

POEMS

GEORGE P. MORRIS*

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Memoir of George P. Morris.

By Horace Binney Wallace.

Bless thou thy lot; thy simple strains have led
The high-born muse to be the poor man's guest,
And wafted on the wings of song, have sped
Their way to many a rude, unlettered breast.

– Beranger.

Morris has hung the most beautiful thoughts in the world upon hinges of [illegible]; and his songs are destined to roll over bright lips enough to form a [sonnet? illegible]. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every-day living.

– Willis.

The distinction with which the name of General Morris is now associated in a permanent connection with what is least factitious or fugitive in American Art, is admitted and known; but the class of young men of letters in this country, at present, can hardly appreciate the extent to which they, and the profession to which they belong, are indebted to his animated exertions, his varied talents, his admirable resources of temper, during a period of twenty years, and at a time when the character of American literature, both at home and abroad was yet to be formed. The first great service which the literary taste of this country received, was rendered by Dennie; a remarkable man; qualified by nature and attainments to be a leader in new circumstances; fit to take part in the formation of a national literature; as a vindicator of independence in thought, able to establish freedom without disturbing the obligations of law; as a conservative in taste, skilful to keep the tone of the great models with which his studies were familiar, without copying their style; by both capacities successful in developing the one, unchangeable spirit of Art, under a new form and with new effects. In this office of field-marshal of our native forces, General Morris succeeded him under increased advantages, in some respect

with higher powers, in a different, and certainly a vastly more extended sphere of influence. The manifold and lasting benefits which, as editor of "The Mirror," General Morris conferred on art and artists of every kind, by his tact, his liberality, the superiority of his judgement, and the vigor of his abilities; by the perseverance and address with which he disciplined a corps of youthful writers, in the presence of a constant and heavy fire from the batteries of foreign criticism; by the rare combination, so valuable in dealing with the numerous aspirants in authorship with whom his position brought him in contact; of a quick, true eye to discern in the modesty of some nameless manuscript the future promises of a power hardly yet conscious of itself; a discretion to guide by sound advice, and a generosity to aid with the most important kind of assistance; the firm and open temper which his example tended to inspire into the relations of literary men with one another throughout the land; and more than all, perhaps, by the harmony and union, of such inappreciable value, especially in the beginning of national effort, between the several sister arts of writing, music, painting, and dramatic exhibition, which the singular variety and discursiveness of his intellectual sympathies led him constantly to maintain and vindicate; these, in the multiplicity of their operation, and the full power of their joint effect, can be perfectly understood only by those who possessed a contemporaneous knowledge of the circumstances, and who, remembering the state of things at the commencement of the period alluded to, and observing what existed at the end of it, are able to look back over the whole interval, and see to what influences and what persons the extraordinary change which has taken place, is to be referred. If, at this moment, the literary genius of America, renewed in youth, and quivering lie the eagle's wings with excess of vigor, seems about to make a new flight, from a higher vantage-ground, into loftier depths of airy distance, the capacity to take that flight must, to a great degree, be ascribed to those two persons whom we have named; without whose services the brighter era which appears now to be dawning, might yet be distant and doubtful.

Besides these particulars of past effort, which ought to make his countrymen love the reputation of the subject of this notice, we regret that our limits forbid us to speak at large of those more intimate qualities of personal value, which, in our judgment, form the genuine lustre of one who, admirable for other attainments, is to be imitated in these.

To us it is an instinctive feeling that a wrong is done to the proper grandeur of our complex nature—that a violence is offered to the higher consciousness of our immortal being—whenever an intellectual quality is extolled to the neglect of a moral one. Moral excellence is the most real genius; and a temper to cope and calmly baffle the multitudinous assaults of the spiritual enmity

of active life, is a talent which outshines all praise of mental endowments. Unhappily, the biographer of literary creators affords few occasions in which a feeling of this kind can be indulged and gratified: that sensibility of mental apprehensions which is the fame of the author, is usually attended by a susceptibility of passionate impression which is the fate of the man; and earth and sense delight to wreak their destructive vengences upon the spiritual nature of him, of whose intellectual being they are the slaves and the sport. In the present instance, we are concerned with the character—'totus, teres, atque rotundus;' which may be looked upon, from every side, with an equal satisfaction. Search the wide world over, and you shall not find among the literary men of any nation, one on whom the dignity of a free and manly spirit sits with a grace more native and familiar—whose spontaneous sentiments have a truer tone of nobleness—the course of whose usual feelings is more expanded and honorable—whose acts, whether common and daily, or deliberate and much-considered, are wont at all times to be more beautifully impressed with those marks of sincerity, of modesty, and of justice, which form the very seal of worth in conduct. Those jealousies, and littlenesses, and envyings, which prey upon the spirits of many men, as the vulture on the heart that chained Prometheus—and whose fierce besetment they who WILL be magnanimous, have to fight off, as one drives away the eagles from their prey, with voice and gestures—seem never to assail him. It is the happiness of his nature to have THAT only absolute deliverance from evil which is implied in being rendered insensible to temptation. While the duty which is laid upon us, in this paper, mainly is to open and set forth his poetic praises and claim the laurel for his literary merits; when the crown of song is to be conferred upon him, we shall interpose to beg that the chaplet may be accompanied by some mark, or some inscription which shall declare,

"This is the reward of moral excellence."

For the success of our special purpose, in this notice, which is to consider and make apparent the specific character which belongs to General Morris as a literary artist and a poetic creator, to explain his claims to that title which the common voice of the country has given to him—of The Song-Writer of America—it would have probably been more judicious had we kept out of view the matters of which we have just spoken. It is recorded of a Grecian painter, that having completed the picture of a sleeping nymph, he added on the foreground the figure of a satyr gazing in amazement upon her beauty; but finding that the secondary form attracted universal praise, he erased it as diverting applause from that which he desired to have regarded as the principal monument of his skill. There is in this anecdote a double wisdom; the world is as little willing to yield to a twofold superiority as it is able to appreciate two distinct objects at once.

In a review of literary reputations, perhaps nothing is fitted to raise more surprise than the obvious inequality in the extent and greatness of the labors to which an equal reward of fame has been allotted. The abounding energy and picturesque variety of Homer are illustrated in eight-and-forty books: the remains of Sappho might be written on the surface of a leaf of the *laurus nobilis*. Yet if the one expands before us with the magnificent extent, the diversified surface, the endless decorations of the earth itself, the other hangs on high, like a lone, clear star—small but intense—flashing upon us through the night of ages, invested with circumstances of divinity not less unquestionable than those which attend the venerable majesty of the Ancient of Song. The rich and roseate light that shines around the name of Mimnermus, is shed from some dozen or twenty lines: the immortality of Tyrtæus rests upon a stanza or two, which have floated to us with their precious freight, over the sea of centuries, and will float on unsubmergible by all the waves of Time. The soul of Simonides lives to us in a single couplet; but that is the very stuff of Eternity, which neither fire will assail, nor tempest peril, nor the wrath of years impair. The Infinite has no degrees; wherever the world sees in any human being the fire of the Everlasting, it bows with equal awe, whether that fire is displayed by only an occasional flash, or by a prolonged and diffusive blaze. There is a certain tone which, hear it when we may, and where we may, we know to be the accents of the gods; and whether its quality be shown in a single utterance, or its volume displayed in a thousand bursts of music, we surround the band of spirits whom we there detect in their mortal disguise, with equal ceremonies of respect and worship, hailing them alike as seraphs of a brighter sphere—sons of the morning. This is natural, and it is reasonable. Genius is not a degree of other qualities, nor is it a particular way or extent of displaying such qualities; it is a faculty by itself; it is a manner, of which we may judge with the same certainty from one exhibition, as from many. The praise of a poet, therefore, is to be determined not by the nature of the work which he undertakes, but by the kind of mastery which he shows; not by the breadth of surface over which he toils, but by the perfectness of the result which he attains. Mr. Wordsworth has vindicated the capacity of the sonnet to be a casket of the richest gems of fame. We have no doubt that the song may give evidence of a genius which shall deserve to be ranked with the constructor of an epic. "Scorn not the SONG." We would go so far, indeed, as to say that success in the song imports, necessarily, a more inborn and genuine gift of poetic conception, than the same proportion of success in other less simple modes of art. There are some sorts of composition which may be wrought out of eager feeling and the foam of excited passions; and which are therefore to a large extent within the reach of earnest sensibilities and an ambitious will; others are the spontaneous outflow of the heart, to whose perfection, turbulence and effort are fatal. Of the latter kind is the song. While the ode allows of exertion

and strain, what is done in it must be accomplished by native and inherent strength.

Speaking with that confidence which may not improperly be assumed by one who, having looked with some care at the foundations of the opinion which he expresses, supposes himself able, if called upon by denial, to furnish such demonstration of its truth as the nature of the matter allows of, we say that, in our judgment, there is no professed writer of songs, in this day, who has conceived the true character of this delicate and peculiar creation of art, with greater precision and justness than Mr. Morris, or been more felicitous than he in dealing with the subtle and multiform difficulties that beset its execution. It is well understood by those whose thoughts are used to be conversant with the suggestions of a deeper analysis than belongs to popular criticism, that the forms of literary art are not indefinite in number, variable in their characteristics, or determined by the casual taste or arbitrary will of authors: they exist in nature; they are dependent upon those fixed laws of intellectual being, of spiritual affection, and moral choice, which constitute the rationality of man. And the actual, positive merit of a poetical production—that real merit, which consists in native vitality, in inherent capacity to live—does not lie in the glitter or costliness of the decorations with which it is invested—nor in the force with which it is made to spring from the mind of its creator into the minds of others—nor yet in the scale of magnitude upon which the ideas belonging to the subject are illustrated in the work; but rather, as we suppose, obviously, and in all cases, upon the integrity and truth with which the particular form that has been contemplated by the artist, is brought out, and the distinctness with which that one specific impression which is appropriate to it, is attained. This is the kind of excellence which we ascribe to Mr. Morris; an excellence of a lofty order; genuine, sincere, and incapable of question; more valuable in this class of composition than in any other, because both more important and more difficult. For the song appears to us to possess a definiteness peculiarly jealous and exclusive; to be less flexible in character and to permit less variety of tone than most other classes of composition. If a man shall say, "I will put more force into my song than your model allows, I will charge it with a greater variety of impressions," it is well; if he is skilful, he may make something that is very valuable. But in so far as his work is more than a song, it is not a song. In all works of Art—wherever form is concerned—excess is error.

The just notion and office of the modern song, as we think of it, is to be the embodiment and expression, in beauty, of some one of those sentiments or thoughts, gay, moral, pensive, joyous, or melancholy, which are as natural and appropriate, in particular circumstances, or to certain occasions, as the odor to the flower; rising at such seasons, into the minds of all classes of persons,

instinctive and unbidden, yet in obedience to some law of association which it is the gift of the poet to apprehend. Its graceful purpose is to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment; it is the refracted gleam of some wandering ray from the fair orb of moral truth, which glancing against some occurrence in common life, is surprised into a smile of quick-darting, many colored beauty; it is the airy ripple that is thrown up when the current of feeling in human hearts accidentally encounters the current of thought and bubbles forth with a gentle fret of sparkling foam. Self-evolved, almost, and obedient in its development and shaping to some inward spark of beauty which appears to possess and control its course, it might almost seem that, in the out-going loveliness of such productions, sentiment made substantial in language, floated abroad in natural self-delivery; as that heat which is not yet flame, gives forth in blue wreaths of vaporous grace, which unfold their delicateness for a moment upon the tranquil air, and then vanish away. It is not an artificial structure built up by intellect after a model foreshaped by fancy, or foreshadowed by the instincts of the passions; it is a simple emotion, crystallized into beauty by passing for a moment through the cooler air of the mind; it is merely an effluence of creative vigor; a graceful feeling thickened into words. Its proper dwelling is in the atmosphere of the sentiments, not the passions; it will not, indeed, repel the sympathy of deeper feelings, but knows them rather under the form of the flower that floats upon the surface of meditation, than of the deeper root that lies beneath its stream. And this is the grievous fault of nearly all Lord Byron's melodies; that he pierces them too profoundly, and passes below the region of grace, charging his lyre with far more vehemence of passion than its slight strings are meant to bear. The beauty which belongs to this production, should be in the form of the thought rather than the fashion of the setting: that genuineness and simplicity of character which constitute almost its essence, are destroyed by any appearance of the cold artifices of construction, palpable springs set for our admiration, whereby the beginning is obviously arranged in reference to a particular ending. This is the short-reaching power of Moore—guilty, by design, of that departure from simplicity, by which he fascinated one generation at the expense of being forgotten by another. The song, while it is general in its impression, should be particular in its occasion; not an abstraction of the mind, but a definite feeling, special to some certain set of circumstances. Rising from out the surface of daily experience, like the watery issuings of a fountain, it throws itself upward for a moment, then descends in a soft, glittering shower to the level whence it rose. Herein resides the chief defect of Bayly's songs; that they are too general and vague—a species of pattern songs—being embodiments of some general feeling, or reflection, but lacking that sufficient reference to some season or occurrence which would justify their appearing, and take away from them the aspect of pretension and display.

The only satisfactory method of criticism is by means of clinical lectures; and we feel regret that our limits do not suffer us—to any great degree—to illustrate what we deem the vigorous simplicity, and genuine grace of Mr. Morris, by that mode of exposition. We must refer to a few cases, however, to show what we have been meaning in the remarks which we made above, upon the proper character of the song. The ballad of "Woodman, spare that tree"—one of those accidents of genius which, however, never happen but to consummate artists—is so familiar to every mind and heart, as to resent citation. Take, then, "My Mother's Bible." We know of no similar production in a truer taste, in a purer style, or more distinctly marked with the character of a good school of composition. Or take "We were boys together." In manly pathos, in tenderness and truth, where shall it be excelled? "The Miniature" possesses the captivating elegance of *Voiture*. "Where Hudson's Wave" is a glorious burst of poetry, modulated into refinement by the hand of a master. Where will you find a nautical song, seemingly more spontaneous in its genial outbreak, really more careful in its construction, than "Land-ho!" How full of the joyous madness of absolute independence, yet made harmonious by instinctive grace, is "Life in the West!" That the same heart whose wild pulse is thrilled by the adventurous interests of the huntsman and the wanderer, can beat in unison with the gentlest truth of deep devotion, is shown in "When other Friends are round Thee." "I love the Night" has the voluptuous elegance of the Spanish models. Were we to meet the lines "Oh, think of me!" in an anthology, we should suppose they were Suckling's—so admirably is the tone of feeling kept down to the limit of probable sincerity—which is a characteristic that the cavalier style of courting never loses. "The Star of Love" might stand as a selected specimen of all that is most exquisite in the songs of the "Trouveurs." "The Seasons of Love" is a charming effusion of gay, yet thoughtful sentiment. The song, "I never have been false to thee," is, of itself, sufficient to establish General Morris's fame as a great poet—as a "potens magister affectuum"—and as a literary creator of a high order. It is a thoroughly fresh and effective poem on a subject as hackneyed as the highway; it is as deep as truth itself, yet light as the movement of a dance. We had almost forgotten, what the world will never forget, the matchless softness and transparent delicacy of "Near the Lake." Those lines, of themselves, unconsciously, court "the soft promoter of the poet's strain," and almost seem about to break into music. It is agreeable to find that, instead of being seduced into a false style by the excessive popularity which many of his songs have acquired, General Morris's later efforts are in a vein even more truly classic than his earlier ones, and show a decided advance, both in power and ease. "The Rock of the Pilgrims," and the "Indian Songs," are a very clear evidence of this. We would willingly go on with our references, as there are several which have equal claims with these upon our notice, but—"claudite jam rivos."

Such are some of the compositions, original in style, natural in spirit, beautiful with the charm of almost faultless execution, which may challenge for their author the title of the lauraete of America....

A writer in "Howitt's and the People's Journal" furnishes the following sketch of General Morris and his Songs, which was copied and endorsed by the late Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, in his International Magazine:—

"Before us lies a heap of songs and ballads, the production of the rich fancy and warm heart of George P. Morris. Not many weeks since, at a public meeting in London, a gentleman claimed to be heard speak on the ground of his connection with the public press from the time when he was seven years of age. We will not undertake to say that General Morris ran his juvenile fingers over the chords of the lyre at so very early a period; but it is certain he tried his hand at writing for the newspapers when he was yet but a mere boy. While in his teens, he was a constant contributor to various periodicals. Many of his articles attracted notice. He began to acquire a literary reputation; and at length, in 1823, being then in his twentieth year, he became editor of the 'New York Mirror.' This responsible post he continued to hold until the termination of the paper's existence in 1834.

"Morris accomplished an infinity of good in the twenty years during which he wielded the editorial pen. Perhaps no other man in the United States was so well qualified for the noble task he set himself at the outset of his career as editor. American literature was in its infancy, and subject to all the weaknesses of that period. Morris resolved to do his utmost toward forming a character for it, and looked abroad anxiously for such as could aid him in his endeavor. The 'Mirror' will ever be fondly remembered by the American literary man, for it has been the cradle of American genius.

"To him a writer in 'Graham's Magazine' attributes the present flourishing condition and bright prospects of transatlantic literature. He evidently possesses a personal knowledge of General Morris, and discourses right eloquently in his praise. Nor do we think that he overrates his merits in the least. From other sources we have ourselves learned much of the genial nature of George P. Morris, and his gigantic labors as a literary pioneer. Considering its juvenility as a nation, republican America, indeed, has been amazingly prolific of good writers. The large share Morris has had in awakening the latent talent of his countrymen, must ever be to him a high source of gratulation. And then, as an original writer, he has won for himself a high place among literary Americans; he is, in fact, known throughout the States as 'The Songwriter of America;' and we have the authority of Willis for stating that 'ninety-nine

people out of a hundred—take them as they come in the census—would find more to admire in Morris's Songs than in the writings of any other American poet.' Willis also tells us, as proof of the General's popularity with those shrewd dollar-loving men, the publishers, that 'he can, at any time, obtain fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a single shilling!' He is the best-known poet of the country by acclamation—not by criticism.

"Morris seems to have had juster notions of what was required in a song than many who have achieved celebrity as song-writers in England. 'The just office and notion of the modern song' has been defined to be, the embodiment and expression in beauty of some thought or sentiment—gay, pensive, moral, or sentimental—which is as natural and appropriate in certain circumstances as the odor to the flower. Its graceful purpose is to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment. A song should be the embodiment of some general feeling, and have reference to some season or occurrence.

"It is not a difficult thing to make words rhyme; some of the most unimaginative intellects we ever knew could do so with surprising facility. It is rare to find a sentimental miss or a lackadaisical master who cannot accomplish this INTELLECTUAL feat, with the help of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. As for love, why, every one writes about it now-a-days. There is such an abhorrence of the simple Saxon—such an outrageous running after outlandish phraseology—that we wonder folks are satisfied with this plain term.

"We wonder they do not seek for an equivalent in high Dutch or in low Dutch, in Hungarian, or in Hindostanee. We wish they would, with all our heart and soul. We have no objection, provided the heart be touched, that a head should produce a little of the stuff called 'nonsense verses'—that this article should be committed to scented note-paper, and carefully sealed up with skewered hearts of amazing corpulence. God forbid that we should be thought guilty of a sneer at real affection!—far from it; such ever commands our reverence. But we do not find it in the noisy tribe of goslings green who would fain be thought of the nightingale species. Did the reader ever contemplate a child engaged in the interesting operation of sucking a lollipop?—we assure him that that act was dictated by quite as much of true sentiment as puts in action the fingers and wits of the generality of our young amatory poetasters.

"We know of none who have written more charmingly of love than George P. Morris. Would to Apollo that our rhymsters would condescend to read carefully his poetical effusions! But they contain no straining after effect—no extravagant metaphors—no driveling conceits; and so there is little fear of their being taken as models by those gentlemen. Let the reader mark the surprising excellence of the

love songs; their perfect naturalness; the quiet beauty of the similes; the fine blending of graceful thought and tender feeling which characterize them. Morris is, indeed, the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection—of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearthstone over which to repeat her most cherished household words.

”Seldom have the benign effects of the passion been more felicitously painted than in the 'Seasons of Love'; and what simple tenderness is contained in the ballad of 'We were boys together.' Every word in that beautiful melody comes home to the heart of him whose early days have been happy. God help those in whom this poem awakens no fond remembrances!—those whose memories it does not get wandering up the stream of life, toward its source; beholding at every step the sun smiling more brightly, the heavens assuming a deeper hue, the grass a fresher green, and the flowers a sweeter perfume. How wondrous are not its effects upon ourselves! The wrinkles have disappeared from our brow, and the years from our shoulder, and the marks of the branding-iron of experience from our heart; and again we are a careless child, gathering primroses, and chasing butterflies, and drinking spring-water from out the hollow of our hands. Around us are the hedges 'with golden gorse bright blossoming, as none blossom now-a-day.' We have heard of death, but we know not what it is; and the word CHANGE has no meaning for us; and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest, has each its unutterable joys. Alas! we can never remain long in this happy dream-land. Nevertheless, we have profited greatly by the journey. The cowslips and violets gathered by us in childhood, shall be potent in the hour of temptation; and the cap of rushes woven for us by kind hands in days gone by, shall be a surer defence than a helmet of steel in the hour of battle. No, no; we will never disgrace our antecedents.

”There is one quality in his songs to which we can not but direct attention—and this is their almost feminine purity. The propensities have had their laureates; and genius, alas! has often defiled its angel wings by contact with the sensual and the impure; but Morris has never attempted to robe vice in beauty; and as has been well remarked, his lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush save that of pleasure.”

The following letter, from the pen of Grace Greenwood, is a lady's tribute to the genius of the poet:—

”I have read of late, with renewed pleasure and higher appreciation, the songs and ballads of our genial-hearted countryman, Morris. I had previously worried myself by a course of rather dry reading, and his poetry, tender, musical, fresh, and natural, came to me like spring's first sunshine, the song of her first birds, the breath

of her first violets.

”What a contrast is this pleasant volume to the soul-racking ”Festus,” which has been one of my recent passions. That remarkable work has passages of great beauty and power, linked in unnatural marriage with much that is poor and weak. It is like a stately ruined palace,

’Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome;’

or it is like its own fabled first temple built to God, in the new earth—a multitude of gems, swallowed by an earthquake, and scattered through a world of baser matter. The soul of the reader now faints with excess of beauty, now shudders at the terrible and the revolting. the young poet’s muse at times goes like Proserpine to gather flowers, but straightway is seized by the lord of the infernal regions, and disappears in flame and darkness. The entire volume is a poetical Archipelago—ishes of loveliness sprinkling a dead sea of unprofitable matter.

”It were absurd to compare the light and graceful poems of Morris with the work ”Festus”—a simple Grecian arch with a stupendous Turkish mosque—an Etruscan vase with a Gothic tower. Yet there are doubtless many who will prefer the perfect realization of modest aspirations, to grand, but ineffectual graspings after glory’s highest and most divine guerdons—a quiet walk with truth and nature, to an Icarus flight of magnificent absurdities.

”It has been said that the author of ’Long time ago’ has rung too many changes on the sentiment and passion of LOVE. Love, the inspiration of the glorious bards of old,

’Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them;’

’love ever-new, everlasting, fresh, and beautiful, now as when the silence of young Eden was thrilled, but scarce broken, by the voice of the first lover—a joy and a source of joy for ever.’

”I know it is much the fashion now-a-days, to hold in lordly contempt many of those sweet and holy influences which are—

’As angel hands, enclosing ours,
Leading us back to Paradisean bowers.’

”Love and liberty are fast becoming mere abstractions to the enlightened apprehension of some modern wise men. It is sad to see how soon those white-winged visitors soil their plumage and change their very nature by a mere descent into the philosophic atmosphere of such mind. One is reminded of the words of Swedenborg—’I saw

a great truth let down from heaven into hell, and it THERE BECAME A LIE.'

"This cynical objection to the lays of our minstrel, surely never could have emanated from the heart of WOMAN. SHE is ever loyal to love—that tender and yearning principle in the bosom of the Father, from which and by which the feminine nature was created.

"The poems of Morris are indeed like those flowers of old, born of the blood-drops which oozed from the wounded foot of the queen of love—blushing crimson to the very heart; yet there is not, to my knowledge, in the whole range of English literature, so large a collection of amatory songs in which sensualism and voluptuousness find no voice. These lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush, save that of pleasure—the mother may sing them to her child, the bride to her young husband.

"'Festus' has an eloquent reply to such as hold love a theme unworthy the true bard:—

'Poets are all who love—who feel great truths,
And tell them; and the truth of truths is LOVE.'

"The muse of Morris was Poesy's own 'summer child.' Hope, love, and happiness, sunny-winged fancies and golden-hued imaginings, have nested in his heart like birds.

"His verse does not cause one to tremble and turn pale—it charms and refreshes. It does not 'posses us like a passion'—it steals upon us like a spell. It does not storm the heart like an armed host—it is like the visitation of gentle spirits,

'Coming and going with a musical lightness.'

It is not a turbulent mountain-torrent, hurling itself down rocky places—it is a silver stream, gliding through quiet valleys, in whose waves the sweet stars are mirrored, on whose bosom the water-lilies sleep.

"Now and then there steals in a strain of sadness, like the plaint of a bereaved bird in a garden of roses; but it is a tender, not an OPPRESSIVE sadness, and we know that the rainbow beauty of the verse could only be born in the wedlock of smiles and tears. In a word, his lays are not 'night and storm and darkness'—they are morning and music and sunshine.

"It were idle at this time to quote or comment upon all those songs of Morris best known and oftenest sung. It would be introducing to my readers old friends who took lodgings in their memories 'long time ago.' In reference to them, I would only remark their peculiar

adaptedness to popular taste, the keen discrimination, the nice tact, or, to use one of Sir James Mackintosh's happy expressions, the 'FEELosophy' with which the poet has interlaced them with the heart-strings of a nation.

"'A Rock in the Wilderness' is an ode that any poet might be proud to own. It is much in the style of Campbell—chaste, devotional, 'beautiful exceedingly.' I know nothing of the kind more musically sweet than the serenade "'Tis now the promised hour"—the first line in especial—

'The fountains serenade the flowers,
Upon their silver lute—
And nestled in their leafy bowers,
The forest birds are mute.'

"Many an absent lover must have blessed our lyrist for giving voice to his own yearning affection, half sad with that delicate jealousy which is no wrong to the loved one, in the song 'When other friends are round thee.'

"'The Bacchanal'—if our language boasts a lovelier ballad than this, it has never met my eye. The story of the winning, the betraying and the breaking of a woman's heart, was never told more touchingly. 'The Dismissed' is in a peculiar vein of rich and quiet humor. I would commend it to the entire class of rejected lovers as containing the truest philosophy. 'Lines after the manner of the olden time' remind one of Sir John Suckling. They are 'sunned o'er with love'—their subject, by the way. 'I never have been false to thee' was an emanation from the FEMININE nature of the minstrel alone. Who does not believe the poet gifted with duality of soul? 'Think of me, my own beloved,' and 'Rosabel,' are the throbbings of a lover's breast, set to music; and 'One balmy summer night, Mary,' 'The heart that owns thy tyrant sway,' and 'When I was in my teens,' the distillation of the subtlest sweets lodged in the innermost cells of all flowers dedicated to love.

"I come now to my favorite, 'Where Hudson's wave;' a poem which I never read but that it glows upon my lip and heart, and leaves the air of my thoughts tremulous with musical vibrations. What a delicious gush of parental feeling! How daintily and delicately move the 'fitly chose words,' tripping along like silver sandaled fairies.

"'Land-Ho!' and the 'Western Refrain' thrill one gloriously. 'The Cottager's Welcome' would of itself carry the poet's name to the next age, and the 'Croton Ode' keep his bays green with a perpetual baptism. The last-mentioned is fresh and sparkling as its subject, and displays much of the imaginative faculty.

”’Oh, a merry life does the hunter lead,’ rolled up the tenth wave of Morris-ian popularity at the West. It stirs the hunter’s heart like a bugle blast—it rings out clear as a rifle-crack on a hunting morning.

”General Morris has recently published some songs, which have all the grace, melody, and touching sweetness of his earlier lays. But as these have been artistically set to music, and are yet in the first season of popularity—are lying on the pianos and ’rolling over the bright lip’ of all song-dom, they call for no further mention here.

