

SHORT POEMS

AND

OTHER WRITINGS,

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LONDON, ONT. :
VIVIAN, PRINTER, 398 CLARENCE STREET.

1877.

211
Subs

300331

15/7/31 Recd from Miss. A. C. C.

PREFACE.

AFTER sundry endeavors to write a preface to this little book of Poems, (if they may be so called) and other scribblings, I feel compelled to own that I am forced to give up the task in despair: so, simply send it forth to meet with either the approbation or condemnation of the public, merely stating that, if the former be the case, my highest ambition will be amply gratified: and expressing the hope that my readers will look with a lenient eye on the humble efforts of

THE AUTHOR.

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ELLA LANE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

In morte non separabuntur.

MARK yonder cot beneath the cliff which rears its
dizzy height,
Far, far above where the ocean foam specks the gray
sand with white ;
Upon whose summit ocean birds erect their airy nests ;
Upon whose brow the snowy gull its weary pinions
rests.
There in a nook that cottage stands, where the fiercest
winter storm
Can not molest it, though it stands scarce out of reach
of harm,
A weather beaten fisher dwells within those spray beat
walls ;
A man whose hair is white and long, and o'er his shoul-
ders falls.
Full half a century he has lived within this lowly cot,
And satisfied, the rich and great the old man envies not ;

Each eve, when fair the wind, his craft out seaward
 speeds away,
Her keen bows cutting thro' the waves, and casting far
 the spray :
The morning sees his safe return, adown the pebbly
 lane
There comes his greatest joy to give him welcome back
 again ;
It is his little grand daughter, o'er whose bright sunny
 head,
Some summers ten have passed away, and with the past
 have fled.
A child of beauty rare, whose eyes, like sunshine on
 the sea,
Are ever glancing clear and bright, and dance in restless
 glee ;
A mouth whose cherry lips disclose a row of glistening
 pearls ;
A voice more clear and musical than e'er the woodland
 merle's.
A figure more like those we see in dreams of elves and
 fays,
From which the eyes of those who see can scarce with-
 draw their gaze ;
The old man fondly loves the child, she is the only one
Of all his kin now left ; they long their earthly course
 have run.
When wintry winds howl fierce and loud the old man's
 cot around,
When the ocean's voice gives forth its roar with deep
 and angry sound,
The old man ventures not abroad upon the raging sea ;
But more securely stays at home, his pet stands at his
 knee.

And as he mends his broken nets, whose perfume of
the brine
Odorous fills the little room, her loving fingers twine
About the white locks on his head, the head she loves
so well ;
While he, in homely accents strives some stirring tale
to tell ;
Of days when he was young, and she gives ear with
wondering gaze,
Whilst ever and anon he stops his narrative to praise
The beauty of the little girl, and tell her how that he
Remembers her own mother when a girl as bright as
she.
And then the old man wipes away the tear drops that
will come,
When he thinks of her now passed away to her eternal
home ;
And though the child remembers not the mother who
has gone,
She weeps in sympathy, that he, her grandsire not alone
May grieve, which seeing, he again resumes his broken-
tale,
While hoarsely roars the furious sea, and fiercely howls
the gale ;
His nets repaired, his labors o'er, his little grandchild
kneels
To pray : a smile of sweet content o'er the old man's
features steals.
As he hears her gentle voice repeat, in accents soft and
low,
The prayers which he had heard her say, who left him
long ago ;
Oh ! sure no prayers so pure as those from the lips of
a little child,

Who knows not of the sins which rage in the world so
 fierce and wild ;
 Who only knows of sin by name ; Oh ! do such prayers
 atone
 For deeds of evil done by others—before the heavenly
 throne ?
 The Bible brought, the chapter read, to rest they both
 retire ;
 While on the hearth the embers glow, grow fainter and
 expire,
 And naught is heard, but the howling wind, and the
 breakers dashing o'er
 The rocks which line the long expanse of sand along
 the shore,
 * * * * * * *
 Six years have fled, the cot still stands, the old man
 as of yore,
 Sets sail when wind and wave permit, his grandchild
 on the shore
 Still waves adieux as the little bark glides swiftly out
 to sea,
 And sometimes seated in the stern she bears him com-
 pany ;
 She fears no danger when with him, for a fisher's child
 is she.
 Six years have wrought a wondrous change in this fair
 lovely girl,
 A child no longer, now she is a very ocean pearl,
 The same sweet smile, the same bright eyes, developed
 every charm,
 To heaven the old man constant prays, to shield his
 child from harm.
 "I would seem that such a life to one so beautiful and
 fair,

Would be monotonous ; 'tis not so, for never thought
 nor care
 Of any better life than hers e'er gives her breast one
 pang ;
 On the happiness of her Grandsire *her* happiness doth
 hang.
 If he be sad, a wistful look, comes in her lovely eyes,
 Which seem as though the cause of grief they're long-
 ing to surmise ;
 And should he smile, how bright her face with smiles
 illumines o'er,
 And loving looks from those sweet eyes of hers she
 seems to pour ;
 So time flies on, and Ella Lane more lovely daily grows ;
 The loveliness of the lilly pale, with the warm tint of
 the rose
 Suffused o'er all : her figure tall, so full of ease and grace,
 Is but eclipsed in loveliness by the beauty of her face.
 * * * * *
 'Twas in November's blustering month, the old man
 in the morn
 Had put to sea; the day had fled, the new moon's up-
 turned horn
 Rose stormily ; the winds increase ; an ominous mur-
 mur roars
 Through all the caves, which in the cliffs abound along
 the shores.
 And Ella fears she knows not what ; a shudder con-
 stant creeps
 O'er her fair frame as the wind sweeps by, yet still
 her watch she keeps ;
 'Tis seldom in these winter months her grandsire over
 night

Will stay at sea, but ever strives to reach the shore with
light.

And now 'tis ten and past ; and still no welcome step
she hears,

And all alone she gives full vent to all her anxious
fears ;

At every blast she starts and peers into the murky night,
But naught but darkness all around, greets her inquir-
ing sight.

Save indistinct, a line of foam, where breakers strike
the shore,

And dash the broken foam on high, the stern cliffs
bosom o'er ;

All night she watches, till at length, as day begins to
dawn,

She wanders forth upon the shore, her breast with ter-
ror torn.

Fears for she knows not what, but still a fear of im-
pending ill

And vainly she her fluttering heart strives hard to
render still ;

Of no avail : she wanders on, till something meets her
gaze,

A something at the sight of which more ghastly grows
her face, [sea,

A something lying on the beach, thrown by the angry
It is her grandsire's fisher hat ; but still it may not be,
It may be that the boisterous wind has blown it from
his head

While out at sea ; but yet she feels a sinking, sickening
dread [yield ;

At sight of it : Can she go on ? her limbs are faint to
Yet see, another object here by the glowing light
revealed !

The well known oar, thrown far ashore, and now she
knows the worst,
And tottering falls, her beating heart seems striving
strong to burst.

Oh! Can it be? Her dearest friend—gone! No, 'tis
not so,

'Tis fancy; 'tis an awful dream from which she'll wake
—but no,

'Tis all too real—that hat and oar—she rises, staggers
on,

And soon the remnants of the boat her eyesight rests
upon.

She walks mechanically on, scarce knowing where
she goes,

Till, just as in the east the sun of another day uprose,
She sees her grandsire's body lie half in, half out the
waves,

The water playing round his head his well loved gray
hair laves.

With wild, unearthly shriek she flies toward the piteous
sight,

And drags the body toward the grass with superhuman
might;

“Speak father! say this is not death! No, no, it
cannot be,

Oh! speak, dear father, speak one word! Oh! father
speak to me.”

'Tis vain; those lips she loved so well, will speak to
her no more,

The fisher's cares and sorrows now, for e'er on earth
are o'er:—

And when the sun rose higher up, and dried the spray
Two forms lay there in close embrace; two spirits
were with God. [wet sod,



UNFORGOTTEN.

FROM out the deep unbounded gloom,
Of darkling rock and rolling sand,
Where loudly sweeps the dread simoom,
O'er many a league of leafless land.

Light of my heart ! my spirit flies
Far backward to that blissful hour,
When thou wast to my youthful eyes
The beauteous star, the peerless flower.

Perchance my doom may be a grave
Beyond the Atlantic's restless sea,
Yet far o'er mountain, waste or wave
My spirit flies to thee, to thee.

Oh ! loving eyes, oh ! happy hours
When mind and heart and lips were young,
'Ere sorrow dimmed hopes rosy bowers,
When joy to meet our coming sprung.

My lost ! though time and distance part
Though oceans roll and roar between,
Still in life's dreary sea thou art

An isle to love and memory green.
Long, withering years with rapid pace
Their burden on my heart have, flung
Since last I looked upon thy face
And heard the accents of thy tongue.
Haply my image from thy heart
Has faded with the flight of years
And thought of me no more hath part
In all thy joys and hopes and fears.
Dark years full many I ne'er have known
The music of thy well loved name,
Yet in my breast, to thee alone
Hath burnt a deathless altar flame.
Which not adversity's strong hour
Nor all the woes which have been mine
Nor penury, nor bonds hath power
To banish from it's holy shrine.
I know not but thy cherished form
To yon high worlds has passed to dwell
Beyond the circle of the storm,
To lips that never breathe farewell
Or one with tones to thee divine
Has gained thy willing heart and hand
And other joys and cares are thine
And dearer in another land.
But if beyond the foaming main
This frail memorial meet thy gaze
Thou will not deem as wholly vain
The tones that speak of other days.
Again the mellow bugle thrills

To call me to the march away
And bright along the distant hills
The Sunsets golden wavelets play.
Deep in the prairies silent gloom
To night my grassy couch must be
But thought, unchained, afar will roam
And dwell a transient guest with thee.





IN MEMORIAM;

J. S.

Obiit, 1846.

NOT distant from the sea on a Devonian shore
A churchyard stands around the house of God.
Tread lightly as thou steppest the green mounds o'er,
A father's ashes lie beneath the sod.

No marble monument towers towards the skies
With lines descriptive of the sleeper's worth,
No gilded epitaph tells of him who lies
In peace and rest beneath the mossy earth.

Nought but a simple cross : the cross so dear
To him who sleeps, stands o'er his lowly tomb :
The sombre yew trees to the headstone near
Cast shades which throw a darkness and a gloom

O'er that plain grave. At eve the nightingale
Pours forth her melody distinct and clear,
So sad, it seems as though she doth bewail
The death of him so calmly sleeping here.

'The distant murmur of the Ocean breaks
Upon the solitude which reigns around,
The gentle zephyr in the yew-trees makes
Sweet cadence, mingling with the Ocean's sound.

But though no epitaph with hollow pride
To all the world his noble acts doth give;
'Those acts were graven deep before he died,
And written in the hearts of those who live.

Great were his virtues but his failings few,
His dealings upright, all his life was pure,
A heart was his, benevolent and true,
The needy, wanting, never left his door.

'The fatherless and widow found a trusty friend
In him : the hungry never begged in vain,
All that he did was good : how blest his end,
How small our loss compared with his great gain.

Full well we know that he is gone before,
Gone, we are certain, to those regions blest,
Where all of sorrow, sin and grief are o'er,
Where those aweary find repose and rest.





CEYLON.

