



THE

KNAPSACK;

A COLLECTION OF

FUGITIVE POEMS.

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BY A SOLDIER.  
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## THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

COME, genius of the tented field!—stern spirit of the  
fight,  
Pour o'er thy humble votary some portion of the bright  
And powerful spirit, which so oft on Britain's bold array  
Of armed men thou'st shed, and sent them eager to the  
fray,  
So full of daring that they felt—and who could help but  
feel—  
That never was there yet a power which could resist  
their steel:  
Pour o'er me and my subject then, that spirit, that once  
more  
The din; the strife; the 'whelming charge—the shout;  
the cannon's roar;  
May sound through all the heart's deep cells, and raise  
within the young  
And untried soldier, thoughts of deeds as worthy to be  
sung.

Hail SEVENTY-FIRST!—time honor'd is thy name;  
 Thy deeds are graven deep on history's page,  
 Lasting memorials of a glorious fame,  
 Gain'd in the field 'mid battle's broil and rage ;  
 Thy truth was proved upon "Hindoostan's" plain,  
 Beneath the scorching of whose torrid sun,  
 Unflinching still, mid danger, death and pain,  
 Unfading laurels for thy wreath were won ;  
 And deeply, deeply, did that parched land  
 Drink of the life's blood of thy gallant band.

Thy bugle call has sounded far and wide ;  
 And thy old colours fluttered in the breeze,  
 And raised their heads triumphant and in pride,  
 Upon the shores of strange and distant seas :  
 And never vainly did that bugle call,  
 Nor ever idly did those colours wave,  
 But sternly, truly, followed were by all,  
 Tho' oft their path led to a gory grave :  
 Aye, many a maiden lost her heart's bright prop  
 Upon thy distant strand, "Cape of Good Hope."

Thy deeds of daring and thy high renown,  
 "Roleia" and "Vimiera's" fields proclaim,  
 And add their bay leaves to the laurel'd crown  
 Of lustrous glory which surrounds thy name.

“Corrunna” too, and famed “Fuentes D’Onor,”  
Attest the faithful service thou hast done,  
And loudly tell us, now when strife is o’er,  
How British soldiers fought, and how they won  
Their country’s battles—how with heart and hand,  
They fought and bled for home and native land.

And “Almaraz”—“Vittoria”—those the names  
Of spots, on which, when recollection dwells,  
The highland blood runs riot in your veins,  
And in your ears again the battle swells;  
Again you hear the echoing cannon’s boom—  
The charging yell—the wild despairing cry  
Of dying thousands, maddening at the doom  
Which forces them, down-stricken, there to die,  
While comrade’s shouts come sweeping o’er the field—  
The day is ours! hurrah!—they yield! they yield!

The sounding echoes of the “Pyrenees”  
Send leaping forth from cliff to cliff thy praise,  
And rocky crags, and lonely, stunted trees,  
Mark yet the scene of many well fought frays,  
When in its aerie ’mid the misty cloud,  
The eagle-hunter sought and found his prey,  
And midst thy mighty grandeur taught the proud,  
O’erbearing Frenchman, that his conquering day  
Was gone forever, and that Fate’s decree  
Had been—to Britain shalt thou bend the knee.

Then "Nive" and "Orthes'" blood-ensanguined plains,  
Bear noble witness to thy high emprise,  
And still are held most sacred to the manes  
Of those who fell, but falling, snatched the prize  
Of victory from their foes' reluctant hands;  
And read again the lesson, that the might  
Of Gallia's bold and well tried veteran bands  
Were now no longer victors in the fight,  
But that, 'gainst British hearts of fire and truth,  
Their arms and armour were but spiders' web.

And "Peninsula!" what a goodly stream  
Of glory springs around thee at the thought  
Of all those actions—oft the stirring theme  
Of poet's lays—in which so well you fought;  
In which with courage unsubdued and bold,  
Your path was ever under Victory's shield,  
Till British arms and colours proudly roll'd  
Triumphant o'er the land, for they were steel'd  
With honour's gem—a suffering country's cause—  
And saved that country's freedom, fame, and laws.

And yet again the lambent scroll unfolds  
Another ray, which brightly on thee gleams,  
And shows in letters burnished bright in gold,  
Another fountain whence thy glory streams;

At "Waterloo," that field of high renown,  
That greatly glorious world peace-giving fight—  
Where Gallia's flickering, fading star sank down,  
In darkest gloom, in everlasting night—  
Thy banners were unfurled, thy charging shout  
Lent speed to panic—terror to the rout.

Then ours the task, to cherish well the trust  
Our forebears left us, when within our hands  
They placed the colours of the SEVENTY FIRST,  
And bade us guard them from opposing bands.  
Be ours the task, should war's stern spirit bring  
Again the battle's din, the cannon's roar,  
Around these honoured ensigns, aye to spring  
O'erwhelming on the foe, and with our gore  
Proclaim aloud, that yet within us reigns,  
The conqu'ring spirit of our ancient plains.



## WOMAN'S LOVE.

**MAN** lives upon the world—the world's applause  
Determines every purpose; every thought  
Is good or bad—each action and its cause,  
Must stand or fall—when to the issue brought  
Of worldly wisdom. Man, who loudly boasts  
An independent nature, tamely bows  
Before the mandate of gay fashion's hosts,  
And at their bidding makes or mars his vows.

It matters not how noble, good, and pure,  
The voiceless visions of the inward mind,  
Impelling man to actions which secure  
Joy to himself, and blessings to his kind;  
He may not venture openly and bold,  
To act as virtue prompts: before him stands,  
The world's opinion, calculating—cold—  
Which chills and chains at once his heart and hands.

The finest feelings of his soul descends  
 To meet the standard given by the crowd,  
 And WOMAN'S LOVE is sought for just as tends  
 Her beauty's charms to make him pleased and proud.  
 The approbation of the admiring throng—  
 The servile homage of the heartless rake—  
 Stamps worth upon that band of heart hopes strong,  
 Which should be valued for its own dear sake.

But is it so with WOMAN—can a nod  
 Direct the flowings of her fervent heart—  
 Or regulate her feelings by a *mode*—  
 And make her play, like Man, the puppet's part ?  
 No—no, not it!—she may her *fair form*  
 Deck out obedient to the fashion's sway,  
 But 'twere as vain to strive to quell the storm,  
 As try to turn dear Woman's *heart* astray.

When Woman loves, the world to her is naught;  
 Its smile or frown unheeded pass her by;  
 It claims no kindred with her heart's deep thought—  
 Nor shares her secret sorrow, nor her joy.  
 Fond Woman's world is centred but in him  
 Whose image reigns within her inmost soul,  
 Wrapt with a beauty which no art may limn,  
 King of her bosom with supreme control.

Is he a Prince? 'Tis not the outward show—  
The gaudy trappings of his high estate—  
The thousand glittering nothings which must glow  
In pride and pomp around the nobly great—  
Which shed in Woman's eyes o'er him she loves  
A brighter lustre. No! 'tis he alone  
Who gives a grace to pomp—'tis he who proves  
Himself the sun whence all the glory shone.

Is he of lowly birth, and does he pass  
From youth to age unnoticed and unknown,  
Receiving, not the incense of the mass,  
But of a heart whose springs are all his own?  
How she laments and pities that the blind,  
Unheeding world should never see the bright,  
Resplendent glories of a heart and mind,  
Which unto her alone pour forth their light.

A mind which seems to her of wondrous birth,  
Because its aspirations soar so high—  
Because with hers it leaves the grovelling earth,  
And points to regions far beyond the sky.  
Where, when life's bitter cup has passed away,  
Sweet Woman's many long borne griefs are o'er—  
Where endless bliss and love without decay,  
Refills her heart, and bids her grieve no more.

Should he by some transcendant deed, or skill,  
 Force admiration from her fickle throne,  
 And make her bow beneath the mighty will  
 Of an all conquering genius, till she own,  
 That placed beside the soul enkindled flame,  
 Which burns within the unenthralled soul,  
 How base and servile—pitiful and tame—  
 The deeds—the thoughts—which worldly men  
 control!

How faint her plaudits, feeble all her praise,  
 Compared with Woman's pure and soul-felt love  
 For such a being. With what deep amaze,  
 What timid fondness,—like a trembling dove—  
 When clasp'd within his arms, fond Woman's eyes  
 Look into his, and looking speak so loud,  
 Of boundless adoration of the prize  
 She has in him—'tis he that makes her proud!

The admiration which the world may shower  
 Around his head finds vent in worldly speech—  
 Lauds his creations—wonders at the power  
 Which drew them forth, and placed them in the reach  
 Of common minds—which rendered free to all  
 The mighty workings of enlightened mind—  
 Which tore from ignorance its shelt'ring pall—  
 Gave light to darkness—vision to the blind!

But Woman's love, and that comprises all  
 Of admiration, all of high esteem,  
 Speaks not in words; her tongue in vain may call  
 For language meet to shadow forth the beam,  
 Which plays in lambent glory o'er her heart,  
 Reflecting light upon the brow of him  
 Before whose matchless mind—whose wondrous art—  
 To her all else of earth born glories dim.

Lips may not speak her thoughts, but from her eyes  
 A language springs, embodying in each glance  
 A world of joy and triumph; thoughts which rise  
 Like beauteous cherubs from a slumbering trance,  
 And throw around her bounding bosom's lord,  
 A prouder glory and a purer fame,  
 Than all the trophies which the world afford,  
 Its crowning laurels, or its deathless name.

Aye! just as strong and conquering flame ascends  
 Some stately tree, leaping from bough to bough,  
 From branch to branch, until at last it blends  
 With trunk and stem, with bough and branch, its glow;  
 Wrapping the tall tree in its warm embrace,  
 Until it stands—pre-eminent and bright—  
 A burning pillar where there is no trace  
 Of aught, save strong and overpowering light.

'Tis so with Woman's love; it mantles round  
Her heart's enthraller, clothing all his form  
With light and glory! Oh! it has no bound—  
Endless—confiding—trusting—uniform—  
It soars along—the verge and end of time  
Confine it not—but onwards, upwards, will  
It range away, in spirit most sublime—  
Beyond the sky, loving, unchanging still.

Has he in some dark mood, some evil hour,  
Listen'd unto temptation's syren voice,  
And, underneath its guidance and its power,  
Forfeited all that makes the heart rejoice:  
Committed deeds which in the eye of man,  
Cast everlasting darkness o'er his fame,—  
Cast shame and bitter scorn, and all that can  
Dishonour and destroy, upon his name?

Contemned and hooted—hated and despised  
By all the world—he lives, a blot—a blank—  
A canker spot, within whose bounds comprised,  
Like some vast lazzeretto, dark and dank—  
Are all the impure germs of shame and sin,  
Waiting an impulse but to give them birth,  
And launch them forth, scattering without, within,  
Their festering poisons o'er the blooming earth.

Shunn'd and detested—pointed at by all—

Held up before the young and rising race  
As a memento of the fearful fall

Which sternly waits on those, who lacking grace  
To fly from evil, sink within the dark,  
And dismal gulf, which vice so covers o'er  
With glittering wiles, that there remains no mark  
To warn the wanderer from its fatal shore.

Oh! surely, surely, life to him is dead,

And listless, lonely, wends he on his way,  
Since all that makes life sweet is past and fled,

And since for him there comes no brighter day.  
Oh! is there none who that dark outcast cheers,—  
Who strives to chase the dismal gloom away,  
Which hangs around him,—strives to calm his fears,—  
And strives to teach him to repent and pray?

Yes!—yes there is—there still remains one hope—

Besides that hope which stretches past the grave—  
And that, is Woman's love—the only prop

On which his heart may lean—love which will brave  
The harsh and hissing scorn which round him dwell—  
Love which will cherish in her secret breast  
That doomed, degraded outcast, deep and well,  
And on his bosom seek, and find, her rest.