”I think I cannot better close this somewhat broken and imperfect notice, than by referring to one of the earlier songs of Morris, which, more than all others, perhaps, has endeared him to his native land. ’Home from travel’ is a simple, hearty, manly embodiment of the true spirit of patriotism, a sentiment which throbs like a strong pulse beneath our poet’s light and graceful verse, and needs but the inspiration of ’stirring times’ to prompt to deeds of heroic valor, like the lays of the ancient bards, or the ’Chansons’ of Beranger.”

The biography of Morris would not be complete without a word from Willis. We have a dash of his pencil in the following letter to the editor of "Graham’s Magazine":—

”My Dear Sir: To ask me for my idea of General Morris, is like asking the left hand’s opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the ’Brigadier’—know him so intimately—worked so constantly at the same rope, and thought so little of ever separating from him (except by precedence of ferriage over the Styx), that it is hard to shove him from me to the perspective distance—hard to shut my own partial eyes, and look at him through other people’s. I will try, however; and, as it is done with but one foot off from the treadmill of my ceaseless vocation, you will excuse both abruptness and brevity.

”Morris is the best-known poet of the country, by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang, like birds, without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame, that it seems as regardless of criticism, as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are easy to do. They have a momentum, somehow, that it is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact that he can, at any moment, get fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling.

”It may, or may not, be one secret of his popularity, but it is the

truth—that Morris’s heart is at the level of most other people’s, and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feeling goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms, with little need of deep diving or high flying. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every-day feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed by taking the world’s breath away with flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in Morris’s songs, than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poetical episcopate, well worthy a wise man’s nurture and prizing.

”As for the man—Morris, my friend—I can hardly venture to ’burn incense on his moustache,’ as the French say—write his praises under his very nose—but as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and manly excellencies. His personal qualities have made him universally popular; but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for his friends. I have outlined a true poet, and a fine fellow—fill up the picture to your liking. Yours, very truly,

”N. P. Willis.”

In 1825, General Morris wrote the drama of ”Briercliff,” a play, in five acts, founded upon events of the American Revolution. It was performed forty nights in succession; and the manager paid him for it \$3,500—a solid proof of its attractive popularity. It has never been published. Prior, and subsequent to this period, his pen was actively engaged upon various literary and dramatic works.

He wrote a number of the ”Welcomes to Lafayette,” and songs and ballads, which were universally popular, besides many prologues and addresses.

In 1842, he wrote an opera for Mr. C. E. Horn, called the ”Maid of Saxony,” which was performed fourteen nights, with great success, at the Park Theatre. The press of the city, generally, awarded to this opera the highest commendation.

From the period when General Morris commenced his career as a writer, his pen has been constantly employed in writing poems, songs, ballads, and prose sketches.

In 1840, the Appletons published an edition of his poems, beautifully illustrated by Weir & Chapman; in 1842, Paine & Burgess published his songs and ballads; and in 1853, Scribner’s edition, illustrated

by Weir and Darley, appeared. This last beautiful work has had an immense sale.

They were highly commended by the press throughout the country, and these and other editions have had large sales. A portion of his prose writings, under the title of "The Little Frenchman and his Water-Lots," were published by Lea & Blanchard, which edition has been followed by others, enlarged by the author.

General Morris has edited a number of works; among them are the "Atlantic Club Book," published by the Harpers; "The Song-Writers of America," by Linen & Ferin; "National Melodies," by Horn & Davis; and, in connection with Mr. Willis, "The Prose and Poetry of Europe and America," a standard work of great value.

In 1844, in connection with Mr. Willis, he established a beautiful weekly paper, called the "New Mirror," which, in consequence of the cover and engravings, was taxed by the post-office department a postage equal to the subscription price; and not being able to obtain a just reduction from Mr. Wickliffe, then post-master-general, the proprietors discontinued its publication, after a year and a half, notwithstanding it had attained a circulation of ten thousand copies.

The daily "Evening Mirror" was next commenced, and continued for one year by Morris & Willis.

A few months after withdrawing from the "Evening Mirror," General Morris began the publication of the "National Press and Home Journal;" but as many mistook its object from its name, the first part of its title was discontinued; and in November, 1846 (Mr. Willis having again joined his old friend and associate), appeared the first number of the "Home Journal," a weekly paper, published in New York every Saturday, which is edited with taste, spirit, and ability, and which has a circulation of many thousand copies.

General Morris is still in the prime and vigor of life, and it is not unlikely that the public will yet have much to admire from his pen, and which will, without doubt, place him still higher in the niche of fame. His residence is chiefly at Undercliff, his country seat, on the banks of the Hudson, near Cold Spring, surrounded by the most lovely and beautiful scenery in nature, which can not fail to keep the muse alive within him, and tune the minstrel to further and still higher efforts.

Although he possesses abilities which eminently qualify him for public station, his literary taste and habits have, in spite of the strenuous solicitations of his friends, led him to prefer the retirement of private life. This, however, does not prevent his taking an active interest in all questions of public good; and the

city of New York is greatly indebted to his vigorous aid for many of her most beautiful and permanent improvements.

We can not close this sketch without adverting to the following incident, which occurred in the British House of Commons:—

”Mr. Cagley, a member from Yorkshire,” says the ”London Times,” ”Concluded a long speech in favor of protection, by quoting the ballad of ’Woodman, spare that tree’ (which was received with applause of the whole house), the ’tree’ according to Mr. Cagley, being the ’Constitution,’ and Sir Robert Peel the ’woodman,’ about to cut it down.”

What poet could desire a more gratifying compliment to his genius?

Poems and Ballads.

Poems.

The Deserted Bride. [See Notes]

Suggested by a scene in the play of the hunchback.

Inscribed to James Sheridan Knowles.

”Love me!—No.—He never loved me!”
Else he’d sooner die than stain
One so fond as he has proved me
With the hollow world’s disdain.
False one, go—my doom is spoken,
And the spell that bound me broken.

Wed him!—Never.—He has lost me!—
Tears!—Well, let them flow!—His bride?
No.—The struggle life may cost me!
But he’ll find that I have pride!
Love is not an idle flower,
Blooms and dies the self-same hour.

Title, land, and broad dominion,
With himself to me he gave;
Stooped to earth his spirit’s pinion,
And became my willing slave!
Knelt and prayed until he won me—
Looks he coldly upon me?

Ingrate!—Never sure was maiden
Deeply wronged as I. With grief
My true breast is overladen—
Tears afford me no relief—

Every nerve is strained and aching,
And my very heart is breaking!

Love I him?—Thus scorned and slighted—
Thrown, like worthless weed, apart—
Hopes and feelings seared and blighted—
Love him?—Yes, with all my heart!
With a passion superhuman—
Constancy, "thy name is woman."

Love, nor time, nor mood, can fashion—
Love?—Idolatry's the word
To speak the broadest, deepest passion,
Ever woman's heart hath stirred!
Vain to still the mind's desires,
Which consume like hidden fires!

Wrecked and wretched, lost and lonely,
Crushed by grief's oppressive weight
With a prayer for Clifford only,
I resign me to my fate.
Chains that bind the soul I've proven
Strong as they were iron woven.

Deep the wo that fast is sending
From my cheek its healthful bloom;
Sad my thoughts as willows bending
O'er the borders of the tomb!
Without Clifford, not a blessing
In the world is worth possessing.

Wealth!—a straw within the balance
Opposed to love, 'twill strike the beam:
Kindred, friendship, beauty, talents?—
All to love as nothing seem;
Weigh love against all else together,
And solid gold against a feather.

Hope is flown—away disguises
Naught but death relief can give—
For the love he little prizes
Can not cease, and Julia live!
Soon my thread of life will sever—
Clifford, fare thee well—for ever!

The Main-Truck; Or, A Leap for Life

A Nautical Ballad.

[Founded upon a well-known tale from the pen of the late William

Leggett, Esq.]

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Jack, the captain's son,
With gallant hardihood,
Climbed shroud and spar—and then upon
The main-truck rose and stood!

A shudder ran through every vein—
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky!
No hold had he above—below,
Alone he stood in air!
At that far height none dared to go—
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed—but not a man could speak!—
With horror all aghast
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck—He gasped,
"O, God, Thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son!
"Jump far out, boy! into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!" he said:
"That only chance your life can save!
Jump—jump, boy!"—He obeyed.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved—
He for the ship struck out!
On board we hailed the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart the boy
And fainted on the deck!

Poetry.

To me the world's an open book

Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way toward the sea.
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,
And all the world with poetry.

The Croton Ode. [See Notes]

Written at the request of the corporation of the city of New York.

Gushing from this living fountain,
Music pours a falling strain,
As the goddess of the mountain
Comes with all her sparkling train.
From her grotto-springs advancing,
Glittering in her feathery spray,
Woodland fays beside her dancing,
She pursues her winding way.

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy-land.

Swimming on the snow-curved billow,
See the river-spirits fair
Lay their cheeks, as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow.

Hail the wanderer from a far land!
Bind her flowing tresses up!

Crown her with a fadeless garland,
And with crystal brim the cup.
From her haunts of deep seclusion,
Let intemperance greet her too,
And the heat of his delusion
Sprinkle with this mountain-dew.

Water leaps as if delighted,
While her conquered foes retire!
Pale Contagion flies affrighted
With the baffled demon Fire!
Safety dwells in her dominions,
Health and Beauty with her move,
And entwine their circling pinions
In a sisterhood of love.

Water shouts a glad hosanna!
Bubbles up the earth to bless!
Cheers it like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze, assembled
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obeyed the prophet's wand.

Round the aqueducts of story,
As the mists of Lethe throng,
Croton's waves in all their glory
Troop in melody along.
Ever sparkling, bright, and single,
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,
When posterity shall mingle
Like the gathered waters here.

Fragment of an Indian Poem.

They come!—Be firm—in silence rally!
The long-knives our retreat have found!
Hark!—their tramp is in the valley,
And they hem the forest round!
The burdened boughs with pale scouts quiver,
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,
While across the eddying river
Their barks, like foaming war-steeds, spring!
The blood-hounds darken land and water;
They come—like buffaloes for slaughter!

See their glittering ranks advancing,

See upon the free winds dancing
Pennon proud and gaudy plume.
The strangers come in evil hour,
In pomp, and panoply, and power!
But, while upon our tribes they lower,
Think they our manly hearts will cower
To meet a warrior's doom?

Right they forget while strength they feel;
Our veins they drain, our land they steal;
And should the vanquished Indian kneel,
They spurn him from their sight!
Be set for ever in disgrace
The glory of the red-man's race,
If from the foe we turn our face,
Or safety seek in flight!

They come—Up, and upon them braves!
Fight for your alters and your graves!
Drive back the stern, invading slaves,
In fight till now victorious!
Like lightning from storm-clouds on high,
The hurtling, death-winged arrows fly,
And wind-rows of pale warriors die!—
Oh! never was the sun's bright eye
Looked from his hill-tops in the sky
Upon a field so glorious!

They're gone—again the red-men rally;
With dance and song the woods resound:
The hatchet's buried in the valley;
No foe profanes our hunting-ground!
The green leaves on the blithe boughs quiver,
The verdant hills with song-birds ring,
While our bark-canoes the river
Skim like swallows on the wing.
Mirth pervades the land and water,
Free from famine, sword, and slaughter.

Let us, by this gentle river,
Blunt the axe and break the quiver,
While, as leaves upon the spray,
Peaceful flow our cares away.

Yet, alas! the hour is brief
Left for either joy or grief!
All on earth that we inherit
From the hands of the Great Spirit—
Wigwam, hill, plain, lake, and field—
To the white-man must we yield;
For, like sun-down on the waves,
We are sinking to our graves!

From this wilderness of wo
Like the caravan we go,
Leaving all our groves and streams
For the far-off land of dreams.
There are prairies waving high,
Boundless as the sheeted sky,
Where our fathers' spirits roam,
And the red-man has a home.

Let tradition tell our story.
As we fade in cloudless glory,
As we seek the land of rest
Beyond the borders of the west,
No eye but ours may look upon—
WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

Land-Ho!

UP, UP WITH THE SIGNAL!—The land is in sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!
The cold cheerless ocean in safety we've passed,
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
Land!—land-ho!—All hearts glow with joy at the sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

THE SIGNAL IS WAVING!—Till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again!
Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.
Ho!—land-ho!—We near it!—We bound at the sight!
Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

THE SIGNAL IS ANSWERED!—The foam-sparkles rise
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes!
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,

Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
One health, as chime gaily the nautical bells:
To woman—God bless her!—wherever she dwells!
THE PILOT'S ON BOARD!—thank heaven, all's right!
So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

Woodman, Spare that Tree! [See Notes]

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
thy axe shall harm it not.

The Cottager's Welcome.

Hard by I've a cottage that stands near the wood—
A stream glides in peace at the door—
Where all who will tarry, 'tis well understood,
Receive hospitality's store.

To cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,
The stranger we ever invite:
You're welcome to freely partake at the board,
And afterwards rest for the night.

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees,
And herald the young god of day;
Then, with him uprising, depart if you please—
We'll set you refreshed on the way:
You're coin for our service we sternly reject;
No traffic for gain we pursue,
And all the reward that we wish or expect
We take in the good that we do.

Mankind are all pilgrims on life's weary road,
And many would wander astray
In seeking Eternity's silent abode,
Did Mercy not point out the way!
If all would their duty discharge as they should
To those who are friendless and poor,
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,
And life the sweet stream at my door.

The Land of Washington.

I glory in the sages
Who, in the days of yore,
In combat met the foemen,
And drove them from our shore.
Who flung our banner's starry field
In triumph to the breeze,
And spread broad maps of cities where
Once waved the forest-trees.
—Hurrah!—

I glory in the spirit
Which goaded them to rise
And found a might nation
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
As that where sets the sun;
No land so fertile, fair, and free,
As that of Washington
—Hurrah!—

The Flag of our Union.

"A song for our banner?"—The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall!"—

It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of the Union for ever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union for ever!

What God in his mercy and wisdom designed,
And armed with his weapons of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of states none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of the Union for ever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union for ever!

Oh, keep that flag flying!—The pride of the van!
To all other nations display it!
The ladies for union are all to a—MAN!
But not to the man who'd betray it.
Then the union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of states none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of the Union for ever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union for ever!

Lines

After the Manner of the Olden Time.

O Love! the mischief thou hast done!
Thou god of pleasure and of pain!—
None can escape thee—yes there's one—
All others find the effort vain:
Thou cause of all my smiles and tears!
Thou blight and bloom of all my years!

Love bathes him in the morning dews,
Reclines him in the lily bells,
Reposes in the rainbow hues,
And sparkles in the crystal wells,
Or hies him to the coral-caves,
Where sea-nymphs sport beneath the waves.

Love vibrates in the wind-harp's tune—
With fays and oreads lingers he—

Gleams in th' ring of the watery moon,
Or treads the pebbles of the sea.
Love rules "the court, the camp, the grove"—
Oh, everywhere we meet thee, Love!

And everywhere he welcome finds,
From cottage-door to palace-porch—
Love enters free as spicy winds,
With purple wings and lighted torch,
With tripping feet and silvery tongue,
And bow and darts behind him slung.

He tinkles in the shepherd's bell
The village maiden leans to hear—
By lattice high he weaves his spell,
For lady fair and cavalier:
Like sun-bursts on the mountain snow,
Love's genial warmth melts high and low.

Then why, ye nymphs Arcadian, why—
Since Love is general as the air—
Why does he not to Lelia fly,
And soften the obdurate fair?
Scorn nerves her proud, disdainful heart!
She scoffs at Love and all his art!

Oh, boy-god, Love!—An archer thou!—
Thy utmost skill I fain would test;
One arrow aim at Lelia now,
And let thy target be her breast!
Her heart bind in thy captive train,
Or give me back my own again!

The Dream of Love.

I've had the heart-ache many times,
At the mere mention of a name
I've never woven in my rhymes,
Though from it inspiration came.
It is in truth a holy thing,
Life-cherished from the world apart—
A dove that never tries its wing,
But broods and nestles in the heart.

That name of melody recalls
Her gentle look and winning ways
Whose portrait hangs on memory's walls,
In the fond light of other days.
In the dream-land of Poetry,
Reclining in its leafy bowers,

Her bright eyes in the stars I see,
And her sweet semblance in the flowers.

Her artless dalliance and grace—
The joy that lighted up her brow—
The sweet expression of her face—
Her form—it stands before me now!
And I can fancy that I hear
The woodland songs she used to sing,
Which stole to my attending ear,
Like the first harbingers of spring.

The beauty of the earth was hers,
And hers the purity of heaven;
Alone, of all her worshippers,
To me her maiden vows were given.
They little know the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires;
Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,
But burn through life with all its fires.

We parted—doomed no more to meet—
The blow fell with a stunning power—
And yet my pulse will strangely beat
At the remembrance of that hour!
But time and change their healing brought,
And years have passed in seeming glee,
But still alone of her I've thought
Who's now a memory to me.

There may be many who will deem
This strain a wayward, youthful folly,
To be derided as a dream
Born of the poet's melancholy.
The wealth of worlds, if it were mine,
With all that follows in its train,
I would with gratitude resign,
To dream that dream of love again.

I'm With You Once Again.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last with spirits, wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land.
I've seen fair realms of the earth
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries, when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart!

My native land, I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

Oh, Would that She were Here!

Oh, would that she were here,
These hills and dales among,
Where vocal groves are gayly mocked
By Echo's airy tongue:
Where jocund nature smiles
In all her boon attire,
And roams the deeply-tangled wilds
Of hawthorn and sweet-brier.
Oh, would that she were here—
The gentle maid I sing,
Whose voice is cheerful as the songs
Of forest-birds in spring!

Oh, would that she were here,
Where the free waters leap,
Shouting in sportive joyousness
Adown the rocky steep:
Where zephyrs crisp and cool
The fountains as they play,
With health upon their wings of light,
And gladness on their way.

Oh, would that she were here,
With these balm-breathing trees,
The sylvan daughters of the sun,
The rain-cloud, and the breeze!

Oh, would that she were here,
Where glide the rosy hours,
Murm'ring the drowsy hum of bees,
And fragrant with the flowers:
Where Heaven's redeeming love
Spans earth in Mercy's bow—
The promise of the world above
Unto the world below.
Oh, would that she were here,
Amid these shades serene—
Oh, for the spell of woman's love,
To consecrate the scene!

The Sword and the Staff

The sword of the hero!
The staff of the sage!
Whose valor and wisdom
Are stamped on the age!
Time-hallowed mementos
Of those who have riven
The sceptre from tyrants,
"The lightning from heaven!"

This weapon, O Freedom!
Was drawn by the son,
And it never was sheathed
Till the battle was won!
No stain of dishonor
Upon it we see!
'Twas never surrendered—
Except to the free!

While Fame claims the hero
And patriot sage,
Their names to emblazon
On History's page,
No holier relics
Will liberty hoard
Than FRANKLIN's staff, guarded
By WASHINGTON's sword.

The Chieftain's Daughter [See Notes]

Upon the barren sand

A single captive stood;
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung:
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb—
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief—
"Obey your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

Thy Will Be Done.

Searcher of Hearts!—from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to Thee!

Hearer of Prayer!—oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory Thine.

Giver of All!—for every good—
In the Redeemer came—
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank Thee in His name.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let Thy will be done.

Life in the West.

Ho! brothers—come hither and list to my story—
Merry and brief will the narrative be.
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—
Master am I, boys, of all that I see!
Where once frowned a forest, a garden is smiling—
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes round my door.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
The land of the heart is the land of the West!
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free:
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea!
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
Won't find it at all if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest!
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West!
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a jot for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the West!
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Song of Marion's Men. [See Notes]

In the ranks of Marion's band,
Through morass and wooded land,
Over beach of yellow sand,
Mountain, plain, and valley,
A southern maid, in all her pride,
Marched gayly at her lover's side,
In such disguise
That e'en his eyes
Did not discover Sallie!

When returned from midnight tramp,
Through the forest dark and damp,

Oh his straw-couch in the camp,
In his dreams he'd dally
With that devoted, gentle fair,
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair
So near him seem,
That in his dream,
He breathes his love for Sallie!

Oh, what joy, that maiden knew,
When she found her lover true!—
Suddenly the trumpet blew,
Marion's men to rally!
To ward the death-spear from his side!—
In battle by Santee she died!—
Where sings the surge
A ceaseless dirge
Near the lone grave of Sallie.

Janet McRea. [See Notes]

She heard the fight was over,
And won the wrath of fame!
When tidings from her lover,
With his good war-steed came:
To guard her safely to his tent,
The red-men of the woods were sent.
They led her where sweet waters gush!
Under the pine-tree bough!
The tomahawk is raised to crush—
'Tis buried in her brow!—
She sleeps beneath that pine-tree now!

Her broken-hearted lover
In hopeless conflict died!
The forest-leaves now cover
That soldier and his bride!
The frown of the Great Spirit fell
Upon the red-men like a spell!
No more those waters slake their thirst,
Shadeless to them that tree!
O'er land and lake they roam accurst,
And in the clouds they see
Thy spirit, unavenged, McRea!

Lisette.

When Love in myrtle shades reposed,
His bow and darts behind him slung;
As dewey twilight round him closed,
Lisette these numbers sung:

"O Love! thy sylvan bower
I'll fly while I've the power;
Thy primrose way leads maids where they
Love, honor, and obey!"

"Escape," the boy-god said, "is vain,"
And shook the diamonds from his wings:
"I'll bind thee captive to my train,
Fairest of earthy things!"
"Go, saucy archer, go!
I freedom's value know:
Begon, I pray—to none I'll say
Love, honor, and obey!"

"Speed, arrow, to thy mark!" he cried—
Swift as a ray of light it flew!
Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from her view!
Joy filled that maiden's eyes—
Twin load-stars from the skies!—
And one bright day her lips DID say,
"Love, honor, and obey!"

My Mother's Bible.

This book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What vivid memories come!—
Again that little group is met

Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried:
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

"The Dog-Star Rages."

Unseal the city fountains,
And let the waters flow
In coolness from the mountains
Unto the plains below.
My brain is parched and erring,
The pavement hot and dry,
And not a breath is stirring
Beneath the burning sky.

The belles have all departed—
There does not linger one!
Of course the mart's deserted
By every mother's son,
Except the street musician
And men of lesser note,
Whose only earthly mission
Seems but to toil and vote!

A woman—blessings on her!—
Beneath my window see;
She's singing—what an honor!—
Oh! "Woodman, spare that tree!"
Her "man" the air is killing—
His organ's out of tune—
They're gone, with my last shilling, [See Notes (1)]
To Florence's saloon. [See Notes (2)]

New York is most compactly
Of brick and mortar made—
Thermometer exactly
One hundred in the shade!
A furnace would be safer
Than this my letter-room,
Where gleams the sun, a wafer,
About to seal my doom.

The town looks like an ogre,

The country like a bride;
Wealth hies to Saratoga,
And Worth to Sunny-side. [See Notes (3)]
While fashion seeks the islands
Encircled by the sea,
Taste find the Hudson Highlands
More beautiful and free.

The omnibuses rumble
Along their cobbled way—
The "twelve inside" more humble
Than he who takes the pay:
From morn till midnight stealing,
His horses come and go—
The only creatures feeling
The "luxury of wo!" [See Notes (4)]

We editors of papers,
Who coin our brains for bread
By solitary tapers
While others doze in bed,
Have tasks as sad and lonely,
However wrong or right,
But with this difference only,
The horses rest at night.

From twelve till nearly fifty
I've toiled and idled not,
And, though accounted thrifty,
I'm scarcely worth a groat;
However, I inherit
What few have ever gained—
A bright and cheerful spirit
That never has complained.

A stillness and a sadness
Pervade the City Hall,
And speculating madness
Has left the street of Wall.
The Union Square looks really
Both desolate and dark,
And that's the case, or nearly,
From Battery to Park.

Had I a yacht, like Miller,
That skimmer of the seas—
A wheel rigged on a tiller, [See Notes (5)]
And a fresh gunwale breeze,
A crew of friends well chosen,
And all a-taunto, I

Would sail for regions frozen—
I'd rather freeze than fry.

Oh, this confounded weather!
(As some one sang or said,)
My pen, thought but a feather,
Is heavier than lead;
At every pore I'm oosing—
(I'm "caving in" to-day)—
My plumptitude I'm losing,
And dripping fast away.

I'm weeping like the willow
That droops in leaf and bough—
Let Croton's sparkling billow
Flow through the city now;
And, as becomes her station,
The muse will close her prayer:
God save the Corporation!
Long live the valiant Mayor! [See Notes (6)]

A Legend of the Mohawk.

In the days that are gone, by this sweet-flowing water,
Two lovers reclined in the shade of a tree;
She was the mountain-king's rosy-lipped daughter,
The brave warrior-chief of the valley was he.
Then all things around them, below and above,
Were basking as now in the sunshine of love—
In the days that are gone, by this sweet-flowing stream.

In the days that are gone, they were laid 'neath the willow,
The maid in her beauty, the youth in his pride;
Both slain by the foeman who crossed the dark billow,
And stole the broad lands where their children reside;
Whose fathers, when dying, in fear looked above,
And trembled to think of that chief and his love,
In the days that are gone, by this sweet flowing stream.

The Ball-Room Belle.

(Music by horn.)

The moon and all her starry train
Were fading from the morning sky,
When home the ball-room belle again
Returned, with throbbing pulse and brain,
Flushed cheek and tearful eye.

The plume that danced above her brow,

The gem that sparkled in her zone,
The scarf of spangled leaf and bough,
Were laid aside—they mocked her now,
When desolate and lone.

That night how many hearts she won!
The reigning belle, she could not stir,
But, like the planets round the sun,
Her suitors followed—all but one—
One all the world to her!

And she had lost him!—Marvel not
That lady's eyes with tears were wet!
Though love by man is soon forgot,
It never yet was woman's lot
To love and to forget.

We Were Boys Together.

(Music by Russell.)

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
The humble home to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys;
Where woke the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air,
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care;
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys—
Foreshadowed in the primrose time.
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together—
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for evermore.
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys!

Oh, Boatman, Haste!

(Music by Balfe.)

Twilight.

Oh, boatman, haste!—The twilight hour
Is closing gently o'er the lea!
The sun, whose setting shuts the flower.
Has looked his last upon the sea!
Row, then, boatman, row!
Row, then, boatman, row!
Row!—aha!—we've moon and star!
And our skiff with the stream is flowing.
Heigh-ho!—ah!—heigh-ho!—
Echo responds to my sad heigh-ho!

Midnight.

Oh, boatman, haste!—The sentry calls
The midnight hour on yonder shore,
And silvery sweet the echo falls
As music dripping from the oar!
Row, then, boatman, row!
Row, then, boatman, row!
Row!—afar fade moon and star!
While our skiff with the stream is flowing!
Heigh-ho!—ah!—heigh-ho!—
Echo responds to my sad heigh-ho.

Dawn.

Oh, boatman haste!—The morning beam
Glides through the fleecy clouds above:
So breaks on life's dark, murm'ring stream,
The rosy dawn of woman's love!
Row, then, boatman, row!
Row, then, boatman, row!
Row!—'Tis day!—away—away!
To land with the stream we are flowing!
Heigh-ho!—dear one—ho!
Beauty responds to my glad heigh-ho!

Funeral Hymn.

"Man dieth and wasteth away,
And where is he?"—Hark! from the skies
I hear a voice answer and say,
"The spirit of man never dies:
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod;
But his soul, which in heaven had birth,

Returns to the bosom of God.”

No terror has death, or the grave,
To those who believe in the Lord—
We know the Redeemer can save,
And lean on the faith of his word;
While ashes to ashes, and dust
We give unto dust, in our gloom,
The light of salvation, we trust,
Is hung like a lamp in the tomb.

The sky will be burnt as a scroll—
The earth, wrapped in flames, will expire;
But, freed from all shackles, the soul
Will rise in the midst of the fire.
Then, brothers, mourn not for the dead,
Who rest from their labors, forgiven;
Learn this from your Bible instead,
The grave is the gateway to heaven.

O Lord God Almighty! to Thee
We turn as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
But not from thy fountains of love:
Oh, teach us Thy will to obey,
And sing with one heart and accord,
”He gave and he taketh away,
And praised be the name of the Lord!”

O'er the Mountains.