THERE is an island in the East
In the heart of the tropic clime
Where all the year, from end to end
'Tis one long summer time :

Save two short months, when the wild monsoon
Roars madly o'er the isle,
Save then, the same from day to day
All nature seems to smile.

Around the sea-shore, lofty palms
Their feathered branches spread
As to the sky each graceful tree
Rears high its plumed head.

The Ocean waves, subdued and calm
Break gently on the strand,
And roll their sparkling waters bright
Upon the golden sand.

The flying fish it's airy course
Now and again pursues,

And, glittering in the Sun, displays
A thousand brilliant hues.

Then sinks again with weary wing
Into the ocean's breast,
On which the snowy sea-gull floats
In peaceful ease and rest.

Whilst, further inland, jungles dense
Exclude the burning glare,
So still, that one can scarce believe
That any life is there.

Embosomed in the forest's midst
Fair lakes their waters spread,
Which vividly reflect the trees
Which tower over head.

The gorgeous 'peacock 'cross the lake
With scream discordant flies:
The brilliant lyre-birds flashing past,
The bird of Paradise,

Seem like bright meteors as they fly :
The graceful cygnet floats
Serenely on the placid wave,
The doves low, soothing notes

Sound mournfully ; the insects hum
Gives forth it's drowsy drone,
While, now and then, the bell-bird rings
With clear metallic tone.

The gaudy parrot's songless voice
Is loud and frequent heard,
While like a restless spirit flits
The tiny humming-bird.

The scent from flower-laden trees
Perfumes the sultry air,
And many a brilliant blossom blooms
And wastes its fragrance there.

When night draws near the sounds increase,
Loud, fierce the leopards roar :
And echo, with her mimic voice
Repeats the sound once more.

The jackal's hideous yell resounds
The jungles arches through ;
The night-owl ever and anon
Repeats its' deep " tu-whoo."

The devil-bird with mocking laugh
Screams shrill : the very air
Seems all alive with divers sounds
Which cease in mid-day's glare.

But further inland all is changed,
There towering mountains rise :
There Adam's Peak its' lofty head
Upreats toward the skies.

False Pedro's summit stands afar
A stately solemn giant
Amongst the lesser hills around
It seems to stand defiant.

The Mahvala ganga's silvery stream
Flows past fair Kandy's town,
On which, sequestered in a vale,
The mountains round look down.

Oh ! Kandy, with thy sculptured mosques
And ancient walls and lake,

A beauteous picture in good truth
Thou to the eye dost make.
See here the Buddhist priest stalk on
With grave and reverend mien
Through orange groves and scented shade
Of lime and mangosteen,
In which is heard the drowsy hum
Of ever restless bees :
Whilst countless perfumes round are spread
Borne on th' odorous breeze.
Set here the stately temple stands
Sacred to Buddha's tooth ;
How long will such idolatry
Prevail, and will the truth,
The only Truth e'er shed its rays
O'er this benighted sect ?
Or will they e'er the Holy Word
Spurn from them and reject ?
'Tis pitiful in such a land
Which boasts such beauty rare,
That such a worship should exist
And even flourish there :
But so it is : and so has been
For many centuries,
'Tis difficult to change the mind
Of these idle Cinghalese ;
Whate'er their fathers did, they do
To them it seems but right :
You could not change their creed although
You proved that black was white.

Now to Ceylon we bid farewell
A land to memory dear ;
Our sails are set ; we see the isle
Grow dim, and disappear.





AT SEA.

THROUGH the 'Trades' our ship is rushing, fresh-
ly blows the favoring gale
Onward speeds the gallant vessel under press of every
sail.

See the flying fishes glancing, take their flight across
the sea,

See th' ungainly porpoise, rising, spring in air with
clumsy glee.

Look astern: the bright hued dolphin through the
water swiftly speeds,

Shining, glittering, swiftly darting: see yon bunch of
Ocean weeds.

Whilst above our tapering spars the Albatross serenely
sails

On his wide, outstretched pinions, in the teeth of fiercest
gales:

Far away from land we see him, see this lordly alba-
tross,

See him in the northern tropics, see him where the
southern cross
Shines resplendent, ever flying; seldom do we see him
rest,
For his home is in the ocean, and his bed, the ocean's
breast.

Superstitious sea-men tell us that the Albatrosses grey
Are the souls of men departed from their tenements
of clay;

Ah ! strange legends have these sailors, and unshaken
is their faith

In th' existence of the spirits ; many a fancied ghost
or wraith

Walks upon the midnight Ocean ; ghosts of those who
die at sea,

And no argument persuades them that such things can
never be.

Woe betide the man who slays the Stormy Petrel, for
that bird

All the sailors hold as sacred; many a story have I
heard

Of the fearful fate o'ertaking all who ever put to death
Such a bird, *his* death is sure within the year, the
legend saith.

Hold on to your superstitions, gallant, brave and braw-
ny tar,

Well we know in time of danger, what you were and
what you are;

Iron handed, gentle hearted, fearless, tender, brave
and true;

Well 'twould be if those who scorn you, more them-
selves resembled you.

Yes, 'tis you to whom Old England all her present
glory owes

Yes, to you she owes the conquests which she's gained
o'er all her foes.

Honest Jack! with warm heart beating 'neath thy
weather-beaten breast

May you go aloft hereafter to your everlasting rest.

* * * * *

The trade winds daily fainter grow ; we near th' Equator's line,

The breezes blow with heated breath, the sun doth
fiercely shine,

And pours his burning rays upon the scarcely rippling
sea,

And all around where'er we look no life doth seem to
be ;

Save now and then the nautilus glides by with tiny
barque,

While here and there we see the sharp, black fin of the
cruel shark

Rise o'er the surface, and approach till close the beast
is nigh,

And as we look we see the fiend which glints in his
murd'rous eye.

And now we are becalmed, not even the faintest sound
we hear,

The sails lie useless 'gainst the mast, and idly hangs
the gear.

We make no progress on our way, a day, a week crawls
by

And still the same dead calm prevails ; the same still
sea and sky.

The sea-man gazes all around, no sign of wind he sees,
So, superstitious as of yore, he whistles for a breeze.

And sure enough a faint, faint puff, which scarcely can
be felt

At first, now ripples all the sea around th' horizon's
belt.

A cat'spaw? no, a breeze at last each moment stronger
grows

Till towards the setting of the sun a strong sou'wester
blows.

No fear of storms, tho' fresh the wind, no threatening
dark clouds lower,

We speed along upon our course, hurrah ! twelve knots
an hour.





CEYLON.

ITS SCENERY AND GENERAL ASPECT.

IN my travels I have perhaps seen as many countries as the majority of men. I have stood on the summit of the Alps, and have beheld the beautiful sun-rises and other lovely scenes amongst those mountains. I have scaled the lofty heights of the Peak of Teneriffe, rising abruptly from the ocean to a height of 15,000 feet, and have gazed down from that pinnacle on seas of fleecy clouds below. I have stood where the great Napoleon stood on his desolate island-prison of St. Helena, and have wandered in solitude along the rock-bound shores of Tristan d'Acunha, striving to picture to myself the feelings and thoughts of Selkirk when cast away on the lonely island of Saint Juan Fernandez. I have beheld some of the most enchanting views in China and Japan, but never have I seen any land which for beauty of scenery, for luxuriant vegetation, and for variety of climate, equalled the lovely Island of Ceylon. More able writers than I have described this island and its beauties, but surely none more enthusiastic,

and so I humbly proceed to do homage to its charms. As I look back to the time when I first saw Ceylon, it seems to me almost like a dream ; like one of those visions in which we visit places which are almost indescribable in their loveliness, and my retrospective eye beholds this island of the Indian Ocean. with its towering mountains clothed to the very summits with gigantic forests, from which issue magnificent cascades and foaming cataracts that form in the valleys placid rivers and still deep lakes : I see the dense cool jungles and the tall waving palm trees dim and indistinct, surrounded as it were by a golden haze. Seen from the sea at the distance of a few miles, Ceylon appears to be one mass of dense tropical vegetation—the jungles running down to the very water's edge, the waves of the ocean, in fact, at times dashing in amongst the tall and stately palms, their white foam contrasting beautifully with the surrounding gloom. Further inland, lofty mountains rise, indistinct and purple in the distance, but, plainly discernible amongst them stands Adam's Peak, the monarch of them all, rearing his proud crest some 8,000 feet above the level of the ocean. At times the land-breeze sweeping out to sea, bears off odours of spices and aromatic herbs which perfume the air for miles away from land. It seems as though some spirit were swinging an unseen censer in the air, and the spectator feels a pleasing sensation creeping over him as the incense laden zephyrs fan his brow. Close to the shore the surf is ever rolling ; and often in the night have I lain awake listening to its moaning, now rising on the landward breeze, and now falling into low, soothing murmurs, till its voice became so familiar to me that, when I left Ceylon, I felt as though

I had lost a friend in the restless surf which ever beats upon her shores. But to obtain a sense of perfect solitude and silence, one should penetrate some of the dark, gloomy jungles about the hour of noon. Verily, silence reigneth here. Nothing can be heard save perhaps the trickling of some little brook, leaping on towards the ocean, or the flutter of the gaudy plumage of the Bird of Paradise winging its flight in meteoric splendor. All Nature seems to sleep at this hour of the day. A gloomy twilight enshrouds all around, and the perfume of the flower-laden trees becomes almost oppressive in its intensity. I have often wandered among the dark aisles of some virgin forest, where never the footstep of man trod before, amazed and bewildered by the weird beauty of the scene, and with a strange feeling of awe creeping over me to think that I alone had ever penetrated those forest depths, during the thousands and thousands of years of their existence. As the day wears on, the denizens of the jungles commence to awaken from their siesta, and the shrill note of the minah resounds through the echoing vaults, whilst the deep metallic tones of the bell-bird toll slowly through the woody shades. The grey-whiskered, quaint-looking Wanderoo ape hangs chattering from the topmost bough of some lofty teak tree, whilst the brilliantly feathered parrot makes the forest re-echo with his discordant shrieks. Who that has ever visited the tropics, does not know what an awakening into life takes place in the jungle about the sunset hour? This has been described often and often before, and by those whose description would be better worth perusing than mine. So let us leave the jungles and proceed on a short tour over the island. Perhaps a very

brief sketch of the history of Ceylon might not be uninteresting ; so I will endeavor to state what little I know concerning it in as short a space as possible. Ceylon, Singhala, Lanka, Serindab or Taprobane, lies between the parallels of $5^{\circ} 54'$ and $9^{\circ} 48'$ N. and 80° to 82° E. longitude. Its length is about 275 miles from north to south, and its breadth is about 150 miles. The Singhalese, the native inhabitants of the island, claim to be descended from a colony of Sings or Rajpoots, B. C. 500. They are a fine-looking, handsome, indolent race, perfectly content to earn a subsistence by selling their paddy or rice fields, but looking with an abhorrent eye on anything approaching to real hard labor. A stranger in the island is at a loss, at first, to distinguish the difference in sex, both men and women wearing the hair long, the men, however, confining theirs in a knot behind, with a large tortoiseshell comb ; both dress in a similar manner, and were it not for the beard of some of the sterner sex, I confess it would be a matter of some difficulty, even for one who had resided for some time on the island, to distinguish a Singhalese man from a woman. There is abundant evidence that, in very remote ages, Ceylon was extensively peopled, though the population has since greatly decreased. Ruins are to be found throughout the island which prove that in some long past age magnificent cities existed. More especially are these ruins to be seen near Mantotte, where vast piles of brick, stone and mortar, with an immense artificial reservoir some fifteen miles in extent, are found in a state of very tolerable preservation. Mantotte is supposed to have been the capital of a kingdom established by the Hindoos over the northern part of the island, but the date is