Aye! when the outward world presents to him  
     Naught but a vast impenetrable gloom—  
 A mighty mass, chaotic, dark, and dim,  
     Without one ray its darkness to illumine—  
 Then—then, will Woman's love around him shine,  
     And shed a halo o'er each darken'd spot,  
 And shall with soul felt effort yet combine  
     To cast its brightness o'er his dreary lot.

Yes! when life's sky is troubled and o'ercast,  
     With low'ring clouds portending storm and strife—  
 When all around seems hopeless—cheerless—lost—  
     Then comes the hour in which the trusting wife,  
 With unremitting love breaks through the mist,  
     Scatt'ring as with the brightness of a sun  
 The gathering omens—sheltering with the blest  
     Safeguard of love, him who her heart had won.

Should he in prison pine—and mourn the bland  
     And calming influence of the free survey,  
 Of beauty bright which an Almighty hand  
     Has spread o'er earth to cheer life's weary way—  
 Pine for the brilliant sunshine, and the showers—  
     The sweeping storm, or sweetly murmuring breeze—  
 The undulating fields, the glittering flowers—  
     The rush of rivers, and the roar of seas.



There!—even there!—within that noisome den,  
Will Woman cheer him with undying love—  
There!—even there—will Woman's bosom yearn  
In unison with his—will ever prove  
To him a pleasing, and a sheltering bower—  
Will spread around him love's most potent spell—  
Will give him smiles for sunshine—tears for showers—  
The music of her voice for ocean's swell.

All—all around him seems to other men,  
A vast, illimitable desert drear,  
Without one green oasis in his ken  
The tired, and tiring, traveller to cheer—  
Without one solitary cooling spring  
To quench the fever of his burning brain—  
Without one soft refreshing breeze to bring  
A calm unto his boiling blood again.

Oh! they are wrong—there Woman's love attends  
Converts the desert to the verdant green,  
And mingl'd flowers and fragrance sweetly blends,  
Declaring love triumphant o'er the scene—  
There Woman's love pours forth a rushing stream  
Of cool refreshing water pure and deep,  
Whose singing murmur, and whose passing gleam,  
Sooth down the wanderer's brain and blood to sleep.

When sickness seizes on the manly form,  
 And casts him helpless on a restless bed,  
 When mind with body sinks till, sad, forlorn,  
 A moody melancholy round is shed;  
 When tortur'd with some ceaseless, gnawing pain,  
 The temper sours, and naught can please, naught quell  
 The inward tumult, nor restore again  
 Peace to the aching bosom's anguish'd swell.

Oh! then will Woman hover round, and near,  
 And watch with eager eye his every move,  
 Anticipate each wish, and strive to cheer  
 His sinking heart with her sustaining love.  
 Oh! she will press her hands, so snowy white,  
 Upon that fever'd brow—and to her breast  
 Will clasp the aching forehead, till a quiet  
 Refreshing slumber lulls its pain to rest.

And when decaying nature spreads before  
 His dim and wand'ring eye, the trackless gloom—  
 The misty shadows of that dreaded shore—  
 Which opes upon him, through its gate—the tomb.  
 Oh! who will lead his fluttering soul to soar  
 Through those dark shadows, to a realm of light—  
 Will teach him humbly, lowly, to adore  
 His great Creator's wondrous power and might!

Oh! Woman will, her strong, undying love—  
Her pure, unfalt'ring faith will cheer him on—  
Will guide his soul's immortal flight above  
To join the choir around the heavenly throne.  
And when beneath the cold and clammy sod,  
The once lov'd form corrupts and fades away,  
Then Woman's heart bows only to her God,  
And lauds his power for ever and for aye.

# GOD IN ALL THINGS.

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ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO SAY : "THERE IS NO GOD."

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COME, scoffer—Atheist—come with me and gaze around  
our sphere ;  
Then look into your inmost heart, and say, "chance  
brought it here ;"  
Come, gaze upon it, high and low, with reverential  
awe—  
Come and confess the unseen power—the all pervading  
law,  
Which in its wisdom shines through all the human eye  
can scan ;  
And with mysterious majesty proclaims aloud to man,  
'The vast—unbounded—matchless power, whose dwell-  
ing is on high,  
And yet pervades earth's lowliest things—it's oceans,  
air and sky.

Oh! who could doubt—one moment doubt, that an  
Almighty power  
Sustains us and our earthly home, and marks the  
passing hour,  
The day, the year, that flits away, but to return again,  
And louder still proclaim to man the glory of His reign;  
The all-sufficient wondrous art which from a dark void  
mass,  
Brought Light, and Heat, and Life, and Power—tall  
tree and lowly grass;  
Which peopled Ocean's unseen depths; and spread the  
azure plain,  
Where hosts of radiant twinkling stars His unknown  
power proclaim.

Come forth and look upon the Light! and think upon  
the might  
Of him who said "Light be;" and lo! pervading with  
a bright  
And golden glory all our earth, it came, and proved to  
man  
A glorious element whose powers his wisdom may not  
span.  
Come now beneath the glorious sun! and mark his  
brightening ray,  
Diffusing life to man and beast—and clothing in such  
gay

And gorgeous colours earth's fair flowers, and ripening  
her grain—  
And raising Life from Death—and say, "Chance did  
it all," again.

Come here beneath this silver moon—beneath this  
cloudless sky,  
And mark the myriads of stars whose bright light  
strikes the eye  
And mind of man with trembling awe, and makes him  
feel that He  
Who made them is, and ever was, a dread Infinity ;  
Who with a skill and power so great, and infinitely vast,  
Supports and guides them as they roll through ether's  
trackless waste :  
And through that power, supreme o'er all, fulfilling as  
their own,  
His hidden purpose, great and good, although to us  
unknown.

Come! look upon old Ocean's might, gaze o'er it's vast  
expanse,  
And say that it's primeval birth was but another chance ;  
Say if the mysteries of the deep can give no brighter  
thought,  
Of some most dread Creative power, who all its waters  
brought

Together where they are, and where, obedient to will,  
They fret and fume, and, at His word, again are calm  
and still:

Yes, scoffer! here our God is seen—the vasty depths  
proclaim,  
In storm and tempest, calm and rest, His everlasting  
name.

Glance o'er the earth—survey it's stores, and trembling  
bend the knee,  
And humbly own the power of Him who made them  
all for thee;

That thou migh'st feel that unto Him thanks always  
should be given,  
For all thou hast upon the earth—for all thy hopes of  
heaven.

Think upon this; let no false dreams impose upon thy  
mind,

That when the breath of life is fled there's nothing left  
behind

But useless clay, whose day is o'er—whose power is  
gone and past—

Which will not start to life again at Judgment's fearful  
blast:

That man's existence will not cease, although his body  
dies,

And mingling with it's elements, from earth for ever  
flies—  
We must believe from feeling, thought—from Christian  
Truth revealed,  
In word and deed by Him who died and man's  
redemption sealed ;  
We do not perish when this frame dissolves and melts  
away ;  
Our soul survives it's earthly home, and never can  
decay,  
But in another form and place, shall live, and move,  
and feel—  
A place whose everlasting joys Death only can reveal.

Come then, believer, come with me, and let us humbly  
join  
In adoration of that Power which rules your fate and  
mine ;  
Which keeps our planet in it's course, and guides its  
mystic way  
Through boundless space, and watches o'er it's action  
night and day—  
Whose Providence surrounds us now, has done, and  
ever will,  
Until His mandate dread shall make our rolling Globe  
stand still—  
Dissolve—and pass away once more into a purer frame,  
Where we through all Eternity shall praise his Holy name.



## HOME.

“ Home of my childhood”—where art thou,—  
Where all the beauty bright,  
Which shed a sweet ray o’er thy hearth,  
Of pure and holy light ?  
There peace and joy together dwelt ;  
There care had never been ;  
There discord wild, stern passion’s child,  
Was never felt or seen.

Gone!—gone for aye. The polish’d glass  
Of youth so bright and clear,  
Has suffered many a shivering shock,  
Been dimm’d by many a tear ;  
Across its surface many a change  
Has swept, and grief and pain,  
Have prov’d that earth, ne’er gives a birth  
To joy like youth’s again.

And yet 'tis sweet to think of home  
When we are far away ;  
And from those scenes we lov'd so well  
Call up a bright array,  
Of thoughts and feelings—sweet tho' sad—  
Of pleasures past and gone ;  
When life and we, were young and free,  
And sorrows we had none.

When father—mother—children—all  
With heartfelt jocund glee,  
Crown'd times grey head with budding flowers,  
And bade him faster flee.  
Ah! little reck'd they that his flight  
Would break that dream so sweet ;  
Would some fond heart in sorrow part,  
No more on earth to meet.

When happy voices to the heart  
Sent home their silver tone,  
Which sank within it, and which yet  
Are not forever gone.  
No! in the heart the voices sweet  
Of childhood's happy days,  
Ring forth at times, with merry chimes,  
And cheer us with their lays.

Alas! that home is altered now—  
Those joyous days are fled—  
And erring, wayward deeds of mine,  
Have sorrow round it shed.  
Misfortune too athwart its roof,  
Has cast her withering shade ;  
Death has been there—and grief and care  
Have there a dwelling made.

My father!—where is he!—alas!  
My call is all in vain,  
His voice has ceased to answer now,  
Nor ever will again.  
No! never more that father's smile,  
Shall cheer my longing sight—  
Shall banish care, with kindness rare,  
Imparting pure delight.

No more his accents, good and wise,  
Shall drop upon my ear,  
Like balm upon a troubled mind,  
Dispelling doubt and fear ;  
No more his love shall fondly shower,  
Kind blessings on my head,  
His heart's warm thrill, is cold and still,  
Amid the silent dead.

He died—I was not near his bed  
Of suffering and grief—  
I wip'd no death-sweat from his brow,  
Nor strove to give relief;  
For I had left him—yet his heart  
At life's fast ebbing tide,  
With father's love, prayed God above,  
His erring child to guide.

Where now my mother's happy smile—  
Where now her singing voice—  
Which thro' that happy, happy home,  
Bade every heart rejoice?  
That smile was bright—that voice was sweet—  
But tell me where are they?  
That mother's breast, can answer best,  
Its ties are rent away.

Where is that mother's rosy cheek,—  
And where the sparkling eye,—  
And where the smiling ruby lip,  
Where love entranc'd did lie;  
Until some heart-felt thought would wake  
The sleeper from his dream,  
And then his ray, strong, bright as day,  
O'er all her face would beam.

I think I see her now—how changed—  
How pale and wan her cheek—  
The merry lustre of her eye,  
Is now subdued and meek;  
No happy smile dwells on her lip—  
No joy upon her face—  
There sorrow's hand, with iron brand,  
Has left its withering trace.

Oh! how I wish I were at home,  
To comfort and to cheer;  
And from that mother's sorrowing eye,  
To wipe away the tear.  
To talk with her of bygone days,  
Of pleasures yet in store;  
And how at last, earth's troubles past,  
Friends meet to part no more.

Home—home and childhood—happiness  
Lives in your very sound,  
A happiness which flits away,  
And ne'er again is found.  
What are the joys of other years,  
Compared bright youth with thine,  
But withered flowers, and faded bowers,  
Beside a budding vine.

Oh yes! 'tis very sweet, tho' sad,  
For those who range and roam,  
From memory's spring, bright thought to bring,  
Of childhood's happy Home.

# THE ORPHAN BOY.\*

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A B A L L A D .

---

Oh! tis good for the soul to feed the poor,  
And to shield them from Winter's sky,  
And the wandering orphan's footsteps to guide,  
And I'll tell you the reason why.

'Twas a cold, bitter cold, and stormy night,  
And keen, keen, was the biting blast,  
And old Winter's power in it's sternest mood,  
Drove wildly and ruthlessly past.