Some spirit wafts our mountain lay—
Hili ho! boys, hili ho!
To distant groves and glens away!
Hili ho! boys, hili ho!
E'en so the tide of empire flows—
Ho! boys, hili ho!
Rejoicing as it westward goes!
Ho! boys, hili ho!
To refresh our weary way
Gush the crystal fountains,
As a pilgrim band we stray
Cheerly o'er the mountains.

The woodland rings with song and shout!
Hili ho! boys, hili ho!
As though a fairy hunt were out!
Hili ho! boys, hili ho!
E'en so the voice of woman cheers—
Ho! boys, hili ho!

The hearts of hardy mountaineers!
Ho! boys, hili ho!
Like the glow of northern skies
Mirrored in the fountains,
Beams the love-light of fond eyes,
As we cross the mountains.

Woman.

Ah, woman!—in this world of ours,
What boon can be compared to thee?—
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own!

My mother!—At that holy name,
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame—
A feeling, which, for years of fame,
I would not, could not, crush!
And sisters!—ye are dear as life;
But when I look upon my wife,
My heart-blood gives a sudden rush,
And all my fond affections blend
In mother—sisters—wife and friend!

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray;
The heart will melt before her smile,
And base-born passions fade away!
Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman, half the price of thee.

Rosabel.

I miss thee from my side, beloved,
I miss thee from my side;
And wearily and drearily
Flows Time's resistless tide.
The world, and all its fleeting joys,
To me are worse than vain,
Until I clasp thee to my heart,
Beloved one, again.

The wildwood and the forest-path,
We used to thread of yore,

With bird and bee have flown with thee,
And gone for ever more!
There is no music in the grove,
No echo on the hill;
But melancholy boughs are there—
And hushed the whip-poor-will.

I miss thee in the town, beloved,
I miss thee in the town;
From morn I grieve till dewy eve
Spreads wide its mantle brown.
My spirit's wings, that once could soar
In Fancy's world of air,
Are crushed and beaten to the ground
By life-corroding care.

No more I hear thy thrilling voice,
Nor see thy winning face;
That once would gleam like morning's beam,
In mental pride and grace:
Thy form of matchless symmetry,
In sweet perfection cast—
Is now the star of memory
That fades not with the past.

I miss thee everywhere, beloved,
I miss thee everywhere;
Both night and day wear dull away,
And leave me in despair.
The banquet-hall, the play, the ball,
And childhood's sportive glee,
Have lost their spell for me, beloved,
My souls is full of thee!

Has Rosabel forgotten me,
And love I now in vain?
If that be so, my heart can know
No rest on earth again.
A sad and weary lot is mine,
To love and be forgot;
A sad and weary lot beloved—
A sad and weary lot!

The Tyrant Sway.

The heart that owns thy tyrant sway,
Whate'er its hopes may be,
Is like a bark that drifts away
Upon a shoreless sea!
No compass left to guide her on,

Upon the surge she's tempest-torn—
And such is life to me!

And what is life when love is fled?
The world, unshared by thee?
I'd rather slumber with the dead,
Than such a waif to be!
The bark that by no compass steers
Is lost, which way so'er she veers—
And such is life to me!

A Hero of the Revolution.

Let not a tear be shed!
Of grief give not a token,
Although the silver thread
And golden bowl be broken!
A warrior lived—a Christian died!
Sorrow's forgotten in our pride!

Go, bring his battle-blade,
His helmet and his plume!
And be his trophies laid
Beside him in the tomb,
Where files of time-marked veterans come
With martial tramp and muffled drum!

Give to the earth his frame,
To moulder and decay;
But not his deathless name—
That can not pass away!
In youth, in manhood, and in age,
He dignified his country's page!

Green be the willow-bough
Above the swelling mound,
Where sleeps the hero now
In consecrated ground:
Thy epitaph, O Delavan!
God's noblest work—an honest man!

Rhyme and Reason.

An Apologue.

Two children of the olden time
In Flora's primrose season,
Were born. The name of one was Rhyme
That of the other Reason.
And both were beautiful and fair,

And pure as mountain stream and air.

As the boys together grew,
Happy fled their hours—
Grief or care they never knew
In the Paphian bowers.
See them roaming, hand in hand,
The pride of all the choral band!

Music with harp of golden strings,
Love with bow and quiver,
Airy sprites on radiant wings,
Nymphs of wood and river,
Joined the Muses' constant song,
As Rhyme and Reason passed along.

But the scene was changed—the boys
Left their native soil—
Rhyme's pursuit was idle joys,
Reason's manly toil:
Soon Rhyme was starving in a ditch,
While Reason grew exceeding rich.

Since the dark and fatal hour,
When the brothers parted,
Reason has had wealth and power—
Rhyme's poor and broken-hearted!
And now, or bright, or stormy weather,
They twain are seldom seen together.

Starlight Recollections.

'Twas night. Near the murmuring Saone,
We met with no witnesses by,
But such as resplendently shone
In the blue-tinted vault of the sky:
Your head on my bosom was laid,
As you said you would ever be mine;
And I promised to love, dearest maid,
And worship alone at your shrine.

Your love on my heart gently fell
As the dew on the flowers at eve,
Whose blossoms with gratitude swell,
A blessing to give and receive:
And I knew by the glow on your cheek,
And the rapture you could not control,
No power had language to speak
The faith or content of your soul.

I love you as none ever loved—
As the steel to the star I am true;
And I, dearest maiden, have proved
That none ever loved me but you.
Till memory loses her power,
Or the sands of existence have run,
I'll remember the star-lighted hour
That mingled two hearts into one.

Wearies my Love?

Wearies my love of my letters?
Does she my silence command?
Sunders she Love's rosy fetters
As though they were woven of sand?
Tires she too of each token
Indited with many a sigh?
Are all her promises broken?
And must I love on till I die?

Thinks my dear love that I blame her
With what was a burden to part?
Ah, no!—with affection I'll name her
While lingers a pulse in my heart.
Although she has clouded with sadness,
And blighted the bloom of my years,
I lover still, even to madness,
And bless her through showers of tears.

My pen I have laid down in sorrow,
The songs of my lute I forego:
From neither assistance I'll borrow
To utter my heart-seated wo!
But peace to her bosom, wherever
Her thoughts or her footsteps may stray:
Memento of mine again never
Will shadow the light of her way!

Fare The Well, Love.

Fare thee well, love!—We must sever!
Nor for years, love; but for ever!
We must meet no more—only
Meet as strangers—sad and lonely.
Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, love!—How I languish
For the cause of all my anguish!
None have ever met and parted
So forlorn and broken-hearted.

Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, love—Till I perish
All my truth for thee I'll cherish;
And, when thou my requiem hearest,
Know till death I loved thee, dearest.
Fare thee well!

Thou Hast Woven the Spell.

Thou hast woven the spell that hath bound me,
Through all the sad changes of years;
And the smiles that I wore when I found thee,
Have faded and melted in tears!
Like the poor, wounded fawn from the mountain,
That seeks out the clear silver tide,
I have lingered in vain at the fountain
Of hope—with a shaft in my side!

Thou hast taught me that Love's rosy fetters
A pang from the thorns may impart;
That the coinage of vows and of letters
Comes not from the mint of the heart.
Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,
And warbles in bondage her strain,
I have struggled to fly thy domain,
But find that the struggle is vain!

Bessy Bell.

When life looks drear and lonely, love,
And pleasant fancies flee,
Then will the Muses only, love,
Bestow a thought on me!
Mine is a harp which Pleasure, love,
To waken strives in vain;
To Joy's entrancing measure, love,
It ne'er can thrill again!—
Why mock me, Bessy Bell?

Oh, do not ask me ever, love,
For rapture-woven rhymes;
For vain is each endeavor, love,
To sound Mirth's play-bell chimes!
Yet still believe me, dearest love,
Though sad my song may be,
This heart still dotes sincerest, love,
And grateful turns to thee—
My once fond Bessy Bell!

Those eyes still rest upon me, love!
I feel their magic spell!
With that same look you won me, love,
Fair, gentle Bessy Bell!
My doom you've idly spoken, love,
You never can be mine!
But though my heart is broken, love,
Still, Bessy, it is thine!
Adieu, false Bessy Bell!

The Day is Now Dawning.

William.

The day is now dawning, love,
Fled is the night—
I go like the morning, love,
Cheerful and bright.
Then adieu, dearest Ellen:
When evening is near,
I'll visit thy dwelling,
For true love is here.

Ellen.

Oh, come where the fountain, love,
Tranquilly flows;
Beneath the green mountain, love,
Seek for repose;
There the days of our childhood,
In love's golden beam,
'Mong the blue-bells and wildwood,
Passed on like a dream.

William.

Oh, linger awhile, love!

Ellen.

I must away.

William.

Oh, grant me thy smile, love,
'Tis Hope's cheering ray—
With evening expect me.

Ellen.

To the moment be true,
And may angels protect thee—

Both.

Sweet Ellen, adieu!
Dear William, adieu!

When Other Friends.

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine—
When other bays have crowned thee,
More fresh and green than mine—
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it beats, beats only,
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's troubled sea;
And whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

Silent Grief.

Where is now my peace of mind?
Gone, alas! for evermore:
Turn where'er I may, I find
Thorns where roses bloomed before!
O'er the green-fields of my soul,
Where the springs of joy were found,
Now the clouds of sorrow roll,
Shading all the prospect round!

Do I merit pangs like these,
That have cleft my heart in twain?
Must I, to the very lees,
Drain thy bitter chalice, Pain?
Silent grief all grief excels;
Life and it together part—
Like a restless worm it dwells
Deep within the human heart!

Love Thee, Dearest!

Love thee, dearest?—Hear me.—Never
Will my fond vows be forgot!
May I perish, and for ever,
When, dear maid, I love thee not!
Turn not from me, dearest!—Listen!
Banish all thy doubts and fears!
Let thine eyes with transport glisten!
What hast thou to do with tears?

Dry them, dearest!—Ah, believe me,
Love's bright flame is burning still!
Though the hollow world deceive thee,
Here's a heart that never will!
Dost thou smile?—A cloud of sorrow
Breaks before Joy's rising sun!
Wilt thou give thy hand?—To-morrow,
Hymen's bond will make us one!

I Love the Night.

I love the night when the moon streams bright
On flowers that drink the dew—
When cascades shout as the stars peep out,
From boundless fields of blue;
But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or murmuring trills of mountain-rills,
I love, I love, love—you!

I love to stray at the close of the day,
Through groves of forest-trees,
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats
Are vocal in the breeze.
I love the night—the glorious night—
When hearts beat warm and true;
But far above the night, I love,
I love, I love, love—you!

The Miniature.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife!
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life.
He almost thought it spoke:—he gazed
Upon the bauble still,
Absorbed, delighted, and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane—

'Tis drawn to nature true:
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is much like you."
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
"Why—no—my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear
'Tis not at all LIKE ME!"

The Retort.

Old Nick, who taught the village-school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
She was as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polished life,
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Jenny sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him!

The husband's anger rose!—and red
And white his face alternate grew!
"Less freedom, ma'am!"—Jane sighed and said,
"OH, DEAR! I DIDN'T KNOW 'T WAS YOU!"

Lines On A Poet.

How sweet the cadence of his lyre!
What melody of words!
They strike a pulse within the heart
Like songs of forest-birds,
Or tinkling of the shepherd's bell
Among the mountain-herds.

His mind's a cultured garden,
Where Nature's hand has sown
The flower-seeds of poesy—
And they have freshly grown,
Imbued with beauty and perfume
To other plants unknown.

A bright career's before him—
All tongues pronounce his praise;
All hearts his inspiration feel,
And will in after-days;

For genius breathes in every line
Of his soul-thrilling lays.

A nameless grace is round him—
A something, too refined
To be described, yet must be felt
By all of human kind—
An emanation of the soul,
That can not be defined.

Then blessings on the minstrel—
His faults let others scan:
There may be spots upon the sun,
Which those may view who can;
I see them not—yet know him well
A POET AND A MAN.

The Bacchanal

Beside a cottage-door,
Sang Ella at her wheel;
Ruthven rode o'er the moor,
Down at her feet to kneel:
A spotted palfrey gay
Came ambling at his side,
To bear the maid away
As his affianced bride.

A high-born noble he,
Of stately halls secure;
A low-born peasant she,
Of parentage obscure.
How soft the honeyed words
He breathes into her ears!—
The melody of birds!
The music of the spheres!

With love her bosom swells,
Which she would fain conceal—
Her eyes, like crystal wells,
Its hidden depths reveal.
While liquid diamonds drip
From feeling's fountain warm,
Flutters her scarlet lip—
A rose-leaf in a storm!

As from an April sky
The rain-clouds flit away,
So from the maiden's eye
Vanished the falling spray,

Which lingered but awhile
Her dimpled cheek upon—
Then melted in her smile,
Like vapor in the sun.

The maid is all his own!
She trusts his plighted word,
And, lightly on the roan,
She springs beside her lord:
She leaves her father's cot,
She turns her from the door—
That green and holy spot
Which she will see no more!

They hied to distant lands,
That lord and peasant-maid:
The church ne'er joined their hands,
For Ella was betrayed!
Torn from her native bower,
That modest rose of May,
Drooped, in his stately tower,
And passed from earth away.

They laid her in the ground,
And Ella was forgot—
Dead was her father found
In his deserted cot.
But Ruthven—what of him?
He ran the story o'er,
And, filling to the brim,
He thought of it no more!

Twenty Years Ago

'Twas in the flush of summer-time,
Some twenty years or more,
When Ernest lost his way, and crossed
The threshold of our door.
I'll ne'er forget his locks of jet,
His brow of Alpine snow,
His manly grace of form and face,
Some twenty years ago.

The hand he asked I freely gave—
Mine was a happy lot,
In all my pride to be his bride
Within my father's cot.
The faith he spoke he never broke:
His faithful heart I know;
And well I vow I love him now

As twenty years ago.

National Anthem.

Freedom spreads her downy wings
Over all created things;
Glory to the King of kings,
Bend low to Him the knee!
Bring the heart before His throne—
Worship Him and Him alone!—
He's the only King we own—
And He has made us free!

The holiest spot a smiling sun
E'er shed his genial rays upon,
Is that which gave a Washington
The drooping world to cheer!
Sound the clarion-peals of fame!
Ye who bear Columbia's name!—
With existence freedom came—
It is man's birthright here!

Heirs of an immortal sire,
Let his deeds your hearts inspire;
Weave the strain and wake the lyre
Where your proud altars stand!
Hail with pride and loud harrahs,
Streaming from a thousand spars,
Freedom's rainbow-flag of stars—
The symbol of our land!

I Love Thee Still.

I never have been false to thee!—
The heart I gave thee still is thine;
Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine!
I've loved, as woman ever loves,
With constant soul in good or ill:
Thou'st proved as man too often proves,
A rover—but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train!—
Love's not a flower at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again!
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill!
Love a golden chain and burning vow
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispelled the clouds of care,
And time went by with birds and flowers,
While song and incense filled the air!
The past is mine—the present thine—
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose—but love thee, false one, still!

Look From Thy Lattice, Love.

Look from thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
The cool, balmy breeze
Is abroad on the sea!
The moon, like a queen,
Roams her realms above,
And naught is awake
But the spirit of love.
Ere morn's golden light
Tips the hills with its ray,
Away o'er the waters—
Away and away!
Then look from thy lattice, love—
Listen to me.
While the moon lights the sky,
And the breeze curls the sea!
Look from thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
In the voyage of life,
Love our pilot will be!
He'll sit at the helm
Wherever we rove,
And steer by the load-star
He kindled above!
His gem-girdled shallop
Will cut the bright spray,
Or skim, like a bird,
O'er the waters away!
Then look from thy lattice, love—
Listen to me,
While the moon lights the sky,
And the breeze curls the sea!

She Loved Him.

She loved him—but she heeded not—
Her heart had only room for pride:
All other feelings were forgot,

When she became another's bride.
As from a dream she then awoke,
To realize her lonely state,
And own it was the vow she broke
That made her drear and desolate!

She loved him—but the sland'rer came,
With words of hate that all believed;
A stain thus rested on his name—
But he was wronged and she deceived;
Ah! rash the act that gave her hand,
That drove her lover from her side—
Who hied him to a distant land,
Where, battling for a name, he died!

She loved him—and his memory now
Was treasured from the world apart:
The calm of thought was on her brow,
The seeds of death were in her heart.
For all the world that thing forlorn
I would not, could not be, and live—
That casket with its jewel gone,
A bride who has no heart to give!

The Suitors.

Wealth sought the bower of Beauty,
Dressed like a modern beau:
Just then Love, Health, and Duty
Took up their hats to go.
Wealth such a cordial welcome met,
As made the others grieve;
So Duty shunned the gay coquette,
Love, pouting, took French leave—
He did!
Love, pouting, took French leave!

Old Time, the friend of Duty,
Next called to see the fair;
He laid his hand on Beauty,
And left her in despair
Wealth vanished!—Last went rosy Health—
And she was doomed to prove
That those who Duty slight for Wealth,
Can never hope for Love!
Ah, no!
Can never hope for Love!

St. Agnes' Shrine.

While before St. Agnes' shrine
Knelt a true knight's lady-love,
From the wars of Palestine
Came a gentle carrier-dove.
Round his neck a Silken string
Fastened words the warrior writ:
At her call he stooped his wing,
And upon her finger lit.

She, like one enchanted, pored
O'er the contents of the scroll—
For that lady loved her lord
With a pure, devoted soul.
To her heart her dove she drew,
While she traced the burning line;
Then away his minion flew
Back to sainted Palestine.

To and fro, from hand to hand
Came and went a carrier-dove,
Till throughout the Holy Land
War resigned his sword to Love.
Swift her dove, on wings of light,
Brought the news from Palestine,
And the lady her true knight
Wedded at St. Agnes' shrine.

Western Refrain

Droop not, brothers!
As we go,
O'er the mountains,
Under the boughs of mistletoe,
Log huts we'll rear,
While herds of deer and buffalo
Furnish the cheer.
File o'er the mountains—steady, boys
For game afar
We have our rifles ready, boys!—
Aha!
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys!—ha!
And join in the laugh, boys!—
Hah—hah—hah!

Cheer up, brothers!
As we go,
O'er the mountains,
When we've wood and prairie-land,
Won by our toil,

We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,
Lords of the soil!
Then westward ho! in legions, boys—
Fair Freedom's star
Points to her sunset regions, boys—
Aha!
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys!—ha!
And join in the laugh, boys!—
Hah—hah—hah!

The Prairie on Fire [See Notes]

The shades of evening closed around
The boundless prairies of the west,
As, grouped in sadness on the ground,
A band of pilgrims leaned to rest:
Upon the tangled weeds were laid
The mother and her youngest born,
Who slept, while others watched and prayed,
And thus the weary night went on.

Thick darkness shrouded earth and sky—
When on the whispering winds there came
The Teton's shrill and thrilling cry,
And heaven was pierced with shafts of flame!
The sun seemed rising through the haze,
But with an aspect dread and dire:
The very air appeared to blaze!—
O God! the Prairie was on fire!

Around the centre of the plain
A belt of flame retreated denied—
And, like a furnace, glowed the train
That walled them in on every side:
And onward rolled the torrent wild—
Wreathes of dense smoke obscured the sky!
The mother knelt beside her child,
And all—save one—shrieked out, "We die."

"Not so!" he cried.—"Help!—Clear the sedge!
Strip bare a circle to the land!"
That done, he hastened to its edge,
And grasped a rifle in his hand:
Dried weeds he held beside the pan,
Which kindled at a flash the mass!
"Now fire fight fire!" he said, as ran
The forked flames among the grass.

On three sides then the torrent flew,

But on the fourth no more it raved!
Then large and broad the circle grew,
And thus the pilgrim band was saved!
The flames receded far and wide—
The mother had not prayed in vain:
God had the Teton's arts defied!
His scythe of fire had swept the plain!

The Evergreen.

Love can not be the aloe-tree,
Whose bloom but once is seen;
Go search the grove—the tree of love
Is sure the evergreen:
For that's the same, in leaf or frame,
'Neath cold or sunny skies;
You take the ground its roots have bound,
Or it, transplanted, dies!

That love thus shoots, and firmly roots
In woman's heart, we see;
Through smiles and tears in after-years
It grows a fadeless tree.
The tree of love, all trees above,
For ever may be seen,
In summer's bloom or winter's gloom,
A hardy evergreen.

The May-Queen.

Like flights of singing-birds went by
The cheerful hours of girlhood's day,
When, in my native bowers,
Of simple buds and flowers
They wove a crown, and hailed me Queen of May!

Like airy sprites the lasses came,
Spring's offerings at my feet to lay;
The crystal from the fountain,
The green bough from the mountain,
They brought to cheer and shade the Queen of May.

Around the May-pole on the green,
A fairy ring they tripped away;
All merriment and pleasure,
To chords of tuneful measure
They bounded by the happy Queen of May.

Though years have passed, and Time has strown
My raven locks with flakes of gray,

Fond Memory brings the hours
Of buds and blossom-showers
When in girlhood I was crowned the Queen of May.

Venetian Serenade.

Come, come to me, love!
Come, love!—Arise
And shame the bright stars
With the light of thine eyes;
Look out from thy lattice—
Oh, lady-bird, hear!
A swan on the water—
My gondola's near!

Come, come to me, love!
Come, love!—My bride!
O'er crystal in moonbeams
We'll tranquilly glide:
In the dip of the oar
A melody flows
Sweet as the nightingale
Sings to the rose.

Come, come to me, love!
Come, love!—The day
Brings warder and cloister!
Away, then—away!
Oh, haste to thy lover!
Not yon star above
Is more true to heaven
Then he to his love!

The Whip-Poor-Will.

”The plaint of the wailing Whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unseen and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and wo,
Till Morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.”

J. R. Drake.

Why dost thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?
And who is Will, I pray?

Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,
A suppliant at my door?—

Why ask of me to whip poor Will?
And is Will really poor?

If poverty's his crime, let mirth
From his heart be driven:
That is the deadliest sin on earth,
And never is forgiven!

Art Will himself?—It must be so—
I learn it from thy moan,
For none can feel another's wo
As deeply as his own.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat,
While other birds repose?
What means thy melancholy note?—
The mystery disclose!

Still "Whip poor Will!"—Art thou a sprite,
From unknown regions sent
To wander in the gloom of night,
And ask for punishment?

Is thine a conscience sore beset
With guilt?—or, what is worse,
Hast thou to meet writs, duns, and debt—
No money in thy purse!

If this be thy hard fate indeed,
Ah! well may'st thou repine:
The sympathy I give I need—
The poet's doom is thine!

Art thou a lover, Will?—Has proved
The fairest can deceive?
This is the lot of all who've loved
Since Adam wedded Eve!

Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
No friend was he in need?
A common error—men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.

Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,
A crown of brambles won?
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same
With every mother's son!

Hast found the world a Babel wide,
Where man to Mammon stoops?

Where flourish Arrogance and Pride,
While modest Merit droops?

What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain?
To guess it who's the skill?
Pray have the kindness to explain
Why should I whip poor Will?

Dost merely ask thy just desert?
What, not another word?—
Back to the woods again, unhurt—
I will not harm thee, bird!

But use thee kindly—for my nerves,
Like thine, have penance done:
"Use every man as he deserves,
Who shall 'scape whipping?"—None!

Farewell, poor Will!—Not valueless
This lesson by thee given:
"Keep thine own counsel, and confess
Thyself alone to Heaven!"

The Exile to his Sister.

As streams at morn, from seas that glide,
Rejoicing on their sparkling way,
Will turn again at eventide,
To mingle with their kindred spray—
Even so the currents of the soul,
Dear sister, wheresoe'er we rove,
Will backward to our country roll,
The boundless ocean of our love.

You northern star, now burning bright,
The guide by which the wave-tossed steer,
Beams not with a more constant light
Than does thy love, my sister dear.
From stars above the streams below
Receive the glory they impart;
So, sister, do thy virtues glow
Within the mirror of my heart.

Near the Lake.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!—
Where the rock threw back the billow
Brighter than snow—
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished

By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!—
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts for ever,
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her?—Never!
No—lost one—no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow:
She's the star I missed from heaven,
Long time ago!

The Pastor's Daughter.

An ivy-mantled cottage smiled,
Deep-wooded near a streamlet's side,
Where dwelt the village-pastor's child,
In all her maiden bloom and pride.
Proud suitors paid their court and duty
To this romantic sylvan beauty:
Yet none of all the swains who sought her,
Was worthy of the pastor's daughter.

The town-gallants crossed hill and plain,
To seek the groves of her retreat;
And many followed in her train,
To lay their riches at her feet.
But still, for all their arts so wary,
From home they could not lure the fairy.
A maid without a heart they thought her,
And so they left the pastor's daughter.

One balmy eve in dewy spring
A bard became her father's guest:
He struck his harp, and every string
To love vibrated in her breast.
With that true faith which can not falter,
Her hand was given at the alter,
And faithful was the heart he brought her
To wedlock and the pastor's daughter.

How seldom learn the worldly gay
With all their sophistry and art,
The sweet and gentle primrose-way
To woman's fond, devoted heart!
They seek, but never find, the treasure
Revealed in eyes of jet and azure.
To them, like truth in wells of water,
A fable is the pastor's daughter.

Margaretta.

When I was in my teens,
I loved dear Margaretta:
I know not what it means,
I can not now forget her!
That vision of the past
My head is ever crazing;
Yet, when I saw her last,
I could not speak for gazing!
Oh, lingering bud of May!
Dear as when first I met her;
Worn in my heart always,
Life-cherished Margaretta!

We parted near the stile,
As morn was faintly breaking:
For many a weary mile
Oh how my heart was aching!
But distance, time, and change,
Have lost me Margaretta;
And yet 'tis sadly strange
That I can not forget her!
O queen of rural maids—
My dark-eyed Margaretta—
The heart the mind upbraids
That struggles to forget her!

My love, I know, will seem
A wayward, boyish folly;
But, ah! it was a dream
Most sweet—most melancholy.
Were mine the world's domain,
To me 'twere fortune better
To be a boy again,
And dream of Margaretta.
Oh! memory of the past,
Why linger to regret her?
My first love was my last!
And that is Margaretta!

The Colonel.

The Colonel!—Such a creature!
I met him at the ball!—
So fair in form and feature,
And so divinely tall!
He praised my dimpled cheeks and curls,
While whirling through the dance,
And matched me with the dark-eyed girls
Of Italy and France!

He said, in accents thrilling—
"Love's boundless as the sea;
And I, dear maid, am willing
To give up all for thee!"
I heard him—blushed—"Would ask mamma"—
And then my eyes grew dim!
He looked—I said, "Mamma—papa—
I'd give up all for him!"

My governor is rich and old;
This well the Colonel knew.
"Love's wings," he said, "when fringed with gold,
Are beautiful to view!"
I thought his 'havior quite the ton,
Until I saw him stare
When merely told that—brother—John—
Papa—would—make—his—heir!

Next day and the day after
I dressed for him in vain;
Was moved to tears and laughter—
He never came again!
But I have heard, for Widow Dash
He bought the bridal ring;
And he will we her for her cash—
The ugly, hateful thing!

The Sweep's Carol. [See Notes]

Through the streets of New York City,
Blithely every morn,
I carolled o'er my artless ditty,
Cheerly though forlorn!
Before the rosy light, my lay
Was to the maids begun,
Ere winters snows had passed away,
Or smiled the summer sun.
CAROL—O—a—y—e—o!

In summer months I'd fondly woo
Those merry, dark-eyed girls,
With faces of ebon hue,
And teeth like eastern pearls!
One vowed my love she would repay—
Her heart my song had won—
When winter snows had passed away,
And smiled the summer sun.
CAROL—O—a—y—e—o!

A year, alas! had scarcely flown—
Hope beamed but to deceive—
Ere I was left to weep alone,
From morn till dewy eve!
She died one dreary break of day!—
Grief weighs my heart upon!—
In vain the snows may pass away,
Or smile the summer sun.
CAROL—O—a—y—e—o!

The Seasons of Love.

The spring-time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way;
The sky, earth, and ocean,
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is COLEUR DE ROSE.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley,
Their music impart;
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian summer,
The smile of the year!
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings—
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal—
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

My Woodland Bride.

Here upon the mountain-side
Till now we met together;
Here I won my woodland bride,
In flush of summer weather.
Green was then the linden-bough,
This dear retreat that shaded;
Autumn winds are round me now,
And the leaves have faded.