very uncertain. Further in the interior, however, are buildings of much greater antiquity, constructed of huge stones, beautifully cut and dovetailed into each other (no mortar having been used), with inscriptions plainly discernible on them, but which no human being now in existence has as yet been able to decipher. And here these huge edifices stand, monuments like the Pyramids of Egypt, or the great wall of China, of an attainment in architectural art at that early age equal to that of the present day. Two beautiful artificial lakes are still to be seen—one at Kandelle, near Trincomale (8 20 N lat), which is eighteen miles in circumference, and exhibits a parapet around it, formed of immense blocks of stone 12 to 15 feet long. This parapet is 143 feet broad at the base, and 30 feet at the summit. It is a thing worthy of remark that there are arches in this parapet with conduits over them similar to those constructed by the Romans in Italy. The other lake, though very beautiful, is on a much smaller scale, and is situated at the mountain capital, Kandy, it is only about three miles in circumference. On the, I think, eastern side of it stands the huge Buddhist temple, built of stone and beautifully carved both inside and out, and the natives claim that the date of its erection is several thousands of years ago. Near Batticaloa is a gigantic pagoda, also constructed of large blocks of stone, and near it are seen the traces of a canal some hundred feet wide, which the natives will inform you was made by men *forty feet in height!* Be that as it may, these ruins are the remains of most stupendous edifices, and among these astounding buildings I may mention the bridge across the Kalu-oya, near a fort of the same name, the

stones of which are from ten to fifteen feet long, and firmly jointed into one another. This bridge is said to have been constructed *15,000 years ago*; and even at that remote period the then natives are shown to have used the chisel and wedge in splitting stone in the manner which has only been introduced into Europe in the nineteenth century. The ancient Singhalese capital was Anaradgapura, and was enclosed by a wall fifteen miles long. A list of the streets is still in existence. The Portugese wrested the greater part of the island from the Cinghalese in 1518, but were driven from the country, after a series of long and bloody struggles, by the Dutch, acting in conjunction with the Cinghalese in 1657. In 1818 the island became subject to British sway, under which it has ever since remained, only a few unimportant risings and insurrections having occurred since that date. I am aware that this is the merest outline of the history of Ceylon, but time and space will not permit me to say more, though a very large and interesting volume might be written on this ancient island, and nothing would give me greater delight than to be its author, for it is with feelings of intense pleasure that I look back to my sojourn in that island, and I never think of it, or anything connected with it, without very pleasurable emotions. Many writers claim that Ceylon was the Eden of the Old Testament, but so many facts go to confute this theory that I think myself it is scarcely possible, though certainly the island is beautiful enough even to have been Eden itself. But I have already said more than I intended about this lovely spot, this Garden of the East, and will conclude with Bishop

Heber's beautiful verse in which he so sweetly sings
of that Paradise, Singhala:

“What though the spicy breezes
Blow fair o'er Ceylons isle ;
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”





I. N. R. I,

SEE him with his crown of thorns, so meekly
going forth to die,
With his robe of purple flowing, on his way to Calvary ;
Uttering no vain remonstrance. though a word from
him had slain
Those who slew him : yet he chose to suffer agony
and pain.

Hear the Jews ; “ We have a law, and by that law he
ought to die,
For he calls himself the Saviour, and the Son of God
most High ;”
Pilate sees no evil in Him ; yet he fears to set him
free,
And he says : “ They call thee King of Jewry, tell
me, art thou He ?”

But the Saviour, silent standing, spake not, answered
not a word,
Gave no token that he listened ; gave no sign that
He had heard ;

Then again spake Pilate, saying ; “ Know’st thou not
the power I have ;
Power to slay thee ; crucify thee ; power to kill or
power to save !”

Meekly answered Jesus, trusting ever in His Father’s
love,
“ Thou could’st have no power against me, lest ’twere
given thee from above ;
His the greater sin who gave me to be put to death
by thee ”
And from thence the wish of Pilate, was to set the
Saviour free.

But the Jews and people clamored : fiercely spake the
soldiers rude ;
“ Crucify him, crucify him ! Let us have th’ impostor’s
blood !”
Wavering Pilate gives him over, to a sinner’s death
of shame,
To be crucified, while thieves revile, and call upon
his name ;

“ If thou be the Jesus save us ; save thyself and us,”
they cry ;
But no word escapes the Saviour in His hour of agony :
Death at last ends all his sufferings, and from pain the
Lord is freed ;
Not till then do those who slew Him, own that He
was Christ indeed.

Who but Christ could die as he did? even with his
dying breath,
Praying for His slayer’s pardon ; begging that His
shameful death

Might be pardoned them ; and calling, when death's
portal passing through :
“ Oh ! forgive them, Heavenly Father, for they know
not what they do !”





DOMINUS RESURREXIT.

MATT. CHAP. XXVIII.

NOW the Sabbath being ended, as the day began
to dawn,
'Ere the glorious sun had risen, just at breaking of
the morn,
Lo! the whole earth shook and trembled, and the
stone was rolled away
From the sepulchre where sleeping, Jesus Christ the
Savior lay.
Now came Mary Madgalene to the place where he had
lain
To behold the tomb of him whom, wantonly, the Jews
had slain :
And with her the other Mary : but how great was
their surprise
When they reached the tomb to see the sight which met
their wondering eyes.
Sitting on the stone removed, the angel of the Lord
they know,

With his countenance like lightning, and his raiment
 white as snow.
 Now the keepers of the Saviour's body, seized with ter-
 ror, shake
 And become as dead ; the angel to the women gently
 spake,
 Saying, " Fear not ; for I know ye seek the Saviour
 crucified,
 He is gone ; for he is risen as he said before he died ;
 Go ye, tell to his disciples that the Lord is risen in-
 deed,
 He has left His earthly prison, from the bonds of death
 is freed."
 Seized with mingled fear and joy the women swiftly
 wend their way,
 Eager to impart the news that Christ no longer buried
 lay,
 But had risen ; as they go they hear the blessed Saviour's
 voice.
 As He meets them on their journey, and the women's
 hearts rejoice
 When they hear Him gently speaking, softly greeting
 them, " All Hail.
 Fear ye nothing," For the courage of the two began to
 fail.
 " Quickly go ye, tell my brethren that they go to Galilee
 Where e're many days have passed their Lord and Mas-
 ter they shall see."

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Greatly now the elders wondered when they heard what
 things were done,
 How the stone was rolled away and how that Jesus
 Christ was gone,

And they charged the soldiers, saying " Be ye sure ye
only say,
That this man's disciples came by night and stole his
corpse away."

Thus with bribes they charged the watch : and they
this rumour spread abroad
How, whilst they slept, the Christ's disciples stole the
body of their Lord.

* * * *

But the eleven quickly journeying on their way to Gal-
ilee

Eager to behold their master ; anxious Jesus Christ to
see,

Whom, when they behold, they worship ; Jesus charges
them to go

Teaching all that he had taught them ; teaching all
things that they know.

That they are the Lord's disciples e'er should be their
proudest boast ;

That they should baptize in the name of Father, Son
and Holy Ghost.





TO THE
DEMON OF INTEMPERANCE

HENCE! hence! thou destroyer no longer ap-
proach me,
Thou who hast shattered my ease and repose ;
Tell me the reason why friends now reproach me,
Why those who *were* friends are now worse far
than foes.

Get thee afar ! and relinquish, Temptation,
No more hast thou power to turn me aside
From the way I have chosen, to the deep degradation
Which attends all confiding in thee as a guide.

No more will I trust in thy promise alluring,
No more be deceived by thy dazzling glitter,
For long I have known that the sweets thour't assur-
ing

Me prove to be worthless, deceptive and bitter.

'Tis useless to say that there's joy in the tankard,
I *did* think so once, but I now know full well

That the first sips are steps to the grave of the drunkard,
The stepping-stones down to destruction and Hell.

When raving, delirious, dost thou bring consolation
To *thy* devotee? No ! thou sendest instead
Such demons and fiends, such foretaste of damnation,
As Hell only knows of to watch by his bed.

And yet to destruction a host thou art leading,
Bound far more secure than with irons and gyves,
And a deaf ear thou turn'st to the sorrowful pleading
Of heart-broken mothers, and desolate wives.

The tears of the widow and orphan unceasing,
By thee are unheeded : thou turnest away,
And daily thy victims are largely increasing
As thy power grows greater, and stronger thy sway.

But a brighter day cometh when the sun, Prohibition,
Will break through the clouds which now threaten-
ing lower,

And its bright rays will burst, like a beautiful vision,
On those who now grieve, soon to sorrow no more.





RED RIBBON SONG.

THROUGHOUT the continent proclaim
The glorious Temperance cause,
“Dare to Do Right,” our constant aim,
The foremost of our laws,
In love fraternal let us dwell
With charity for all,
May those whom we have snatched from hell
Ne'er feebly backward fall.

CHORUS—So let us see on every breast
The rosy ribbon bright,
In love fraternal let us rest,
And “Dare to do the right.”

May those who now with drunkard's chains
Are bound, soon see the day,
When they shall break through all their bonds,
And dash the cup away ;
And may our ribbon's glowing rose,
Our mottoes e'er recall :
“Show mercy unto all your foes,
With Charity for all.”—Cho.

May we on many a manly breast
This little ribbon see,
From north to south, from east to west,
The badge of victory.
The token of a battle fought
With one, a deadly foe,
Whom "with God's help" and fearing naught
We'll deal the lethal blow.—Cho.

If we as one united stand,
Bound by fraternal love,
We soon shall drive him from the land,
With help from Him above ;
Soon shall the world in which we dwell
Feel our resistless power,
Which all the dark clouds will dispel,
Which now so threatening lower.—Cho.

The Sun of Temperance will rise
If we our strength unite,
And shining brightly in the skies,
Will shed its hallowed light
O'er all the land, and those who mourn
Will banish soon their fears,
For if we struggle, He will aid
Who wipes away all tears.

CHORUS—So let us see on every breast,
The rosy ribbon bright,
In love fraternal let us rest,
And "Dare to do the right."



ACROSS THE RIVER.

IT was a poor small room, in truth, where lay a little child.

So pale and wan, yet his dark eyes shone with a light so clear and mild ;

The spring had passed and summer came, and through the long, long, day

The little invalid in pain, tho' silent, patient lay.

From morn till noon alone he lay, but when the mid-day hour

Tolls slowly forth with measured stroke from out the grey church tower,

He listens eagerly, and oft his eye toward the door
Will wander, and at every sound grow brighter than before.

He knows his sister's step so well, and when that step he hears,

He banishes that look of pain which would augment her fears ;

And when she enters, oh ! how bright the smile upon
 her face,
 As, rushing to his bed, she throws her arms in fond
 embrace

Around his little form, and brings him flowers of sweet
 perfume,
 Her very presence seems to him like sunshine in the
 room ;
 Her gentle voice, in soothing tones, speaks words of
 hope and love ;
 And every note falls softly, like the cooing of the dove.
 * * * *

Their father, mother, all their kin are dead, and they
 alone
 Upon the mercies of the world, thus ruthlessly, are
 thrown ;
 The sister to the neighbouring town each early morn
 repairs,
 Her joys are few, aye, few indeed, but many are her
 cares.