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\* Suggested by reading an anecdote of the Hon. Mr. Stephens,  
of Georgia.

Snow clad was the earth, and bare were the trees;  
There was naught to cheer the mind,  
And the voice of the river was hushed and bound,  
By the chain of that wintry wind.

'Twas a famous night for the rich and proud,  
To assemble around the fire,  
And with well spread board and generous wine,  
Bid defiance to Winter's ire.

And to laugh in scorn at his baffled face,  
As he rattled against each pane—  
As shrieking he strove a cranny to find,  
Through which he an entrance might gain.

'Twas all in vain, for the stove and the fire,  
And the warm double windows too,  
Resisted every attempt which he made,  
So away in a rage he flew.

And he said to himself, as he swept along,  
There are some who can feel me well—  
There's the hungry and poor, so cold and bare,  
Oh! *they* cannot resist my spell.



For the poor, nor food, nor clothes, nor a fire,  
Nor a home for their heads have got;  
So I'll pierce them through with my chilling cold,  
Till they wish that death were their lot.

And if some, perchance, a shelter may have,  
I will get me a passage rare,  
Through the broken panes, and the yawning cracks,  
Ha! no double windows are *there*.

Not a fire, not a stove, to check my power,  
Nothing *there* but the naked wall:  
Oh! the wintry wind in the poor man's house,  
Is the sovereign lord of all.

They must bow and bend 'neath his iron rule,  
With shivering and trembling limb:  
And with broken heart and with bloodless lips,  
They must render homage to him.

So saying, stern Winter pass'd, till he came,  
To the door of a mansion gay,  
Where the blazing fire, and the candles bright;  
Bade good bye to departing day.

As nearer he drew, he saw by that door,  
A young boy, so pale and so wan,  
Whose every gesture, and every look,  
Spoke of misery's withering ban.

No Father, no mother, had he to watch,  
O'er his welfare with holy joy ;  
Alone, and without one friend in the world,  
He wander'd a poor Orphan Boy.

And oh ! how he gaz'd on the good warm fire,  
And wished he was near to its heat ;  
For his clothes were ragged, tatter'd and torn,  
And no shoes had he on his feet.

Soho ! says old Winter, here will I stop,  
While that boy is gazing at those  
Enjoying the fire so warm and so snug,  
I'll freeze up the blood of his toes.

But Winter was doomed to suffer again  
Disappointment's most angry sting,  
For the mansion door has been open'd wide  
And they've let in that cheerless thing.

Oh! he has sat down by that roaring fire,  
And beside him a well-filled plate,  
And hunger and cold have been chased away  
Far, far from that friendly gate.

Oh! that mansion's lord had a kindly heart,  
And he lodg'd and he clothed the boy,  
He gave him his blessing and sent him forth,  
With his young heart bounding with joy.

And the joy he felt bore his spirit up  
And gave to him courage anew,  
To battle with life's many dangerous ills  
Till a prosperous man he grew.

Years roll'd along, and at last he stood  
'Mid the high and the learned of the land,  
Yet he never forgot that cold, cold night  
Nor his kind host's fostering hand.

So time still sped and the kind friend died  
And his widow mourned for him sore,  
For his voice and his glance were dear to her heart,  
And she'd dream of them ever more.

He had been rich, and had left his wealth  
To her who through woe and weal,  
Had doubled the bliss of his hours of joy,  
And had striven his sorrow to heal.

But oh! in the world there are cormorants  
That prey on the substance of man,  
And to gain the widow's glittering gold,  
They had laid full quickly a plan.

But the widow sent for a counsel keen,  
Who well knew our country's laws;  
And told him her tale in honour and truth,  
And bade him defend her cause.

And that counsel arose before the judge,  
And he pled with a mighty will;  
And his words flowed on with resistless force,  
Till each heart in that court stood still.

So he gained the cause; and the widow's gold  
Was declared to be hers alone;  
And the hearers said, that the counsel's words  
Ne'er before with such splendour shone.

Oh! they did not know, that his heart was full  
Of a feeling which ne'er could die—  
That his thoughts and his words of burning truth,  
Were born of a gratitude high.

Oh! they did not know that 'twas he who once,  
On a cold and bitter night,  
Had been fed and clothed by the lady's lord,  
And blessed with his blessing bright.

Yes!—he who had gain'd the widow's cause—  
Who had filled her heart with joy ;  
Stood forth, revealed before them then—  
For *he* was that Orphan Boy.

## THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

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Written a few hours after the scene took place, which it faintly attempts to depict. *Delirium Tremens!* Most appropriate name.

---

Come hither drunkard, come along with me,  
And I, in very truth, will shew thee what  
May be thy end—may be thy destiny—  
May be thy dark and deeply bitter lot ;  
Come, and together we will mark the power,  
The withering, scorching, soul-destroying sign,  
Which o'er the drunkard's path must ever lower,  
Telling of ruin, fearful and condign ;  
Crying aloud with trumpet-voice to all,  
Thus drunkard's perish—thus do drunkard's fall.

Oh come! and let the awful scene be felt  
    Within the deep recesses of thy heart,  
Until it cause each stubborn vice to melt,  
    And bid them thence for evermore depart.  
Oh! let it grave its lesson on thy mind,  
    In burning feelings time will ne'er efface,  
In soul-felt promptings, that you yet may find  
    The will and power your errors to retrace;  
To cast away for ever and for aye  
The tempter's power to lead your steps astray.

Look here! stretched out upon his dying bed,  
    Lies God's fair image, shatter'd and defaced;  
Strength, power, and reason, utterly are fled,  
    And all man's noble attributes debased.  
All, all are gone, the casket there is left,  
    But all its jewels have been torn away;  
And whose the daring hand which thus has reft  
    Man of his strength, and Reason of her sway?  
'Tis drink, strong drink, which thus has laid him low,  
Which ruins soul and body at a blow.

And mark the hideous smile, the grizzly grin,  
    Which flits across the raving maniac's face;  
And say, are those the smiles which kind hearts win,  
    Which sweep away stern sorrow's bitter trace?

And mark again the glaz'd and wandering eye,  
 The tell-tale index of the mighty fire  
 Which burns within, destroying all the high  
 God-given thoughts which teach us to aspire ;  
 And say, are those the glances which impart  
 Relief unto the watcher's troubled heart ?

But see! returning reason fills the eye  
 With retrospection's bitter, scalding tear ;  
 And as the world seems from his grasp to fly,  
 Strong is his terror, desperate his fear.  
 And fast a-down his sad and furrow'd face,  
 Tear rolls on tear, proclaiming that the mind  
 Feels want of comfort—want of saving grace,—  
 Feels *that they are*, yet knows not how to find  
 Their consolations, and, with words of pain,  
 He speaks the sorrows which within him reign.

“ Cold, I feel very cold,  
 Darkness is coming fast,  
 And strange and fearful things  
 Their shadows round me cast.  
 A stormy element appears  
 To sweep around me now ;  
 A fire of fearful strength  
 Seems burning on my brow.

D\*



A weight, a mighty weight,  
Seems lying on my heart—  
I wish it were away,  
I wish it would depart.  
And surely I am blind,  
For now I cannot see,  
Oh! what is this which thus  
So heavy falls on me?  
My mouth is parched and dry,  
My lips seem hard and tight,  
My tongue is swelling up,  
All, all is dark as night.  
I scarce can speak a word,  
I scarce can draw a breath;  
And *now* I feel that this  
Can nothing be but—Death!  
And death is terrible  
When coming thus to me,  
So full of vice, and sin,  
And woful misery!  
Oh! now I feel the sting  
Which dwells within the cup,  
Which gnaws away the heart,  
And eats the vitals up!  
Which preys upon the flesh,  
Which steals away the soul,  
Which glories in the wish  
To drive away the whole

Of blest Religion's props,  
The sinner's only stay,  
In such a time as this—  
His last, his dying day!"

He ceased; and 'mid the silence rose a voice—  
The voice of one commissioned forth to show  
To erring mortals that they should rejoice,  
Since God alone can pardon all below;  
And even that in life's last, darkest hour,  
As shown unto the thief upon the cross,  
Repentant sinners may invoke His power  
To save their souls from everlasting loss;  
May claim the mercy offered unto all  
Who sue for mercy, who for mercy call.

And pure and fervent were the words which came  
From God's own minister by that bedside;  
Pure as a crystal, fervent as a flame,  
Raising up hope, and crushing worldly pride.  
And long and earnestly did he beseech,  
With voice of prayer, the Holy One in heaven,  
That rest and peace might that poor wand'rer reach;  
That all his mountain sins might be forgiven,  
That when from earth his soul would wing its flight,  
It might be clad with Christ's redeeming light.

And as the breathing weaker, fainter grew,  
 He bent his head and whispered in the ear  
 Of him whose living moments were so few,  
 Words which would help him thro' deaths portals drear,  
 Told him, that tho' his tongue might still refuse  
 To speak the language which his bosom felt,  
 To lift his heart with humbleness profuse,  
 And join with him, as lowly there he knelt,  
 In his petition to the Throne of Grace,  
 That he might see with joy his Father's face.

“ My God! my God!” in low and wailing tone,  
 Came from that bed ; and he who late so proud,  
 So full of health and vigour stately shone,  
 Amid earth's gay and many-passion'd crowd,  
 Is cold and still—a senseless, soulless thing—  
 A green leaf shaken from its parent bough,  
 While yet around it bloomed the power of spring,  
 And all seemed clad in nature's brightest glow,  
 Until drink's upas-poison nipped its bloom,  
 And sent it to a dark untimely tomb.

Think, drunkard, think, and turn thee from the way  
 Which leads to consumption such as this ;  
 Turn, and determine, oh! resolve and pray  
 To be delivered from the dark abyss

Which yawns before thee, threatening to enclose  
    Within its awful gulf thy life's best props,  
And give thee in return devouring woes—  
    Heart-scalding torments—blasted, wither'd hopes—  
And all the dreary panoply of grief,  
Which seeks, yet finds not, resting nor relief.

# LINES

## ON THE DEATH OF SERJEANT THOS. ROSE.

Oh! 'twas a sad and solemn scene  
That dying comrade's bed,  
Where faithful friends around him hung,  
Or moved with silent tread.—  
And there he lay: his manly frame  
How wasted, weak, and worn—  
A shadow pointing to the grave—  
Of all its glory shorn.

How shortly since in healthful glow,  
In manly beauty's pride,  
He moved with gay and laughing eye,  
And youth's elastic stride.—

Now listless, languid, rolls that eye,  
That haughty step is gone ;  
The merry thought—the careless glance—  
Are now forever flown.

Oh! kind and gentle was his heart ;  
And manly were his ways ;  
And many deeds, in secret done,  
Might claim our loudest praise :  
Yet he had sinn'd like other men,  
Had trod temptation's path,  
Had deeply drank sin's seeming sweets,  
And felt sin's biting wrath.

And oh! how sweet to think that he  
Left life and all behind,  
And quit this changing troubled world  
With calm and happy mind :  
For with sincere and earnest prayer,  
He long had firmly striven,  
To cast away all earthly thoughts—  
To think alone of heaven.

And who that saw that closing scene,  
So full of peace and rest,

But saw Religion's power supreme  
In radiance bright confest ;  
And who that heard his words of hope,  
Of thankfulness and praise,  
But wished that they, with faith like his  
Might calmly end their days.

Then fare-thee-well my well lov'd friend—  
Farewell my comrade dear—  
Nor mine alone the sigh of grief,  
Nor yet the parting tear ;  
For all thy comrade's tears of love,  
Shall wet thy grave's green sod,  
Yet still draw comfort from the thought—  
Thy soul dwells with its God.

## THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Martial music came  
Upon the breeze with melancholy wail ;  
No longer stirring up within the heart,  
That burning ardour which inspires the charge  
Of Britain's hosts, when, on the embattled plain,  
They pour upon the foe their mighty strength,  
Shattering the well-formed square, the long-drawn line,  
Or heavy column with o'erpowering force—  
A force which lives not in numeric strength—  
The force of love of country, love of home—  
Which has its dwelling with the well-tried sons  
Of Britain's wave washed isle—lurks in each breast,  
And gives to weakly hands o'erwhelming strength—  
Makes men of children—girds with bracing bands  
The toil worn soldier's sinking frame—and 'midst  
The roaring battle's rage, incites to deeds  
Of dangerous daring, worthy high renown :  
This is the force which makes them what they are,  
Their foemen's dread and terror.



Those Bugle's tones are now so soft and slow,  
And sweetly sad it seems as if their voice  
Had never breathed but sorrow's saddest strains.  
And why this change, from shrill and piercing clang,  
To grief's low voice, and sorrow's dismal moan ?  
Why !—*now* they chant a soldier's requiem sad,  
And give his "death song" to the passing winds,  
That they may bear it to his far off home,  
And leave its echoes lingering o'er the spot  
Which saw his birth—his own, his native land,  
Where he had hoped his ashes might repose—  
Vain hope for him !—no kindred soil provides  
His long, last resting place—no well known nook,  
Within the village churchyard shields his dust,  
Where sorrowing friends might trim the lowly sod—  
Might rear sweet flowers as monuments of love,  
Watering the plants with sorrow's ripening rain,  
Affections tears—no !—no such place for him—  
His comrade soldiers bear his last remains  
With slow and stately steps—a mournful train  
With sorrow's mark stamp'd on each manly brow,—  
To lay their comrade in the stranger's grave—  
Within the cold breast of a foreign soil—  
Unmarked, unmourned, save by themselves alone—  
And soon forgotten.—  
And not a thought pervades the gaping crowd,  
Attracted to the death scene by the sound  
Of that soft music—by the glittering show  
Of military pomp—they come to see

A soldier buried ; and to mark as strange  
His comrade's last farewell, the volley loud,  
Proclaiming far and near, that Death had claimed,  
Perhaps in manhood's budding pride and prime,  
One of those thousands who but live to die.

They do not think  
That he—who thus amid the thundering noise  
Of that rude volley, had been placed within  
The dark and silent grave—has claims on them  
For sorrow, or for pity—No!—not they!  
They do not think, that, to protect the rights  
They loudly boast of, he had left his home—  
His father's roof—his mother's tender care—  
His sisters', brothers', all enduring love—  
His young heart's treasure—whispering in her ear,  
That he will soon return, and claim again  
The plighted troth, sealed with the burning kiss  
Of first felt love—they think not that for them,  
Their peace and comfort, he hath vow'd and sworn  
To fight their battles ; and to guard their homes  
Amid the various climes which sap and shake  
With fell disease, the strong and healthy frame  
Amid the biting blasts, and wintry storms  
Of frigid regions—or beneath the blaze  
Of torrid Sol's life enervating heat ;  
Exposed alike throughout the live-long day—

The long, dark, gloomy night—his watch to keep,  
That they may slumber on, secure and safe.  
And should Ambition,—thwarted minds, or ought  
Which loves a change—dare but to lift on high,  
The standard of rebellion, or of power,  
Without a murmur, to the rescue he  
Treads fearless forth—endures the long, forced march—  
The parching thirst—the gnawing hunger pang—  
The weary limb—the faintness of the heart—  
With strong unshaken spirit—and when once  
His foemen's colours flash before his eyes,  
All human weakness is forgotten quite,  
And rushing 'mid the contest's raging din,  
He seals his vow with blood's ensanguined stamp,  
And leaves his mangled frame upon the field,  
To tell how well and nobly he had kept  
His sworn and ardent faith—

Oh! no!—they do not think  
That this is often, often done for them—  
And yet they dare repay such deeds as those  
With biting scorn—with unconcealed disgust—  
Nay, even with a narrow malice which  
Heaps on the human heart a load of fire,  
They, in their hours of sure and lasting peace,  
Bear in their bosoms, rank and uncontrolled,  
Against those men the demon sin of hate.

And strange revulsion,  
When the moment comes in which their hearths  
Demand protection, when their trembling wives,  
And timid daughters, listen to the sound  
Of war's stern voice ringing around their home;  
How they will smile upon the hated men—  
How they will praise with sycophantic lip,  
The daring deeds which bring around their fires,  
The smile of peace—the warranty of love.  
But let the storm pass o'er, and back again  
Come hatred, malice, scorn and high disgust—  
Out, out upon them for a sordid crew!

## AULD WILLIE HOGG.

Let "Glasgow's Heroes" hing their head,  
For ane is number'd wi' the dead,  
Wha aftimes did their column lead,—  
    Hame an' abroad—  
Wha's heart was theirs, aye theirs indeed,  
    Auld Willie Hogg.

Come a' his cronies join wi' me,  
For 'mang ye a' he bore the gree,  
An' wi' his canty heart felt glee,  
    Aroun' your table,  
Tae mak' auld Time some faster flee,  
    He weel was able.

Auld Sodgers join my mournfu' strain,  
 An' let the saut tear rin amain,  
 For never will ye hear again  
           The canny word,  
 O' him wha Death's fell clutch has lain  
           Laigh i' the yird.

Recruits join wi' me i' my lay,  
 Ye've ge'in him trouble i' your day,  
 For dour war ye tae learn the way  
           Your guns tae shoother,  
 But Willie's patience gain'd the sway,  
           Nor pat ye thro'other.

Wi' kin'ly words he wad advise—  
 An' strive tae mak' the foolish wise—  
 Wad teach them hoo tae tread, an' rise,  
           Upo' the ladder,  
 Which led to Fortune's glitterin' prize  
           Like ony father.

An' gin ye war inclin'd tae drink,  
 Or after gausy hissies blink,  
 Hoo aft he'd tell ye—stop an' think,  
           Hae some discretion,  
 An' dinna blinlin's loup the brink  
           O' fell perdition.

Wad tell ye, wi' a cheerfu' face,  
 Tae tak' a dram, but ne'er disgrace,  
 At ony time, in ony place,  
     Your gallant corps,  
 By joinin' in the drunkard's race,  
     Wi' shameless splore.

Wad tell ye that a Scotchman's pride  
 Should be forever by his side,  
 Frae ought that's low, or mean, to guide  
     The Scottish name,  
 Which has, an' will, baith far an' wide,  
     Spread oot its fame.

An' shure am I a tear will start,  
 Fresh an' sincere frae ilka heart,  
 For ane wha strave wi' a' his art,  
     In time o' need,  
 Tae act a kin'ly, freen'ly part—  
     For noo he's dead.

God help us!—its like yesterday,  
 Sin' last we heard him, blythe an' gay,  
 Rejoicin' wi' his cheering lay  
     The social meetin';  
 Noo—dust tae dust, an' clay tae clay—  
     His lang last greetin'.

Short was the warnin', quick the blow,  
That laid his manly form sae low,  
An' caused his Jeanie's een tae flow,  
    Wi' sorrow's rain,  
For ane, wha aye, thro' weel or woe,  
    Was a' her ain.

An' gin a saul sincere an' just,  
An' faithfu' tae its sma'est trust,  
When pairted frae its earthly crust,  
    Mounts up on high,  
Then Willie your's noo free frae dust,  
    Shines in the sky.

Let flowers spring up aboon his grave,  
An' a' his comrades over the wave,  
Will sen' their tears those flowers tae lave,  
    An' mak' them grow,  
Memorials o' the guid an' brave,  
    Wha sleeps below.



# THE WARNING,

OR CHOLERA'S VOICE.

O'er lowly hovel—o'er splendid hall,  
I've spread my dark funereal pall;  
The bed of straw and the canopied couch,  
Have felt, and trembled at my touch.  
I have slain the young in their hour of bliss,  
While their lips were warm with love's fond kiss,—  
Without a warning, without a sign,  
I have claim'd the bride and made her mine;  
And yet, and always, with frantic glee  
I have claimed the Drunkard as prey for me.

I have gazed on the sleeping infant's face,  
So full of a holy and heavenly grace,  
Yet ruthlessly, I have stretch'd my hand  
And stamp'd that face with my burning brand :

And the mother's wail of grief and woe,  
I have hush'd in the grave so cold and low,  
And laid her to sleep, aye! side by side,  
With her well-lov'd child—with her heart's high pride :  
And yet, and always, with frantic glee,  
I have claim'd the Drunkard as prey for me.

I have stricken the rising youth a blow,  
Which hath laid ambition and hope full low—  
I have pour'd in his ear my fearful name,  
And over his heart my burning flame—  
And his heart hath wither'd and wasted away,  
And I still swept along, for prey—more prey!  
In the squalid den, in the sumptuous hall  
I have spread my dark funereal pall,  
And yet, and always, with frantic glee  
I have claim'd the Drunkard as prey for me.

And manhood's power I have smitten down,  
With my blasting, withering, scorching frown,—  
What were his plans and his schemes to me—  
His thoughts of gain, and his rivalry?  
I swept him away, and for more, still more,  
I have pass'd in wrath from shore to shore—  
And in every land, and in every clime  
Where the poison cup did its slaves entwine,  
I have felt and sworn with frantic glee,  
That the Drunkard was lawful prey for me.

And even the old and the helpless man,  
Hath felt my power and my fearful ban,  
I have stricken him down without a sigh,  
As I swept in strength that old man bye.  
And away on the wings of the mighty wind,  
I have sailed and left the east behind,  
And here, amid regions of frost and snow,  
I will cool my forehead's burning glow—  
And here, as there, with frantic glee  
I will claim the drunkard as prey for me.

This was the song of the Cholera sprite,  
As it sped its course on the wings of night—  
Unheeded, unmarked, till its strong hand fell  
On the human race with a withering spell;  
True were the words, they were traced in death,  
In many a drunkard's parting breath,  
For the fiery liquid meets and blends  
With the sprite's dread power, and the vessel rends,  
Then turn thee drunkard—turn thee away,  
Or the Cholera sprite will have thee as prey.

TO D\_\_\_\_\_ W\_\_\_\_\_.

Aye Wylie! Winter's cauld has fled,  
An' Spring has come again;  
But yet it canna pour a balm  
Ower never deein' pain.  
The river's streams rin fast an' free,  
Yet canna sweep awa'  
The canker at the blighted heart,  
Nor ease its grief ava.

Spring cleeds again the fields wi' flow'rs,  
Sae gallant an' sae braw;  
But shatter'd hopes, an' broken vows,  
Spring never can reca'.  
Spring heals the sick, its ba'my breeze  
Sen's health thro' ilka vein;  
But yet it canna cheer the heart  
Wha's hopes an' joys are gane.

Na! Spring has mony, mony charms,  
 For mony, mony a heart;  
 But flowers an' fields, and wimplin' streams  
 Tae me nae joy impart.  
 My heart nae langer joins wi' yours  
 In gazin' ower the main,—  
 Nae langer echoes back the wish  
 That I war hame again.

Hame!—whar's the hame o' broken hearts,—  
 The hame o' cheerless woe—  
 The hame o' cherish'd hopes an' joys,  
 For ever noo laid low?  
 Whar s'ould it be? A foreign stran'  
 Wash'd by a foreign wave—  
 Unkenn'd—unnoticed—hid frae a'—  
 Its name—the wand'rer's grave.

Death's chill abode gies rest at last,  
*There* disappointment's pang  
 Is felt nae mair—*there* envy's tongue  
 Has lost its pois'ning fang.  
 The grave, tho' dark, an' shuttin' out  
 This warl', its grief an' joy,  
 Opes up a vista bricht an' clear,  
 O' Peace without alloy;

Opes wide the gate o' that abode,  
Whar grief, an' woe, an' pain  
Nae entrance fin'—whar endless love  
An' glory only reign—  
Whar everlastin' peace bin's up  
The heart the warl' has riven—  
Whar everlastin' joy is fan'  
An' fan' alane—in Heaven.