She whose heart was all my own,
In this summer-bower,
With all pleasant things has flown,
Sunbeam, bird, and flower!
But her memory will stay
With me, though we're parted—
From the scene I turn away,
Lone and broken-hearted!

Oh, Think of Me!

Oh, think of me, my own beloved,
Whatever cares beset thee!
And when thou hast the falsehood proved,
Of those with smiles who met thee—
While o'er the sea, think, love, of me,
Who never can forget thee;
Let memory trace the trysting-place,
Where I with tears regret thee.

Bright as you star, within my mind,
A hand unseen hath set thee;
There hath thine image been enshrined,
Since first, dear love, I met thee;
So in thy breast I fain would rest,
If, haply, fate would let me—
And live or die, so thou wert nigh,
To love or to regret me!

My Bark is Out Upon the Sea.

My bark is out upon the sea—
The moon's above;
Her light a presence seems to me
Like woman's love.
My native land I've left behind—
Afar I roam;
In other climes no hearts I'll find
Like those at home.

Of all yon sisterhood of stars,
But one is true:
She paves my path with silver bars,
And beams like you,
Whose purity the waves recall
In music's flow,
As round my bark they rise and fall
In liquid snow.

The fresh'ning breeze now swells our sails!
A storm is on!
The weary moon's dim lustre fails—
The stars are gone!
Not so fades Love's eternal light
When storm-clouds weep;
I know one heart's with me to-night
Upon the deep!

Will Nobody Marry Me?

Heigh-ho! for a husband!—Heigh-ho!
There's danger in longer delay!
Shall I never again have a beau?
Will nobody marry me, pray!
I begin to feel strange, I declare!
With beauty my prospects will fade—
I'd give myself up to despair
If I thought I should die an old maid!

I once cut the beaux in a huff—
I thought it a sin and a shame
That no one had spirit enough
To ask me to alter my name.
So I turned up my nose at the short,
And cast down my eyes at the tall;
But then I just did it in sport—
And now I've no lover at all!

These men are the plague of my life:
'Tis hard from so many to choose!

Should any one wish for a wife,
Could I have the heart to refuse?
I don't know—for none have proposed—
Oh, dear me!—I'm frightened, I vow!
Good gracious! who ever supposed
That I should be single till now?

The Star of Love.

The star of love now shines above,
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves
Its serenade for thee.
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
Their minstrelsy unite,
But all are drear till thou appear
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon,
Though with a milder ray
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
It cheers us on our way.
Thus all that's bright—the moon, the night,
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Exert their powers to bless the hours
We dedicate to thee.

Well-A-Day!

Love comes and goes like a spell!
How, no one knows, nor can tell!
Now here—now there—then away!
None dreameth where!—Well-a-day!

Love should be true as the star
Seen in the blue sky afar!—
Not here—now there—like the lay
Of lutes in th' air!—Well-a-day!

Should love depart, not a tie
Binds up the heart till we die!—
Now here—now there—sad we stray
Life is all care!—Well-a-day!

Not Married Yet!

I'm single yet—I'm single yet!
And years have flown since I came out!
In vain I sigh—in vain I fret—
Ye gods! what are the men about?

I vow I'm twenty!—O ye powers!
A spinster's lot is hard to bear—
On earth alone to pass her hours,
And afterward lead apes—DOWN THERE!

No offer yet—no offer yet!
I'm puzzled quite to make it out:
For every beau my cap I set—
What, what, what ARE the men about?
They don't propose—they WON'T propose,
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say, "Yes!"
Just let them try—for Heaven knows
I'm tired of single-blessedness.

Not married yet—not married yet—
The deuce is in the men, I fear!
I'm like a—something to be let,
And to be LET ALONE—that's clear.
They say, "She's pretty—but no chink—
And love without it runs in debt!"
It agitates my nerves to think
That I have had no offer yet.

Lady of England.

Lady of England—o'er the seas
Thy name was borne on every breeze,
Till all this sunset clime became
Familiar with Victoria's name.

Though seas divide us many miles,
Yet, for the Queen of those fair isles,
Which gave our fathers birth, there roves
A blessing from this Land of Groves.

Our Fatherland!—Fit theme for song!
When thou art named, what memories throng!
Shall England cease our love to claim?
Not while our language is the same.

Scion of kings! so live and reign,
That, when thy nation's swelling strain
Is breathed amid our forests green,
We too may sing, "God save the Queen!"

Oh, This Love!

Music—"Jess Macfarlane."

Oh, this love—this love!

I ains the passion slighted;
But hearts that truly love,
Must break or be united.
Oh, this love!

When first he cam' to woo,
I little cared aboot him;
But seene I felt as though
I could na' live without him.
Oh, this love!

He brought to me the ring,
My hand asked o' my mither—
I could na' bear the thought
That he should we anither.
Oh, this love!

And now I'm a' his ain—
In a' his joys I mingle;
Nae for the wealth of warlds
Wad I again be single!
Oh, this love!

Mary.

One balmy summer night, Mary,
Just as the risen moon
Had thrown aside her fleecy veil,
We left the gay saloon;
And in a green, sequestered spot,
Beneath a drooping tree,
Fond words were breathed, by you forgot,
That still are dear to me, Mary,
That still are dear to me.

Oh, we were happy, then, Mary—
Time lingered on his way,
To crowd a lifetime in a night,
Whole ages in a day!
If star and sun would set and rise
Thus in our after years,
The world would be a paradise,
And not a vale of tears, Mary,
And not a vale of tears.

I live but in the past, Mary—
The glorious day of old!
When love was hoarded in the heart,
As misers hoard their gold:
And often like a bridal train,

To music soft and low,
The by-gone moments cross my brain,
In all their summer glow, Mary,
In all their summer glow.

These visions form and fade, Mary,
As age comes stealing on,
To bring the light and leave the shade
Of days for ever gone!
The poet's brow may wear at last
The bays that round it fall;
But love has rose-buds of the past
Far dearer than them all, Mary,
Far dearer than them all!

The Beam of Devotion.

I never could find a good reason
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season
Be driven unheeded away.
Our cares would wake no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resigned,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best,
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest:
That spirit's the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets, like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.

The Welcome and Farewell.

To meet, and part, as we have met and parted,
One moment cherished and the next forgot,
To wear a smile when almost broken-hearted,
I know full well is hapless woman's lot;
Yet let me, to thy tenderness appealing,
Avert this brief but melancholy doom—
Content that close beside the thorn of feeling,
Grows memory, like a rose, in guarded bloom.

Love's history, dearest, is a sad one ever,
Yet often with a smile I've heard it told!
Oh, there are records of the heart which never
Are to the scrutinizing gaze unrolled!

My eyes to thine may scarce again aspire—
Still in thy memory, dearest let me dwell,
And hush, with this hope, the magnetic wire,
Wild with our mingled welcome and farewell!

'Tis Now the Promised Hour.

A Serenade.

The fountains serenade the flowers,
Upon their silver lute—
And, nestled in their leafy bowers,
The forest-birds are mute:
The bright and glittering hosts above
Unbar their golden gates,
While Nature holds her court of love,
And for her client waits.
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!
'Tis now the promised hour,
When torches kindle in the skies
To light thee to thy bower.
The day we dedicate to care—
To love the witching night;
For all that's beautiful and fair
In hours like these unite.
E'en thus the sweets to flowerets given—
The moonlight on the tree—
And all the bliss of earth and heaven—
Are mingled, love, in thee.
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!
'Tis now the promised hour,
When torches kindle in the skies
To light thee to thy bower!

The Songs of Home.

Oh, sing once more those dear, familiar lays,
Whose gliding measure every bosom thrills,
And takes my heart back to the happy days
When first I sang them on my native hills!
With the fresh feelings of the olden times,
I hear them now upon a foreign shore—
The simple music and the artless rhymes!
Oh, sing those dear, familiar lays once more,
Those cheerful lays of other days—
Oh, sing those cheerful lays once more!

Oh, sing once more those joy-provoking strains,
Which, half forgotten, in my memory dwell;
They send the life-blood bounding thro' my veins,

And linger round me like a fairy spell.
The songs of home are to the human heart
Far dearer than the notes that song-birds pour,
And of our very nature form a part:
Then sing those dear, familiar lays once more!
Those cheerful lays of other days—
Oh, sing those cheerful lays once more!

Masonic Hymn.

Our Order, like the ark of yore,
Upon the raging sea was tossed;
Secure amid the billow's roar,
It moved, and nothing has been lost.

When elements discordant seek
To wreck what God in mercy saves,
The struggle is as vain and weak
As that of the retiring waves.

The Power who bade the waters cease,
The Pilot of the Pilgrim Band,
He gave the gentle dove of peace
The branch she bore them from the land.

In him alone we put our trust,
With heart and hand and one accord,
Ascribing, with the true and just,
All "holiness unto the Lord."

The Dismissed.

"I suppose she was right in rejecting my suit,
But why did she kick me down stairs?"
Halleck's "Discarded."

The wing of my spirit is broken,
My day-star of hope has declined;
For a month not a word have I spoken
That's either polite or refined.
My mind's like the sky in bad weather,
When mist-clouds around us are curled:
And, viewing myself altogether,
I'm the veriest wretch in the world!

I wander about like a vagrant—
I spend half my time in the street;
My conduct's improper and flagrant,
For I quarrel with all that I meet.
My dress, too, is wholly neglected,

My hat I pull over my brow,
And I look like a fellow suspected
Of wishing to kick up a row.

In vain I've endeavored to borrow
From friends "some material aid"—
For my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad my acquaintances flout me,
The ladies cry, "Bless us, look there!"
And the little boys cluster about me,
And sensible citizens stare.

One says, "He's a victim to cupid;"
Another, "His conduct's too bad;"
A third, "He is awfully stupid;"
A fourth, "He is perfectly mad!"—
And then I am watched like a bandit,
Mankind with me all are at strife:
By heaven no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life!

I've thought of the means—yet I shudder
At dagger or ratsbane or rope;
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
At razor without any soap!
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with ECLAT?
But to die with a bullet is cruel—
Besides 'twould be breaking the law!

Yet one way remains: to the river
I'll fly from the goadings of care!—
But drown?—oh, the thought makes me shiver—
A terrible death, I declare!
Ah, no!—I'll once more see my Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain—
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again.

Lord of the Castle.

"Lord of the castle! oh, where goest thou?
Why is the triumph of pride on thy brow?"
"Pilgrim, my bridal awaits me to-day,
Over the mountains away and away."

"Flora in beauty and solitude roves,
List'ning for thee in the shade of the groves."
"Pilgrim, I hasten her truth to repay,

Over the mountains away and away.”

”Guided by honor, how brilliant the road
Leading from cottage to castle abode!”
”Pilgrim, its dictates I learned to obey,
Over the mountains away and away.”

The Fallen Brave. [See Notes]

From Cypress and from laurel boughs
Are twined, in sorrow and in pride,
The leaves that deck the mouldering brows
Of those who for their country died:
In sorrow, that the sable pall
Enfolds the valiant and the brave;
In pride that those who nobly fall
Win garlands that adorn the grave.

The onset—the pursuit—the roar
Of victory o’er the routed foe—
Will startle from their rest no more
The fallen brave of Mexico.
To God alone such spirits yield!
He took them in their strength and bloom,
When gathering, on the tented field,
The garlands woven for the tomb.

The shrouded flag—the drooping spear—
The muffled drum—the solemn bell—
The funeral train—the dirge—the bier—
The mourners’ sad and last farewell—
Are fading tributes to the worth
Of those whose deeds this homage claim;
But Time, who mingles them with earth
Keeps green the garlands of their fame.

Song of the Troubadour.

In Imitation of the Lays of the Olden Time.

”Come, list to the lay of the olden time,”
A troubadour sang on a moonlit stream:
”The scene is laid in a foreign clime,
”A century back—and love is the theme.”
Love was the theme of the troubadour’s rhyme,
Of lady and lord of the olden time

”At an iron-barred turret, a lady fair
”Knelt at the close of the vesper-chime:
”Her beads she numbered in silent prayer

"For one far away, whom to love was her crime.
"Love," sang the troubadour, "love was a crime,
"When fathers were stern, in the olden time.

"The warder had spurned from the castle gate
"The minstrel who wooed her in flowing rhyme—
"He came back from battle in regal estate—
"The bard was a prince of the olden time.
"Love," said the troubadour, "listened to rhyme,
"And welcomed the bard of the olden time.

"The prince in disguise had the lady sought;
"To chapel they hied in their rosy prime:
"Thus worth won a jewel that wealth never bought,
"A fair lady's heart of the olden time.
"The moral," the troubadour sang, "of my rhyme,
"Was well understood in the olden time."

Champions of Liberty. [See Notes]

The pride of all our chivalry,
The name of Worth will stand,
While throbs the pulse of liberty
Within his native land:
The wreath his brow was formed to wear,
A nation's tears will freshen there.

The young companion of his fame,
In war and peace allied,
With garlands woven round his name,
Reposes at his side:
Duncan, whose deeds for evermore
Will live amid his cannon's roar.

Gates, in his country's quarrel bold,
When she to arms appealed,
Sought like the Christian knights of old,
His laurels on the field:
Where victory rent the welkin-dome,
He earned—a sepulchre at home.

The drum-beat of the bannered brave,
The requiem and the knell,
The volley o'er the soldier's grave,
His comrades' last farewell,
Are tributes rendered to the dead,
And sermons to the living read.

But there's a glory brighter far
Than all that earth has given;

A beacon, like the index-star,
That points the way to heaven:
It is a life well spent—its close
The cloudless sundown of repose.

That such was theirs for whom we mourn,
These obsequies attest;
And though in sorrow they are borne
Unto their final rest,
A guide will their example be
To future champions of the free.

The Hunter's Carol.

A merry life does the hunter lead!
He wakes with the dawn of day;
He whistles his dog—he mounts his steed,
And scuds to the woods away!
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds along;
And his rifle startles the cheerful lark
As he carols his morning song!

The hunter's life is the life for me!—
That is the life for a man!
Let others sing of a home on the sea,
But match me the woods if you can!
Then give me a gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer as they bound along!—
My steed, dog, and gun, and the cheerful lark
To carol my morning song!

Washington's Monument.

A monument to Washington?
A tablet graven with his name?—
Green be the mound it stands upon,
And everlasting as his fame!

His glory fills the land—the plain,
The moor, the mountain, and the mart!
More firm than column, urn, or fane,
His monument—the human heart.

The Christian—patriot—hero—sage!
The chief from heaven in mercy sent;
His deeds are written on the age—
His country is his monument.

"The sword of Gideon and the Lord"

Was mighty in his mighty hand—
The God who guided he adored,
And with His blessing freed the land.

The first in war—the first in peace—
The first in hearts that freeman own;
Unparalleled till time shall cease—
He lives immortal and alone.

Yet let the rock-hewn tower arise,
High to the pathway of the sun,
And speak to the approving skies
Our gratitude to Washington.

The Sister's Appeal.

A Fragment.

You remember—don't you, brother—
In our early years,
The counsels of our poor, dear mother,
And her hopes and fears?
She told us to love one another—
Brother, dry your tears!

We are only two, dear brother,
In his babel wide!
In the churchyard sleeps poor mother,
By our father's side!—
Then let us cherish one another
Till in death we bide.

Song of the Reapers.

Joyous the carol that rings in the mountains,
While the cleared vales are refreshed by the fountains—
After the harvest the cheerful notes fall,
And all the glad reapers re-echo the call!
La ra la la, &c.

Oh, how the heart bounds at that simple refrain!
Dear haunts of my childhood, I'm with you again!
Green be your valleys, enriched by the rills,
And long may that carol be sung on your hills!
La ra la la, &c.

Walter Gay.

To know a man well, it is said, Walter Gay,
On shipboard with him you should be:
If this maxim's true, then well I know you,
For we sailed together the sea, Walter Gay,
For we sailed together the sea.

I now watch the star from the strand, Walter Gay,
As oft from the surge I did then:
Like that all alone you sparkled and shone,
The clear northern star among men, Walter Gay,
The clear northern star among men!

May your future course, like the past, Walter Gay,
From wreck and misfortune be free:
your sorrows and care fade into the air,
Or vanish like foam on the sea, Walter Gay,
Or vanish like foam on the sea!

The friendship that's formed on the wave, Walter Gay,
Is deeper than plummet may sound:
That can not decay till we lose our way,
Or death runs the vessel aground, Walter Gay,
Or death runs the vessel aground!

When life's voyage ends, may your bark, Walter Gay
Spread sail like the wings of a dove—
And, when lulls the wind, safe anchorage find
Within the good harbor above, Walter Gay,
Within the good harbor above!

Grounds for Divorce.

He.

What can a man do when a woman's perverse,
And determined to have her own way?

She.

At the altar you took me for better or worse:
Am I worse than you took me for—say,
Silly elf?—
Am I worse than you took me for, say?

He.

For an angel I took you in beauty and worth—
The PRIEST a mere woman has given!

She.

A MAN would prefer a true woman on earth,
To all the bright angels in heaven—
Silly elf!—
To all the bright angels in heaven!

He.

You are ever ready my feelings to hurt
At the veriest trifle, of course.

She.

Forgetting a button to sew on your shirt
You deem a good ground for divorce—
Silly elf!—
You deem a good ground for divorce!

He.

Well, marriage a lottery is, and a blank
Some men surely draw all their lives.

She.

Such fellows as you, sir, themselves have to thank;
Good husbands make always good wives—
Silly elf!—
GOOD HUSBANDS MAKE ALWAYS GOOD WIVES!

Temperance Song.

(Written for the lady by whom it was sung.)

Air—"Some love to roam."

Some love to stroll where the wassail-bowl
And the wine-cups circle free;
None of that band shall win my hand:
No! a sober spouse for me.
Like cheerful streams when morning beams,
With him my life would flow;
Not down the crags, the drunkard drags
His wife to want and wo!
Oh! no, no, no!—oh! no, no, no!

At midnight dark, the drunkard mark—
Oh, what a sight, good lack!

As home draws near, to him appear
Grim fiends who cross his track!
His children's name he dooms to shame—
His wife to want and wo;
She is betrayed, for wine is made
Her rival and her foe.
Oh! no, no, no!—oh! no, no, no!

Boat-Song.

Pull away merrily—over the waters!
Bend to your oars for the wood-tangled shore;
We're off and afloat with earth's loveliest daughters,
Worth all the argosies wave ever bore.
Pull away gallantly—pull away valiantly—
Pull with a swoop, boys; and pull for the shore:
Merrily, merrily, bend to the oar!

Pull away cheerily!—land is before us—
Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray;
The sky, like the spirit of love, bending o'er us,
Lights her bright torches to show us the way.
Pull away charily—pull away warily—
Pull with a nerve, boys; together give way:
Merrily, merrily, pull to the lay!

Pull away heartily—light winds are blowing,
Crisping the ripples that dance at our side;
The moon bathes in silver the path we are going,
And night is arrayed in her robes like a bride.
Pull away readily—pull away steadily—
Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide
Merrily, merrily, over the tide!

Willie.

I clasp your hand in mine, Willie,
And fancy I've the art
To see, while gazing in your face,
What's passing in your heart:
'Tis joy an honest man to hold,
That gem of modest worth,
More prized than all the sordid gold
Of all the mines of earth, Willie,
Of all the mines of earth.

I've marked your love or right, Willie,
Your proud disdain of wrong;
I know you'd rather aid the weak
Than battle for the strong.

The golden rule—religion's stay—
With constancy pursue,
Which renders others all that they
On earth can render you, Willie,
On earth can render you.

A conscience void of guile, Willie,
A disposition kind,
A nature, gentle and sincere,
Accomplished and refined:
A mind that was not formed to bow,
An aspiration high,
Are written on your manly brow,
And in your cheerful eye, Willie,
And in your cheerful eye.

I never look at you, Willie,
But with an anxious prayer
That you will ever be to me
What now I know you are.
I do not find a fault to chide,
A foible to annoy,
For you are all your father's pride,
And all your mother's joy, Willie,
And all your mother's joy.

You're all that I could hope, Willie,
And more than I deserve;
Your pressure of affection now
I feel in every nerve.
I love you—not for station—land—
But for yourself alone:
And this is why I clasp your hand,
So fondly in my own, Willie,
So fondly in my own.

The Rock of the Pilgrims. [See Note]

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for Thee.
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by Thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in Thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,

A beacon-light swung in their mansion above.
In church and cathedral we kneel in OUR prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—
But God is the same in the isle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

Years Ago.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.

Now we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know—
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago!

Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not;
They're the same in weal or wo;
And that star of memory set not
In the grave of years ago.

The Soldier's Welcome Home. [See Notes]

(Written upon the return of General Scott from his brilliant Mexican campaign.)

Victorious the hero returns from the wars,
His brow bound with laurels that never will fade,
While streams the free standard of stripes and of stars,
Whose field in the battle the foeman dismayed.
When the Mexican hosts in their fury came on,
Like a tower of strength in his might he arose,
Where danger most threatened his banner was borne,
Waving hope to his friends and despair to his foes!

The soldier of honor and liberty hail!
His deeds in the temple of Fame are enrolled;
His precepts, like flower-seeds sown by the gale,
Take root in the hearts of the valiant and bold.
The warrior's escutcheon his foes seek to blot,
But vain is the effort of partisan bands—
For freemen will render full justice to SCOTT,
And welcome him home with their hearts in their hands.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle. [See Note]

Once in a time old Johnny Bull
Flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have
No trials, sir, by jury;
That no elections should be held
Across the briny waters:
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea
Of all his sons and daughters."
Then down he sate in burly state,
And blustered like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune
Called "Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle"—these are the facts—
"Yankee doodle dandy;
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax—
You—Yankee doodle dandy!"

John sent the tea from o'er the sea
With heavy duties rated;
But whether hyson or bohea,
I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began—
He laid a strong embargo—
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!"—so he
Threw overboard the cargo.
Next Johnny sent an armament,
Big looks and words to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land,
Played—"Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle—keep it up!
Yankee doodle dandy!
I'll poison with a tax your cup—
You—Yankee doodle dandy!"

A long war then they had, in which
John was at last defeated;
And "Yankee doodle" was the march
To which his troops retreated.
Young Jonathan, to see them fly,
Could not restrain his laughter:
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T,
I'll sing it ever after!"
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace,
Was flushed with beer and brandy,
E'en while he swore to sing no more
This—"Yankee doodle dandy."
Yankee doodle—ho! ha! he!

Yankee doodle dandy—
We kept the tune, but not the tea,
Yankee doodle dandy!

I've told you now the origin
Of this most lively ditty,
Which Johnny Bull pronounces "dull
And silly!"—what a pity!
With "Hail Columbia!" it is sung,
In chorus full and hearty—
On land and main we breathe the strain,
John made for his tea-party.
No matter how we rhyme the words,
The music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air
Of "Yankee doodle dandy!"
"Yankee doodle—firm and true—
Yankee doodle dandy,
Yankee doodle, doodle doo!
Yankee doodle dandy!"

Lines

On the Burial of Mrs. Mary L. Ward, at Dale Cemetery, Sing-Sing, May 3,
1853.

The knell was tolled—the requiem sung,
The solemn burial-service read;
And tributes from the heart and tongue
Were rendered to the dead.

The dead?—Religion answers, "No!
She is not dead—She can not die!
A mortal left this vale of wo!—
An angel lives on high!"

The earth upon her coffin-lid
Sounded a hollow, harsh adieu!
The mound arose, and she was hid
For ever from the view!

For ever?—Drearly the thought
Passed, like an ice-bolt, through the brain;
When Faith the recollection brought
That we shall meet again.

The mourners wound their silent way
Adown the mountain's gentle slope,
Which, basking in the smile of May,
Looked cheerfully as hope.

As hope?—What hope?—That boundless One
God in His love and mercy gave;
Which brightens, with salvation's sun,
The darkness of the grave.

New-York in 1826. [See Notes]

(Address of the carrier of the New-York Mirror, on the first day of the year.)

Air—"Songs of Shepherds and Rustical Roundelays."

Two years have elapsed since the verse of S. W. [See Notes]
Met your bright eyes like a fanciful gem;
With that kind of stanza the muse will now trouble you,
She often frolics with one G. P. M.
As New Year approaches, she whispers of coaches,
And lockets and broaches [See Notes], without any end,
Of sweet rosy pleasure, of joy without measure,
And plenty of leisure to share with a friend.

'Tis useless to speak of the griefs of society—
They overtake us in passing along;
And public misfortunes, in all their variety,
Need not be told in a holyday song.
The troubles of Wall-street, I'm sure that you all meet,
And they're not at all sweet—but look at their pranks:
Usurious cravings, and discounts and shavings,
With maniac ravings and Lombardy banks. [See Notes]

'Tis useless to speak of our dealers in cotton too,
Profits and losses but burden the lay;
The failure of merchants should now be forgotten too,
Nor sadden the prospects of this festive day.
Though Fortune has cheated the hope near completed,
And cruelly treated the world mercantile,
The poet's distresses, when Fortune oppresses,
Are greater, he guesses—but still he can smile.

'Tis useless to speak of the gas-lights [See Notes] so beautiful,
Shedding its beams through "the mist of the night;"
Eagles and tigers and elephants, dutiful,
Dazzle the vision with columns of light.
The lamb and the lion—ask editor Tryon,
His word you'll rely on—are seen near the Park,
From which such lights flow out, as wind can not blow out,
Yet often they go out, and all's in the dark.

'Tis useless to speak of the seats on the Battery [See Notes],
They're too expensive to give to the town;

Then our aldermen think it such flattery,
If the public have leave to sit down!
Our fortune to harden, they show Castle Garden—
Kind muses, your pardon, but rhyme it I must—
Where soldiers were drilling, you now must be willing
To pay them a shilling—so down with the dust.

'Tis useless to speak of our writers poetical [See Notes],
Of Halleck and Bryant and Woodworth, to write;
There are others, whose trades are political—
Snowden and Townsend and Walker and Dwight.
There's Lang the detector, and Coleman the hector,
And Noah the protector and judge of the Jews,
And King the accuser, and Stone the abuser,
And Grim the confuser of morals and news.

'Tis useless to speak of the many civilities
Shown to Fayette [See Notes] in this country of late,
Or even to mention the splendid abilities
Clinton possesses for ruling the state.
The union of water and Erie's bright daughter
Since Neptune has caught her they'll sever no more;
And Greece and her troubles (the rhyme always doubles)
Have vanished like bubbles that burst on the shore.

'Tis useless to speak of Broadway and the Bowery,
Both are improving and growing so fast!
Who would have thought that old Stuyvesant's dowery
Would hold in its precincts a play-house [See Notes] at last?
Well, wonder ne'er ceases, but daily increases,
And pulling to pieces, the town to renew,
So often engages the thoughts of our sages,
That when the fit rages, what will they not do?

'Tis useless to speak of the want of propriety
In forming our city so crooked and long;
Our ancestors, bless them, were fond of variety—
'Tis naughty to say that they ever were wrong!
Tho' strangers may grumble, and thro' the streets and stumble,
Take care they don't tumble through crevices small,
For trap-doors we've plenty, on sidewalk and entry,
And no one stands sentry to see they don't fall.

'Tis useless to speak of amusements so various,
Of opera-singers [See Notes] that few understand;
Of Kean's [See Notes] reputation, so sadly precarious
When he arrived in this prosperous land.
The public will hear him—and hark! how they cheer him!
Though editors jeer him—we all must believe
He pockets the dollars of sages and scholars:

Of course then it follows—he laughs in his sleeve.

'Tis useless to speak—but just put on your spectacles,
Read about Chatham, and Peale's [See Notes] splendid show:
There's Scudder and Dunlap—they both have receptacles
Which, I assure you, are now all the go.
'Tis here thought polite too, should giants delight you,
And they should invite you, to look at their shapes;
To visit their dwelling, where Indians are yelling,
And handbills are telling of wonderful apes!

'Tis useless to speak of the din that so heavily
Fell on our senses as midnight drew near;
Trumpets and bugles and conch-shells, so cleverly
Sounded the welkin with happy New Year!
With jewsharps and timbrels, and musical thimbles,
Tin-platters for cymbals, and frying-pans too;
Dutch-ovens and brasses, and jingles and glasses,
With reeds of all classes, together they blew! [See Notes]

Then since it is useless to speak about anything
All have examined and laid on the shelf,
Perhaps it is proper to say now and then a thing
Touching the "Mirror" [See Notes]—the day—and myself.
Our work's not devoted, as you may have noted,
To articles quoted from books out of print;
Instead of the latter, profusely we scatter
Original matter that's fresh from the mint.