The pittance which her needle brings, tho' scant is
 made to do,
 She sadly thinks how soon 'twill be for one, tho' now
 for two ;
 She feels her little brother's form each day still lighter
 grow,
 And knows full well 'twill not be long before the final
 blow.

In vain she strives to hide the fact, she ever strives in
 vain,
 That he is passing fast away to her is but too plain,

She will not let him see her grief; she hides from him
her fears,
Yet when alone her breaking heart finds sweet relief
in tears,
The end is near. One summer morn as day begins to
break
She hears a voice from his little bed: "Dear Flo, are
you awake?"
She swiftly glides to where he lies and kneels beside
the bed,
And with her loving arms supports his little feeble
head.
"Oh! sister, I have had a dream, yet real it seems to be,
I thought I stood in some bright place and you were
there with me;
On every side the flowers grew, 'twas all so bright and
fair,
But what seemed best of all to me was you being with
me there.
We wandered on and on, and came to a broad and
shining stream;
And yet I knew as we stood there 'twas but all a
dream,
And on the other side I saw bright figures beckon me,
A light so bright shone all around that I could scarcely
see;
And though I wished to cross the stream, you would
not let me go,
We stood and listened to the sound of music soft and
low;
Such music as I've never heard, it rose and died away,

'Twas like the sound of summer winds, as through the
firs they play ;

It sounded like a harp when swept by the gentle
summer breeze,

And sweetest chords rose loud, then fell in mystic
melodies,

And voices sang, not those I hear when lying here
awake,

But like the summer wavelets as on the shore they
break.

“Come, come,” they sang, I wished to go, but still
you held me fast

And would not let me : at this time a figure glided
past,

A figure tall and bright, and on his head a glittering
crown,

And eyes so sweet and loving, which on us both looked
down.

“Come, come,” he said, and took me up and bore me
o'er the river,

“Here thou shalt dwell in peace and joy, for ever and
for ever.”

And then I woke : oh ! sister dear, why do you weep,
'twould seem

That I had really left you, but this is all a dream :

—I see those forms again, I hear the harps the angels
play,

Oh ! I must go,” and with these words his spirit
passed away.

For hours the fair girl knelt beside the bed, and prayed
that she

Might be released from earth, and with her brother
wander free

In these bright lands he dreamt about, to wander
there for ever:

And when the noontide bell rang out her soul had
crossed the river.





THE FISHER'S WIFE.

OH ! wildly roars the angry sea
And casts its waves ashore afar,
No eye can pierce the lowering gloom,
Nowhere is seen a single star.
The vault of Heaven is black and dark,
The tempest shrieks, the billows roar,
Yet there, upon yon jutting rock,
Which marks the circle of the shore,
A slender figure stands alone,
With hand upraised to aid the eye
To pierce the gloom : how vain the thought,
All one seem earth and sea and sky.
What does she here ? She waits for him
Whom but a month ago she wed,
The hardy fisher, who this morn,
To sea with favoring breezes sped.
But since the morn how changed is all,
A gale is raging in its might,

And God alone can save the boat
Which may be on the sea to night.

But Mary long had learnt to trust
In Him who stilled the stormy sea,
When suddenly the tempest rose,
Upon the Lake of Galilee.

And now she prays with fervent hope,
"Oh! Father, leave me not alone,
Thou knowest best what best will be,
Thy will and not my will be done."

A sound she hears as in a lull,
The tempest pauses—there once more
Her name—it is her husband's voice,
How fleet she flies along the shore.

Yes, there he stands, safe, safe again.
The young wife's prayer has answered been,
And as the dark clouds clear away
The pale moon smiles upon the scene.

Clasped in his brawny arms she lays
Her head upon his stalwart breast,
And sobs for joy that she once more
May in those fond embraces rest.





ST. HELENA.

LAT. 15° S.

LONELY and desolate she seems to stand,
Rising from out the ocean's ruffled breast,
Standing alone, where sweep the South East Trades,
Whose constant breath forever fans this isle.
On every side save one, all, all is still,
It seems to be the realm of solitude ;
No sound except the sea-bird's mournful wail,
Or breakers dashing on the rock bound shore,
And rushing in among the sea-worn caves,
Give forth a hollow, booming, echoing groan.
No sign of vegetation meets the wearied eye,
As, gazing upwards to this barren isle,
It seeks in vain for shrub or shady tree.
And yet the air is ever pure and clear,
The Trade winds blow with never changing course,
And, were it not so sterile and so bare,
This isle would be a pleasant dwelling place.
From off the summit of the lofty cliff,

Naught can be seen afar but sea and sky,
Save here and there some white winged man-of-war,
Or merchant vessel, sailing homeward bound
From far Australia or from sunny Ind,
Whilst here and there the porpoise, springing high
Glints for a moment in the tropic sun,
And then returns again to Mother deep.
Yet here the mightiest genius of his age,
Imprisoned, spent his latest years on earth,
Here on this barren land he passed away
Wearied of life in such a lonely spot.
See here the rock on which Napoleon stood
For hours together, as gazing out to sea
He watched the vessels gliding swiftly past,
So near, and yet so wholly out of reach.
What were the thoughts of his gigantic mind?
None can divine. But on this little rock
Which stands projecting from the dizzy cliff,
Full half his days Napoleon would spend,
And with his telescope would ever scan
The horizon's line—for what? That no one knows.
Did he expect release? It never came
For St. Helena's harbor—and the man
Now on his Island prison stood alone.
Day after day, his form was ever seen,
With head advanced, and telescope in hand;
And there upon the cliff would musing stand
For hours; then, with a deep sigh, turn away
And seek repose within his humble cot,
Which stands at Longwood 'neath the willows shade.
Sad that the man whose slightest word was law,
Who once could say, "Do this," and it was done,
Before whose armies nations turned and fled,

Should thus be doomed to spend his latter days
 In solitude, worn out with vain regrets,
 And here he died ; the man who once could count
 His friends, or those who seemed to be as such,
 By hundreds and by thousands—died alone
 Save for the presence of his soldier guards.
 And as he breathed his last words upon earth,
 Those words, “Tete d’armie,” then there swept
 across

The island, fierce and furious, such a gale
 As ne’er was seen before, and never since ;
 The lightnings gleamed, incessant, vividly,
 The thunder rolled with loud and deafening roar,
 The sea, in fury, dashed against the cliffs ;
 The very isle seemed shaken to it’s base,
 So say the dwellers on Helena’s isle ;
 And here his tomb, without a tenant now,
 Beneath the gloomy weeping willow’s shade,
 Is shown to those who visit Longwood’s height,
 Neglected, and destroyed by shameless hands
 Of those who visit Bonaparte’s grave ;
 For each who comes will take away a piece
 Of either stone or of the willow trees,
 Till in the years to come will nought remain
 Of that lone grave where once Napoleon slept.
 Here on the trees we see the names engraved
 Of British visitors, who seek renown
 By carving names which it were better far
 They’d left ungraven in this hallowed spot,
 For here, above the grave of BONAPARTE,
 We see “ John Smith,” “ Tom Brown,” Jack Robin-
 son,”
 And many others of the tribe of Jones,

Who deem it glory thus to leave their names.

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On St. Helena there is but one spot
 Which is not lonely, this is James' town,
 The capital, which lies between the hills,
 And from the sea shore rises and recedes,
 Running the whole length of St. James' vale.
 All nations seem to mingle in this town,
 The Spaniard, Negro, and the red fez'd Turk,
 The omni-present Jew, the Portugese,
 The bluff-faced Englishman, who as of yore,
 Doth grumble peevishly, and muttering, swear,
 Comparing all he sees with things at home,
 Concluding then, that, wheresoe'er he goes,
 There is no place like England in the world.
 The British tar with jovial laugh is here,
 Happy and drunk as he is wont to be ;
 It has been truly said that 'neath the sun
 There is no animal like Jack ashore ;
 The shrewd American is also here,
 In fact, near every nation in the world
 Has here one representative or more,
 For every vessel, on her homeward course,
 Stops here for whatsoever she may lack.
 Here in St. James' vale fruit trees abound,
 The apple, pear, greengage, and sour plum,
 Whilst vegetables grow and flourish well,
 A boon, indeed, to those who from afar
 Have journeyed on the sea. Upon the trees,
 From bough to bough, the brilliant love-birds flit,
 And parrots, gay with divers gorgeous hues.
 Save in this spot the isle is lone and drear,
 Though blest with climate which is not excelled

By any ; but how useless is a clime,
However good, when never mortal man
Doth dwell in, feel it, and with thankful heart,
Give praise unto his Maker for the same.





LONDON,

ONTARIO.

WHERE once stood vast forests, and where, not long ago, the cold wintry winds howled over bleak expanses of trackless waste, now stands London, which is a small but flourishing city, situated on the outskirts of Carling's Brewery, and containing a population of some 25,000 inhabitants of various nationalities.

The city is built on the river Thames, a magnificent stream of water, fully six yards wide in some of its broadest parts. It rushes, foaming and roaring, past dense forests and through lovely vales; past rich green meadows, wherein the ruminating cow lows blithely to her innocent offspring; where the gay and jubilant sheep nibbles the luscious herbage, and exalts her silvery voice in song, totally unconscious of the morrow, when she may become chops, forequarters, and legs of mutton; oh! happy life! oh! blissful hours! Would that I had been born a lambkin, e'en though it were my lot to be devoured by ruthless and carnivorous man, 'ere I had arrived at years of maturity and discretion. Onward the river runs, past gardens

rich in all the products of lavish handed Nature, where the potatoes hang in rich, ripe, perfume-breathing clusters from the trees, and where the mellow pumpkin droops in all its golden glory from the heavily laden boughs ; where the melancholy and despondent Colorado potato bug smacks his lips at the thought of a recent feast, but ponders dejectedly on the prospects of a failure in next year's crop of his favorite vegetable : oh ! leguminivorous bug, wipe away the crystal drop which springs to your cerulean orbs. Keep up your heart and despair not.

But let us leave these fair fields and gardens, and return to the City of London itself, first proceeding to mention the public and other buildings, many of which are well worthy of notice, as for instance : The Post Office, Custom House, Bank of Montreal, Mechanics' Institute, Oddfellows' Hall, Jones' Commercial College, and the Lunatic Asylum. The streets are broad and spacious—beautifully clean—a foot or so of mud being considered a mere “bagatelle” by the contented citizens ; whilst in the winter the religion of the inhabitants prevents them from removing the snow from the sidewalks. The street cars dash by with meteoric swiftness at a velocity varying from 2 to 2½ miles a month.

A well organized Police Force patrol the streets by day, and peacefully slumber therein by night, and ever and anon is heard the stern command, “Be aff now,” or “Move on wid yez,” from blue coated juveniles of some 70 or 80 summers ; and the terror depicted on the pallid countenances of the ragged urchin of tender years, at the approach of one of these minions of the law, testifies to the wholesome regard in which he is

held. Still, in my humble opinion, it would prove beneficial if some law were passed, forcing a constable to retire on double pay and a chromo on his attaining his 110th year, for at present nothing but some flagrant breach of duty, such as getting a leg broken on duty and the like, entails dismissal from the force.

