in centenary, called his starved Ghost of Song to be merry, for none other was like it—none! It pervadeth the nations; it is for high and low (even for High Church of England clergymen). It only is the spirit which from writing, *sings*. Yet not as he should be, *is he*; nor can, till man from scholastic trammels and obscure ancientness frees himself. Not till then will Burns, of Singers the Song, of Song the Singer, be. I hear a *would-be* saying—"I let my follies vagabond in rhyme such as his." Another says—"I play more parts that he did." But methinks "Would-Be" is more fool than vagabond, more vagabond than poet, more poet than truth-wise. That "Another" could he play One Part Well, even *indifferently well*, might consider himself nigher God than Burns—ay! than many seraphim waving their pinions with unutterable joy.

In those '50's had I rest, now nervous and peered into by anxiety; but even this *unrest* is grudged me by life's busybodies. A little and in all-rest they'll lie with peevish inclination, and helpless so the clod will falling on them record: but *when* recorded, it were better to *know not*, than to *know* and *perish*.

Folly raises to itself Ten Feet of Happiness,

advises melancholy, chides pain, laughs at misanthropy, sampling and exampling SELF. But when the calm breaks up before cyclones, Folly is hurled on the beach, where wrecks, bones, pile deeper year by year.

Does the world grow less presumptuous in its joy-building? Ah no! but higher builds, so violently falls, *crushing* the nestlers at the foot. Surely the non-builders are safer, but who crediteth? You yourself don't think so! Go! call your love; see you quarrel not; rejoice; make merry!—till *to-morrow*; then call, and be not uneasy if you are not answered—if you are *never* answered. So it must be; why not to-morrow?—but you *will* build. Woe's me, *none* can live and not build.

'50's for me were painless, save physically, which pain, not being unto death, is at worst but inconvenient. They told not of merit-recompense—ingratitude; of dullard-praise—success. Then I *knew*, but *realised not* divinity and distribution; yet riseth up judgment terrible of truth.—*Hush!* dreamer hast so long dreamt, and still wouldst dream, attempt not sophistry—thou *hast* realised, and *acted* abominably. Be *real* and *turn*, lest into sympathy with idlers thou be deluded, and find hell ere it seek thee.

Where shall we all be in the nineteen hundred

'50's, and who will write of them? *How* will they write in that possible Then, when a citizen may say, "Marjory, I think I'll take a stroll to Pekin," and the Dame may reply, "Very well, I'll expect you this day fortnight to tea." When navigation will be an obsolete science; and sailing vessels only found in museums. When the United States will be monarchical, and of *monarchies*; dividing world-rule with Australia and Russia, possibly side-walked by the Cape Colonies. When cholera will be understood and mastered, and this age's stupidity wondered at.

We may be a little premature in our data, but these things will be in some '50 or other—if the world wag so long—and why not then?

THE END.

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