Patrons, I greet you with feelings of gratitude;
Ladies, to please you is ever my care—
Nor wish I, on earth, for a sweeter beatitude,
If I but bask in the smiles of the fair.
Such bliss to a poet is precious—you know it—
And while you bestow it, the heart feels content:
Your bounty has made us, and still you will aid us,
But some have not paid us—we hope they'll repent!

For holyday pleasure, why these are the times for it;
Pardon me, then, for so trifling a lay;
This stanza shall end it, if I can find rhymes for it—
May you, dear patrons, be happy to-day!
Tho' life is so fleeting, and pleasure so cheating,
That we are oft meeting with accidents here,
Should Fate seek to dish you, oh then may the issue
Be what I now wish you—A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Hero's Legacy.

Upon the couch of death,

The champion of the free,
Gave, with his parting breath,
This solemn legacy:—
"Sheathed be the battle-blade,
"And hushed the cannons' thunder:
"The glorious UNION GOD hath made,
"Let no man put asunder!
"War banish from the land,
"Peace cultivate with all!
"United you must stand,
"Divided you will fall!
"Cemented with our blood,
"The UNION keep unriven!"
While freemen heard this counsel good,
His spirit soared to heaven.

What Can It Mean?

(Written for Miss Poole, and sung by her in the character of cowslip.)

I'm much too young to marry,
For I am only seventeen;
Why think I, then, of Harry?
What can it mean—what can it mean?

Wherever Harry meets me,
Beside the brook or on the green,
How tenderly he greets me!
What can it mean—what can it mean?

Whene'er my name he utters,
A blush upon my cheek is seen!—
His voice my bosom flutters!—
What can it mean—what can it mean?

If he but mentions Cupid,
Or, smiling, calls me "fairy queen,"
I sigh, and look so stupid!—
What can it mean—what can it mean?

Oh, mercy! what can ail me?
I'm growing wan and very lean;
My spirits often fail me!
What can it mean—what can it mean?

I'm not in love!—No!—Smother
Such a thought at seventeen!
I'll go and ask my mother—
"What can it mean—what can it mean?"

Where Hudson's Wave.

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star!
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain-birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
Yet Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow;
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crowned highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam:
O for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home!

Au Revoir.

Love left one day his leafy bower,
And roamed in sportive vein,
Where Vanity had built a tower,
For Fashion's sparkling train.
The mistress to see he requested,
Of one who attended the door:
"Not home," said the page, who suggested
That he'd leave his card.—"Au Revoir."

Love next came to a lowly bower:
A maid who knew no guile,
Unlike the lady of the tower,
Received him with a smile.
Since then the cot beams with his brightness
Though often at Vanity's door
Love calls, merely out of politeness,
And just leaves his card.—"Au Revoir."

To My Absent Daughter.

Georgie, come home!—Life's tendrils cling about thee,
Where'er thou art, by wayward fancy led.
We miss thee, love!—Home is not home without thee—
The light and glory of the house have fled:
The autumn shiver of the linden-tree
Is like the pang that thrills my frame for thee!

Georgie, come home!—To parents, brother, sister
Thy place is vacant in this lonely hall,
Where shines the river through the "Jeannie Vista,"
While twilight shadows lengthen on the wall:
Our spirits falter at the close of day,
And weary night moves tardily away.

Georgie, come home!—The winds and waves are singing
The mournful music of their parting song,
To soul and sense the sad forboding bringing,
Some ill detains thee in the town so long:
Oh, that the morn may dissipate the fear,
And bring good tidings of my daughter dear!

Georgie, come home!—The forest leaves are falling,
And dreary visions in thy absence come;
The fountain on the hill in vain is calling
Thee, my beloved one, to thy woodland home.
And I imagine every passing breeze
Whispers thy name among the moaning trees!

Georgie, come home!—Thy gentle look can banish
The gathering gloom round this once cheerful hearth;
In thy sweet presence all our care will vanish,
And sorrow soften into mellow mirth.
Return, my darling, never more to roam:
Heart of the Highlands!—Georgie, dear, come home!

Song of the Sewing-Machine

I'm the Iron Needle-Woman!
Wrought of sterner stuff than clay;
And, unlike the drudges human,
Never weary night or day;
Never shedding tears of sorrow,
Never mourning friends untrue,
Never caring for the morrow,
Never begging work to do.

Poverty brings no disaster!
Merrily I glide along,
For no thankless, sordid master,

Ever seeks to do me wrong:
No extortioners oppress me,
No insulting words I dread—
I've no children to distress me
With unceasing cries for bread.

I'm of hardy form and feature,
For endurance framed aright;
I'm not pale misfortune's creature,
Doomed life's battle here to fight:
Mine's a song of cheerful measure,
And no under-currents flow
To destroy the throb of pleasure
Which the poor so seldom know.

In the hall I hold my station,
With the wealthy ones of earth,
Who commend me to the nation
For economy and worth,
While unpaid the female labor,
In the attic-chamber lone,
Where the smile of friend or neighbor
Never for a moment shone.

My creation is a blessing
To the indigent secured,
Banishing the cares distressing
Which so many have endured:
Mine are sinews superhuman,
Ribs of oak and nerves of steel—
I'm the Iron Needle-Woman
Born to toil and not to feel.

My Lady Waits for Me.

Suggested by a popular German melody.

My lady waits!—'Tis now the hour
When morn unbars her gates!—
My vessel glides beneath the tower
Where now my lady waits.
Her signal flutters from the wall,
Above the friendly sea!
I live but to obey her call!
My lady waits for me.
My lady waits—for me she waits,
While morning opes her golden gates.

My lady waits!—No fairer flower
E'er deck'd the floral grove,

Than she, the pride of hall and bower,
The lady of my love!
The eastern hills are flecked with light,
The land-breeze curls the sea!
By love and truth sustained, for flight,
My lady waits for me.
My lady waits—for me she waits,
While morning opes her golden gates.

Music.

The wind-harp has music it moans to the tree,
And so has the shell that complains to the sea,
The lark that sings merrily over the lea,
The reed of the rude shepherd boy!
We revel in music when day has begun,
When rock-fountains gush into glee as they run,
And stars of the morn sing their hymns to the sun,
Who brightens the hill-tops with joy!

The spirit of melody floats in the air,
Her instruments tuning to harmony there,
Our senses beguiling from sorrow and care,
In blessings sent down from above!
But Nature has music far more to my choice—
And all in her exquisite changes rejoice!
No tones thrill my heart like the dear human voice
When breathed by the being I love!

The Millionaire.

In the upper circles
Moves a famous man
Who has had no equal
Since the world began.
He was once a broker
Down by the exchange;
He is now a nabob—
Don't you think it strange?

In his low back office,
Near the Bowling Green,
With his brother brokers
He was often seen;—
Shaving and discounting,
Dabbling in the stocks,
He achieved a fortune
Of a million ROCKS!

Next he formed a marriage

With a lady fair,
And his splendid carriage
Bowled about THE square,
Where his spacious mansion
Like a palace stood,
Envied and admired
By the multitude.

Then he took the tour
Of the continent,
Bearer of dispatches
From the President:
A legation button
By permission wore,
And became that worthy,
An official bore.

Charmed with foreign countries,
Lots of coin to spend,
He a house in London
Took a the West End,
Where he dwelt a season,
And in grandeur shone,
But to all the beau monde
Utterly unknown.

England then was "foggy,
And society
Too aristocratic"
For his-pedigree:
So he crossed the channel
To escape the BLUES,
And became the idol
Of the parvenues.

"Dear, delightful Paris!"
He would often say:
"Every earthly pleasure
One can have for-pay.
Wealth gives high position;
But when money's tight,
Man is at a discount,
And it serves him right."

After years of study
How to cut a dash,
He came home embellished
With a huge-moustache!
Now he is a lion,
All the rage up town,

And gives gorgeous parties
Supervised by–Brown!

The almighty dollar
Is, no doubt, divine,
And he worships daily
At that noble shrine;
Fashion is his idol,
Money is his god,
And they both together
Rule him like a rod.

Books, and busts, and pictures,
Are with him a card–
While abroad he bought them
Cheaply–by the yard!
But his sumptuous dinners,
To a turn quite right,
With his boon companions,
Are his chief delight.

Thee his wit and wassail,
Like twin-currents flow
In his newest stories,
Published–long ago.
His enchanted hearers
Giggle till they weep,
As it is their duty
Till they–fall asleep.

On his carriage panel
Is a blazoned crest,
With a Latin motto
Given him–in jest.
His black coach and footman,
Dressed in livery,
Every day at Stewart's
Many crowd to see.

Well–in upper-ten-dom
Let him rest in peace,
And may his investments
Cent, per cent, increase:
Though on earth for no one
Cares the millionaire,
So does NOT exactly

His devoted-heir!

There's a useful moral
Woven with my rhyme,
Which may be considered
At-some other time:
Crockery is not porcelain-
It is merely delf-
And the kind most common
Is the man himself.

In Memory of Charles H. Sandford.

He died, as he had lived, beloved,
Without an enemy on earth;
In word and deed he breathed and moved
The soul of honor and of worth:
His hand was open as the day,
His bearing high, his nature brave;
And, when from life he passed away,
Our hearts went with him to the grave.

What desolation filled our home
When death from us our treasure bore!-
Oh! for the better world to come
Where we shall meet to part no more!
The hope of THAT sustains us now,
In THAT we trust on bended knee,
While thus around his faded brow
We twine the wreath of memory.

Seventy-Six.

Before the Battle.

The clarion call of liberty
Rings on the startled gales!
The rising hills reverberate
The rising of the vales!
Through all the land the thrilling shout
Swift as an arrow goes!
Columbia's champions arm and out
To battle with her foes!

After the Battle

The bugle-song of victory
Is vocal in the air!

The strains, by warrior-voices breathed,
Are echoed by the fair!
The eagle, with the wreath, blood-bought,
Soars proudly to the sun,
Proclaiming the "good fight is fought,
And the great victory won!"

A Parody.

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
We caught a cod the other day;
He never had been there before,
And wished that he had stayed away.
We laid him on the beach to dry,
Then served him frizzled on a dish,
A warning to the smaller fry,
As well as all the larger fish.

O-o-o-o!

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
We caught a cod the other day;
He never had been there before,
And wished that he had stayed away.

Oh, 'twas a scaly thing to haul
This tom-cod from his native spray,
And thus to frighten, one and all,
The finny tribe from Rockaway!
They shun the fisher's hook and line,
And never venture near his net,
So, when at Rockaway you dine,
Now not a thing but clams you get!

O-o-o-o!

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
We caught a cod the other day;
He never had been there before,
And wished that he had stayed away!

Should critics at my ballad carp,
To them this simple truth I'll say,
The grammar's quite as good as Sharp
Wrote on the beach of Rockaway:
The tune's the same that Russell cribbed
With the addition of his O,
Which makes it, or the singer fibbed,
Original and all the go-

O-o-o-o!

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
We caught a cod the other day;
He never had been there before,
And wished that he had stayed away!

The Stag-Hunt.

The morning is breaking—
The stag is away!
The hounds and the hunters
The signal obey!
The horn bids the echoes
Awake as we go,
And nature is jocund
With hark!—tally-ho!
Hark away!
Tally-ho!

Hark forward!—Tantivy!—
The woodland resounds
With shouts of the sportsmen
To cheer on the hounds!
The horse and his rider,
The deer and his foe,
Dash by to the music
Of hark!—tally-ho!
(He's at bay!)
Tally-ho!

Deliver Us From Evil.

Deliver us from evil, Heavenly Father!
It still besets us wheresoe'er we go!
Bid the bright rays of revelation gather
To light the darkness in our way of wo!
Remove the sin that stains our souls—for ever!
Out doubts dispel—our confidence restore!
Write thy forgiveness on our hearts, and never
Let us in vain petition for it more.

Release us from the sorrows that attend us!
Our nerves are torn—at every vein we bleed!
Almighty Parent! with thy strength befriend us!
Else we are helpless in our time of need!
Sustain us, Lord, with thy pure Holy Spirit—
New vigor give to Nature's faltering frame;
And, at life's close, permit us to inherit
The hope that's promised in the Saviour's name.

Union.

This word beyond all others,
Makes us love our country most,
Makes us feel that we are brothers,

And a heart-united host!—
With hosanna let our banner
From the house-tops be unfurled,
While the nation holds her station
With the mightiest of the world!
Take your harps from silent willows,
Shout the chorus of the free;
"States are all distinct as billows,
Union one—as is the sea!"

From the land of groves that bore us
He's a traitor who would swerve!
By the flag now waving o'er us
We the compact will preserve!
Those who gained it and sustained it,
Were unto each other true,
And the fable well is able
To instruct us what to do!
Take your harps from silent willows,
Shout the chorus of the free;
"States are all distinct as billows,
Union one—as is the sea!"

We Part For Ever

Fare thee well—we part for ever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Other skies may bend above thee,
Other hearts may seek thy shrine,
But no other e'er will love thee
With the constancy of mine.
Yet farewell—we part for ever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

Like the shadow on the dial
Lingers still our parting kiss!
Life has no severer trial,
Death no pang to equal this.
All the world is now before thee,
Every clime to roam at will,
But within the land that bore thee,
One fond heart will love thee still.
Yet farewell—we part for ever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,

Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

Come to Me in Cherry-time.

Come to me in cherry-time,
And, as twilight closes,
We will have a merry time,
Here among the roses!
When the breezes crisp the tide,
And the lindens quiver,
In our bark we'll safely glide
Down the rocky river!

When the stars, with quiet ray,
All the hill-tops brighten,
Cherry-ripe we'll sing and play
Where the cherries ripen!
Then come to me in cherry-time,
And, as twilight closes,
We will have a merry time
Here among the roses.

On the Death of Mrs. Jessie Willis.

After life's eventful mission,
In her truthfulness and worth,
Like a calm and gentle vision
She has passed away from earth.

Lovely she in frame and feature!
Blended purity and grace!—
The Creator in the creature
Glowed in her expressive face!

Angel of a nature human!
Essence of a celestial love!
Heart and soul of trusting woman,
Gone to her reward above!

Mourners, dry your tears of sorrow—
Read the golden promise o'er;
There will dawn a cheerful morrow
When we meet to part no more.

Thank God for Pleasant Weather.

Thank God for pleasant weather!
Chant it, merry rills!
And clap your hands together,

Ye exulting hills!
Thank Him, teeming valley!
Thank Him, fruitful plain!
For the golden sunshine,
And the silver rain.

Thank God, of good the giver!
Shout it, sportive breeze!
Respond, oh, tuneful river!
To the nodding tees.
Thank Him, bud and birdling!
As ye grow and sing!
Mingle in thanksgiving
Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,
In a glow of love,
For what we here inherit,
And our hopes above!—
Universal Nature
Revels in her birth,
When God, in pleasant weather,
Smiles upon the earth!

The Master's Song.

Written for the freemasons of St. John's Lodge No. 1, New York.

Members of an order
Ancient as the earth;
All within our border
Realize its worth.
Genial is the greeting
That awaits us there,
On the level meeting,
Parting on the square.
Like the workmen olden,
Who our craft designed,
We the precept golden
Ever bear in mind.

Masons never falter,
We each other know,
As around the altar
Hand in hand we go;
Loud hosannas singing
To our Source above,
And heart-offerings bringing
To the God of Love.
Like the workmen olden,

Who our craft designed,
We the precept golden
Ever bear in mind.

There's a mystic beauty
In our working plan,
Teaching man his duty
To his fellow man:
As a band of brothers,
Ever just and true,
Do we unto others
As we'd have them do.
Like the workmen olden,
Who our craft designed,
We the precept golden
Ever bear in mind.

The Missing Ship.

She left the port in gallant style,
With sails and streamers full and free!
I watched her course for many a mile
Far out upon the distant sea!
At dusk she lessened to a speck,
And then I could not trace her more!
Sad hearts were beating on her deck,
Sad hearts were beating on the shore.

Two of the outward bound I knew,
One beautiful, the other brave—
The master worthy, and the crew
Born to contend with wind and wave:
For travel some, and some for gain,
And some for health had gone abroad;
Our prayers were with them on the main,
God-speed the ship and all on board!

That vessel never reached the land!
No tidings of her ever came!
Those who beheld her leave the strand,
For years in anguish heard her name!
And even now in vain they try
To breathe it with a tranquil lip,
Or hide the moisture of the eye
While speaking of that missing ship.

Jeannie Marsh.

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley,
At whose call the muses rally;

Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.
She minds me of her native scenes,
Where she was born among the cherries;
Of peaches, plums, and nectarines,
Pears, apricots, and ripe strawberries.

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley,
In whose name the muses rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.
A sylvan nymph of queenly grace,
A goddess she in form and feature;
The sweet expression of the place,
A dimple in the smile of nature.

Lucy.

Thanks for your stanzas, Lucy,
My sister dear in song!
How many pleasant fancies
With these sweet numbers throng,
Which, like spring's tuneful brooklets,
Trip merrily along.

Sometimes, my sportive Lucy,
Your words will whirl around,
Like foam-beads on the water,
Or rose-leaves on the ground,
Or waltzers in the ball-room,
To music's airy sound.

There is, my gentle Lucy,
In all you say or do,
A bright poetic impulse,
Original and true,
Which Art can not acquire,
And Nature gave to you.

The olden fable, Lucy,
My muse to you would bring:
The bird that can but will not,
Should be compelled to sing!
The story and its moral
To modern memories cling.

Awake the harp, dear Lucy!
Like the electric wire
It will convey to millions
The heart-absorbing fire!

And those who lean to listen
Will linger to admire.

Epitaph.

All that's beautiful in woman,
All we in her nature love,
All that's good in all that's human,
Passed this gate to courts above.

In Memory of John W. Francis, Jr.

He was the pulse-beat of true hearts,
The love-light of fond eyes:
When such a man from earth departs,
'Tis the survivor dies.

Nature's Nobleman

A Fragment.

When winter's cold and summer's heat
Shall come and go again,
A hundred years will be complete
Since Marion crossed the main,
And brought unto this wild retreat
His dark-eyed wife of Spain.

He was the founder of a free
And independent band,
Who lit the fires of liberty
The revolution fanned:—
His patent of nobility
Read in the ransomed land!

Around his deeds a lustre throngs,
A heritage designed
To teach the world to spurn the wrongs
Once threatened all mankind:—
To his posterity belongs
The peerage of the mind.

A Wall-Street Lyric.

John was thought both rich and great—
Dick so-so, but comfortable:
John lived at a splendid rate—
Coach and horses in his stable.
John could ride when Dick should walk—
(This excited people's talk!)

For John's wealth, Dick's rugged health
Few would exchange if they were able!

Dick was friendly years ago—
With ingratitude John paid him:
Dick found this was always so
When John had a chance to aid him.
John still cut a brilliant dash,
While he could command the cash,
But for Dick, whom John would kick,
At last a change of luck has made him!

John, 'tis said, is "bound" to lose
Lots by rail, and 'bus, and cable!
And the banks his notes refuse,
Now they think his state unstable.
This may be a story strange
Of the bulls and bears on 'change,
Where the truth, in age and youth,
Is often a poetic fable!

King Cotton.

Old Cotton is king, boys—aha!
With his locks so fleecy and white!
He shines among kings like a star!
And his is the sceptre of right,
Boys, of right,
And his is the sceptre of right!

Old Cotton, the king, has no care,
No queen, and no heir to his throne,
No courtiers, his triumphs to share,
He rules his dominions alone,
Boys, alone!
He rules his dominions alone!

Old Cotton, the merry old boy!—
Like smoke from the pipe in his mouth
His years glide away in their joy,
At home, in the warm sunny south,
Boys, the south,
At home, in the warm sunny south!

Old Cotton will pleasantly reign
When other kings painfully fall,
And ever and ever remain
The mightiest monarch of all,
Boys, of all,
The mightiest monarch of all!

Then here's to old Cotton, the king!
His true loyal subjects are we:
We'll laugh and we'll quaff and we'll sing,
A jolly old fellow is he,
Boys, is he,
A jolly old fellow is he!

Words

Adapted to a Spanish Melody.

My lady hath as soft a hand
As any queen in fairy-land;
And, hidden in her tiny boot,
As dainty and as light a foot.
Her foot!
Her little hand and foot!

No star that kindles in the sky
Burns brighter than my lady's eye;
And ne'er before did beauty grace
So fair a form, so sweet a face!
Her face!
Her gentle form and face!

My lady hath a golden heart,
Free from the dross of worldly art;
Which, in the sight of heaven above,
Is mine with all its hoarded love!
Her love!
Her boundless wealth of love!

Love in Exile.

Adapted to a Hungarian melody.

My heart I gave you with my hand,
In brighter days than these,
In that down-trodden father-land
Beyond the distant seas,
Where you were all the world to me,
Devoted, fond, and true,
And I, in our prosperity,
Was all the world to you!
Robbed by a tyrant's iron sway,
We're banished from that land away!

Sad wanderers from our native home!
A ruler in a foe!

An exiled caravan we roam;
But hand in hand WE go!
And thus whatever fate betide
We bless our lot in life,
Since no misfortunes may divide
The husband and the wife!
Here we defy the tyrant's will,
We're happy in each other still!

To The Evening Star.

The woods waved welcome in the breeze,
When, many years ago,
Lured by the songs of birds and bees,
I sought the dell below;
And there, in that secluded spot,
Where silver streamlets roved,
Twined the green ivy round the cot
Of her I fondly loved.

In dreams still near that porch I stand
To listen to her vow!
Still feel the pressure of her hand
Upon my burning brow!
And here, as in the days gone by,
With joy I meet her yet,
And mark the love-light of her eyes,
Fringed with its lash of jet.

O fleeting vision of the past!
From memory glide away!
Ye were too beautiful to last,
Too good to longer stay!
But why, attesting evening star,
This sermon sad recall:
"THAN LOVE AND LOSE 'TIS BETTER FAR
TO NEVER LOVE AT ALL!"

Welcome Home.

My Mary's voice!—It is the hour
She promised to be here:
Taught by love's mysterious power,
I know that she is near.
I hear the melody she sings
Beneath our happy dome,
And now the woodland cheerly rings
With Mary's welcome home.

My Mary's voice!—I hear it thrill

In rapture on the gale,
As she comes gliding down the hill
To meet me in the vale.
In all the world, on land or sea,
Where'er I chance to roam,
No music is so sweet to me
As Mary's welcome home.

The Sycamore Shade.

I knew a sweet girl, with a bonny blue eye,
Who was born in the shade
The wild sycamore made,
Where the brook sang its song
All the summer-day long,
And the moments went merrily by,
Like the birdlings the moments flew by.

I knew a fair maid, soul-enchanting in grace,
Who replied to my vow,
'Neath the sycamore bough,
"Like the brook to the sea,
Oh, I yearn, love, for thee!"
And she hid in my bosom her face—
In my bosom, her beautiful face.

I have a dear wife, who is ever my guide!
Woody and won in the shade
The wild sycamore made,
Where the brook sings its song
All the summer-day long,
And the moments in harmony glide,
Like our lives they in harmony glide.

Up the Hudson.

Song and Chorus.

Up the Hudson!—Fleetly gliding
To our haunts among the trees!
Joy the gallant vessel guiding
With a fresh and cheerful breeze!
Wives and dear ones yearn to meet us—
(Hearts that love us to the core!)
And with fond expressions greet us
As we near the welcome shore!

Chorus.

Ho! ye inland seas and islands!—

(Echo follows where we go!)
Ho! ye headlands, hills, and highlands!
Ho! ye Undercliffeans, ho!

Up the Hudson!—Rock and river,
Grove and glen pronounce His praise,
Who, of every "Good the Giver,"
Leads us through these pleasant ways!—
Care recedes like water-traces
Of our bark, as on we glide,
Where the hand of nature graces
Homesteads on the Hudson side!

Chorus.

Ho! ye inland seas and islands!—
(Echo follows where we go!)
Ho! ye headlands, hills, and highlands!
Ho! ye Undercliffeans, ho!

Only Thine.

I know that thou art mine, my love,
I know that thou art fair;
And lovelier than the orange-flowers
That bind thy glossy hair:
That thou hast every gentle grace
Which nature can design—
I know that thou art mine, my love,
I know that I am thine:
Yes, thine, my love,
I'm thine, my love,
Thine, thine, and only thine.

I know that thou art true, my love,
And welcome as the breeze
Which comes, with healing on its wings,
Across the summer seas:
That thou hast every winning charm
Which culture may refine—
I know that thou art mine, my love,
I know that I am thine.
Yes, thine, my love,
I'm thine, my love,
Thine, thine, and only thine.

Epigrams.

On Reading Grim's Attack Upon Clinton.

'Tis the opinion of the town
That Grim's a silly elf:
In trying to write Clinton down,
He went RIGHT DOWN HIMSELF.

On Hearing that Morse Did Not "Invent" the Telegraph

First they said it would not do;
But, when he got through it,
Then they vowed they always knew
That he didn't do it!
Lies are rolling stones, of course,
But they can't adhere to MORSE.

Address

For the benefit of William Dunlap.

(Spoken by Mrs. Sharpe)

What gay assemblage greets my wondering sight!
What scene of splendor—conjured here to-night!
What voices murmur, and what glances gleam!
Sure 'tis some flattering unsubstantial dream.
The house is crowded—everybody's here
For beauty famous, or to science dear;
Doctors and lawyers, judges, belles, and beaux,
Poets and painters—and Heaven only knows
Whom else beside!—And see, gay ladies sit
Lighting with smiles that fearful place, the pit—
(A fairy change—ah, pray continue it.)
Gray heads are here too, listening to my rhymes,
Full of the spirit of departed times;
Grave men and studious, strangers to my sight,
All gather round me on this brilliant night.
And welcome are ye all. Not now ye come
To speak some trembling poet's awful doom;
With frowning eyes a "want of mind" to trace
In some new actor's inexperienced face,
Or e'en us old ones (oh, for shame!) to rate
"With study good—in time—but—never great:"
Not like you travelled native, just to say
"Folks in this country can act a play—
The can't 'pon honor!" How the creature starts!
His wit and whiskers came from foreign parts!
Nay, madam, spare your blushes—you I mean—
There—close beside him—oh, you're full nineteen—
You need not shake your flowing locks at me—
The man, your sweetheart—then I'm dumb you see;
I'll let him off—you'll punish him in time,

Or I've no skill in prophecy or rhyme!
 A nobler motive fills your bosoms now,
 To wreath the laurel round the silvered brow
 Of one who merits it—if any can—
 The artist, author, and the honest man.
 With equal charms his pen and pencil drew
 Bright scenes, to nature and to virtue true.
 Full oft upon these boards hath youth appeared,
 And oft your smiles his faltering footsteps cheered;
 But not alone on budding genius smile,
 Leaving the ripened sheaf unowned the while;
 To boyish hope not every bounty give
 And only youth and beauty bid to live.
 Will you forget the services long past—
 Turn the old war-horse out to die at last?—
 When, his proud strength and noble fleetness o'er,
 His faithful bosom dares the charge no more!
 Ah, no!—The sun that loves his beams to shed
 Round every opening floweret's tender head,
 With smiles as kind his genial radiance throws
 To cheer the sadness of the fading rose:
 Thus he, whose merit claims this dazzling crowd,
 Points to the past, and has his claims allowed;
 Looks brightly forth, his faithful journey done,
 And rests in triumph—like the setting sun.

Address.

For the benefit of James Sheridan Knowles.

(Spoken by Mrs. Chapman.)

Nay, Mr. Simpson!—'Tis not kind—polite—
 To shut me out, sir?—I'm in such a fright!—
 I can not speak the lines, I'm sure!—Oh, fie!
 To say I must!—but if I must—I'll try!

From him I turn to these more generous souls
 The drama's patrons and the friends of KNOWLES.
 Why, what a brilliant galaxy is here!
 What stars adorn this mimic hemisphere!
 Names that shine brightest on our country's page!
 The props of science—literature—the stage!
 Above—below—around me—woman smiles,
 The fairest floweret of these western wilds—
 All come to pay the tribute of their praise
 To the first dramatist of modern days:
 And welcome, to the green home of the free,
 With heart and hand, the bard of liberty!