The Press is in a flourishing condition in this forest city, no fewer than five, if not six, papers being issued daily and weekly. These are "The Week's Doings," "The Free Press," "The Jones' College Courier," "The Advertiser," and I believe another one called the "Herald." This I don't positively swear to, merely having been informed that such a paper is in existence. Nor must I omit to mention the "Home Journal," a quarterly issue, admirably fulfilling its mission as a fire igniter, and many a housemaid blesses this little sheet which "do burn so bittiful." It contains challenges, breathing Saul-like, threatenings and slaughter, to any rival. Looking over one of these challenges a short while ago, I observed the following quotation (concerning some alleged misstatements as to the circulation of that journal,) "Remember that he who steals my purse steals trash, but he who takes away my good name" (impossible in this case,) "enriches not himself but makes me poor, indeed." Had I my choice in this instance, I can say that, without any hesitation, I would take the purse, empty though it would surely prove, for it is a difficult matter to take from anyone that which he never had. But for all that, many a good article appears in the "Home Journal," as it is extensively used by butchers and grocers for the purpose of wrapping sausages and butter in. It is adapted to any religion, being a com-

pound of Quaker-Presbytero-Baptist-Mormo-Episcopal-Roman-Catholicism, and I sincerely wish it and its proprietor every success—as combustibles—both in this world and the next. I regret to say that we are threatened with a serious calamity, from the fact that the valuable war news of the “Week’s Doings” is likely soon to cease, on account of the unparalleled insolence of the special correspondent at the seat of war, who threatens to leave the staff of that paper on account of the insignificance of his salary; actually having the hardihood to hint that he finds it impossible to exist, and tell lies in any comfort, on his present stipend of 6 per diem and pay his travelling expenses. Should any like calamity happen to the “College Courier,” I can scarcely realize the consequences, as the stoppage of that periodical might prove more disastrous than one can easily picture to himself, containing, as it does such admirable recipes for the removal of freckles and tan from the negro, with timely suggestions as to the surest method of raising luxuriant side-whiskers on a mangold wurtzel. Ye Gods forbid that we should ever suffer so great a disaster. May the shadow of Groans & Jerk’s paper never diminish, but may it live forever, and flourish to flagellate any *S-currie-lous* adversary, as it has ever done.

And now I will take leave of my subject. I will bid farewell to thee, oh! peerless City of the West. Go on and prosper. It shall ever be my proudest boast to say that, though I have beheld other cities of renown as great as thine, though I have wandered through the noble streets of Paris and St. Petersburg, though I have gazed in admiration on the glittering minarets of Constantinople, and the gorgeous mosques

of Calcutta, though I have meandered about Petrolia and inhaled the oleaginous breezes peculiar to that spot, I never yet have seen thine equal—for mud ; for contentions among the learned (especially the medical) professions; for a corporation composed of such a benight— — (nay, I will not finish that sentence ; 'twere better not ; yet will I *never* appollygize,) in fact, for everything that conduces to the happiness of man-kind, and for all things which combine to make existence bearable.

Go on, I say, and be prosperous, virtuous and happy. It shall ever be a pleasure to me to think that I have seen thee—and lived. Adieu, adieu.

Had I the pen of a Tennyson, a Byron or a Burr-Plumb I would embalm thee in song. But not possessing that necessary article, I can but hand down to posterity the foregoing veracious description of thee. I am neither George Washington nor the editor of the "Home Journal," yet I cannot tell a lie. Again, adieu.





THE
LEGEND OF THE ASPEN.

KNOWEST thou why the aspen trembleth
When no breath of air is moving?
I will try if I can tell you,
Should you wish to hear the Legend.
At the sad, eventful moment,
When on Calvary our Saviour
High upon the cross was hanging,
Suffering to redeem the sinful,
When the sun was veiled in mourning,
Naught was heard: the birds were silent,
Beasts of prey hid, all affrighted,
Naught but trees and flowers whispered
To themselves the sacred story;
And the tall and stately cedars
Waved themselves in ghostly chorus.
And the violet from that moment,

Breathing out her fragrant odors,
Incense to the suffering Saviour,
Ever has remained in mourning.
And the cypress softly whispered :

“ I, in memory of this hour,
E'er will be a tree of mourning.”
And the weeping willow, sighing,
Bowed down low her sorrowing branches

Deep into the stream, Euphrates.
Then there came a light wind stealing
Through the sultry air of twilight,
It was Ashtaroth, Death's angel,

Drawing nigh—and as ascended
To the Heavens, that moan of sorrow,
“ Eloi lama, sabacthani,”
“ Why, my God, am I forsaken ?”

Every tree and flower trembled
Save the proud and haughty aspen,
Which alone stood there unmoved.
“ Why should *we* feel for thy sorrows ?

We are pure, we trees and flowers,
We, as yet, have never sinned.”
Thus the aspen spake, and stirred not,
But the angel took a goblet

Filled with blood of our Redeemer,
And upon the aspen poured it,
Then the tree was seized with trembling,
And since then it shakes and trembles,
With a palsy that is ceaseless,
When no wind among its branches

Murmur, still it shakes and trembles;
Hence it's name, the trembling aspen:
This the Legend from the German.





“WRECK OF THE ORIENT,”

DECEMBER, 1869.

I.

SILENCE o'er the deep was reigning,
And the winds were gone to rest,
Not a ripple broke the stillness
Of the sleeping ocean's breast.
And the moon was slowly rising,
Casting all its silvery light
On a noble, lofty vessel,
Lying there becalmed that night.
See each sail, how idly flapping
'Gainst the tall and tapering mast,
Oh! thou doomed, ill-fated vessel,
Soon thy glory will be past.

II.

The morning breaks, how changed the scene,
What an awesome, fearful sight !
The wild waves roar, the tempest shrieks,
And the sun scarce shows its light.

Hark ! hark ! 'tis a gun, or a thunder clap,
That booms yon sullen roar,
Or can it be but the raging surf
As it breaks on the rocky shore ?

No, 'tis a gun from that fated ship,
That ship that's now--no more.
No more she'll proudly ride the wave,
Nor bound like courser freed,
For she is gone, and her gallant crew
Are numbered with the dead.





THE LEGEND OF
LAKE QU'APPELLE.

SOME two miles to the North-west of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, and separated from that busy little city by large tracts of rolling prairie, is Lake Qu'appelle, at the western end of the valley of the same name.

The valley itself is a most picturesque and romantic spot. As the traveller approaches it from the south-east, he receives no intimation of its existence till fairly in the vale itself, and he is taken completely by surprise when, on descending a steep, narrow gorge, some half a mile in length, on either side of which rise tremendously high and precipitous hills, the beautiful Valley of Qu'appelle bursts upon his vision. Stretching in front of him, as far as the eye can reach, lies this lovely vale, through which the river Qu'appelle takes its winding course. The road runs throughout the valley, now along the steep hillsides, and again on the plain which lies between the mountains and which extends for miles on an almost dead level,

it having evidently been at some remote period entirely covered by water, thus forming a vast lake, the only remnant of which now is the present Lake Qu'appelle. One can form some idea of what the beauty of this region must have been, from the scenery presented by the comparatively small body of water still remaining, with lofty hills on either side clothed with pines, oaks, and other trees, and down whose sides leap bright and sparkling rills, to join the lake below. The silence is broken in the day time only by the piercing scream of the eagle; the cooing of the dove, or the songs and shouts of the drivers of the trading trains, which wend their way each summer towards the Saskatchewan; whilst at night nothing is heard but the plaintive note of the Whip-poor-will, or the howl of the hungry wolf, prowling along the lone lake shore.

It was my good fortune to behold the Qu'appelle Valley in the loveliest season of the year. It was during the Indian summer that I passed through it, spending some days on the banks of the lake: and it presented a perfectly lovely scene; the many tinted foliage of the trees on the hill sides reflected as in a mirror in the blue clear waters of the lake; the graceful swan and other waterfowl, floating calmly on its placid bosom: and over all, that faint, blue haze, so characteristic of this particular season of the year. The Indian wigwams on the lake shore added to the picturesqueness of the scene, and it was in one of these that I heard related, by a stolid old brave, the legend I propose to tell; I do not vouch for the truth of it, but the narrator evidently firmly believed it himself; or if he did not, he was certainly the most talented

and impressive liar I ever listened to. Often did I ascend the highest hill in the neighbourhood, when the moon was bathing all things in floods of glorious silvery sheen ; the Lake itself appearing as one mass of glittering, sparkling molten metal ; and I could scarcely wonder at the many strange legends connected with the spot, which the Indians have handed down from generation to generation, so romantic and legend-inspiring seems the place.

The story which follows, tells of an occurrence said to have taken place long, long ago, and is supposed to have given the names, which they now bear, to the Lake, Valley and River of Qu'appelle ; tho' I fail in a great measure to comprehend how the Indian hero of the legend had acquired a knowledge of the French language ; I only give it as it was related to me ; though I must say I have my doubts concerning the whole story, as, though I gave the mysterious voice every opportunity to address me, I never heard the faintest whisper of a supernatural character ; there is one thing connected with this valley, however, which may tend to throw some light on the origin of the Legend, and that is the very remarkable echo prevalent almost throughout the vale, more especially in the immediate vicinity of the present lake ; and many weird and strange effects were produced by the sound of a few notes on the bugle. Happening to give vent to a somewhat lusty burst of laughter, I was immediately surrounded by such a chorus of jolly, rollicking 'Ha, ha, has' that I could have believed, had I been superstitious, that I was in the midst of a vast assembly of jovial, invisible mountain sprites.

Now for the Legend,

Many a year has passed and fled
And with the past is numbered,
Since, in the sunset's golden light,
The lake and valley slumbered.

From out the woods upon the hills
Now and again is heard.
The mournful song of the whip-poor-will,
And scream of the devil-bird ;

The sun is gone, yet still the sky
Is glowing in the west
And all its brilliant colours are
Reflected in the breast

Unruffled, placid, of the lake
O'er which the evening wind
Sweeps softly on, so gently,
It leaves no trace behind ;

Not e'en a ripple marks its course,
But calm the water lies,
And only now and then a plash
Shows where the whitefish rise.

But see, near yonder shaded point,
A birch canoe darts forth,
And, swiftly gliding o'er the lake,
Steers on toward the north.

One solitary Indian brave,
With supple, brawny arm,
The paddle dips, so stealthily
That he scarce disturbs the calm

Of the sleeping lake ; but so light his boat
So strong his sinewy hand
That one firm sweep of his paddle bears
Him many a yard from land.

But see what means that sudden pause ?
What means that look of fear ?
A voice is born from off the land,
And greets his wondering ear.

His name he hears, distinct and plain,
Come wafted on the breeze,
But though he gazes keenly round,
No human form he sees ;

He anxious waits, but all is still,
His way once more he takes,
But as his paddle dips, again
That voice the stillness breaks,

He turns his face toward the shore,
And paddles for the land,
And soon he steps in doubt and fear
Upon the golden sand.

“Qu'appelle?” he cries ; “who calls my name ?”
No answer ; once again
He shouts “Qu'appelle?” still over all
A silence deep doth reign.

Advancing now towards the woods,
O'er which the evening shades
Are creeping slow, he passes on
Thro' dark and gloomy glades :

He pauses : Yes, he hears his name,
And now he knows the voice :

'Tis that of her, his promised bride ;
How doth his heart rejoice !