## TO THE SAME.

Na, na! my kin', my *wily* freen,  
Ye needna bid me sing,  
Whan fresh an' gushin' frae your heart  
Sae mony bricht thochts spring.  
Sae, gin ye want a sang o' Hame,  
Jist sing yin o' your ain;  
I'll ne'er compete for numbers sweet,  
Wi ane like you again.

Whan *wily Scotchmen* tread life's road,  
They fin' a wull an' way,  
Wi thochts o' things lang past an' gane,  
Tae cheer it's darkest day;  
An' blythe am I, my freen, tae think  
Your sorrow nae sae deep,  
But that a gleam, tho' in a dream,  
O' Hame can mak' it sleep.

Then dream awa', I wanna break  
 The sweet enchantin' chain,  
 Which links the wanderer's heart wi hame,  
 An' drags him back again,  
 Wi ony darksome thochts o' mine,  
 Which rise unbidden whiles,  
 An' lang's they last a shadow cast  
 Ower joy, an' mirth, and smiles.

Ye dinna think that joy is fled,  
 Nor yet your hopes o' fame;  
 Then, hence the greenin at the heart—  
 The wish that ye war hame.  
 Wha flings the glamour ower your e'en—  
 The witchcraft ower your heart?  
 But cheerin' *Hope*, man's dearest prop,  
 The last an' warst tae part.

For while within the wand'rer's breast,  
*Hope* has a dwellin' got,  
 Imagination pictures hame  
 A bright an' bonnie spot.  
 But whan wi heart-destroyin' power,  
 That prop is rent in twa,  
 The picture's grace ye canna trace,  
 Wi' *Hope* its fled a wa.



But Hope, my freen, I weel can tell,  
     Has been fu' douce an' sure,  
 An' ta'en a lang lease o' a heart,  
     Wha's thochts are guid an' pure ;  
 An' had she socht baith far an' near,  
     She cou'dna got a better  
 Than your's, whar youth, combin'd wi' truth,  
     Mang glitt'rin' gems has set her.

Lang may she reign in power supreme!—  
     In an' aroun' that heart ;  
 Nor ever lea' it unprepared  
     For sorrow's stingin' dart.  
 Oh! Hope can mak' ye fin' a hame,  
     Whan hopeless men despair,—  
 Hope shines sae proud, thro' grief's dark cloud,  
     Maist beautifu' an' fair.

Wi' beatin' heart an' boundin' breast,  
     I grasp the freenly han',  
 A stranger tae a stranger gies  
     Within a foreign lan' ;  
 For, oh! its grup gaes roun' my heart,  
     An' lights again a flame  
 I thocht wad ne'er hae burn'd sae clear,  
     Sae far away frae hame.

## TO THE SAME.

Tuts! cheer ye—cheer ye up my freer,  
Ye ken life's but a span,  
Which stretches ower a troubled stream  
O' grief an' woes tae man.  
And as we cross this "bridge of sighs,"  
We meet wi' mony a turn  
O' fortune's wheel,—wi' mony a cause  
Tae mak' us grieve an' mourn.

Aye! mony a strange an' fearful sight,  
We see 'as on we toil;  
An' mony a bitin' sneer we feel,  
Which mak's our heart's blood boil;  
An' mony a grief we never tell,  
Works sternly at the heart;  
And oh! wi' mony a cherish'd joy  
Reluctantly we part.

Aye! life's broad path has mony lures,  
 An' traps which sune beguile  
 The heedless traveller aff his road,  
 An' ruin as they smile:  
 An' mony a high an' happy youth,—  
 Ower confident an' brave,—  
 Has sunk, o'erwhelm'd wi' vice's snares  
 In shame's dishonored grave.

Aye! mony a sight o' woe an' want,  
 An' misery we see:  
 An' mony a sample o' the ills  
 That virtue has tae dree:  
 And weary, weary is our road—  
 Lang, lang our shortest day;  
 An' dull at times the brichtest sun  
 That shines upon our way.

But cheer ye—cheer ye up my freen!  
 Let's turn the picture o'er,  
 May be some brichter ray may tell  
 O' peace an' joy in store.  
 For gin your cares press unco hard—  
 Gin grief yere heart has riven—  
 Remember Him wha bore an' bled,  
 That ye might be forgiven.

An' gin the mony wilderin' lights,  
 That guide us on tae sin,  
 Should ever flit across your path,  
 An' strive your heart tae win ;  
 Remember then that Faith's bricht lamp  
 Alane burns clear an' pure,  
 An' safe conducts thro' storm an' strife  
 A' them that weel endure.

The *outward world* has altered nane—  
 It still remains unchanged,—  
 But sune as youth's bricht bubble bursts,  
 Our *world* is a' deranged.  
 An' then we fin' that promises  
 Are broken as they're given—  
 That a' the glitterin' dreams o' youth  
 Far—far awa are driven.

Then since we twa are pilgrims here,  
 E'en let's jog on thegither,  
 Contented, happy, when we can,  
 Despite life's roughest weather ;  
 For gin the "small still voice" within,  
 Our breasts has kindly thriven,  
 Be shure we'll fin' a place o' rest—  
 A port o' hope in Heaven.

## STANZAS

### ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

Adieu! adieu! my bonnie Jean,  
Adieu! adieu to Scotia's isle,  
I'm gaun awa' noo ance for a'  
An' ne'er again I'll see thee smile.

It is my fate that bids me gang,  
An' I maun follow at the ca',  
Tae ither lan's across the sea—  
Tae ither regions far awa.'

An' yet my Jean, whate'er my fate—  
Let fortune smile or frown on me—  
I'll ne'er forget the happy hours,  
I've spent at hame alang wi' thee.

I canna weel forget those hours,  
For they were hours o' sparklin' bliss,  
Which seldom constant cheer the way,  
O' wanderers in a warl' like this.

I canna weel forget those joys—  
Joys which I thocht would last for aye.  
Joys, Jeanie! which a word o' thine  
Has blasted in a single day.

Why did ye let me bask sae lang  
Within the sunshine o' your smile,  
Which kindled love, and dinna tell  
That love would meet wi' nocht but guile?

Why did ye let me look upon  
A face as radiant as the day,  
And dinna tell its beauty's pride,  
Was but to lure and then betray.

'Twas cruel Jeanie, thus in sport,  
Tae spread love's never failing wiles,  
An' then tae break the trustin' heart  
That cam' within their fatal toils.

'Twas cruel, Jeanie, thus to crush,  
Beneath thy beauty's high disdain,  
A heart who's pulse beat high wi' thine—  
Wha's hopes and thochts were a' thine ain.

Adieu! adieu! my bonnie Jean,  
May ilka happiness be thine;  
An' may ye never feel a pain  
Like that which racks this heart o' mine.

## EPISTLE TO J \_\_\_\_ K\_\_\_\_,

ON HIS JOINING A TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

Dear Jock, I'm unco glad tae hear  
That tae the preacher ye've gi'en ear—  
That Rum an' Whiskey, Gin an' Beer  
Ye hae forsworn ;  
An' that ye mean, devoid o' fear  
Tae drap your "horn."

Fu' weel ye ken that I mysel',  
Hae aften prov'd the fearfu' spell,  
That lies in Whiskey's deep draw-well,  
Yet ne'er wad stap ;  
But aye, despite Auld Nick himsel'  
Wad hae a drap.



Fu' weel ye ken that Whiskey aft,  
 Wi' a' its wild deceitfu' craft,  
 In earnest faith has turn'd me daft,—  
                   Mair times than ane—  
 An' ower me cam' wi's sowther saft,  
                   Like ony wean.

An' aft it has amang the snaw,  
 Ta'en a' my wee hue sense awa',  
 An' row'd me,—like anither ba',—  
                   Up hill an' doon;  
 Syne sent me hame wi' mony a fa',  
                   An' wanting shoon.

An' mony a time, whan rous'd wi' "scab"—  
 Jist soakit like anither swab—  
 An' lookin' like—a drucken drab—  
                   I've staucher'd hame,  
 An' threaten'd syne tae kill or stab  
                   Some—stick or stane.

An' weel ye ken—'tween you an' me—  
 Hoo aft I've sworn nae mair tae pree,  
 An' turn'd the leaf—turn'd volumes three  
                   Frae en' tae en'—  
 But back the unco drouth wad flee;  
                   I couldna' men'.

An' gin for twa-three days I drapt it,  
 My life—for ony dog's I'd swapt it—  
 Was like a tub—toom, dry, an' warpit,—  
                   Or gizzen'd basket,  
 That sma'est push in staves wad drapt it,  
                   Wi' fearfu' racket.

An' in this het an' thirsty weather,  
 Since flesh is clay, tae keep't thegither,  
 I e'en maun wat it, spite a swither,  
                   Or else my frien',  
 I'll fa' tae dust like clay my brither,  
                   An' blin' folks een.

An' sae dear Jock, I'll hae a dram  
 Whane'er I like—whene'er I can,  
 An' care na bye what ony man  
                   May say or sweer;  
 For me tae drap it's buff an' bam:  
                   I'll hae my beer.

But yet, altho' I canna speel  
 The temp'rance hill, I like fu' weel  
 Tae see my freen's baith true an' leal,  
                   Like you my billie,  
 Gae prosperin' on, sae fare ye weel  
                   Says Scabbie Willie.

## STANZAS

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LIEUT.-COLONEL  
DENNY, TO TAKE COMMAND OF THE  
1ST BATTALION 71ST REGIMENT.

When from the high and gifted ones,  
That dwell within the land,  
A shower of praise and plaudit comes,  
Shed with unsparing hand ;  
When from the good and great of earth,  
The lordly, and the proud,  
Thy merit claims, as right of birth,  
Applause prolonged and loud ;  
We know that 'mid the voice of all, the noble, good and  
wise,  
The humble Soldier's votive mite, thy heart will not  
despise.

We know, that we, within thy heart,  
 A dwelling place have got;  
 We know, that tho' from us you part,  
 We shall not be forgot;  
 We know, that though the older tree,  
 Requires thy fostering hand,  
 Thy thoughts will oft-times cross the sea,  
 To Canada's fair land—  
 Will dwell upon the sickly plant you nourished well  
 and true,  
 And left it, grown a stately tree, most beautiful to view.

Thy hand received us, rude, untaught—  
 Unlearned in warlike lore,—  
 A mingled mass with trouble fraught,  
 With work enough in store;  
 Thy skill—thy patience—thy kind heart,  
 O'ercame the stubborn soil,  
 And rich the produce of thy art—  
 The offspring of thy toil.  
 For now, we care not when or where, nor whom before  
 we stand,  
 We are, through thee, united now, a firm, determin'd  
 band.

We owe to thee the child's deep love,  
 For-all thy tender care,  
 F\*

Thou did'st to us a father prove,  
 In kindness passing rare.  
 Amongst us there be many a mind  
 Which fain would speak its thought;  
 And fain would tell of actions kind,  
 Which on the heart have wrought;  
 And though no outward trace might tell the strong,  
 deep feeling felt;  
 Within those hearts, tho' lowly they, thy kindness ever  
 dwelt.

Long as the sun holds on his course,  
 And o'er us sheds his ray,—  
 Long as we feel some guiding force  
 Control us day by day,  
 We prize it not, but when its light  
 Is fled, and darkness lowers,  
 Then, then we miss its radiance bright—  
 Its strong protecting powers;  
 So will we miss, when thou art gone, thy rule so firm,  
 yet kind,  
 Which quelled so many wayward hearts with truly  
 master mind.

Then fare-thee-well!—but with thee take,  
 A prayer sincere and true,  
 A prayer which many an echo wakes,  
 In hearts aye true to you;

May He who reigns o'er flood and field

Protect both thee and thine :

May Peace and Love forever yield

To thee their fruit sublime !