His is a wizard-wand. Its potent spell
Broke the deep slumber of the patriot Tell,
And placed him on his native hills again,
The pride and glory of his fellow-men!
The poet speaks—for Rome Virginia bleeds!
Bold Caius Gracchus in the forum pleads!
Alfred—the Great, because the good and wise,
Bids prostrate England burst her bonds and rise!
Sweet Bess, the Beggar's Daughter, beauty's queen,
Walks forth the joy and wonder of the scene!
The Hunchback enters—kindly—fond—severe—
And last, behold the glorious Wife appear!

These are the bright creations of a mind
Glowing with genius, chastened and refined.
In all he's written, be this praise his lot:
"Not one word, dying, would he wish to blot!"

Upon my life 'tis no such easy thing
To land the bard, unless an eagle's wing
My muse would take; and, fixing on the sun
Her burning eye, soar as his own has done!

Did you speak, sir?—What, madam, did he say?
Wrangling!—for shame!—before your wedding-day!
Nay, gentle lady, by thine eyes of blue,
And vermeil blushes, I did not mean you!
Bless me, what friends at every glance I see!
Artists and authors—men of high degree;
Grave politicians, who have weighed each chance,
The next election, and the war with France;
Doctors, just come from curing half a score—
And belles, from killing twice as many more;
Judges, recorders, aldermen, and mayors,
Seated, like true republicans, down stairs!
All wear a glow of sunshine in their faces
Might well become Apollo and the graces,
Except one yonder, with a look infernal,
Like a blurred page from Fanny Kemble's Journal!

But to my task. The muse, when I began,
Spoke of the writer—welcome ye the man.
Genius, at best, acts but an humble part,
Unless obedient to an honest heart.
And such a one is his, for whom, to-night,
These walls are crowded with this cheering sight
Ye love the poet—oft have conned him o'er,
Knew ye the man, ye'd love him ten times more.
Ye critics, spare him from your tongue and quill,
Ye gods, applaud him; and ye fops—be still!

Address

For the Benefit of Henry Placide.

(Spoken by Mrs. Hilson.)

The music's done. Be quiet, Mr. Durie!
Your bell and whistle put me in a fury!
Don't ring up yet, sir—I've a word to say
Before the curtain rises for the play!

Your pardon, gentlefolks, nor think me bold,
Because I thus our worthy promoter scold:
'Twas all feigned anger. This enlightened age
Requires a RUSE to bring one on the stage!

Well, here I am, quite dazzled with the sight
Presented on this brilliant festal night!
Where'er I turn, whole rows of patrons sit—
The house is full—box, gallery, and pit!
Who says the New-York public are unkind?
I know them well, and plainly speak my mind—
"It is our right," the ancient poet sung—
He knew the value of a woman's tongue!
With this I will defend ye—and rehearse
FIVE glorious ACTS of yours—in modern verse;
Each one concluding with a generous deed
For Dunlap, Cooper, Woodworth, Knowles, Placide!
'Twas nobly done, ye patriots and scholars!
Besides—they netted twenty thousand dollars!
"A good round sum," in these degenerate times—
"This bank-note world," so called in Halleck's rhymes;
And proof conclusive, you will frankly own,
In liberal actions New-York stands alone.

Though roams he oft 'mong green poetic bowers,
The actor's path is seldom strewn with flowers.
His is a silent, secret, patient toil—
While others sleep, he burns the midnight oil—
Pores o'er his books—thence inspiration draws,
And waste's his life to merit your applause!
O ye, who come the laggard hours to while,
And with the laugh-provoking muse to smile,
Remember this: the mirth that cheers you so,
Shows but the surface—not the depths below!
Then judge not lightly of the actor's art,
Who smiles to please you, with a breaking heart!
Neglect him not in his hill-climbing course,
Nor treat him with less kindness than your horse:

Up hill, indulge him—down the steep descent,
Spare—and don't urge him when his strength is spent;
Impel him briskly o'er the level earth,
But in the stable don't forget his worth!
So with the actor—while you work him hard,
Be mindful of his claims to your regard.

But hold!—methinks some carping cynic here
Will greet my homely image with a sneer.
Well—let us see—I would the monster view:
Man with umbrageous whiskers, is it you?
Ah, no—I was mistaken: every brow
Beams with benevolence and kindness now;
Beauty and fashion all the circles grace—
And scowling Envy here were out of place!
On every side the wise and good appear—
The very pillars of the State are here!
There sit the doctors of the legal clan;
There all the city's rulers, to a man;
Critics and editors, and learned M.D.'s,
Buzzing and busy, like a hive of bees;
And there, as if to keep us all in order,
Our worthy friends the Mayor and the Recorder!

Well, peace be with you! Friends of native worth,
Yours is the power to call it into birth;
Yours is the genial influence that smiles upon
The budding flowerets opening to the sun.
They all around us court your fostering hand—
Rear them with care, in beauty they'll expand—
With grateful odors well repay your toil,
Equal to those sprung from a foreign soil;
and more Placides bask in your sunshine then,
The first of actors and the best of men.

The Maid of Saxony; or, Who's the Traitor?
An Opera in Three Acts.

Founded upon historical events in the life of Frederick the Second of Prussia,
related by Miss Edgeworth, Zimmermann, Latrobe, and other writers.

The Music
With the exception of three German Melodies, and the characteristic Introduc-
tion
Composed by
Charles E. Horn.

The Libretto by George P. Morris.

The Scenery by.....Messrs. Hillyard, Wheatley, and Assistants.

The Costumes by.....M. Louis.
 The Properties and Decorations by.....M. Dejonge.
 The Machinery by.....M. Speyers.
 The Orchestra increased, and the Choruses full and effective.
 Leader of the Orchestra and Chorus-Master.....M. Chubb.
 The Music produced under the direction of.....Mr. C. E. Horn.
 Stage Manager.....Mr. Barry.

Dramatis Personae.

Frederick II. (King of Prussia).....Mr. Chippendale.
 Count Laniska (his Aid-de-Camp, a Pole).....Mr. Manvers.
 Albert (a young Saxon student-at-law).....Mr. Fredericks.
 Karl (a Hungarian, Packer to the Royal Factory).....Mr. C. E. Horn.
 Wedgewood (an English Merchant).....Mr. Placide.
 Baron Altenburg (Attorney-General).....Mr. Barry.
 Judge of the Court.....Mr. Clark.
 Hans (an Innkeeper).....Mr. Andrews.
 Harold (an old Sergeant of Grenadiers).....Mr. Seguin.
 Corporal of Grenadiers (old man).....Mr. Fisher.
 Burgomaster.....Mr. Povey.
 Jailor of the Castle Spandau.....Mr. Bellamy.
 Herald.....Mr. Nelson.
 First General.....Mr. King.
 Second General.....Mr. Gallot.

Staff-Officers, Officers of State, Workmen of the Factory, Citizens,
 Advocates, Jurymen, Grenadiers, Peasants, Travellers, Servants,
 etc.

Countess Laniska.....Mrs. Barry.
 Frederica (her daughter).....Mrs. Knight.
 Sophia Mansfield (the Saxon Maid).....Mrs. C. E. Horn.
 Gertrude.....Miss Mary Taylor.

Ladies of the Court, Factory Gils, Peasants, etc.

Scene – Berlin and Potsdam.

Time – Latter part of the reign of Frederick the Great.

The Maid of Saxony. [See Notes]

Act I.

Scene I.

Inside of a German Inn, on the road to Berlin. Fire and candles nearly extinguished.

Clock in the corner, marking the hour of ten. HANS seated in an arm-chair, asleep.

Music. The curtain rises to the opening symphony. HANS yawns in his sleep.

(Enter GERTRUDE.)

GERTRUDE.

Ho! Hans!—Why, Hans!—You Hans, I say!
Awake!—here'll be the deuce to pay!
For coming guests get fire and lights,
And help me put the room to rights!

(HANS stretches and yawns)

Hans!—I've no patience with the lout!
What, Hans, on earth are you about?

(Shakes HANS, who yawns again)

Did ever room look so forlorn?
Hans!—Hark! I hear the postman's horn!

(Sounds of a horn in the distance. HANS stretches, yawns, and rises.)

HANS.

What der tuyvel is der matter,
Dus you chitter-chatter-clatter?

GERTRUDE (aside).
His impudence can not be borne!

HANS.
What's dat I hear?

GERTRUDE.
The postman's horn!

(Sounds of horn again.)

Whose notes o'er moor and mountain flung—

HANS.

Are not so noisy as your tongue!

(Horn sounds as though approaching; whips are heard, and the post-coach is supposed to arrive outside with PASSENGERS. Enter the ATTENDANTS, with port-manteaus, carpet-bags, etc., and PASSENGERS.)

CHORUS.

Rejoice! rejoice! we're safe and sound,
And shelter for the night have found,
Within this snug abode!
The dust may rise, the rain may fall—
Beneath this roof we'll smile at all
The dangers of the road!

SOLO.

Then let the cheerful board be spread;
To supper first, and then to bed,
Till birds their songs begin:
Thus, whether sleeping or awake,
The weary traveller will take
His comfort at his inn.

CHORUS.

Rejoice! rejoice! we're safe, etc.

[Exit PASSENGERS and ATTENDANTS

GERTRUDE.

Where in the world are all these people going to, Hans?

HANS.

To Berlin, to shee der troops. Frederick musters dem to-morrow at der capital.
But
why don't you attend to der guest?

GERTRUDE.

Why don't YOU? You are not fit to keep an inn, Hans.

HANS.

I was not prought up to it; mine pishiness was to keep a paint-shop, and shell der colors to der artists.

GERTRUDE.

Don't stand here chatting about your fine colors—but look to the guests—

HANS.

Yaw, yaw, mein fraulein.

ALBERT (without)

Ho! landlord!—Waiters, look to our luggage!

WEDGEWOOD (speaking as he enters.)

If it is convenient.

(Enter ALB'T and WEDGEWOOD in cloaks, briskly.)

GERTRUDE.

This way, gentlemen, this way.

ALBERT.

Two bed-chambers, landlord, as soon as possible.

HANS.

Yaw, mynheer.

(Gives directions to ATTENDANT, who exits)

WEDGEWOOD.

Landlady, take care of my coat and stick, and here's something for your pains.

GERTRUDE.

Yes, sir.

WEDGEWOOD (looking at her.)

What a pretty girl.

GERTRUDE.

Is that ALL, sir?

WEDGEWOOD (aside to GERTRUDE.)

No, that's not all. (Kisses her.) Take this into the bargain, you jade!

GERTRUDE (courtesies.)

Thank you, sir. (Aside.) What a nice, queer old gentleman!

HANS (taking her away passionately.)

What's dat to you? Give me der tings (takes them.) You do noding but ogle mit der young folks, and flirt mit der old ones!

GERTRUDE.

Oh, you jealous brute! [Exit in a huff.]

WEDGEWOOD (noticing her.)
Nice girl that—ODD, too, that she should have married a man old enough to be her
grandfather!

HANS (aside.)
Dat queer chap in der brown vig I'm sure is a gay deceiver, or he would not
admire
mine vife so much. I must have mine eyes about me. [Exit.

WEDGEWOOD (noticing HANS and GERTRUDE.)
Odd, very odd, VERY ODD indeed! But, now that we are alone, pray continue
the narrative
you commenced in the coach—if it is convenient.

ALBERT.
Right willingly. Frederick, after his conquest of Saxony, transported by force
several manufacturers from Dresden to Berlin, where he established a Porcelain
Factory—

WEDGEWOOD.
Separated from their friends, home, and country, these unfortunate people are
compelled
to continue their labors for the profit and glory of their conqueror—I know it—go
on—

ALBERT.
Among those in bondage is Sophia Mansfield—

WEDGEWOOD.
I have heard of her:—a young, beautiful, and singularly-gifted girl—

ALBERT.
Several pieces of her design and modelling were shown to the king, when he was
at
Meissen, in Saxony; and he was so struck with their beauty, that he determined
to
convey the artist with other prisoners, to his capital—

WEDGEWOOD.
Where he issued his royal edict, compelling the girls of the factory to marry
Prussian
soldiers. Unfeelingly odd!

ALBERT.
Sophia has yet escaped this tyranny. The OVERSEER, however, has demanded
her hand;
but I shall be in time to thwart his purposes.

WEDGEWOOD.

But, to effect that, you must also thwart the purposes of Frederick himself, who, I understand, is as stubborn as he is bold.

ALBERT.
Count Laniska has won Sophia's affections, and love is a power that can not be controlled.

WEDGEWOOD.
Veritably odd!

ALBERT.
You are on your way to the factory—have you free admission for yourself and friends?

WEDGEWOOD.
Indubitably.

ALBERT.
Then we will, with your permission, visit it together. (Aside.) In this disguise, and under the name of Worrendorf, I may pass unnoticed.

(Re-enter HANS, with trunks, etc, and GERTRUDE.)

WEDGEWOOD.
It is growing late. After the fatigues of the journey, I need repose.

ALBERT.
And so do I. Good-night!

WEDGEWOOD.
Good-night! [Exit ALBERT; GERTRUDE takes a lighted candle from the table and shows the way; WEDGEWOOD takes a light.] Do you rise early, friend?

HANS.
No, mynheer; but mine vife does—

WEDGEWOOD.
Then tell your wife to knock at my door early in the morning.

HANS (eyeing him and looking suspiciously.)
So ho! I SMOKE you!

WEDGEWOOD.
Then keep farther off with your confounded pipe, you Dutch abomination.

HANS (lays his finger on his nose.)
And I schmells a rat!

WEDGEWOOD (looking around.)
The devil you do! Where?—

HANS.
Se I vill knock at yourn door myself—

WEDGEWOOD.
If it is convenient. (Exit Hans.) A pretty house I have got into!—Smokes me!—
smells
a rat!—The FILTHY Dutchman! [Exit.

Scene II.

An open cut wood near Berlin. Tents in the distance. A military outpost. Enter HAROLD, CORPORAL, and a party of SOLDIERS, in military undress.

SONG.
The life for me is a soldier's life!
With that what glories come!
The notes of the spirit-stirring fife,
The roll of the battle-drum;
The brilliant array, the bearing high,
The plumed warriors' tramp;
The streaming banners that flout the sky,
The gleaming pomp of the camp.

CHORUS.
A soldier's life is the life for me!
With that what glories come!
The notes of the spirit-stirring fife,
The roll of the battle-drum!

HAROLD.
So, corporal, at last we are to have a muster of the combined forces of the kingdom.

CORPORAL.
Yes, the king is never so happy as when he has all his children, as he calls US, about him.

HAROLD.
And plaguy good he takes of his CHILDREN! He looks after our domestic as well as our public interests! It was a strange whim in old Fritz to offer each of his soldiers one of the factory girls for a wife!

CORPORAL.

I wonder the old hero does not marry some of them himself.

HAROLD.

He would rather look after his soldiers than meddle with the fancies of the women—and
at his age too!

CORPORAL.

Nonsense! The king is a boy—a mere boy—of seventy! But he does meddle with the
women sometimes.

HAROLD.

Say you so?

CORPORAL.

Ay, and old ones too. It was but the other day that he pensioned a poor widow,
whose
only son fell in a skirmish at his side. Heaven bless his old cocked hat!

HAROLD.

Yes is it not singular that one so mindful of the rights of old women should
compel
the young ones to toil as they do in the factory?

CORPORAL.

Tush, tush, man!—that's none of your concern, nor mine. What have we to do
with state
affairs?

HAROLD.

Right, corporal; and it's not worth while for us to trouble our heads about other
people's business.

CORPORAL.

You're a sensible fellow—

HAROLD.

Right again; and I would return the compliment if you did not wear such a
flashy
watch-riband (looks at it.)

CORPORAL.

That's personal!

HAROLD.

I mean it to be so. What the devil do you wear it for?

CORPORAL.

To gratify a whim. I like this riband. It was a present from an old sweetheart of mine. Look what a jaunty air it gives one!—and where's the harm of keeping up appearances?—

HAROLD.

What silly vanity! But let me give you a piece of advice: beware of the scrutiny of the king—he has an eye like a hawk, old as he is; and if he should happen to spy your watch-riband—

CORPORAL.

Pooh, pooh!—he would not notice such a trifle.—But who comes yonder? That Hungarian Karl. Let's make way for him.—He's a fellow I don't fancy. What a man to woo and win Sophia Mansfield!

HAROLD.

He'll never win her, woo her as he may. Count Laniska will look to that.

[HAROLD, CORPORAL and party retire into tents.

(Enter KARL, in great agitation.)

SONG—KARL.

Confusion!—Again rejected
By the maid I fondly love!
Illusion!—In soul dejected!
Jealous fears my bosom move.
Dear Sophia!—Hope's deceiver!
Whom I love; but love in vain!
Can I to my rival leave her?
No—the thought distracts my brain!

Love—revenge!—Oh, how I falter!
Passion's throes unman me quite:
Now he leads her to he alter—
How I tremble at the sight!
Hold, tormentors! cease to tear me!
All in vain I gasp for breath!
Hated rival—scorn I bear thee
Which can only end in death!

(HAROLD advances.)

HAROLD.

Karl, what ails you?

KARL (aside.)
Observed! (To HAROLD.) An infirmity I've had from my youth upward. I shall
be better
presently.

HAROLD.
You tremble like one with the ague.

KARL.
We Hungarians have not your tough constitution, comrade: besides, the weather
is
chilly—it freezes me to the bone.

HAROLD.
It's the weather within, Karl. Repair to the factory, and sun yourself in the
bright
eyes of Sophia Mansfield! That will warm you, especially if Count Laniska hap-
pens to
be by to stir up the fire of your jealousy—eh?

KARL.
You have a sharp wit, which I lack, comrade.

HAROLD (sarcastically.)
And I've another thing which you lack—COMRADE.

KARL.
What may that be?

HAROLD.
A clear conscience, my old boy!

[Exit HAROLD into tent

KARL.
Does he suspect? No—sleeping and waking I have concealed this (his arm) damn-
ing
evidence of my guilt. The mark of Cain I bear about me is known to none, and
the
secret dies with me.—For that young Pole, Sophia scorns me; but let him beware!—
My
revenge, though slow, is sure!

(KARL turns to go; but perceiving Count Laniska advancing, he retires to
a tent.
Enter LANISKA, who notices KARL in the distance.)

SONG—LANISKA.
When I behold that lowering brow,
Which indicates the mind within,

I marvel much that woman's vow
A man like that could ever win!
Yet it is said, in rustic bower,
(The fable I have often heard)
A serpent has mysterious power
To captivate a timid bird.

This precept then I sadly trace—
That love's a fluttering thing of air;
And yonder lurks the viper base,
Who would my gentle bird ensnare!
'Twas in the shades of Eden's bower
This fascination had its birth,
And even there possessed the power
To lure the paragon of earth!

(At the conclusion of the song, KARL, is about to retire. LANISKA addresses him.)

COUNT.
Come hither, Karl.

KARL.
I await upon your leisure, count.

COUNT.
I would have some words with you.

KARL.
You may not relish the frankness of my manner.

COUNT.
Indeed!

KARL.
Look you, Count Laniska; I am a plain, blunt, straight-forward, rough-spoken fellow,
and a soldier like yourself. I know my rights; and, knowing, will maintain them.
It
was by the king's permission and authority that I chose Sophia Mansfield for
my bride—

COUNT.
She has rejected you.

KARL.
What has that to do with the matter? Women are often perverse, and not
always the
best judges of their own welfare; and you know she MUST be mine—

COUNT.
Must?—

KARL.
Yes, MUST. I have the king's promise, and Frederick was never known to break his word.

COUNT.
You surely will not marry her against her will?

KARL.
Why not? Sophia is the only woman I ever loved: and now that I have her sure, think you I will resign her?

COUNT.
And think you the king will force an angel into the arms of a monster? He can not be so great a tyrant—

KARL.
Tyrant!

COUNT.
Yes. Man was created to cherish woman, not to oppress her; and he is the worst of tyrants who would injure that sex whom heave ordains it his duty to protect.

KARL.
Apply you this to the king?

COUNT.
To the king, or to any HE in Christendom, who would use his power to oppress the unfortunate! But come, sir, we will not dispute about a hasty word—we have higher duties to perform.

KARL.
True, count; we oppose our weapons to the enemies of our country, not the bosoms of our friends. I say OUR country; for, although you were born in Poland, and I in Hungary, Frederick has made Prussia almost as dear to us as our native land, TYRANT though he may be.—But we will not quarrel about a single captive, when the king has placed so many at the disposal of those who fight his battles. [Trumpet sounds without.

(Enter HAROLD with dispatches.)

HAROLD (to COUNT.)
Dispatches from the king. (Aside.) And a letter from Sophia Mansfield. [Exit.

(The COUNT receives and examines the dispatches; kisses SOPHIA's letter, and puts it into his bosom. KARL does not notice it.)

DUET—COUNT AND KARL.
'Tis a soldier's rigid duty
Orders strictly to obey;
Let not, then the smile of beauty
Lure us from the camp away.
In our country's cause united,
Gallantly we'll take the field;
But, the victory won, delighted
Singly to the fair we yield!

Soldiers who have ne'er retreated,
Beauty's tear will sure beguile;
Hearts that armies ne'er defeated,
Love can conquer with a smile.
Who would strive to live in story,
Did not woman's hand prepare
Amaranthine wreaths of glory
Which the valiant proudly wear?

[Exit the COUNT. KARL follows, menacing him.

Scene III.

An apartment in the Chateau of the COUNTESS. Enter the COUNTESS and FREDERICA.

COUNTESS.
Your morning ride, Frederica, was full of romance—the hose of your groom, you say, took fright—

FREDERICA.
Yes, dear mother, and darted off at a racing pace; my own also became unmanageable, and I lost my presence of mind. I should have been thrown, if not killed, had not a gentleman rushed to my assistance.

COUNTESS.
Who was he?

FREDERICA.
I do not know.

COUNTESS.
Was he alone?

FREDERICA.
There was an elderly person with him, who seemed to be a foreigner.

COUNTESS.
But HE was young, of course?

FREDERICA.
Yes, mother, and handsome as an Adonis.

COUNTESS.
You have not fallen in love with this stranger, surely? You are not old enough,
and
this is only your first season, Frederica.

FREDERICA.
Love has all seasons for his own, dear mother. Listen!

SONG-FREDERICA. [This song was not written for the opera; but was
introduced by the
composer]

The spring-time of love is both happy and gay,
For Joy sprinkles blossoms and balm in our way;
the sky, earth, and ocean, in beauty repose,
And all the bright future is couleur de rose!

The summer of love is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley their music impart;
And the pure glow of heaven is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow that's hung in the skies!

The autumn of love is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian summer, the smile of the year—
Which comes when the golden-ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessing, repose, and reward.

The winter of love is the beam that we win,
While the storm howls without, from the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal—the heart is his throne,
And he has all season of life for his own.

COUNTESS.

Silly, thoughtless girl!—What strangers are these coming up the avenue?

FREDERICA (looking out.)

As I live, the elderly person I told you of, and the young gentleman who risked his life to save mine!

(Enter WEDGEWOOD and ALBERT.)

WEDGEWOOD.

Have I the honor of addressing the Countess Laniska? (Aside.) Flounces, frills, filagrees, and furbelows, but she's superlatively odd!

COUNTESS.

I am the countess, sir.

WEDGEWOOD (presenting letters.)

Will your ladyship be pleased to receive these letters of introduction—if quite convenient?

COUNTESS (receiving letters and looking at them.)

Mr. Wedgewood, from Esturia and London; and—

WEDGEWOOD (introducing ALBERT.)

Mr. Albert Worrendorf.

COUNTESS (introducing FREDERICA.)

My daughter Frederica.

ALBERT (aside.)

The angel we met by accident this morning!

WEDGEWOOD (aside.)

Seraphically odd!

FREDERICA (to ALBERT.)

We have seen each other before, Mr. Worrendorf.

ALBERT.

To my great happiness, madam.

(ALBERT and FREDERICA converse apart.)

COUNTESS (to WEDGEWOOD.)

It was very kind in my correspondent, Mr. Wedgewood, to introduce a gentleman of your celebrity to my chateau.

WEDGEWOOD.

You do me honor, madam. We Englishmen are plain-spoken people. We are not unlike our earthenware—delf and common clay mixed together. If our outsides are sometimes rough, all within is smooth and polished as the best of work. It is the purest spirit, which, like the finest china, lets the light shine through it. (Aside.) Not a bad compliment to myself, and metaphorically odd!

COUNTESS.

Your reply reminds me of the object of your visit. The Prussians are very proud of the manufactory which has claimed the attention of the king.

WEDGEWOOD.

Oh, how I long to see the great Frederick!

COUNTESS.

You will like him, I am confident.

WEDGEWOOD.

I don't know that. I don't at all fancy his edict.—What! marry a parcel of handsome, innocent, industrious girls to his great whiskered horse-guards, whether they will or no? It's a piece of moral turpitude—an insult to common sense—and infamously odd—

FREDERICA (advancing.)

Have a care, Mr. Wedgewood—have a care how you talk about the king. He possesses a sort of magical ubiquity—and is here, there, and every where at the same moment.

WEDGEWOOD.

How does he manage that?

FREDERICA.

He wanders about in secrecy and disguise—enters all kinds of mansions—and often over-hears conversations that were never intended for the court. By this means, it is said, he gathers information from every nook and corner of his kingdom.

WEDGEWOOD.

Strange kind of hocus-pocus work for a monarch!—Peripatetically odd!

ALBERT.

I have been told that he knows more of the character and condition of his sub-

jects
and soldiers than they do themselves.

COUNTESS.

And he never knows of a wrong done among his people that he does not instantly redress—though it often puzzles them to learn how he arrives at his knowledge of the facts. Many think him a wizard.

WEDGEWOOD.

And not without reason, madam. Never before have I heard of such a compound of sagacity, courage, and eccentricity. Oh, I am all in a glow to see and converse with the jolly old boy!

(Enter Count LANISKA.)

COUNTESS (introducing him.)

My son, the Count Laniska, will present you to his majesty.

WEDGEWOOD (bowing to COUNT.)

If it is convenient. (Aside.) Most martially and uniformly odd! (To LANISKA.) But, first, I should like to have a glimpse at the factory.

COUNT.

I shall be happy to show it to you. There is one extraordinary subject connected with it, that will surprise you both—a young girl of singular talent and beauty—

FREDERICA.

Ah, brother! upon your favorite theme again. That young girl occupies more of your thoughts than all the porcelain in these dominions.

ALBERT (aside.)

Poor Sophia!

FREDERICA (observing the COUNT looks thoughtful.)

Why, what's the matter with you, brother?

WEDGEWOOD.

He is no doubt studying the mixture of different kinds of clay, and contriving a furnace that will not destroy it by too much heat. Ingeniously odd!

COUNT.

You are mistaken, sir. I was thinking at what time I should have the pleasure of waiting upon you.

WEDGEWOOD.

I will be at your service as soon as I have had time to adjust my outward and refresh my inward man.—Necessarily odd! (Seeing the COUNTESS about to retire.) Madam, allow me (takes her hand)—If it is convenient.

[Exit WEDGEWOOD and COUNTESS.]

FREDERICA (to COUNT.)

Now, brother, that the countess has retired, pray favor us with your confidence. You need not mind Mr. Worrendorf—I have told him all about Sophia Mansfield—I love that poor girl myself, not less for her misfortunes than her genius.

ALBERT.

I love her too—

FREDERICA (aside.)

Oh, dear! what's the matter with me? My head turns round—I am ready to drop!

COUNT (with emotion.)

You love her! Wherefore?

ALBERT.

She is my countrywoman, and for that I love her.

FREDERICA (recovering.)

Well, gentlemen, I must say this is very gallant of you both, to be praising one lady so highly when there is another in the room. (Aside.) Oh, dear me, how near I came to betraying myself!

ALBERT.

Your pardon, my dear madam. When I look at you, I almost forget there is another woman in the world. (Kisses FREDERICA's hand, who turns away with evident confusion.)—But for the present I must leave you, to join Mr. Wedgewood. [Exit.]

COUNT (noticing them.)

(Aside.) So, so, Frederica—fairly caught, I perceive! (To Frederica.) Ah, sister, sister! as in all things else, there is a destiny in love.