To think that she is here : but then
Alone ! and at this hour :

'Tis strange ! yet still he presses on
With all his might and power.

Now straight ahead he hears the voice,
Now here, now there again :
While, in the pine trees overhead,
He hears a low refrain,

Like the low death-wail of his tribe,
He feels a creeping chill
Come over him as he hears the sound,
His heart will not be still,

But bounds and leaps like a fettered deer ;
Again he hears his name :
'The voice is that of his darling love,
The accents are the same :

Yet naught he sees : " Qu'appelle ? " he cries,
But echo mocks his call :
He dashes madly down the hill,
In spite of many a fall :

He darts away in his light canoe
Towards the northern side,
Where, in the morning, he had left
His darling and 'his pride.

The waters foam as he dashes on,
The spray flies from his prow,
'Till straight ahead, where the camp-fires gleam,
He sees his wigwam now.

The land is reached : he springs ashore ;
What is this sight he sees ?
What is this sound of wailing
Which comes upon the breeze ?

Towards a sorrowing group he strides,
Of warriors, strong and bold :
"What meaneth this?" he cries. They point
To a still fair form, "Behold :

Behold," they say : "This is thy bride,
Thy bride that was to be :
With the last sweet tones of her dying voice,
She called in vain for thee :

Thou camest not : now she is gone
To that fair hunting ground,
Where such true pleasure can be had
As cannot here be found :

'Twas as the sun in glorious hues
Was setting in the west,
That she called loudly on thy name,
Then peaceful sank to rest."

And then the warrior knew what voice
Had called him from the hill ;
That voice which he should hear no more,
Those tones for ever still.

Deep grief came o'er him : ne'er again
Could he fulfil his place :
For he had ever foremost been
In war, or in the chase.

Each day he sad and sadder grew,
And ere three moons passed by
He joined his cherished love once more
In the lands beyond the sky.

Still may the traveller near that lake,
At sunset's glowing hour,
Hear voices call from out the woods,
With strange, unnatural power.
But though I waited many an hour
When all was still around,
I cannot say with any truth
That I ever heard a sound
Which was not natural : still, of course,
The Legend must be true :
And I, for one, have not a doubt
That 'tis so : nor should you.





A FRAGMENT.

WHEN the wings of angels rustle in the silent
midnight air,
Spirits round my chamber hover, spirits from I know
not where,
Never speaking, only flitting in each nook and corner
there.

When the earth is wrapped in slumber, those departed
come again,
And fill all my silent chamber with their forms distinct
and plain,
Though their earthly bodies long have in the gloomy
churchyard lain.

I can hear them as they flutter, I can see these airy
things,
As they, restless, glide around me softly on their
snowy wings,
Chanting low, melodious music : singing as an angel
sings.

Every night, by me expected, come these weird, un-
earthly guests,

Always at the midnight hour ; and the pale cold
moonlight rests
On their strange and solemn features : on their hands
cross't on their breasts.

Every midnight I await them : soon I hear the low
refrain
Of their music, which seems telling part of pleasure,
part of pain ;
And towards the dawn they vanish, but I know they'll
come again.

Is it but imagination ? No, it seems too real to be :
What, then, are these phantom beings ? Why do they
thus visit me ?

'Tis a mystery : I shall solve it in the far futurity.





TO A LADY.

SHOULD these poor verses meet thine eye
Whenever we may parted be,
Oh ! let thy memory backward fly
And give one fleeting thought to me.
And as thou gazest on these lines,
Should we be parted—banish sorrow
Behind dark clouds the sun still shines,
And a brighter day may come to-morrow.
But should we never meet again,
My thoughts will ever be with thee :
Oh ! may my memory e'er remain
With thee, as thine, I trust, with me.



IMPROMPTU,
FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

DEAR Ethel, to-day we are happy together,
Yet we know not how long may our happiness
last ;
Our affections now warm, like the down on a feather,
May be rudely disturbed by the breath of the blast
Of misfortune : yet still is the future uncertain :
Who knows what the day may bring forth? could I
pry
Through the dark pall-like folds of Futurity's curtain,
I should wish to behold us together for aye.
But though seas may be rolling between us and raging,
And leagues of wide ocean our fond hearts may sever,
Though wars through the world, nations fierce may be
waging,
My thoughts and best wishes go with thee forever.



LONGING.

WHENE'ER a spirit takes the form to tread the
paths of mortals,
And just before it bids adieu at Heaven's celestial portals,
The Father says: "You have, my child, my every
boon and blessing,
Which patient laboring and love are worthy of pos-
sessing,
Save one, and that, lest in the world's absorbing vain
endeavor
You should forget your Father's house and stray away
forever,
I'll keep till you return: 'Tis sweet." The two are
borne asunder:
The Father to a mystic land; the child to life and
wonder;
And there through years, for the boon withheld are
wishes ever thronging,
And this is what we creatures call the bitter-sweet of
longing.



UNSEEN.

AT a spring of an arch in the great north tower,
High up on the wall is an angel's head,
And beneath it is carven a lily flower,
With delicate wings at the side outspread.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the face
Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride,
And when he had added the last sad grace
To the features, he dropped his chisel and died.

And the worshippers throng to the shrine below,
And the sight seers come with their curious eyes,
But deep in the shadow, where none may know
Its beauty, the gem of his carving lies.

Yet at early morn, on a midsummer's day,
When the sun is far to the north, for the space
Of a few short minutes there falls a ray,
Through an amber fane, on an angel's face.

It was wrought for the eye of God, and it seems
That He blesses the work of the dead man's hand,
With a ray of the golden light that streams
On the lost that are found in the deathless land.



TO FANNY.

WHEN the whip-poor-will's song through the
forest is pouring,
And night throws her mantle of sable o'er all ;
Or when blithely at day-break the sky-lark is soaring,
Sweet memories of thee, love, I fondly recall.
At morning, and noon, and at night, I am thinking
Of days that are gone that I spent, love, with thee,
And memory to memory I ever am linking
Of times that are past, and which no more shall be.
'Twas cruel to tear us asunder for ever,
And ne'er will forgiveness be granted by me
To those who so ruthlessly strove hard to sever,
And tear me away, oh ! my darling from thee.
Oh ! shall I e'er see thee again, shall I meet thee,
And gaze on thy well-beloved features once more ?
Or shall I be never permitted to greet thee
Till the time when we meet where all partings are o'er ?



TO EMMA.

WHEN the breeze through the forest is whispering and murmuring,
Making Æolian music above ;
To each stately tree, and to each perfumed blossom,
Telling of love,
Then do fond thoughts of *thee*, dearest, rushing come
o'er me,
And I wish with a wish, nigh resistless, to be
The breeze which is whispering sweet words of affection,
And thou the tree.
Though thou art a flower of radiant beauty,
I know that a tempest too, too strong am I,
I only can rush like blast of the northwind,
I cannot sigh
Like the sweet evening breezes, whose low dulcet music
Speaks to the flow'rets of all that is love.

Too strong are my passions ; my pattern the eagle
And thine—the dove.

Despise not the love which a true heart can offer
And cast not away what you ne'er may regain,
For words that are honied oft bring to the hearer
Sorrow and pain.





EVA MAY.

SET TO MUSIC.

YES, 'tis long since first we met,
Many a year has passed away :
But I never can forget
Our meeting on that distant day.

Chorus

Angels bright with snowy wings
Hover o'er thy grave to day :
While the death bell slowly rings
Rings the knell of Eva May,
Spring was rip'ning into summer
Fresh and green all nature shone
Loudly in the hawthorn bushes
Rang the black-birds silvery tone.

Chorus. Angels bright &c.

While the lark on high was singing
Carols blithe in thankful praise

Notes of joy to Heaven ringing
Nature's own unstudied lays.

Chorus. Angels bright &c.

Through the meadow near the river
That fair stream whose waters bright
In the sunbeams dance and quiver,
Came thy footsteps soft and light.

Chorus. Angels bright &c.

That was where I met thee, Eva ;
Since then years have passed away.
But I shall forget thee—never,
For it seems but yesterday.

Chorus. Angels bright, &c.

Thou wast fair as fairest flower,
Yet death marked thee for his own,
And with strong resistless power
Took thee, leaving me alone.

Chorus.

Angels bright with snowy wings
Hover o'er thy grave to-day :
While the death-bell slowly rings,
Rings the knell of Eva May.





A WISH.

ON the shore, the lonely shore,
Where the summer wavelets break,
Where no wintry billows roar,
Where the sea is evermore
Rolling on, rolling on,
That is where I fain would be,
Upon that shore beside the sea ;
Where the gentle zephyr murmurs
To the solemn cypress tree,
Whispers words of fond affection ;
Where the sky is but reflection
Of the peaceful, placid sea :
Where untrodden grasses grow,
Where the flowers no footsteps know.
Lonely, lonely : all is dreary,
Life is gloomy, sad and weary ;
Oh ! that on the ocean's breast
I could die, and thence be taken
Where wickedness is all forsaken,
And the weary are at rest.



IN MEMORIAM,
W. H. T.

Obiit Nov. xi. Ætat xxxiii.

RING sadly, ye bells, for the knell ye are tolling
Is that of a friend who forever has left us,
And mournful thy tones on the calm air come rolling,
Bringing sad thoughts of him of whom Death has
bereft us.

But why should we mourn? He is happy forever ;
His life when on earth was e'er upright and true :
From the stern path of duty he stept aside never,
Than the good he has done, more no mortal could do.
Did the poor lack a friend, in him they would find him ;
From those who were needy he ne'er turned away,
And many a sad heart, tho' humble, behind him
Remains, which will mourn for that true friend to-day.

But calmly he bowed to the will of that Being
Who has called him away from earth's sorrows and
 strife,
For he knew it was best that the Father all-seeing
 Should take him, though yet in the summer of life.
Near the scene of his labors he is peacefully sleeping,
 And the breeze through the pine trees which rise
 overhead
Sounds mournful and sad, like the unrestrained weep-
 ing
 Of one who was dear to the slumbering dead.
Never on earth to his words shall we listen,
 Closed are his lips in the calm sleep of Death :
And many an eye with the tear drop will glisten,
 As it looks on the mound which he slumbers beneath.
Toll bells : murmur breezes, his praises be telling,
 Sing softly the requiem of him who has gone,
While in heaven the chorus of angels is swelling
 In joy that by him is the golden crown won.

London, Nov. 13, 1877.





NEW YEAR BELLS.

HARK! hark! on the midnight air
The sound of bells is borne :
It is the chime of the church bells ringing
The old year out : on the night-air singing
Hail to the New Year morn.

E'en the most reckless pause to listen,
In the eyes of many the tear drops glisten,
For they think of the Past, and the happiest times
Of their lives are recalled by the sound of the chimes :
Ring on, sweet bells, ring on.



LAYS
OF
MODERN LONDON.



QUIVA VIVA.