And oft will we, in winter's nights, with tales of thee  
combine,

To keep alive thy fame and name, and memories of  
"Lang Syne."

## SPRING.

All hail! sweet Spring! thy genial sun,  
Thy earth-refreshing showers,  
Tell welcome tales of coming joy,  
Green fields and lovely flowers.

I love thy beauty dearly, Spring,  
And very sweet to me,  
The balmy fragrance of thy breath,  
And all that speaks of thee.

Oh! how I love to mark thy power  
Spread o'er all Nature's face,  
A new-born charm of loveliness,  
Of Beauty—Joy—and Grace.

I love to see thee spreading out  
Thy carpeting of green,  
A cushion meet for woman's feet—  
For Nature's darling Queen.

I love to see thee stretching out  
Thy hand upon the trees,  
And bidding bud and leaf spring forth,  
Rejoicing in thy breeze ;

And decking all their gaunt, bare forms,  
So desolate and wild,  
With beauty's brightest hues, as doth  
A mother deck her child.

I love to see thee struggling with  
Old Winter's cherished snow,  
And throwing o'er its cold, stern power,  
Thy spirit's soft'ning flow.

I love to see thy magic wand  
Break Winter's icy chain,—  
Which bound our rivers and our rills,—  
And set them free again.



I love to hear those sweeping streams  
Go rushing past in glee,  
Leaping—rejoicing—praising Spring—  
That they again are free.

I love to hear all Nature's voice  
Throughout Creation sing,  
With joyous shouts, proclaiming, Thou  
Art come again, sweet Spring.

I love to see thee, gentle Spring,  
Pour blessings on the soil,  
And bidding plenty smile upon  
The hardy sons of toil.

I love thy soothing influence,  
Which lifts the heart on high,  
And bids us praise the Pow'r which sent  
Thy blessing from the sky.

## L I N E S .

---

Passing through one of the streets of the village, (Sorel,) some time ago, I observed the, to me, strange appearance of a small piece of crape fluttering at the door of the residence of a young medical man, who had died very suddenly. I was much struck with the effect produced, and on my return home, penned the following lines.

---

'Twas at a lowly mansion's door  
Death's black insignia hung :  
And o'er all things within its sphere  
A sombre sadness flung.

Clear was the morning's frosty air,  
And brightly shone the sun,—  
And yet his rays fell dully there,  
Where Death his work had done.

And who are they, that seek the door  
Which others seem to shun,  
Despite the cold Death-sign which streams  
So strangely in the sun?

Health blooms upon *their* rosy cheeks,  
And sparkles in their eyes,  
What want they then 'mid grief and death—  
'Mid sorrow, tears, and sighs?

Ah! they are *Women* come to share  
The sorrow of a wife,—  
From whom, so young, Death's ruthless hand  
Snatch'd all her joy in life.

They come to pour affection's tide  
Of comfort on the ear,  
Of her who listless—nerveless droops,  
Beside a husband's bier.

Oh *Woman!* when grief fills the heart,  
When sickness frets the mind,  
Then art thou found a comforter,—  
So quiet, yet so kind.

And when life's silver thread has snapp'd,  
Amid Love's strong despair,  
Then *Woman's* lips sweet words of hope,  
Are softly murmuring there.

# LINES

## ON THE DEATH OF MY DAUGHTER.

My child—my child!—my heart grows sad  
To watch thy vacant eye;  
To mark the fever's deep'ning flush,  
Across thy young face fly.

Thy plaintive wail of anguish'd pain,  
I cannot bear to hear,  
Its tones with leaden weight of woe,  
Sink deeply in mine ear.

And through the ear they strike the heart,  
So heavy and so chill,  
It seems as e'en if Hope's sweet tongue  
For ever more was still.

Thy restless tossing to and fro,  
I cannot bear to see :  
It tells my stricken heart that there  
Is little rest for thee.

The burning brow—the parched lip—  
Thy fearful suffering tell,  
In language which a Father's heart  
Can understand full well.

'Tis pitiful to stand and see  
The strong man fetter'd down,  
On sickness' bed—his boasted strength—  
His high, proud bearing flown.

Yet he can call for cold, cold ice,  
To cool his burning brow—  
Can call for water—water clear,  
To quench his thirst's fierce glow.

But oh! it crushes down the heart  
The fever'd child to see,—  
To mark the many untold wants  
It fain would tell to thee.

And thou can'st only glance thine eye  
So vacantly and wild—  
Thy little tongue no thought can speak,  
My own—my darling child.

The few—few words thou speakest now,  
Art not the words of old,  
For thou wert blythe and happy then,  
And pleasure round thee roll'd.

The ringing of thy merry voice,  
Was music sweet to me ;  
The flashing of thy dark blue eye,  
Spoke loud of childhood's glee.

Changed—changed is now that merry tone,  
For pain's most bitter cry ;  
And now, e'en tears which give relief,  
Come not unto thine eye.

Oh! would that I could bear thy pain—  
Could ease thy load of woe—  
Could but transfer the withering pow'r  
Which sits upon thy brow.

And oh! how gladly would its pangs  
Be felt—be borne—by me,  
So that a little resting space,  
Could given be to thee.

But He who reigns supreme o'er all,  
Dread arbiter of fate,  
Marks all thy suffering, sent by Him  
In mercy good and great.

Let me not then with vain complaint,  
Thus murmur at His will,  
But wait His pleasure with my child,<sup>]</sup>  
Obedient—humble still.

'Tis come!—a change has swept across  
Thy lineaments of love;  
And anguish'd pain is now replac'd  
By peace sent from above.

A feeble smile plays round thy lips—  
A faint light in thine eye—  
And "Mother! Mother!" gushes forth,  
In life's last, lowly cry.

Thy little fingers, clasped in mine,  
Cling closer—closer still—  
The film spreads slowly o'er thine eyes—  
And Death has had his will.

Aye! there thou art, serene and calm,  
Beyond earth's paining power—  
And of the garden of my heart,  
Another wither'd flower.

I know I should not pine, nor weep,  
Since thou art snatched away,—  
So sinless, from a sinful world—  
I should not weep, but pray.

The plant is only withered here,  
To spring a stately tree,  
Before the throne of Him who said,  
“Let children come to me.”



# STANZAS

## ON THE DEATH OF HELEN MASON,

WHO DIED A FEW DAYS AFTER MY DAUGHTER, AND  
WHO WAS HER FAVORITE COMPANION.

Again I gaze upon thy power  
Stern, unrelenting Death :  
How true it is that Life is but  
A dream—a passing breath.  
Yet here thou hast no ghastly look,  
No terrors dark and wild—  
Nor aught to scare fond love away—  
Thy victim was a child.

A child was she of beauty bright—  
A child of sweetness rare—  
A child to gain a stranger's heart—  
And keep possession there.  
Oh! beautiful is she in death,  
And pure as unstain'd snow;  
And o'er her face a heavenly beam,  
Its halo seems to throw.

So calm—so cheerful—she appears,  
In this, her long, last rest,  
Her very features tell that she  
Lives now—among the blest.  
'Twas but the other day that death,  
Her young companion took;  
Her friend at home, or in the field—  
At play, or at her book.

And often would she smiling say,  
“To Jessie’s house I’ll run  
And play with her”—nor would she leave  
Until the day was done.  
And now, alas!—to Jessie’s house—  
That house the grave so deep—  
Must Helen go, beside her friend,  
In Death’s cold arms to sleep.

And we have laid them, side by side,  
Within the church yard green;  
Two sweeter, fairer flowers were ne’er  
Laid there before I ween.  
Together now they dwell for aye—  
One house receives the twain—  
The heavenly mansions of their God,  
'Mid love’s eternal reign.

# LINES

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

“Few *were* thy days and full of woe,”  
My dearly loved boy,  
No bright, nor happy hours had'st thou,  
Nor aught of earthly joy.

Thy short, allotted span was but  
One draught of bitter sorrow ;  
Not even Hope's reflected smile  
Shone on thy coming morrow :

Thy life but struggled on with Death ;  
Thy sun arose in pain,  
And set 'mid agonizing throes  
Which rent my heart in twain.

But He whose great decree had doomed  
Thy short tho' suffering part,  
Has banished all thy grief and pain  
By Death's unerring dart;

And now for all the withering pains,  
Which He had wisely given,  
A world of joy surrounds thy soul—  
The joy which dwells in heaven.

And if below thou suffered much,  
Thy bliss who now can tell,  
When praises to the heavenly God  
Alone thy bosom swell.

# LINES

## ON RECEIVING INTELLIGENCE OF THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

How strong upon the wanderer's mind,  
Death's stern cold tidings fall!  
And in a moment wraps the heart  
With sorrow's darkest pall.

To think that with the fond lov'd one,  
My thoughts of joys to come  
Must sink into the grave of Time,  
Unknowing and unknown—

To think on day-dreams of the pride  
With which I would return,  
And round the home-hearth tell the tales,  
Of toils and trials borne.

And, as some narrow 'scape was told,  
    Would mark the beaming eye,  
Gaze on us with a look of love,  
    Which told of heart-felt joy.

And in our grief would grieve with us,  
    Reciprocate our smile,  
Join in our laughter with a heart  
    So simple, free from guile.

But gone are all those dreams of bliss,  
    Which cheer the wanderer's way;  
The throbbings of the heart I lov'd  
    Are silent now for aye.

I could not watch around the bed,  
    Nor still pain's aching swell—  
Nor smooth the pillow for the head  
    Of her I lov'd so well.

I could not by my fondness cheer  
    The spirit's parting flight,  
Nor waft a farewell as it swept  
    Aloft to realms of light.

No! even to the charnel house,  
I could not follow on,  
To lay the lov'd head in the earth,  
Or raise the sculptur'd stone.

I could not trim the velvet turf,  
Nor plant the modest flower,  
To shed its fragrance o'er the spot  
Which marks Death's iron power.

'Tis bitter thus far off from home,  
To know that Death's sharp dart  
Has pierc'd a parent once so prized,  
Even to that filial heart—

To feel those cherished hopes and joys  
Which dazzled the mind's eye,  
Departing, as a phantom gaunt:  
Thus deep'ning sorrow's sigh.

## AN ADDRESS

OF AN OLD SEVENTY-FIRST MAN, TO A  
RECRUIT, ON HIS PROCEEDING TO  
JOIN THAT REGIMENT.

Go!—join that band of gallant men,  
Whose forbears live in story ;  
Whose number bears a deathless name,  
Crowned with a living glory,  
Earn'd in the hard and well-fought fields,  
Where British power and might,  
Triumphant rose o'er Gallia's pride,  
And quell'd her eagle's flight:  
For had its course sped freely on,  
How many happy lands,  
Rejoicing now in freedom gain'd,  
Had felt her iron bands.



How many bright cheeks would have pal'd,  
How many hearts would then,  
Have burst with anguish as the tread  
Of hosts of armed men,  
Came, echoing through their peaceful vales,  
And spreading wide and far,  
The desolation—death—and doom,  
Which track grim-visag'd war;  
And spreading o'er home-scenes of love,  
So sweet, so calm and mild,  
Despair and grief, and broken hearts,  
To mother, maid, and child.

But British hearts, and British steel,  
Put forth their power to save,  
And planted Freedom's peerless flag  
Deep in Oppression's grave;  
Aye!—from their charge the steel-clad hosts  
Of France roll'd back and reel'd,  
And left them in their right and might,  
Proud masters of the field.  
Go youngster!—join their gallant ranks,  
And when the battle's tide,  
Rolls round you, then remember how  
Old Seventy-First men died.