DUET—LANSIKA and FREDERICA.

From my fate there's no retreating—
Love commands, and I obey;
How with joy my heart is beating
At the fortunes of to-day!

Life is filled with strange romances—
Love is blind, the poets say;
When he comes unsought, the chance is
Of his own accord he'll stay.

Love can ne'er be forced to tarry;
Chain him—he'll the bonds remove:
Paired, not matched, too many marry—
All should wed alone for love.
Let him on the bridal-even
Trim his lamp with constant ray;
And the flame will light to heaven,
When the world shall fade away!

[Exeunt

Scene IV.

The whole depth of the stage is made use of in this scene, which represents an open country. A Camp and Soldiers at a distance. Music. Enter HANS, GERTRUDE, and Peasantry: Lads and Lasses dancing.

CHORUS of PEASANTS.

Lads and lasses, trip away
to the cheerful roundelay!
At the sound of tambourine,
Care is banished from the scene,
And a happy train we bound,
To the pipe and tabour's sound.
Merrily, merrily trip away,
'Tis a nation's holiday!
Merrily, merrily, merrilie,
Bound with sprits light and free!
Let's be jocund while we may;
And dance—dance—dance—
And dance the happy hours away!

When the gleaming line shall come,
To the sound of trump and drum;
Headed by advancing steeds,
Whom the king in person leads—
Let us hail him in his state,
For the king's both good and great!
Merrily, merrily trip away,

'Tis a nation's holiday!
Merrily, merrily, merrilie,
Bound with sprits light and free!
Let's be jocund while we may;
And dance—dance—dance—
And dance the happy hours away!

(Immediately after chorus, a grand march is commenced in the distance, which becomes more and more distinct as the troops advance. The PEASANTS form in groups. HANS speaks during the first part of the march.)

HANS.
Here we are, Gertrude, many miles from our own village—and all for what? To please you—(aside) and to shell a few color to der artishes, vich I bring along mit me for der purpose; but I need not tell her dat.—Here, stand aside, and don't be looking after de sholders!

(GERTRUDE and HANS stand aside. Grand march. Enter a corps of Grenadiers and other troops, who form on the right of the stage. Roll of drums. The troops present arms. Enter FREDERICK, in a furious passion, followed by general and staff Officers, and Count LANISKA. The KING acknowledges the salute, lifts his hat, and puts it on again furiously. HAROLD and Corporal are in the ranks of the Grenadiers. Throughout the scene the KING speaks hurriedly.)

KING.
General!

FIRST GENERAL.
Your Majesty.

KING.
How comes it there is such a lack of discipline in your division? Disband THAT regiment at once, and draft a few of the men from the right wing into other regiments ordered for immediate service! The sooner THEY are shot the better!

FIRST GENERAL.
Yes, sire. [Exit.

KING.
Generals—most of you have served the greater part of your lives with me. We

have
grown gray-headed in the service of our country, and we therefore know best
ourselves
the dangers, difficulties, and glory in which we have shared. While we maintain
the
discipline of the army, we may defy any power that Europe can march against
us—relax
that, and we become an easy prey to the spoiler.

SECOND GENERAL.

Your majesty shall have no cause of complain in the future.

KING.

Make sure of that!—Soldiers, I rely in my operations entirely upon your well-
known
zeal in my service, and I shall acknowledge it with gratitude as long as I live;
but at the same time I require of you that you look upon it as your most sacred
duty to show kindness and mercy to all prisoners that the fortunes of war may
throw
in your power.

SECOND GENERAL.

That duty, sire, you have taught us all our lives.

KING (taking snuff.)

Good!—Have any of my grenadiers anything to say to me before the parade is
dismissed?

HAROLD (recovering arms.)

Your Majesty!

KING.

Speak out, Harold!

HAROLD.

The grenadiers have noticed with deep regret that you fatigue yourself of late
too
much with the cares of the army. We protest against it—

KING.

Zounds and fury!—Here's rebellion! YOU protest against it?

HAROLD (bluntly.)

We do. You are getting to be an old man—a very old man—and are too much
afoot.

KING.

I can do as I like about it, I suppose?

HAROLD.

Certainly not; and you will, therefore, in future, be good enough to use your carriage
more and your legs less.

KING.
What do the grenadiers FEAR?

HAROLD.
We fear nothing but the loss of your health, the loss of your life, or the loss of
your favor, sire.

KING.
Don't you fear the loss of my temper at your bluntness—eh, old comrade?

HAROLD.
No, sire; we know you like it.

KING.
I do indeed. You are in the right, my brave compatriots—for my advanced age
and
increasing infirmities admonish me that I shall be under the necessity of follow-
ing
your advice. But on the day of battle, you shall see me on horseback—ON
HORSEBACK—and
in the thickest of the fight! (Crosses the stage, as a BURGOMASTER enters,
kneels,
and presents a petition.) What have we here?

BURGOMASTER.
Sire—the common council has imprisoned a citizen, upon an accusation that he
has
sinned against heaven, the king, and the right worshipful the common council.
We
humbly beg to know what Your Majesty's pleasure is with regard to the pun-
ishment
of so unparalleled and atrocious an offender?

KING.
If the prisoner has sinned against heaven, and is not a fool or a madman, he
will
make his peace with it without delay. This is a Power (taking off his hat—all the
characters make their obeisance) that kings themselves must bow to in reveren-
tial
awe. (Resumes his hat.)

BURGOMASTER.
But he has also sinned against your high and mighty majesty—

KING.
Tush, tush, man!

BURGOMASTER (profoundly.)
On my official veracity, sire.

KING.
Well, well, for that I pardon him—

BURGOMASTER.
And he has likewise sinned against the right worshipful the common council.

KING.
The reprobate!—

BURGOMASTER.
It is most veritable, Your Majesty!

KING.
Well, for that terrible and enormous offence, it becomes my solemn duty to make an example of so abominable a culprit and to punish him in a most exemplary manner.
Therefore—

BURGOMASTER.
Yes, Your Majesty—

KING.
Send him to the Castle of Spandau, to be imprisoned—

BURGOMASTER.
Your Majesty—

KING.
For at least—

BURGOMASTER.
Sire—

KING.
Half an hour (PEASANTRY laugh;)—and afterward he is at liberty to go to the devil his own way; and the right worshipful the common council may go with him, if they like!

(Exit BURGOMASTER. As he goes out, shrugging his shoulders, all the PEASANTRY laugh, until checked by a look from the KING, who crosses the stage to the Grenadiers, and

addresses the CORPORAL, who has his watch-riband suspended.)

KING.
Corporal! (He advances and recovers arms.)

CORPORAL.
Your Majesty!

KING.
I have often noticed you in the field. You are a brave soldier—and a prudent one, too, to have saved enough from your pay to buy yourself a watch.

HAROLD (aside to CORPORAL.)
You remember what I told you about a hawk's eye.

CORPORAL.
Brave I flatter myself I am; but as to my watch, it is of little signification.

KING (Seizing and pulling out a bullet fastened to the CORPORAL's watch-riband.)
Why, this is not a watch!—It's a bullet!

CORPORAL.
It's the only watch I have, Your Majesty; but I have not worn it entirely out of vanity—

KING.
What have you worn it for, then? It does not show you the time of day!

CORPORAL.
No; but it clearly shows me the death I am to die in your Majesty's service.

KING.
Well said, my brave fellow! And, that you may likewise see the hour among the twelve in which you ARE to die, I will give you my watch. Take it, and wear it for my sake corporal. (The KING gives the CORPORAL his watch.)

CORPORAL (with emotion.)
It will also teach me that at any moment Your Majesty may command my life.

HAROLD (enthusiastically.)
And the lives of us all. Long live the King!

(Flourish of drums. The KING acknowledges the salute.)

KING (to Grenadiers.)
You, my brave fellows, are my own guards. I can rely upon YOU. There is no want of

discipline here—eh, General? Notwithstanding all my annoyances, I am the happiest king in Christendom!

CHORUS

(Grenadiers and all the characters)
All hail the king!—Long live the king!
Our hope in peace and war!
With his renown let Prussia ring—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
He is the pillar of the state!
Our sword and buckler he!
Heaven give to Frederick the Great
Eternal victory!

(The GRENADIERS cheer. The OFFICERS close about the KING. Flourish and tableau.
The act-drop descends on the picture.)

End of the First Act.

Act II.

Scene I.

Discovered. The stage represents a large apartment without the usual side-entrances.

On the left hand is a row of long, old-fashioned windows, with painting-screens so arranged as to let the light fall obliquely on the tables beneath; at which the FACTORY GIRLS are seated, employed in painting various articles of porcelain.

SOPHIA MANSFIELD is seated at the table nearest the audience. On the right are

separate tables, at which GIRLS are employed mixing and grinding colors. In the

center of the stage is a small platform, on which a number of painted vases, ready

for the oven, are placed. KARL is engaged in examining them. At the rear of the

stage is the entrance to the room—a large open door—on each side of which are rows of shelves, filled with vases, bowls, plates, jars, mantel ornaments, and the like, put there to dry. The whole representing the painting-room of the Royal

Porcelain Factory. Through the doors the furnaces are seen, on which the porcelain

is placed to set the colors, and which several WORKMEN are attending. The curtain rises slowly to the music.

CHORUS.

(German air.)

Home, home, home—

Dear, lost home!

Though here we pine in slavery,

Our hearts are all in Saxony,

Our girlhood's happy home!

Land of the free and bold,
To hopeless bondage sold!
While abject toil and fear
Enchain thy daughters here,
We yearn for thee,
O Saxony!—
For freedom, love, and home!

(The GIRLS attempt to waltz to the music; but, overcome by their feelings, they resume their tasks.)

SOLO—SOPHIA.

Home, home, home—

Dear, lost home!

Though cares oppress us fearfully,

We exiles carol cheerfully

Of girlhood's happy home!

Beneath our native sky,
The hours went swiftly by;
While on a foreign soil,
Our youth consumes in toil!
We yearn for thee,
O Saxony!—
For freedom, love, and home!

(The GIRLS attempt to waltz, as before, etc.)

CHORUS.

Home, home, home, etc.

(The WORKMEN and the GIRLS resume their tasks.)

(Enter Count LANISKA, ALBERT, and WEDGEWOOD.)

WEDGEWOOD (looking around, and speaking enthusiastically as he enters.)

Admirable, upon my word! Every department better than the last, and this the best of all! Never saw anything like it. The colors brilliant—the designs exquisitely classical—”a place for everything, and everything in its place!”

COUNT.

Whatever His Majesty constructs, whether a fortress or a factory, is perfect in all its details.

WEDGEWOOD.

Yet look around, and read your monarch’s history in the eyes of these prisoners of war. Observe that picture of melancholy (pointing to SOPHIA, who, during the scene, has been leaning dejectedly on her hand.—KARL standing by her side.) How reluctantly she pursues her task! Our English manufacturers work in quite another manner, for they are free!

KARL.

And are free men or free women never indisposed?—or do you Englishmen blame your king whenever any of his subjects turn pale? The woman at whom you are looking is evidently ill.

WEDGEWOOD.

The fie upon your inhumanity for making a poor, sick girl work when she seems scarcely able to hold up her head! (Aside.) I don’t half like that fellow. Villainously odd.

ALBERT (to SOPHIA.)

My poor girl, what is the matter with you. The overseer says that, since you came here, you have done nothing worthy of your pencil. Yet this charming piece (pointing to an ornament on her painting)—which was brought from Saxony is of your design—is it not?

SOPHIA.

Yes, sir, it was my misfortune to paint it. If the king had never seen or liked it, I should now be—

ALBERT.

In Saxony; but forget that country, and you may be happy in this.

SOPHIA.

I can not forget it!—I can not forget everybody that I ever loved. Ask not a Saxon woman to forget her country!

ALBERT.
Whom do you love in Saxony now?

SOPHIA.
Whom do I NOT love in Saxony? I have a brother there, whom I have not seen since childhood. He was at college when I was carried off from the cottage in which we both were born. He is ignorant of my fate. (She regards ALBERT with great attention, and examines his features minutely.)

ALBERT.
Why do you gaze upon me so intently?

SOPHIA.
I know not why, sir; but you seemed even now a dear heart-cherished one, whom I have wished for long and anxiously.

ALBERT.
Think me that one, and trust me.

SOPHIA.
I will—for there's a cherub nestling in my heart which whispers, "You are here to save me!" (ALBERT leads her to her task, which she resumes in great dejection of spirits.)

WEDGEWOOD (to KARL.)
Is that poor girl often thus?

KARL.
She sits as you see her, like one stupefied, half the day.

WEDGEWOOD.
The cause of this—if it is convenient?

KARL.
She has fallen to the lot of a soldier (glancing at SOPHIA)—who swears, if she delays another day to MARRY HIM, that he will complain to the king.

COUNT (turning furiously upon KARL.)
Wretch! (seizes him.)

KARL (throwing him off.)
This insult will cost you dear! Your scorn for the king's commands—

COUNT (scornfully.)
I had forgotten. (Releases him.) You are a mere instrument in the hands of a tyrant!

KARL (aside.)
That word again!—

SOPHIA (running between them, and throwing herself at the feet of LANISKA.)
Save me! save me! You CAN save me! You are a powerful lord, and can speak to the king! Save me from this detested marriage.

KARL (aside to SOPHIA.)
Are you mad?

COUNT (raising SOPHIA, who clings to him, and shrinks from KARL.)
I will do so, or perish in the attempt!

KARL (aside.)
Ah! say you so? Then the king shall know HIS enemy and MINE! [Exit.

WEDGEWOOD (noticing KARL go off.)
Whew! There's mischief brewing! If that black-muzzled rascal is not hatching trouble for us all, I'll never trust my seven senses again! I wonder they permit such a bear to go at large in a garden like this—he'll root up the flowers as well as weeds.—Dangerously odd!

(Trumpet sounds without, and a buzz and hum as if of a distant crowd; the noise comes near the Factory.)

WEDGEWOOD.
What's afoot now, I wonder?

ALBERT.
Some new freak, no doubt, of this eccentric monarch. (Noises.)

WEDGEWOOD (looking out.)
The town is all astir (noise louder)—humming and buzzing like a hive of bees! (Noise, and distant shouts.) And yonder comes a fussy little burgomaster with a proclamation, and a crowd of noisy citizens at his heels—odd! [Noise and shouts increase.

(Sophia and the other GIRLS and the WORKMEN leave their occupations, as if anxious to learn the cause of the uproar. When the buzzing, huzzaing, and noise reach the Factory, loud sound of the trumpet.)

BURGOMASTER (without.)
Make way there, good people—make way there for the royal herald! (The BURGOMASTER bustles in with the HERALD—the crowd following and surrounding him—noises.)
Stand back (using his wand)—stand back, you idle, ragged tatterdemalions, and pay all due reverence to the constituted authorities! (laughter)—for know all men by these presents (very pompously,) that I represent the king! (laughter.)

WEDGEWOOD.
What a figure for the part! (laughter.)

BURGOMASTER (smartly striking with his wand one who laughs louder than the rest.)
Take that, and let it teach you better manners in future, you scarecrow!—Now draw near, good people, and be dumb! Lend me all your ears!—

WEDGEWOOD.
You have ears enough already for any two-legged animal—

BURGOMASTER.
While I, by virtue of my office as a magistrate, publish this important document! (SOPHIA comes forward.)

CITIZEN (eagerly.)
Now for it!

BURGOMASTER (hitting him smartly over the head.)
You will, will you?—Hish! This paper is big with information to the whole realm; but more especially to the daughters of Saxony. (SOPHIA and the GIRLS of the Factory, by looks and actions, evince great interest in the reading of the paper.)

BURGOMASTER.
Hish! (To HERALD.) Now proceed in regular order, and according to ancient form and usage, to read the royal proclamation!—Hish! (Hands paper to HERALD.)

HERALD (reads.)
"By the grace of God, we, Frederick the Second, King of Prussia, hereby make known that he will give freedom—"

SOPHIA (eagerly aside.)
Freedom? (Listens with anxiety.)

HERALD.
"And a reward of five hundred crowns to the ARTIST who shall produce the most beautifully designed and highly-finished enameled porcelain vase of Berlin china; and permit her to marry whomsoever she shall think proper."

SOPHIA (aside and joyfully.)
Her I aright? (The GIRLS of the Factory show great joy at this.)

HERALD.
"The ARTIST's name shall be inscribed upon the vase, which shall be called 'The Prussian Vase.'"

SOPHIA (aside.)
Oh, happy, happy news!

HERALD.
"Signed at the Sans Souci—
"By the King."

OMNES.
HA-z-z-a-a-h-a-a-a! (Amid the shouts and general joy of the GIRLS, the BURGOMASTER bustles out, using his wand frequently, and speaking all the while; the HERALD following, and the CITIZENS buzzing and huzzaing as before.) Silence you non-descript villains!—Silence, I say! You stun me with your uproar! (Loud shout.—Passionately.) Oh, shut your ugly mugs! (Strikes them.)

WEDGEWOOD.
Mugs! I like that. He's in the crockery-trade, like myself.

SOPHIA (with joy.)
This proclamation has animated me with new life and energy. I feel like one inspired!

COUNT.
What mean you?

SOPHIA.
To become a competitor for the prize.

ALBERT.
You will have many opponents.

SOPHIA.
I heed them not.

WEDGEWOOD.
All will be zeal throughout the manufactory.

SOPHIA.
So much the greater need for my perseverance.

ALBERT.
Some will be excited with the hope of gaining their liberty.

SOPHIA.
Oh, blessed hope!

WEDGEWOOD.
Some stimulated by the crowns.—Not at all odd.—It would be odd if they were not!

SOPHIA.
But none have so strong a motive for exertion as I have.

COUNT (with enthusiasm.)
Nobly resolved! I will assist you with every faculty I possess.

ALBERT (with the same feeling.)
And I!

WEDGEWOOD (with the same.)
And all!—If it is convenient.

SOPHIA (joyfully.)
Then doubt not my success. (Exit LANISKA, ALBERT, and, WEDGEWOOD.)
Oh, how my
heart bounds with the thoughts of once more seeing Saxony! Its mountains,
torrents,
vineyards, are all before me now! And then our native songs!—They steal into
my
heart and melt it.

SONG AND CHORUS.
(German air.)
SOPHIA and FACTORY GIRLS.
Sky, stream, moorland, and mountain,
Tree, cot, spire, and dome,
Breeze, bird, vineyard, and fountain,
Kindred, friends, country, and home!—
Home, home, home, home!—
These are the blessings of home!

(The FACTORY-GIRLS now waltz cheerfully to the music.)

Hope how fondly I cherish,
Dear land, to see thee once more!
O Fate! let me not perish
Far from my own native shore!
Home, home, home, home!–
Saxony, Liberty's home!

(The GIRLS waltz as before, etc.)

Those who freedom inherit,
Bow not to Tyranny's throne;
Then, friends, in a kind spirit,
Judge of my love by your own.
Home, home, home, home!–
The land of the heart is our home!

(They all waltz with great spirit until the scene closes.)

Scene II.

A Street in Berlin. Enter FREDERICK in a cloak–KARL following.

KING.

Those who have the command of motives, and know their power, have also the command of all that the arts, or what is called a genius for the arts, can produce. The human mind and human ingenuity are much the same in Italy, England, and Prussia. Then why should not we have a Prussian as well as a Wedgewood or a Barbarini vase? We shall see. I do not understand mon metier de roi, if I can not call forth talents where I know them to exist. (To KARL.) And so the count denounced me for a tyrant, did he, Karl?

KARL.

He did, Your Majesty.

KING.

He's a mere stripling; and I permit boys and fools to speak of me as they list. But I am no tyrant, Karl! He might have spared me that. (Musingly.) Tyrant!–

KARL (aside.)
It rankles deeply.

KING (recovering from his meditation.)
Youth and inexperience—to say nothing of love—pshaw!—which is the root of all folly—shall be his apology this time: but let him beware how he offends again—

KARL (aside.)
It moves him as I intended.

KING.
No, I am no tyrant. I should not be branded with such a title!

KARL (startled.)
Branded, Your Majesty?

KING.
What has happened, Karl? You are as pale as ashes! What mystery is here? I am to be trusted.

KARL.
Your Majesty was ever kind; and if I might—

KING.
Might! You may. Speak freely to your sovereign—your friend—and tell me what it is that weighs upon your mind.

SONG—KARL
Dared these lips my sad story impart,
What relief it would give to my heart!
Though the scenes of past years as they rise,
Bring the dews of remorse to my eyes,
Yet, oh hear me, and ever conceal
What in agony now I reveal!—

KING.
Speak freely, Karl—

KARL.
And behold, while I throw off the mask!
Ah, no, no, no, no, no—
I shrink in despair from the task!

In the page of my life there appears
A sad passage that's written in tears!
Could but that be erased, I would give
All the remnant of days I may live:
yet the cause of the cloud on my brow

I have never disclosed until now—

KING.
Say on, Karl—

KARL.
Here behold!—It is branded in flame!
Ah, no, no, no, no, no—
I shrink in despair from my shame! [KARL rushes out.

KING.
There's a mystery about that fellow that I can not understand.—Whom have we here?
Oh, the English traveller who is in such a good humor with my manufactory, and who has such strange notions respecting me. Good—good!

[Draws his cloak about him and retires.

(Enter WEDGEWOOD.)

WEDGEWOOD.
I begin to perceive that I shall get into some confounded scrape if I stay here much longer, and so will my young friend Mr. Worrendorf, who has made me his confidant: but mum's the word! (Seeing the KING, who is in the act of taking snuff.) Ah, use snuff, my old boy?—Odd!—Thank you for a pinch. (Takes a pinch sans ceremonie, and without the King's consent. FREDERICK shuts the box angrily. WEDGEWOOD starts back in astonishment.—Aside.) Wonder who the old-fashioned brown jug can be! I'll take him by the handle and pour him out, and see what's in him.

KING.
Like the snuff?

WEDGEWOOD.
Yes (snuffs)—it's decent blackguard (snuffs)—quite decent.

KING.
Taste it again.

WEDGEWOOD.
Don't care if I do. (Helps himself.)

KING.
Perhaps you will also do me the favor to accept the box?

WEDGEWOOD (taking the box.)
If it is convenient. What am I to infer from this?

KING.
That you and I cannot take snuff out of the same box. MY box is not large enough
for two.

WEDGEWOOD (astonished.)
You don't say so! "Not large enough for two?" (Looks at the box.) Damn me if I don't think it large enough for a dozen, unless they took snuff with a shovel!
(Aside.) Who in the name of all that's magnanimous can this old three-cornered cocked-hatted cockolorum be?

KING.
You were overheard to say but now that you would like to see the king?

WEDGEWOOD.
Overheard? (Aside.) Ah, that's the way they do everything here. A man can't sneeze
without some one of the four winds of heaven reporting it to His Majesty! There is
no such thing as a secret in the whole kingdom! How do the women get along, I wonder?
(To FREDERICK.) "Like to see the king?" Certainly I should.

KING.
That box will procure you an audience. Present it at the palace.

WEDGEWOOD.
Look you here, my jolly old cock, none of your jokes—none of your tricks upon travellers, if you please. What do you mean?

KING.
That I am appreciated at court.

WEDGEWOOD (aside.)
Oh, there's no standing on this! (To FREDERICK.) Do you intend to say that you
are personally acquainted with Frederick the Great?

KING.
I know him, I believe, better than any subject in his realm. He is my most intimate
friend.

WEDGEWOOD.
Well, then, if that be the case, all that I have to say is, that he is not over and

above nice in his choice of companions.—What an odd old file!

KING (angrily.)
Look you here, Mr. Wedgewood—

WEDGEWOOD.
W-e-d-g-e-w-o-o-d!—

KING.
Yes—I know you well enough. You are an Englishman by birth—a crockery-merchant by trade—a gentleman from inclination—and an odd sort of character from habit. Without knowing anything more about it than the man in the moon, you have condemned the policy of the king, who is aware of all you have said and done since your arrival in Prussia.

WEDGEWOOD (alarmed.)
Oh, I'll get out of this infernal country as fast as my legs can carry me! The king is all ears, like a field of corn; and all eyes, like a potato-patch!

KING.
What alarms you?

WEDGEWOOD.
Everything. It's all over with me! I'm an earthen teapot with the spout knocked off!—Suspiciously odd!

KING.
You, sir, like too many others, are entirely mistaken in the character of Frederick. You will understand him better when we meet again (going.)

WEDGEWOOD.
But, before you go, pray receive your box again!—(the KING looks at him sternly—
WEDGEWOOD is greatly alarmed)—if it is convenient!

KING.
Not now. When next we confer, remember me.—Farewell! [Exit.]

WEDGEWOOD.
Remember you? I think I shall. Once seen, never forgotten. What a deep old screw!

(Enter HAROLD.)

HAROLD.

The king commands your presence at the chateau of the countess.

WEDGEWOOD.

The devil he does! (Looks at the box.) What's here? As I live, the royal arms! (Conceals the box from HAROLD.) Oh, the thing's plain enough. That fellow has stolen this box; and for fear of being found out, he has put it off on me! It's all up!—I've been bamboozled by the nefarious old monster of iniquity! But I'll after him straight, and have him JUGGED. If I don't, they'll make not bones of JUGGING me!—If it is convenient. [Exit in a flurry.

HAROLD.

How he trembles! He's frightened out of his senses—Fear? What is it? A word not to be found in the articles of war—a soldier's only vocabulary!

SONG—HAROLD.

Fiery Mars, thy votary hear!
Weave for me a wreath of glory!
When I rest upon my bier,
Let my memory live in story!
Aid my sword in time of war!
In my country's cause I wield it—
Only with the breath I draw,
Will I to the foeman yield it!

[Exit.

Scene III.

SOPHIA MANSFIELD's apartments in the Porcelain Factory. Enter SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

'Tis done. My vase is finished, and in the possession of the overseer. How is it with me? Although my fortunes are suspended by a single thread, an unaccustomed buoyancy pervades my bosom. Are these emotions precursors of victory, or has the love of Laniska given me a new existence, and tinged the world once more with hues of paradise? How new and fresh and strange are all the things here about my heart! This is his gift—a simple flower! He said it is an emblem of love. It is not so. Love does not perish thus!—Love can not be a flower.

SONG-SOPHIA.

Ah! Love is not a garden-flower,
That shoots from out the cultured earth;
That needs the sunbeam and the shower,
Before it wakens into birth:
It owns a richer soil and seed,
And woman's heart supplies them both,
Where it will spring, without a weed,
Consummate in its growth.

These leaves will perish when away
From either genial sun or shower;
Not so will wither and decay
Celestial Love's perennial flower.
'Tis our companion countless miles,
Through weal or woe in after years;
And though it flourishes in smiles,
It blooms as fresh in tears!

(Enter FREDERICA.)

FREDERICA.

My dear Sophia, I am overjoyed to learn that you have completed your vase.

SOPHIA.

Thanks, dear madam. Is it true that the works of the different competitors are to be exhibited at the fete of the countess, and that the decision is to be there made?

FREDERICA.

It is—and the countess insists upon your being present.

SOPHIA.

I am an unknown girl, madam; and if I decline the invitation, I beseech you take it not amiss.

FREDERICA.

—But I will take it amiss, and so will the count and countess, whose messenger I am, and who insisted upon my bringing you to the chateau at once.

SOPHIA.

Well, madam, since you will have it so—

FREDERICA.

Oh, you'll be delighted. Only think of the concentrated attractions of "the court, the camp, the grove!" Oh, they're too much for any mortal woman to withstand!

DUET—SOPHIA and FREDERICA

The king, the princes of the court,
With lords and ladies bright,
Will in their dazzling state resort
To this grand fete to-night:
The merry-hearted and the proud
Will mingle in the glittering crowd,
Who glide with Fashion's sparkling stream
Where one I love will shine supreme!—
La ra la, la ra la, la la la, etc.

The cavaliers of Italy,
The gay gallants of France,
With Spain and England's chivalry,
Will join the merry dance.
The court of Love—the camp of Mars,
Fair Prussian dames, "earth-treading stars,"
To music's strain will float in light,
Where one I love will beam to-night!—
La ra la, la ra la, la la la, etc.

[Exit cheerfully.]

Scene IV.