*Ye Great Strife between Ye Two Boys in Blue, yclept
Sir Dickon Wigless & Sir Karl de Woode, with Ye
Victorie of Ye Latter.*

THEN up spake bold Sir Karl de Woode: a dough-
ty knight was he,
And worthy of his coat of arms—fur cap from “ear-
lugs” free ;
One muffler “rampant” on blue ground : two batons ;
whilst below,
His motto, “Quiva Viva,” which those who ought to
know,
Say meaneth—nothing. Whilst above, a helmet with
a plume
Of FEATHERS WHITE, which, clear and bright, gleamed
like the frothy spume
Upon the sea-shore. Uprose he, the spokesman of
the band,

And gave forth speech in accent "braid" which
 smacked of Scotia's land.
 In very sooth he was a knight who hailed from north
 the Tweed,
 And it were better far for all had he stayed there indeed:
 "Now, Dickon Wigless, thee I charge, with misde-
 meanors grave,
 'Tis time some champion should come forth to teach
 thee to behave—
 And I'm the man. There is thy shield whose heraldic
 device
 I see is Bourbon bottles three, dipped in a pail of ice.
 With corkscrews crossed; and I perceive that the
 supporters are
 Two boys in blue who sleeping stand beneath the
 midnight star.
 Thy motto too which proudly boasts what thou art fit
 to do,
 'Suspendam et suspendar,' heaven grant it may prove
 true.
 Thou art the knight the people call 'Le Chevalier nez
 rouge;'
 They say that thou hast screened thyself by many a
 subterfuge
 From punishment thou didst deserve: come tell me,
 is this true?
 For I myself am good as thou, for I'm a Boy in Blue.
 I charge thee first with being drunk, 'tight,' 'off,'
 'fresh,' 'sprung,' and 'slewed,'
 'Demoralized,' 'not right side up,' 'drunk as a lord'
 and 'screwed.'

All these I lay against thee : say now, are they true
 or not?
 Come answer me I crave thee, lest I brain thee on
 the spot,
 As once I slew a little 'dorg,' who, whining down the
 street,
 Came up to me, and licked my hand, as I slept on my
 beat.
 I woke ! I drew my oaken stave, I brained him there
 and then.
 But oh ! at midnight hour that 'purp' comes to my
 bedside ben,
 And gazes with his eyes, which glow like sunshine
 through a fog :
 Oh ! horror, that I never thus had slain that little dog.
 For now no PEACE OF MIND have I, a meal I scarce
 can eat,
 I fear to find a PIECE OF HIM amongst the sausage meat.
 I did the deed. I charge thee next with not being
 quite correct
 In cash accounts : now tell me true, is this as I suspect?
 That thou didst keep, appropriate, and use what thou
 didst get
 For me? Thou didst, thou know'st it, 'twill all come
 right you bet,
 Or wrong. That is, the right for me, the wrong I
 leave to thee,
 For, ere a month hath passed away, Chief Bobby I will be.
 And loud will ring the people's shout, more loud than
 all belief,

'Oh! Dickon bold has gone to grass, and Karl de Woode is Chief.' "

Then spake Sir Dickon: "Karl de Woode, thou art a puissant knight,

The things which thou revealest put me in an awful fright,

All that I did, I thought I did, to benefit the force.

But things are liable to be misconstrued, and of course I'm not appreciated as a Chieftain, still I think,

Sir Karl de Woode, 'twould be as well to go and have a drink,

For I feel dry and parched with thirst, so let's adjourn from here."

And drawing forth his handkerchief, he dropped a maudlin tear.

"Now out upon thee for a knave; thou know'st, at least thou oughter (!!!)

There's naught so good for youthful blood as clear and sparkling water:

And I belong to Morrylle Lodge, G. T., one eighty-one;

But now I pause, bold Dickon, my time is nearly done;

The earth shall ring with my exploits, the whole world shall be told,

How bold Sir Dickon kept the cash in the brave days of old.

Sir Dickon, solus.

"That Karl de Woode will give me fits, whatever shall I do?

I wish I'd been a better man towards these Boys in Blue.

I little thought that one of them would ever act as SPY :
I thought them all as good and true and sober men as I,
But 'tis not thus—and here I am, I'm in a precious fix :
I wish I'd treated Karl de Woode with kisses, not
with kicks :

My high position then I might have SOME hopes to
retain,

But as it is, I feel that I shall never it regain.

I feel that now my time has come, and I am going
under.

I wish I'd been a better boy, I do, by Jove and
thunder !

But cheer up, Dickon, don't despond ; yes, keep your
spirits up.

I'll strive to drown my conscience in the sorrow stifling
cup ;

I'll take a drink, as Byron says, it makes a man all
hunk,

And man a rational being is, and therefore must get
drunk.

If drunkenness proves reason, 'tis plainly seen that I
Must be the man most sensible, beneath the blessed
sky.

(He WOULD have said this had he read the poet
quoted here.

But then he'd not, for he was born and bred a car-
pentier.)

Still I will trust, if must be must, to compass and to
square :

I feel that things may come all right—what's that?
Hi, who is there?"

[Enter the Knight of the White Plume, Sir K. de Woode.]

"'Tis I, Sir Dickon: now I bring the third charge
which I have

Against thee: pray to heaven for aid, for naught else
can thee save;

So long thou hast been lord of all, and ruled'st over us,
And even called ME, Sir Karl, a sanctimonious cuss,
Wipe out those words with blood I will—yes, blood
that won't out rub—

So take them back, ere on this spot I shoot thee with
my club.

The anger of the Karl de Woode is fierce as any lion.
And far be it from me to try, successfully, to spy on
Thy deeds, Sir Wigless; were I such a man I should
not be whole;

[Aside.]

(Though true it is I heard his speech, as I stood NEAR
the keyhole.)

No, never! I'm religious! I say my little prayers
Each night before I take my way towards my bed
upstairs.

I pray that I may do all deeds of wrong, and never
catch it,

And never tell a lie. I've read of George's little
hatchet,

I keep a diary, that is true, but strange it seems to me,
That I so strangely have mislaid, that one for seventy-
three.

[Places his finger to his proboscis with a fiendish leer.]

I know I always wash my shirts, but WHERE I wash them, ask

The Ladye Templare, for one time she caught me at the task :

But that is nothing, let me pass, to Dickon's charges here :

'Thou once, and twice, and thrice didst bid me let a culprit clear ;

One nigger whom I'd captured, he was my lawful prey,
And thou didst bid me let him go, and let him clear away ;

I let him go, I know 'twas wrong ; I was a fool, ah ! ha !
(And echo, with her mimic voice, said, 'Karl de Woode, you are.')

But when I'm Chief, I tell thee what, I know what I shall be :

A devil on the soakers, and the first one shall be thee.
The papers too, the glorious press, both weekly and diurnal,

Shall say how for my benefit I kept my little 'journal.' "

Sir Dickon left, weeping bitter tears of repentance.

Sir Karl de Woode, frantically wiping his hairless pate, and vowing vengeance against mankind generally, and hunting for his 1873 diary !

Scene. Sir K. de Woode in his baronial boarding house, carefully brushing his two remaining hairs, and soliloquizing as follows :

"Now let me think, perhaps I've been a little too severe

On this poor individual, and then again I fear
 That after all, I may not be elected as the Chief.
 I wish I knew for certain, 'twould be a great relief.
 I think I'm just the man : religious, bold and true,
 I feel that I'm the very man to be chief Boy in Blue :
 Yet something tells me not to crow till I'm outside
 the wood;
 I wonder how the name would look—Captynge de
 Karl de Woode.
 It sounds first-rate : (Oh ! gentle Heaven, do lend thy
 gracious aid,
 And grant that I may shortly be the chiefest Bobby
 made.)
 My head is in a whirl : 'tis time that I was something
 more
 Than what I am : I'm growing old, I'm nearly forty-
 four.
 I'm getting bald : my shoulders stoop : the few hairs
 that remain
 Are turning grey : my eyesight too is poor : I'm on
 the wane.
 'Tis no use shillyshallying, no, certainly 'tis not.
 So let me go ahead, and strike the iron whilst 'tis hot.
 Yet still I feel a tenderness towards Sir Dickon here,
 He is not altogether bad : some good bits here and
 there
 In Dickon Wigless' character by searching may be seen,
 But they like angels' visits are, so few and far between.
 So now, I'll go and see Sir Dick, but first I'll say my
 prayers,
 For Satan lurketh e'er around, to snatch us unawares,

And no one knows when he is nigh : Sir Dickon was
not right

To call me sanctimonious, and a blarsted hypocryte.
But stay : where is my journal for eighteen seventy-
three ?

I must not leave that lying round, but constantly with
me

Must keep it, though 'tis true, I told those scriveners
in court,

That I had lost it : p'rhaps 'twas wrong, I know I
never ought

To tell a lie : George Washington could not : I can,
and do.

But then, I don't like any one to know I don't speak
true.

They say I went with Wigless to catch the sale of
brandy

And other lush on Sundays, and took a pound of candy
As payment for my services : I never did I swear ;

Upon my word, the way they use this martyr isn't fair :

But now for Dickon : where he is I really do not know,

But towards the house of James de Smyth, I think I'd
better go."

[Strides out to interview Sir Dickon, and finds him
as he surmised, quaffing divers goblets, at Jimmie de
Smyth's hostellerie ; and calling all present to drain the
wine cup to Sir Karl de Woode's confusion, urbanely
insisting on permitting those invited to pay for their
own potatoes.]

* * * * *

The trial drags its weary length this many an irksome day.

Sir Karl de Woode is anxious, and daily grows more grey ;

He feels his fate is in the scale: if victory crowns his brow,

He knows that he will not remain as low as he is now:

He feels that if he loses, and Sir Dickon goeth back

As Chief, 'tis highly probable that he will get the sack,

And this would never suit at all: tho' strange it seems and funny,

The canny, cautious Scot is contemplating matrimony,

And on a damsel, fair to see, of summers sixty-four,

Has cast his eye, and snared her heart with its love-lit glamour:

(Oh! wily Karl, to steal that pure and trusting virgin's heart,

To wish to dwell with her for aye, till death shall you two part :

To give her all your hoarded wealth, and all your worldly pelf :

But then, she'll do your washing, which now you do yourself !)

And so, Sir Karl is anxious, and would not lose his 'sit ;'

But still he thinks he has a chance, which cheers him up a bit.

Defended by the VITREOUS ONE, Q. C., and God knows what,

He thinks that he is pretty safe: but then, perhaps he's not.

Sir Dickon fortifies himself with various goes of grog,

And through the contest bears himself as a gay and
 careless dog
 Which has two tails: he knows full well, this influen-
 tial Brother,
 That if one tail is taken off, then he can wag the other.
 His counsel too is able: of much abilitie
 Judge Merydithie, Queen's Counsel, and M.P.P.P.P.
 He knows that he will do his best, and try to pull him
 through:
 And brightly glows his lambent nose, first red, then
 pink, then blue,
 Chameleon-like, its hues all change as matters take a
 turn,
 And fiercely on Sir Karl de Woode his bright eyes
 glower and burn:
 But little recks Sir Karl de Woode: he sends his
 prayers adrift
 At divers intervals, and to heaven his pious eyes doth
 lift:
 Oh! well he feels how good it is a Christian Boy to be,
 So fireth off occasional prayers, like minute guns at sea.
 Inside his breast, securely hid from sight of legal limbs,
 His Bible—Diary seventy-three—and a Book of
 Watts' Hymns,
 He feels secure in Heaven's smiles: it is a splendid
 plan,
 To sin just as one pleases and act the righteous man:
 'Tis common, too, to do so: an elder of the church
 May lead poor girls astray, and then—just leave them
 in the lurch:

The thing's been done, not long ago—but let the subject drop:
'Tis not a pleasant one at all, and not at all apropos:
Of this great contest, which convulsed this famous London city,
And moved the tender hearts of all for Karl de Woode with pity:
He felt, the public felt, that he was doing what was right,
In thus endeavoring to punish Wig for getting tight:
Of course he never wished to step inside the others' shoes:
No, all he did it for was just to stop such wholesale booze:
And if he wished it, could it be that he could ever put
Inside Sir Dickon's slippers his own ungodly foot?
The shoeblacks say, that when Sir Karl was southward in Jamaica,
They used to take a contract there, to black them by the acre:
That is, his shoes: his foot we know, well that is black enough,
In fact we rather do suspect that that large foot's—a hoof:
I hope in speaking thus I tread but lightly on their corns,
Sir Karl de Woode has got the hoof; Sir Dickon's got the "horns."
But now the trial to a close is swiftly drawing near,

And each of these contestants feels the "leetlest"
touch of fear.