E'en now the genius of those fields,  
Is hov'ring by my side,

And stirring visions of the past,  
O'er mem'ry's surface glide.  
Once more I join the wild hurrah,  
When, on Vittoria's field,  
Our onward path no power could stem,  
But all must die or yield.  
On—on we sweep—how terrible  
Are strong men in their might—  
Our foes are scattered far and wide,  
And vict'ry crowns the fight!

Go!—join their ranks my gallant boy,  
Your hour of pride may come,  
To prove the sternness of the race  
Rear'd in our mountain home;  
To prove tho' young, the soldier's heart,  
Is with the old corps still,  
For in the battle's din and strife  
Each Scotchman's heart will fill;  
And, as they charge, their shout will be—  
A shout ne'er heard in vain—  
Down—down upon them Seventy-First,  
Vittoria again!

# WHAT MY WIFE MUST BE.

---

Written on hearing a friend say he would not have a wife unless he  
got one that could sing.

---

There's some who for a partner thro' this life,  
Would choose a short one—some would have a tall—  
There's some want wealth and beauty in a wife—  
And some who would not have a wife at all.  
There's some who want—I always think they will too—  
A strange perfection, ever sought in vain,  
Which we can ne'er poor human nature drill to—  
Which but exists in some poor lover's brain.  
That I must marry, something whispers me,  
So I will tell you what my wife must be.

I want some beauty, would not have too much,  
But just enough to "pass in any crowd,"—  
A well-made form, would not shrink at a touch—  
A steady temper, neither mean nor proud—

I'd wish, you know, to make life's wheels run smooth,  
 And would, if I could manage, handle cash,  
 But, if I could not get it, why forsooth,—  
 As I've no craving wish to cut a dash—  
 I'd do without—but mild and modest she  
 Must speak and feel, who my dear wife would be.

But there is yet the all pervading clause,—  
 The inward craving after something more—  
 The want—the wish—which has, nor bounds, nor laws,  
 I think I spoke about this wish before—  
 And as I hope to please, and to be pleas'd,  
 And help all those who wish my heart to try,  
 And hoping not to tease, or to be teas'd,  
 I'll tell in what my secret want does lie ;  
 'Tis this then, ladies, if you'd claim a ring  
 From me, I tell you, my dear wife must—sing.

And here, perhaps, some fair one cries—'twere better,  
 His wife could wash and bake—could mend and  
 make—  
 Could read correctly—write a pretty letter—  
 And all the duties of a household take!  
 I cry for mercy, those are things which I  
 Have always taken as premises granted,  
 And therefore did not wish to bawl and cry  
 That things which should be had by all, were wanted,

Because, without such gifts, no woman can  
Bring comfort, as a wife, to any man.

Then why—I think I hear her cry again—  
'Bout such a trifle, kick up such a clatter!  
Trifle, my dear! just wait till I explain,  
And then you'll see that 'tis no trifling matter;  
For I have said and sworn that I will not,  
Have ought to do with one of womankind,  
Who this, my ultimatum, has not got—  
And I've been said to have a stubborn mind—  
Therefore, in fact, its quite a settled thing,  
When I *do* take a wife, that wife *must*—sing

And more than that, she must not sing her song,  
As songs are sometimes sung in modern days,  
By "skirlin'" shakes and quavers wond'rous long,  
And marring thus our sweetest, purest lays.  
Her music teacher Nature's self must be,  
And she *can teach*, few would believe how well,  
Her notes so sweet and pure—so fresh and free,  
Sweep o'er the heart, and make the bosom swell  
With throbbing feelings which she can at will,  
Raise or depress—can kindle up or chill.

My wife must sing with sweet and artless note,  
With gushing feeling, and with heart-felt tone,

Not as if 'twere a thing got off by rote,  
But as the Poet's feelings were her own ;  
I'd love her better as she sweeter sang,  
Her mellow voice would genial thoughts impart,  
And while the lingering echoes sweetly rang,  
I would, enraptur'd, clasp her to my heart.  
Oh! Home would be, with such a wife as this,  
A home of cheerful love, of lasting bliss.

And why?—because the woman who is blest,  
With Nature's music welling in her heart,  
Acts, in obedience to her bosom's guest,  
An ever cheerful, ever pleasing part.  
There's no sour looks to welcome your return,  
Nor are you doom'd to disappointment's sting ;  
No endless "bickerings" which destroy and burn,  
Derange the house of which the mistress sings :  
For "canty" always—"couthie"—"gleg"—and kind,  
No useless murm'rings e'er disturb her mind.

And would it not be pleasant, I would ask,  
When seated by your fireside, snug and clean,  
After, perhaps, some toilsome, tiresome task,  
'Mid biting weather, wintry, cold and keen,  
So hear your wife, with all a mother's heart,  
Ring through every word, through every sound,

Sing some sweet song, some cheering ditty start,  
Which throws a magic influence around—  
Calms down the struggling infant at her breast,  
And soothes his little heart to peace and rest

When joy would be the subject of her strain,  
I'd have her sing with hearty, bounding glee ;  
But when 'twould be in " melancholic vein,"  
I'd wish her tunes so soft and sad to be,  
That her sweet music would within my heart,  
Praise up a mourner for the poet's theme,  
Which with his grief would claim a kindred part,  
And mingle tears with his in sorrow's stream.  
Such strains as these would all my care beguile,  
Would prove an ample recompense for toil.

And when the well spent day had pass'd and gone,  
Before you court kind sleep's refreshing rest,  
You solemnly approach the Heavenly throne,  
And crave in prayer, that you and your's be blest ;  
Then—then the time, for wife and mother's voice,  
To pour its music o'er the holy hour,—  
To join in hymns which make the heart rejoice,  
And o'er the spirit shed a soft'ning power—  
Which in melodious murmurs reach the sky,  
A fitting incense to ascend on high.

With such a wife, no matter what my lot,  
I think I'd happy and contented be,  
And, do not let it be at all forgot,  
That only such a wife will do for me,  
If I had but the making of the laws,  
I think I'd do mankind a bounteous thing,  
By putting in a strict and binding clause,  
That every maid, who'd be a wife, must sing;  
And, if they'd say, why sir, I really can't;  
Why then, my dear, a husband you must *want*.



## TO LUCY LAWSON.

Oh, la! Lucy Lawson!—'tis just as I thought,  
(I knew well *your sex* would not linger,)  
My verses, I see, a fair "screamer" have brought,  
Who, if she but had me, would give me a "clawt,"  
Because she suspects that some mischief I've wrought,  
By upholding the worth of a singer.

I think, my dear Lucy, that what you have said,  
With regard to my rapt'rous kisses,  
Implies that you're labouring under the dread,  
That such sweets upon you will never be shed,  
And that you, in fact, are a bitter old maid,  
Who would fain have, but can't get her such blisses.

What matter altho' that you really can't sing,  
You can still *contradict* my sweet treasure,  
And would if you could, make some poor soul's ears ring,

With a tongue which has got an unmerciful spring,  
Which will not keep still, but must harp on each thing,  
Which you *think* interferes with *your* pleasure.

If my friend has *jested*, in *earnest* you think,  
That his laws seem e'en now to obtain,  
Since just at this moment you stand on the brink,  
Of old maidenhood's chasm, and can't get a blink  
Of connubial bliss,—no, not even a wink,  
As he passes, from any young swain.

And as to the friend that had chosen a wife,  
Who could so melodiously sing,  
Perhaps 'twas himself who had risen the strife,  
Which served to embitter the stream of his life,  
By drink and debauchery—such things are rife,—  
And which every where discord must bring.

Why should you expose her?—was it that the maid  
Had got herself married before you—  
Or “put out your eye,” with some lad who had laid  
His vows at your feet, but turn'd renegade  
Whenever she heard the sweet music she made,  
And swore he no more would adore you?

Alas! my dear Lucy, I'm sorry that you  
Should thus have found fault with my ditty,  
Since it proves to my mind, you're a bit of a shrew,  
And only can't get a Petruchio who true  
To Shakspeare, would make you look awfully blue—  
That you're not fit to get him's a pity.

And think not, my Lucy, your verses I hate,  
Because I now bid you farewell,  
For from them I've learned you can pretty well prate—  
That you will have your word—and that you're not  
“blate”—  
That your clack clatters on at a terrible rate,  
And as loud as the parish church bell.

# CHILLIANWALLAH.

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DEDICATED TO THE TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

---

On far-off India's scorching sands—by Jhellum's swelling tide—

A vast array of armed men are mustering in their pride;  
And glittering standards spread their folds all radiant,  
rich and rare;

And martial music pealing forth with stern and stirring  
swell,

Gives birth to high chivalric thoughts beneath its potent  
spell;

And man, and charger, champ the curb, impatient for  
the hour

Of murderous conflict—death's dark feast—of war's  
triumphant power.

And now the word of fate has pass'd—gone forth the  
dread command—  
On press with eager step and eye that death-devoted  
band:  
No weakly foe awaits the shock—no dastards bide the  
fight—  
No faint heart rules the Eastern hordes in all their glit-  
tering night,  
But darkly lowers each foeman's brow—fierce gleams  
each flashing eye,  
And every movement speaks aloud—"we too can nobly  
die!"  
Ha, Jhellum! soon thy peaceful banks will echo far  
and near,  
The battle field's discordant din—wild shriek and ring-  
ing cheer.

And see!—the foremost in the field, first of that ardent  
throng—  
Alone and unsupported, save by hearts with brav'ry  
strong,  
There stands the gallant Twenty-Fourth—there, where  
the hidden foe  
Deal from the jungle's tangled depth destruction at each  
blow:  
And down, before that withering fire, rank after rank  
has fell,

Yet still the charging cheer is heard upon the air to  
swell;  
And high, amid the clash of war, brave Pennycuick  
gives forth  
The daring order—"charge again! my gallant Twenty-  
Fourth!"

There stood the leader and his band, hemm'd in on every  
side  
By horse and foot, while through the ranks death fear-  
fully doth glide;  
One-half are weltering in their gore, yet still they hold  
the field,  
The British soldier well can die—he knows not how to  
yield.  
And mark! the bugle's blast has call'd that remnant to  
retire;  
But—face to face, and hand to hand, before the sweep-  
ing fire  
Of deep-hid batt'ries, charging horse, and galling mus-  
ketry—  
They yet contest the bloody field—disdaining still to  
flee.

Then might be seen, high o'er the host, brave Penny-  
cuick's bright brand,  
Flashing a meteor guiding light to that beleagured  
band—

Now 'mid the charging Eastern horse—now 'mid the  
    pressing crowd  
Of swarthy foot-men gleams his blade—while ringing  
    far and loud,  
His war cry echoes o'er the field—itsself a host in  
    might—  
“Charge!—charge them back! my 'Twenty-Fourth still  
    keep your honor bright!”  
'Twas bootless all, true to its aim the unerring bullet  
    sped,  
Down went the gallant Brigadier amid the heaps of  
    dead.

Then, as his gallant followers bore his body to the rear,  
Fierce rose into the vault of heaven, the wild avenging  
    cheer ;  
And dashing on the crowding foe with reckless, heed-  
    less rage,  
By dealing death they strove in vain death's anguish to  
    assuage :  
But closer, closer round them still the foeman's circle  
    drew,  
And terrible, with carnage dark, the fearful battle grew ;  
Before the foes o'erwhelming rush—his gallant bearers  
    slain—  
The Brigadiers' scarce breathing form lies on that  
    bloody plain.

Then o'er the conflict's crash arose a cry of wild dismay—  
'Twas heard above the Eastern yell, above the loud hurra—  
And as it rose a youth sprung forth, alone, but sword  
in hand,  
And o'er the prostrate leader's form he waved his  
gleaming brand,  
And single-handed strove to stem the torrent which  
advanced,  
While from his eye heroic love and pure affection  
glanced :  
It was the son who vainly strove his father's life to  
shield—  
To save the well-lov'd sire who taught that son his  
sword to wield.