The witnesses give evidence, in number near a score :
Harry de Phoule, and Enoch Spudde, and Constables
galore ;

The friar Rowan to the front comes with his common
sense,

And boldly from his burly form hurls out his evidence.
Some swear Sir Dickon never drank ; some vow, from
last October,

That not a single day passed by and saw Sir Dickon
sober ;

Some say he never got the cash ; some say 'twould be
a sin

To say that anybody else but Dickon got the tin.

However that may be, at length the upshot of this
shine

Was that Sir Dickon's counsel said, "I think you'd
best resign."

On hearing which, Sir Karl de Woode gave one faint,
feeble cheer,

And called the whole force to a feast of buns and
ginger beer :

With pea-nuts, candies, oh ! I vow, each member ate
his fill ;

Then Karl de Woode—the doughty knight, gave to
each man his bill !

Then homeward took his joyous way : how glorious he
doth feel !

Oh ! to be home in Scotia's land, to dance the festive reel.

And now no fear of sack hath he ; his loved one's
mature charms
Shall soon be safely clasped within those brawny
knightly arms.
Some news he hears he likes not well ; he thought he
might be Chief,
But now a rumor gets abroad, which shakes this small
belief.
He now avers he never thought, in fact he did not
want to
Be Chief. He waives his claim, and votes for Wyll-
yams from Toronto.





YE PROVINCIAL FAIRE.

AT length th' eventful week has come : the great
Provincial Fair
Is started : all the world and wife and children will
be there :
Full many a lusty Chawbacon will greet our wonder-
ing sight,
With raiment of outlandish cut, and quaint attire
bedight.
Old Farmer Scroggins, with his tribe, will come the
show to see,
With six or seven stalwart sons, and buxom daughters
three :
'Tis strange to see these country folk, with wide mouth
all agape,
And eyes all open, till we think they'll ne'er regain
their shape :
Behold the rural damsel partake her festive lunch,

A foot of melon in one hand, of gingerbread a hunch
Firm clutched in t'other, strongly grasped, she holds
secure and tight,
And first of melon, then of cake, she takes a varied
bite :
The eldest son, too, gay equipped in all his Sunday
best,
'Plug' hat, a coat of velveteen, his grandsire's scarlet
vest :
Th' Adonis of the village : he feels that he is here
To show himself, and let folks know he's by no means
small beer.
Behold his glossy locks, how bright! they shine from
roots to tips,
And hang resplendent round his poll, like pounds of
farthing dips.
His marrow oil—sweet scented grease from off the
axletree :
Oh ! surely, on the ground there's not another such
as he.
The hayseed fondly clings to him : the thistle's prickly
spine
Is not relinquished : on the air the odour as of swine
Comes floating as we near him, and as we take our
place
Beside him, we perceive perfumes which mark the
equine race.
Draw nigh and listen to his speech : give ear, ye wor-
thy sirs all :
How learned his opinion is on beets and mangel-
wurzels :

How fondly doth his soft eye rest upon the luscious
pumpkin :

Recalling many a thought of pies to this poor rustic
bumpkin.

Yet, honest Giles, you are the man that Canada most
needs.

Go on with agriculture, and stick to your hay seeds :
'Tis better far to be as you, altho' you stare and gape,
Than stuck behind a counter to sell a yard of tape :
And lie about your bankrupt stock !!! Enormous
sacrifice !!!

And make your customers believe you sell below cost
price.

'Tis better far to be like you than overwhelmed with
"cheek,"

And put on hundred dollar airs on dollars five a week.
Full well 'tis known, in spite of all your homely dress
and phiz ;

That you've made Canada to be the country that it is.
Yes ; you deserve your holiday ; so, joyous, go ahead
And may your melon well digest ; likewise your ginger-
bread.

Come, let us stroll about the grounds ; or the sights we
shall have missed all

Let's take a look at what there is in this "palais de
crystal ;"

So called because 'tis built of wood ; 'tis wondrous to
be said

How many people live who never call a spade a spade,
Yes, fashion in this country has many a curious whim,

A passage two feet wide's a *Hall*, forsooth, a leg's a *Limb*;
We know it is, but then these folks so modest wont
allow

That it's a leg at all, but make a most outrageous row
At hearing such vulgarity :—false modesty's the name ;
I even hear them now cry out ; “ For shame, for shame,
for shame. ”

But I wander from my subject : so let's proceed, but
stay,

What means th' excitement here ? behold, a carriage
stops the way ;

What means that loud o'erwhelming cheer from those
four little boys ?

Why is not Wigless on the spot to stop this awful noise ?
But see, 'tis he, the Governor ! the chariot forward
moves,

The gallant Major now receives the homage that he
loves ;

Serene he gazes all around ; and plainly we can see
His thoughts run thus ; “ why don't those folk fall down
and worship me ? ”

His speech is short ; yet to the point ; now hear what
he may say ;

The small boys cheer once more ; the Majah bows and
drives away.

Let's go and view the pictures in this hall of wooden
glass,

(That is if we can get a glimpse in all this living mass,)
Some paintings are worth seeing ; here's the Bishop,
here's the Pope,

Here's the Devil ;--what a mixture—accidental let us
hope.

Our Judsonne has got talent ; of that there's not a
doubt ;

And so have I, but people here take long to find it out.
I must digress when going round subscribers to secure
I found, as others have before, 'twas not a sinecure ;
One told me he was overwhelmed and pestered all the
time

By agents and tin peddlers ; and murderers of rhyme ;
Ye Gods ! to mingle tinkers and poets (!) in a breath,
Had he not been a Majah he had met an instant death ;
But I stand in awe of warriors ; their voices seem much
louder

And fiercer than are other men's ; (altho' they ne'er
smell powder)

In fact the less of war they see, more bold they seem
to be ;

I can't believe that one of them could ever turn and
flee,

And yet the legend sayeth that such was once the case
Not long ago ; turned round and ' put,' the Fanians in
chase.

But no one e'er believes it ; a ten days drill each year
Is surely quite sufficient to dissipate all fear,

Nay ; such a tale were calumny ; I know it must be
false ;

An officer of volunteers turn tail and homeward waltz !
No, never ; and the reptile who invented such a tale
Of our war-scarred militia should be ridden on a rail.
Or set up as a target for our bold volunteers

To shoot at ; thus his agony might be prolonged for
years :

There are good shots amongst them : a barn door
might be hit

At thirteen yards : at shorter range they never miss a
bit.

But I am wandering from my theme which is this
mighty fair,

So let's get back, or we shall lose whatever's happen-
ing there.

What glorious flowers ! what lovely tints imparted by
Old Sol,

Abetted, and well aided, by the efforts of McColl ;

What intellectual pumpkins piled up in every stall !

I would I were an elephant that I might eat them all !

Here the beet-root, so retiring, conceals its blushing face

Behind a watermelon of rhinocerosian grace.

And here the modest turnip will bring before the glut-
ton

A thought of pungent caper sauce, with juicy legs of
mutton ;

Potatoes of gigantic size, piled up on every side,

With faces almost human which seem to smile with
pride :

It is a fact : I've often seen a "spud" with human
features,

And far, far better looking than many biped creatures.

Pass on : behold the fruit ; what apples, pears and grapes ;

How juicy their appearance ! how dropsical their shapes !

Thou dainty little crab-apple, thou harmless-looking
thing,

Yet what oceans of Pain-Killer to counteract thy sting!
 Thus, moralizing, let us pass; and let us wend our way
 Unto the show of horses, drawn up in proud array:
 Around this spot a motley crowd of horsey looking
 men

Is ever congregated: The aim of upper ten—
 Dom seems to be to show how much it knows about
 a horse,

And feels in all its glory when trotting round the course
 The cynosure of many eyes; talks slang like any groom,
 And never feels at ease unless within the saddle room
 Or stable, with opinions wise of spavin and ring-bone:
 (This fancy blood, four years ago, called not an ass
 his own.)

Maybe his parient drove a cart, and bellowed "Sparrer-
 grass"

And "Caulie-flayower:" see him now! what strange
 things come to pass!

More honor to him, tho', say we: in Canada we can
 Point many out, and say with pride; "There goes a
 self-made man!"

The owner of some millions, and many a fertile acre,
 Yet pious, too, for well we know, he worshippeth his
 maker!"

But I'm again digressing: and night is coming on,
 The crowd is getting smaller: the rustics all have gone:
 Policemen come upon the scene: a sign by which we
 swear

That all the rows are over, or going on elsewhere.
 For where the row is there shall *not* the "pleece" be on
 the scene,

For thus it is, and e'er shall be, as from the first 't has
 been :
 Small blame to them :—I mean to say, in this fair for-
 est city—
 For if they should get damaged, do they meet with any
 pity ?
 Perhaps they do ; I do not say they don't : I only
 meant
 'That the pity that they meet with doth never cost a cent :
 The ' Bobby ' in this city has every fair excuse
 To keep well out of danger, and villainous abuse,
 Let one sustain an injury which lays him up for life,
 Such as a broken limb, or stabs from a rowdy's bowie
 knife,
 What is his consolation ? " The Commissioners desire
 That I should let you know that they no longer now
 require
 Your services upon the force : they give you one
 month's pay,
 And wish your duties to conclude upon this very day ;
 We know that you're a man who never duty shirks,
 But as for compensation—why there's the Water Works
 To be paid for ; oh ! ' nonsense, they could not think
 of that,
 So go and drive at something else, or send around the
 hat,
 (Oh ! God forbid that I should send my hat round
 such a pack,
 I've only got but one, and I should never get it back.)
 And should you fail in getting work, pray don't a mo-
 ment lose

In making a plain statement to dear old Father Hughes.
He, as you know, administers soup tickets and relief
To those who stand in need of it.

Yours truly,

Wiglass, Chief"

Keep out of trouble, bobbies, and round a corner go
When there's a row, for that's your fate; as well you
 seem to know.

* * * * *

And now the shades of night draw on; the rustic hath
 betaken

Himself, and all his party off home to beans and bacon;
The gas lamps glare at intervals of half a mile or so;
The reveller staggers homeward, with curses soft and
 low:

While in the Heavens, calm, pale and clear, the god-
 dess of the night

Beams softly down, and wraps the earth in her cold
 and silvery light.

Each hour the night more quiet becomes; the city sil-
 ent sleeps,

And naught is heard but the watch dog's bark as his
 faithful guard he keeps:

The Fair is o'er, thank Heaven for that; for fields and
 pastures new

Our visitors have passed away: as I will—so Adieu.

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