One moment stood he—beautiful, and brave and daring  
too,  
With graceful form and haughty lip, and flashing eye of  
blue,  
While o'er his white and polished brow, and girlish  
tinted cheek,  
Mingl'd a stern and lofty pride with feelings mild and  
meek ;  
Oh ! his the form on which might gaze with pride a  
mother's eye,



And raise within her heart a host of feelings clothed  
with joy,  
As she surveyed that darling boy so glorious and bright,  
So full of fresh and bounding love, and youth's en-  
trancing light.

One moment stood he—and the next his gentle spirit  
fled;  
Pierced through the heart, both sire and son are num-  
ber'd with the dead:  
Oh! fatal field! Oh! fearful day! how many a mother's  
pain—  
How many a widow's anguish'd woe bursts o'er thy  
sanguine plain—  
How many a maiden droops her head, whose heart is  
in the grave  
Dug deep on Jhellum's far-off banks, for all the lov'd  
and brave,  
Who fought and fell that Britain's flag o'er all the Eas-  
tern World,  
Might claim its meed of high renown where'er it was  
unfurl'd.

## THE SLEIGH BELL.

---

AIR—"THE ROSE OF ALLAN DALE."

---

The winds are soft, the air is mild,  
No snow is on the ground;  
Nor are our rivers running wild,  
With Winter's ice-chain bound.  
Oh! no, there is no snow-beat road,  
On which the eye may dwell;  
No path upon our rivers broad,  
To bear the sweet sleigh bell.  
To bear the sweet sleigh bell,  
To bear the sweet sleigh bell;  
No path upon our rivers broad,  
To bear the sweet sleigh bell.

Should all our winter prove like this,  
Adieu to all that's gay,  
Adieu to those sweet hours of bliss,  
Known only in the sleigh;  
We may to all its pleasures sweet,  
For ever bid farewell,  
To turn-out neat—to horses fleet—  
And to its tinkling bell.  
And to its tinkling bell,  
And to its tinkling bell;  
To turn-out neat—to horses fleet,  
And to its tinkling bell.

Fond lovers then may bid adieu,  
To their sweet ev'ning drive,  
For in the sleigh, love pure and true,  
Will bud, and blow, and thrive;  
For oh! when seated side by side,  
With those we love full well,  
How swift the sleigh does onward glide,  
How sweet its tinkling bell.  
How sweet its tinkling bell,  
How sweet its tinkling bell;  
How swift the sleigh does onward glide,  
How sweet its tinkling bell.

The sleigh gives joy, the sleigh gives health,  
Excitement fills the mind ;  
When there, for Winter's biting breath,  
We cast all care behind.  
Our lightning speed high feeling yields—  
Our hearts with rapture swell,  
When dashing o'er the frozen fields,  
We hear our tinkling bell.  
We hear our tinkling bell,  
We hear our tinkling bell ;  
When dashing o'er the frozen fields,  
We hear our tinkling bell.

And where the man, and where the heart,  
Which cannot feel the springs  
Of joy which gush, as off we start—  
Joy which the sleigh drive brings ?  
He lives not, or he should not live,  
Who would us boldly tell,  
The sleigh drive does no pleasure give—  
No music from its bell.  
No music from its bell,  
No music from its bell ;  
The sleigh drive does no pleasure give,  
No music from its bell.

But let me see the snow fall fast,  
And deep upon the ground ;  
And let our rivers rushing past,  
In icy chains be bound ;  
Then—then we'll hear, both far and near,  
The sleigh's sweet tinkling bell,  
We'll hail it with a heavy cheer,  
Nor bid it yet farewell.  
Nor bid it yet farewell,  
Nor bid it yet it farewell ;  
We'll hail it with a hearty cheer,  
Nor bid it farewell.

## N I G H T.

I love to sit alone and gaze upon the ocean wide,  
As glorious Sol's declining rays athwart its bosom glide,  
And changing—as each changeful breeze by zephyr  
fancy roll'd—  
Its glassy, deep, transparent blue, into a field of gold,  
Bedecked with myriad mazy gleams of diamond  
splendour bright—  
Now sunk in shade, now streaming forth with pure  
effulgent light :  
While o'er the sky those parting rays throw many a  
changing scene,  
Of ruby deep, and purple bright, of azure, gold, and  
green,  
And as he sinks a crimson glow spreads o'er the surface  
vast,  
Proclaiming far and near that now another day has  
past.

Then comes the Night—the solemn Night—its shadowy  
fantasy,  
Its misty, thought-inspiring garb, are precious things to  
me ;  
For, as the night-winds wing their way across the  
ocean's breast,  
A strain of mystic music springs, which lulls the soul to  
rest ;  
And every wave which rolls along upon that mighty  
sea,  
Speaks to the watcher's waking soul of his own far-off  
country ;  
And in each murmur starts afresh the voices which had  
roll'd  
Their floods of music o'er his heart—the sounds of days  
of old.  
Yes!—'mid Night's calm and tranquil reign there hovers  
o'er the head,  
Sweet thoughts which please—and thoughts which  
pain—of living and of dead—  
And thoughts of bright and happy Home—that never  
tiring theme—  
The weary wand'rer's waking wish—his midnight's  
pleasant dream—  
Which softens with a magic pow'r the stormy strife of  
day,  
And wafts us, in night's silent hours, to scenes far,  
far away.

When thus enrapt in gazing on the beauty of the  
scene,  
The mind of man is gently fill'd with soothing so  
serene,  
That balmy sleep unconscious steals upon the weari'd  
frame,  
And gives to thought's fantastic forms a dwelling and a  
name.  
In sleep's blest hour the captive's chain is shiver'd, rent,  
and he  
Stands forth once more as what he was, the fearless,  
and the free—  
Once more he treads his native soil, as some bright  
summer's morn,  
Sheds all its beauty o'er the spot where he was rear'd  
and born—  
Once more he hears the sighing breeze, the distant  
waterfall,  
Strike sweetly on his longing ear, as hailing his recall;  
He hears the bay of village dogs, the far-off cattle's cry,  
And all the old familiar sounds sweep smoothly, gently  
bye;  
He hears the river rushing past with hoarse and changing  
voice,  
Amongst whose eddies, and dark nooks, so oft he did  
rejoice:  
Until the ear, the eye, the heart, are filled unto the brim  
With childhood's feelings—oh! how rich those feelings  
are to him!



Sleep heals the sick, pours balm and oil upon the aching  
heart—  
Sweeps care and sorrow far away, blunts disappoint-  
ment's dart,—  
Gives untold wealth to poverty—gives gnawing hunger  
food—  
Gives rest to toil-worn, weary forms, yet shrinks from  
fashion's brood ;  
Loves more the poor man's lowly cot, than lordly palace  
hall,  
Prefers the bed of oaten straw, to rich embroider'd  
stall—  
Seeks out the hardy mariner, and 'mid the lightning's  
flash—  
The thunder's hollow booming roar—the wild waves  
warring crash—  
Enfolds him in her soothing arms with slumber, sound  
and deep,  
As that of cradled infancy, when hush'd by song to  
sleep.

Then hail thee, Night!—and hail thee, Sleep!—what  
tho' the captive's dream  
Be broke by chain, and dungeon dark, without one  
sunny beam—  
What tho' the sick man wake to pain—the aching heart  
to woe—

The poor to pinching poverty—the hungry man to  
throw  
His dark despairing eye around, in bootless search for  
bread—  
The mariner in time to hear the rending crash o'erhead,  
Of splintering spar, and groaning beam, and tall and  
stately mast,  
As lowly sinks their tow'ring pride before the stormy  
blast—  
Still will I love the power which spreads, afar, o'er land  
and sea,  
Sweets moments, which by those who ne'er  
forgotten be.

## AN HOUR.

An hour!—what is it? But a sweep  
Of Time's swift pinion passing on,  
Tinging the mount and valley deep,  
With light or shadow, and 'tis gone.

But doth it leave no mark behind—  
No monument its course to trace—  
No stamp on matter or on mind—  
No joy or sorrow o'er earth's face?

Oh, yes! that quickly passing hour  
Hath kindled love, and deadly hate—  
Hath lit up beauty's gaudy bower—  
And stood at misery's iron gate.

Within that hour both death and life;  
The joyous laugh; the anguish'd groan;  
And blooming peace; and war's stern strife,  
Have hand in hand together gone.

Swift was its passage—short its stay,  
Yet many a record hath it fill'd,  
Of thoughts and deeds which ne'er decay,  
By virtue fram'd, or passion will'd.

That hour points out full many a spot—  
Which bears stern sorrows dark'ning shade—  
Where 'mid corruption, worms, and rot,  
The objects of our love are laid.

And yet it hath its cheering gleams  
Of light, and life, and loveliness,  
Whose bright reflected rays redeems  
The darkness of its wilderness.

And what are they—those meteor lights—  
Which sparkle o'er us far and near?  
Oh! they are virtue's heaven born flights,  
Which yet have left their glory here.

Let us be ruled by those bright spots,  
And keep the hour before us clear ;  
Let no foul stains, no "scutcheon blot,"  
Upon its fleeting page appear.

Let every word, and every thought,  
Be balanc'd truly, just, and well ;  
Let every action forth be brought,  
Its ruling motive plain to tell.

So that when Time's relentless power  
Turns over life's last fading leaf,  
We may look back on each past hour,  
Undimm'd by unavailing grief.

And ready be both night and day  
For that tremendous hours appeal,  
When Death Life's volume shuts for aye,  
And stamps it with unaltering seal.

## GOD BLESS THEE, MOTHER.

God bless thee, Mother!—bless the thoughts  
Which rise within thy breast,  
That living well of holy love  
Whose course none can arrest,  
But ever flowing—ever full—  
It pours in strength along,  
Its murmuring sounds of solace sweet—  
Its never dying song.

God bless thee, Mother!—beautiful  
And angel like thou art,  
Thus bending o'er thy sleeping boy—  
The darling of thy heart,  
Marking as flits athwart his face  
The sweet and sinless smile,  
Which tells thee, Mother, that the babe  
Reads all thy thoughts the while;

Which tells thee that thy Mother's love,  
By angel whisper sped,  
Stirs now within his inmost soul,  
While o'er his face is spread,  
A bright acknowledgment to thee  
How sweet a thing it is,  
A youthful Mother's holy love—  
That that fond love is his.

God bless thee, Mother!—many a day,  
And many a weary night,  
And many an agonized hour,  
Has proved thy love's strong might:  
When hanging o'er the withering bed  
Of sickness and of pain,  
Thou'st watch'd, and prayed returning health  
Might bless thy boy again.

And when the boon was granted thee—  
How bright thy beaming eye—  
How full thy heart of gratitude,  
As lifted up on high,  
Thy soul poured forth its voiceless thoughts—  
Its heartfelt thanks to Him,  
Who thus again had filled thy cup  
Of joy unto the brim.

God bless thee, Mother!—bless the love  
Which shadows, far or near,  
With all its holy influence,  
The child to thee so dear,  
Which follows his wild wandering steps  
To every distant shore—  
Which watches o'er him 'mid the din  
Of ocean's wildest roar.

Which clings around him in the field  
Where hostile foes are met—  
Where many a Mother's guiding star  
Has down in darkness set—  
Yet shedding o'er his dying hour  
A vision sweet and mild—  
A weeping Mother praying by  
The death-bed of her child.

God bless thee, Mother!—bless the love  
No power on earth can change—  
No force control its angel flight—  
Its wide unbounded range—  
No dark malignant pestilence  
A Mother's love can stay—  
No shadow o'er an honoured name  
Can scare that love away.



No poverty—no fearful crime—  
Can quench that living flame  
Which burns within the Mother's breast,  
Forever and the same.  
I feel that love, my Mother dear,  
E'en watching o'er me now,  
Tho' death's stern hand is on thy heart—  
His dust upon thy brow.

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