Discovered. Grand Saloon in the Chateau of the COUNTESS LANISKA, arranged for a Fete. The scene opens with dancing and waltzing by the CHARACTERS, and discovers the KING and retinue, LORDS and LADIES of the Court, foreign AMBASSADORS and ATTACHES, the COUNTESS LANISKA, ALBERT, WEDGEWOOD, KARL, GIRLS of the Factory, etc., etc. The CHARACTERS are variously grouped during the dance; and while all are observing the KING, who, with KARL at his side, is attentively examining the Vases, which are placed on stands on one side of the stage, the COUNT LANISKA enters, conducting, in SOPHIA and FREDERICA. After the dance, the KING speaks.

KING.

The hour has arrived which is to decide the fate of the competitors. (All the CHARACTERS express by their looks and actions the utmost anxiety as to the result,

and draw near to the KING.)

KARL (to KING.)

The inscription upon this vase is in the handwriting of the Count Laniska.

KING.

'Tis well.

KARL (aside.)

And it is a death-warrant!

KING.

Subjects and children: we have reason to be proud of an art that redounds to the

honor and glory of Prussia. Where all have deserved well, all shall be well remembered.

(The GIRLS of the Factory manifest great joy at these words, and turn to congratulate

each other. SOPHIA and LANISKA stand apart, and watch every action of the KING,

while the other CHARACTERS appear greatly interested in SOPHIA.) This vase, however,

I select from the rest, as the most beautiful of them all. (SOPHIA clasps her hands

in great agitation.) Let this be known to after ages as "THE PRUSSIAN VASE;"

and let the name here inscribed (looks at and points to the name on the vase) be chronicled

throughout these realms. (Takes SOPHIA by the hand.) Sophia Mansfield is the artist

and she is free! (SOPHIA, overcome by her feelings, falls on the bosom of FREDERICA.)

CHORUS.

Victoria! victoria!

The Saxon maid is free—

Victoria! victoria! etc.

SOPHIA.

My heart will break with gratitude!

COUNT.

And mine with joy!

KARL (aside.)

It will be of brief duration.

KING (who has regarded SOPHIA with great interest.)

Let the dance proceed.

(A merry dance and waltz by the CHARACTERS, at the termination of which a tableau is formed. The utmost merriment and hilarity mark the action of the scene. At the conclusion of the dance, the KING, who has been occupied in carefully examining the Vase, wipes it with his handkerchief, which becomes stained with the paint. KARL draws his attention to the inscription.)

KARL.
Behold, my liege!—

KING.
Ha! What words are these? (Reads.) "To Frederick the Great Tyrant"—
Treachery!—
(KARL immediately seizes the Vase, and carries it off, without the inscription being seen by any but the KING.) Break off the sports!

COUNTESS (greatly astonished.)
What means Your Gracious Majesty?

KING.
(Who has taken out his tablets, and written on them in great haste—does not regard her, and speaks furiously.)—Let all the doors be closed! Such base ingratitude shall not go unpunished!—Give over your mirth! Ho! My guards! (Drums immediately sound.) My guards!

(Presto! Enter HAROLD, CORPORAL, and GRENADIERS, in great haste. The KING hands HAROLD his orders, and rushes out in a towering passion. Enter WEDGEWOOD. All the guests are thrown into great confusion. Re-enter KARL.)

HAROLD (promptly.)
Count Laniska, stand forth!

COUNT.
What is your business with me, Harold?

HAROLD.
You are our prisoner.

OMNES.
Prisoner?

KARL (aside.)

Now I triumph!

COUNT.
Under whose orders do you act?

HAROLD.
Those of the king.

OMNES.
The king!

HAROLD.
Sophia Mansfield!

ALBERT.
What of her?

HAROLD.
She must away with us to the castle of Spandau.

SOPHIA.
O Heaven, support me!

COUNT (drawing his sword.)
Touch her at your peril, Harold!

ALBERT.
This is madness! Give me your sword! (Wrests it from him, and give it to
HAROLD.)
Of what are they accused?

HAROLD.
Of ingratitude and treason!

OMNES.
Treason!

FINALE.

COUNT.
Treason!

OMNES.
Treason!

COUNT.
It can not be!
Of treason who accuses me?

HAROLD.

The king himself!—These orders read! (Hands paper to COUNT.)

OMNES.

The king himself!

COUNT (looking at the papers.)

'Tis true indeed!

SOPHIA.

Oh, what a fearful change is here!

KARL (aside.)

I triumph now!—my vengeance fear!

(SOPHIA and LANISKA are made prisoners.)

OMNES.

The king's commands let all obey!

COUNT and SOPHIA.

We must obey!

SOPHIA.

Oh, how my trusting heart is grieved!—

COUNT.

Our royal master is deceived!

No traitor I!—My loyal heart

Spurns with disdain so base a part!

SOPHIA.

How vainly Fortune smiled on me!

SOPHIA and COUNT.

Oh, give me death or liberty!

KARL.

Tear them apart!

HAROLD and GRENADIERS.

No more delay!

KARL.

To prison, hence!—

OMNES.

To prison?

HAROLD and GRENADIERS.
Hence!

OMNES.
Away! away!

(As the GUARDS attempt to separate COUNT LANISKA and SOPHIA,
great confusion ensues,
and the act-drop descends.)

End of the second act.

Act III.

Scene I.

The stage represents part of the Castle of Spandau, and is arranged as follows:
On
the left, is a large rock; above which, in the distance, is the Tower. A large
grated door opens upon a platform, surrounded by iron railing.—COUNT LANISKA
is
discovered leaning upon them. On the right, is an arched cell, with part of the
wall jutting from the side, behind which is a secret door. Above this is a fine
view of an open country, and a clear, blue, starlight sky. SOPHIA is seated in
the cell, at a table.—The whole scene is so managed that, while the AUDIENCE
have a full view of everything, the PRISONERS, although they hear, can not
see
each other.—Time, near midnight.—The curtain rises slowly to music.

DUET—SOPHIA and COUNT.

SOPHIA.
This gloomy cell is my abode at last;
The sole reward for all my perils past.
'Tis strange that love within the breast should dwell,
When hope, dejected, bids the heart farewell!

COUNT.
What sounds are these? No human form is near,
And yet that well-known voice I faintly hear,
'Twas sure the fancied music of the mind,
Whose breathings mingled with the midnight wind.

BOTH.
Yes!—'Tis lost!—'Tis gone!—Hark! it comes again,

Like distant echoes of a melting strain:
In melody her/his spirit floats around!—
That voice!—These walls are vocal with the sound.
I hear its music near me still!—'Tis there!
Sure 'tis some gentle spirit of the air!

(During the duet, the moon has been gradually rising, and the light falls through the grated windows of the Prison.)

(enter JAILOR, from the Tower, to COUNT LANISKA.)

JAILOR.
Count Laniska—a friend, with an order from the king.

COUNT.
I attend him. [Exit Count LANISKA.

(Jailor closes the iron door over the grated window, locks it, and retires.)

SOPHIA.
'Twas but a dream!—'Tis past, and all is still again!

[The bell in the tower strikes twelve

BRAVURA—SOPHIA
Hark! 'tis the deep-toned midnight bell,
That bids a sad and long farewell
To the departed hour;
How like a dirge its music falls
Within these cold and dreary walls,
Where stern misfortunes lower!

Ah! vainly through these prison-bars
Glide the pale beams of moon and stars,
To cheer this lonely tower;
From evening's close to dawn of day,
Hope's star sheds not a single ray
To light the solemn hour!

Alas! what pangs must guilt conceal,
When innocence like mine can feel
So crushed in such an hour!
I know not whether love be crime—
But if it is, in every clime
'Tis woman's fatal dower!
I can find no clew to this most cruel treachery.

What fiend in human shape has plotted my destruction? (Sound of chains—
prison-door

is unlocked.) Ah! Karl here!

(Enter KARL, who secures the door through which he came in. He takes a position on the opposite side of the stage, and regards SOPHIA attentively.)

KARL.
Well, Sophia, we meet at last where we can confer without the possibility of interruption. I came to save you.

SOPHIA.
My life would not be worth preserving, owing anything to you.

KARL.
Subdue this unavailing anger, and listen to your friend.

SOPHIA.
Not to you. The enmity of such a man is a tribute paid to honesty. Friend!
(scornfully.)

KARL.
I came to give you liberty.

SOPHIA.
How?

KARL.
By flight.

SOPHIA.
Where?

KARL.
To Saxony.

SOPHIA.
With whom!

KARL.
The only one who loves you.

SOPHIA.
Name him.

KARL.
Behold him at your feet!

SOPHIA.
What mockery is this? Mark me, Karl: I am a weak, friendless, unprotected girl.

If your sex is strong, mine is resolute. Abandon your present designs—give up this useless suit, and cease to persecute the innocent.

KARL.
I have heard you! Now listen to me. You are my destiny.

SOPHIA.
Wretch!

KARL.
I can not and I will not live without you. To secure, if not your love, at least the possession of your person, I have periled everything. You are mine by right, and I will have my own.

SOPHIA.
Yours by right!—

KARL.
Yes.

SOPHIA.
What right?

KARL.
The king gave you to me.

SOPHIA.
I was not his to give.

KARL.
You were his bondwoman.

SOPHIA.
And his bondwoman spurned you, as she ought!

KARL.
With scorn you did!—I have not forgotten it.

SOPHIA.
And does so now again.

KARL.
You love another!

SOPHIA.
I'll not deny it.

KARL.
Torture! (Draws his dagger.)

SOPHIA (greatly terrified.)
Karl, you would not stain this prison-floor with blood!

KARL.
I would, to strike my rival's heart through yours!—But words make the blow unnecessary.
(Puts up his dagger.) Hear me, Sophia. Till I saw you, I never felt the pangs of love!—I never shed a tear! From manhood's early dawn, my savage nature could not brook reproof; nor friend nor foe had power over me. Your smile alone subdued this callous heart. Sophia, save me!—Save a repentant, wretched man!

SONG—KARL.
(German air.)
Once, mild and gentle was my heart!
My youth from guile was free!
But when love's bonds were torn apart,
What joy had life for me?
No words, no threats could daunt my soul,
My reckless spirit spurned control
Till swayed by smiles from thee!

A wanderer o'er the desert sand,
And outcast on the sea,
An exile from my native land—
What's all the world to me?
Each friend misfortune proved a foe:
I scorned the high—despised the low—
Till swayed by smiles from thee!

(At the conclusion of the song, enter, by the secret door, HAROLD, with a carbine, conducting in ALBERT and WEDGEWOOD stealthily.)

HAROLD (aside.)
I knew that I was right.

ALBERT (aside.)
Silence—on your lives!

WEDGEWOOD (aside.)
If it is convenient! [They conceal themselves.]

SOPHIA.
It is in vain!

KARL.
Then you must away with me this very night, this very hour, or perish here!

(KARL advances and takes her by the wrist. ALBERT keeps WEDGEWOOD and HAROLD off.)

SOPHIA.
Villain, forbear! Oh, help me, Heaven!

KARL (drawing his dagger.)
You call in vain! Your doom is sealed!—Die! (As he is about to stab SOPHIA, WEDGEWOOD seizes his arm.)

WEDGEWOOD.
You lie, you infernal scoundrel!

KARL.
Ha! betrayed!—Have at you, then! (A struggle ensues between KARL and WEDGEWOOD, in which the former is overcome, and thrown upon the ground. SOPHIA rushes into ALBERT's arms in great agitation. HAROLD advances to the center of the stage, and aims his carbine at KARL. At the same moment, WEDGEWOOD, who has had a desperate struggle with KARL, exclaims—)

WEDGEWOOD
Your dagger! your dagger! (Wrests it from him.) Now yield, or die!—(Rises, places his foot upon KARL, and holds the dagger up)—If it is convenient!

(Tableau.—Scene closes.)

[Exit.

Scene II.

Another cell in the Castle of Spandau.—Enter COUNT LANISKA and JAILOR.

JAILOR.
Count Laniska, you bear the king's commission, although a prisoner; therefore, while I leave you to examine these papers (hands papers,) received from Mr. Worrendorf, I rely upon your honor not to attempt to escape.

COUNT.

Your confidence is not misplaced, believe me. [Exit JAILOR.]—(Looks at papers.)

My friend is unwearied in my cause. But I am a soldier, and have ever held my life

at the disposal of the king. If Sophia were free and happy, I could look upon death

with an undaunted spirit. (Puts up papers.) How like an angel she appeared when

last I gazed upon her heavenly face—now glistening with the tear, now radiant with

the smile of beauty!

SONG—LANISKA.

The gentle bird on yonder spray,
That sings its little life away;
The rose-bud bursting into flower,
And glittering in the sun and shower;
The cherry-blossom on the tree—
Are emblematic all of thee.

Yon moon that sways the vassal streams,
Like thee in modest beauty beams;
So shines the diamond of the mine,
And the rock-crystal of the brine;
The gems of heaven, the earth and sea,
Are blended, all, dear maid, in thee!

[Exit

Scene III.

An Apartment in the Gallery of Paintings at Sans Souci. Enter ALBERT and WEDGEWOOD

in haste, meeting the COUNTESS LANISKA.

ALBERT.

Have you seen the king?

COUNTESS.

His Majesty has not yet appeared.

WEDGEWOOD.

A crate of mouldy straw for your warlike government! (Snaps his fingers.) That for your soldier-like system of doing business! I wouldn't give a broken basin for it! Why, the commanding officer has only to say, "Hang me up that tall

fellow
like a scarecrow," and up he goes—tzck!—or, "Give me that short chap the
cat-o'-nine-tails," and, whack, he has it—or, "Shoot me yonder half-dozen spec-
imens
of humanity," and bang, 'tis done!

(Enter FREDERICK, followed by HAROLD, unperceived, at the back of
the stage.)

ALBERT.
If the king would but listen to reason—

WEDGEWOOD.
Ay, but he won't! I never saw such a resolute old curmudgeon; and then he's so
proud,
too! He's like a hard-baked stone jar—he won't bend anyhow. I know why he
gave
me his snuff-box: it was because I happened to help myself to a pinch out of the
dirty old trumpery! If he, or you, or all of you, by any chance happened to live
in England, or any other civilized country, this poor count, and the girl too,
would
have an impartial hearing before they were condemned.

COUNTESS.
But under this government we have blessings unknown to yours—

WEDGEWOOD.
But me no buts, madam! Give me the blessings of living under a government
where no
man can be condemned without a fair trial by jury, madam. To you Prussians,
this
is a matter of favor; but to us Englishmen, it is a matter of right!

COUNTESS.
Would to Heaven that my son and this poor girl could have such a trial!—

ALBERT.
And would to Heaven I might plead their cause!

(The KING, who has paid great attention to their conversation, walks down
the stage,
and suddenly stands in the midst of them. They all start, and fall back.)

KING.
On one condition you shall—

OMNES.
The king!

KING.

On one condition, young man, your prayer shall be granted.

ALBERT.
Name it, sire—

KING.
If you fail to convince the judges of their innocence, that you shall share their punishment. Do you agree?

ALBERT.
I do, and set my life upon the issue.

KING.
Your life shall answer for it if you fail. (To HAROLD.) Give orders that the hall of the castle be immediately prepared for the trial. Use dispatch, Harold! [Exit HAROLD.] (To the COUNTESS.) You, madam, I believe to be wholly ignorant of your son's treachery.

COUNTESS.
If he be guilty—

KING (sarcastically.)
IF he be guilty, madam?

COUNTESS.
Yes, sire; if he has forgotten what Your Majesty has done for Poland, he is no son of mine!

KING.
I shall spare you all the reflections I have made on the subject, madam. Tyrant as I am, I shall not punish the innocent mother for the guilty son. But perhaps this gentleman [ALBERT] and you [WEDGEWOOD] recommended trial—

WEDGEWOOD.
Trial by jury! Your Majesty has said it! There's freedom in the very words!

KING.
How is it to be managed?

WEDGEWOOD.
Managed, Your Majesty? Why, according to law and justice.

KING.
Good!

WEDGEWOOD.

Twelve honest, upright, free, and independent men are empanelled to hear the case—

KING.

Good again!

WEDGEWOOD.

All the witnesses are examined, and all the testimony fairly summed up by learned counsel!

KING.

Excellent!

WEDGEWOOD.

Then the grave expounders of the law—the judges—charge the jury, who, upon their oaths, return a verdict—

KING.

A glorious institution!

WEDGEWOOD.

The shield and protection of the rights of man—the bulwark of civil and religious liberty—and the admiration of the whole civilized world! Democratically odd!

KING.

Well—well—well—so justice be done, I care not for the means.

WEDGEWOOD.

By jingo, he genuine porcelain! It's all right—fair, square, and above board—a clear field and no favor!

(Enter HAROLD.)

HAROLD.

Everything is in preparation. The judges are proceeding to their seats; the jury will soon be sworn, and the prisoners arraigned at the bar—

WEDGEWOOD (to HAROLD.)

Who's the crier of the court?

HAROLD.

That office is not yet filled. [Exit.

WEDGEWOOD.

That won't do—Illegally odd!

KING.

Perhaps, Mr. Wedgewood, you would like the appointment yourself?

WEDGEWOOD.

If it is convenient.

KING.

I confer it upon you.

WEDGEWOOD.

Thank Your Majesty. By Jove, we're sailing with wind and tide—a smooth sea below
and a clear sky above us!

KING.

Well, gentlemen, I wish you a prosperous voyage; but take care that you do not run
your vessel upon the rocks of litigation, and founder among the quicksands of the
law.

WEDGEWOOD.

No danger, Your Majesty, with such a pilot! [ALBERT.]—(Sudden and loud shouts and
confused noise without. Drums beat to arms.) What is the meaning of all this
commotion?

(Enter HAROLD, in haste.)

KING.

Out with it, Harold!

HAROLD.

The rumor of the treachery and ingratitude of the prisoners has spread like
wildfire
throughout the city—

KING.

Well!—

HAROLD.

The populace are in a ferment at the indignity offered to our beloved monarch,
and
demand the instant execution of the prisoners.

KING.

Well, well; say on.

HAROLD.

The multitude crowd every avenue to the palace, and the chateau of the count-

ess; and
the royal guards are under arms to preserve the public peace.

KING.
So, so, so, so—

COUNTESS.
O Heaven! what will become of us?

KING (proudly.)
Have you not the king's protection? I will appear among my children, who are so apprehensive about my safety, that they sometimes forget themselves, and become a little unruly. They will be satisfied when they hear and see their father. (Seeing the COUNTESS look dejected.) Do not droop madam; your GUILTY SON shall have a fair and impartial trial. (Taking her hand—To ALBERT sternly.) Look to it, sir; for if you fail, you know what follows! (Exit FREDERICK and COUNTESS—Immense cheering and beating of drums without.)

WEDGEWOOD.
Bravo! He's a trump.—Bless me! a popular commotion!—No matter—I am crier of the court! Let me catch any of the little boys making a noise in the halls of justice—that's all! I'll make the king himself mind his P's and Q's, if he dares to interfere with OUR grave deliberations! I will act as becomes my station. His Majesty has a jewel in me, and I'll convince him that authority in my hands is a knock-down argument—so-fist-ically odd!

SONG—WEDGEWOOD.
That law's the perfection of reason,
No one in his senses denies;
Yet here is a trial for treason
Will puzzle the wigs of the wise.
The lawyers who bring on the action
On one single point will agree,
Though proved to their own satisfaction
That tweedle-dum's NOT tweedle-dee!

To settle disputes, in a fury
The sword from the scabbard we draw;
But reason appeals to a jury,
And settles—according to law.
Then hey for the woosack!—for never
Without it can nations be free;
But trial by jury for ever!

And for tyranny—fiddle-de-dee!

[Exit.

Scene the last.

Discovered. The whole stage is thrown open, and represents the Hall of the Palace at Potsdam, arranged as a court-room. On a carpeted platform is the royal seat of state, occupied by three JUDGES. On the right and left of them are cushioned seats for the KING and his retinue, and OFFICERS of state. In front of the judgement-seat is a large center-table, on which are various law-books and the Prussian Vase. Around the table are suitable places for the ADVOCATES in the cause. On each side are elevated benches, occupied by the GIRLS of the Factory, behind whom are stationed platoons of the ROYAL GUARDS. At the end of the benches on the right is the jury-box, with twelve JURORS, and the desk of the CRIER, on which is a small mallet. Around the whole stage is a large gallery, crowded with the CITIZENS of Potsdam.—The entire scene is intended to represent an English Criminal Court of Law of the olden time, in full costume, with scarlet robes, ermine gowns, etc.—The following CHARACTERS are discovered in their respective places: BARON ALTENBERG, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and ADVOCATE for the crown; the WORKMEN of the Factory, as WITNESSES; the JAILOR, HANS, GERTRUDE, HAROLD, and CORPORAL; COUNT LANISKA, guarded, attended by the COUNTESS and FREDERICA; SOPHIA MANSFIELD, guarded, and attended by Factory-GIRLS; ALBERT, as ADVOCATE for the PRISONERS, and WEDGEWOOD, as CRIER of the Court; OFFICERS of state, LADIES of the Court, PORTERS of the Hall, and the KING.—This scene is accompanied by the ORCHESTRA.—Music as the scene opens—

CHORUS.

With mercy let justice
To mortals be given,
For Justice and Mercy
Are twin-born in heaven!

(As BARON ALTENBERG rises, WEDGEWOOD says, in a subdued tone of voice, and very respectfully.)

WEDGEWOOD.
Silence in the court!

ALTENBERG.
May it please your lordships, these facts are not denied: the inscription in the handwriting of the count; his free access to the factory; his frequent use of the word TYRANT when speaking of the king; his earnest interest in the Saxon maid; her love for the count, and her opposition to the will of our most gracious sovereign for allotting her to the overseer as his bride: and they all unite in establishing their crime, the punishment of which is DEATH. Had not His Majesty chanced to wipe off, with his own handkerchief, the blue paint which concealed the word TYRANT, the vase would have been sent to Paris, the king and people disgraced, and the criminals safe in Saxony. Yes, gentlemen (to the JURY,) this splendid ornament, which is to be known to all future ages as "The Prussian Vase," is defaced with the treasonable inscription—"To Frederick the Great Tyrant."

KING (rising in excitement, and forgetting himself.)
Yes, soldiers and subjects, friends and children, this word is applied to ME—to your FATHER—by these base ingrates here!—

CHORUS
Shame, shame, shame!
Long live the king! etc.

WEDGEWOOD (in a commanding tone, and striking the desk with his mallet.)
Silence in the court, or I'll put you in the stocks, juvenile delinquents and all!
What an odd people!

KING.
I beg the indulgence of your lordships for my infirmities of temper. Let the cause proceed. (Takes his seat.)

JUDGE.
The case for the crown, gentlemen, is fully before you, and is submitted in the confidence that you will discharge your duty faithfully.

KING (again forgetting himself.)
Ay, discharge your duty faithfully!

WEDGEWOOD (with great authority rapping on the desk.)
Silence in the court, Your Majesty!

JUDGE.
Let the counsel for the prisoners now proceed.

ALBERT.
Place Karl in the witness-box.

(Enter KARL and HAROLD.)

SOLO and CHORUS.

KARL.
What outrage more, at whose command
Am I thus shackled and restrained?—
What mockery's this? In this free land
The subject's rights should be maintained.

CHORUS.
The traitor braves the king's command!

KARL.
Those whom the lion would ensnare,
Should of his reckless fangs beware!
The forest-monarch, held at bay,
Will turn and spring upon his prey!

CHORUS.
Thus bold will guilt full oft appear!—
The sword of Justice let HIM fear!

WEDGEWOOD (as KARL is placed in the witness-box.)
Silence in the court!

CHORUS.
With mercy let justice
To mortals be given;
For Mercy and Justice
Are twin-borne of heaven.

KARL.
Why am I summoned here against my will?

ALBERT.
You are here to answer, not to question, sirrah!

KARL.

By what authority do YOU command my answers? In these realms the king alone commands.

KING (again forgetting himself.)

That's true—that's very true—the king alone commands—

WEDGEWOOD (shaking his mallet at the KING.)

What, Your Majesty—you will—will you?

KING.

Oh, I have forgotten myself again! (Takes his seat.) Confound the fellow!

KARL (aside.)

The king here? Then I have one friend at least on whom I may rely. (To KING.) Shall I—may I speak freely?

KING.

The king has no authority now. (Pointing to the jury-box.) There are the sovereigns of the people, and to them you must appeal. (Aside.) What a situation for a monarch!

ALBERT (to KARL.)

You know yon Saxon maid and the Count Laniska?

KARL.

I do, and HATE the count!

ALBERT.

Wherefore?

KARL.

He has thwarted my designs!—No, no, I mean not THAT! I mean that I hate him because he plotted treason against the king, and wrote "Tyrant" upon the vase.

ALBERT.

Did he write it?

KARL.

He did—these eyes beheld him.

COUNT (aside.)

The perjured caitiff!

SOPHIA.

O Heaven, have mercy upon us!

COUNTESS.
They are lost!

(COUNTESS leans on FREDERICA. The KING beckons to HAROLD, who goes to him. They engage in earnest conversation, occasionally pointing to KARL. HAROLD is supposed to be informing him of the arrest of KARL in SOPHIA's cell. KARL leaves the witness-box, and is about to retire, but is stopped by HAROLD.)

ALBERT.
Call the German inn-keeper to the stand. [HANS is placed in the box.

KARL (aside.)
I tremble with apprehension!

ALBERT (to HANS.)
You deal in colors—do you not?

HANS.
Yaw, mynherr.

ALBERT.
Have you sold any in Berlin lately?

HANS.
Yaw, mynheer; I sold some of der Prussian blue to der Hungarian overseer of der factory, who gave me monish to say notting about it. He tried der quality upon dis little scrap of baper, vich he forgot, and vich I kept, mit der intention of giving him back ven I saw him again. It is scrawled all over mit der word "Tyrant."

KARL (forgetting himself.)
That paper's mine—give it me!

WEDGEWOOD (instantly snatching the paper and holding it up, exclaims in a loud tone)
It's not convenient! (Hands the paper to ALBERT, who reads it to the JUDGES.)

ALBERT.
An attempt to imitate the handwriting of the count. Compare it with the word upon the vase.

JUDGE.
It is the same!

CHORUS.
Huzza! huzza! etc.

WEDGEWOOD (forgetting himself, after the chorus has finished, shouts at the top of his voice,) Huzza!—(which the KING observing, rises to call him to order; when WEDGEWOOD, noticing the KING, places his hand upon his own mouth; and looking round, and holding his mallet in a threatening manner over KARL, who is silent by way of excusing his mistake, says)—But silence in the court! (The KING, shaking his finger at WEDGEWOOD, takes his seat; HANS leaves the box.)

ALBERT.
Place that workman on the stand. (It is done.) Did you ever see this vase before?

WORKMAN.
Yes, sir.

ALBERT.
Where?

WORKMAN.
I saw Karl receive it for the furnace, and I saw him marking upon it with a sharp instrument, which he suddenly hid in his bosom. (KARL feels for his dagger, and half draws it, looking at SOPHIA ferociously. SOPHIA observes him narrowly, and with great apprehension.)

ALBERT.
Who took the vase from the furnace?

WORKMAN.
Karl.

ALBERT.
Who had possession of it afterward?

WORKMAN.
Karl.

ALBERT.
Who pointed out the word "Tyrant" to the king at the fete of the countess?

KING (rising with great emotion, and entirely forgetting himself.)
Karl!

ALBERT.
Who has misled, blinded, and deceived the king?

KING (with great emotion.)
Traitorous, fiendlike Karl!

KARL (aloud.)
I am stunned with horror!

KING (leaving his seat and coming down in great haste—WEDGEWOOD raises his hammer.)
By your leave, Mr. Wedgewood.

CHORUS (as the KING descends.)
Long live the king! etc.

(the KING takes his station in the center of the stage, and lifts his hat.)

KING.
If the court please—

WEDGEWOOD (aside.)
Bravo! His Majesty is becoming a principal witness! (In a subdued tone of voice.)
Silence in the court!—The king speaks!

KING (rapidly.)
I see it all! The case is clear. Karl had my permission to espouse Sophia. She refused him. Laniska loved her. Karl hated him, and planned her destruction; visited her in prison; tried to force her to fly the country with him; she refused, and he would have slain her, had not Mr. Wedgewood, the Advocate, and Harold—who has just told me all—struck him to the ground. Karl plotted this mischief—Karl bought the paint—Karl wrote the word—and Karl shall DIE!

KARL (draws his dagger.)
But not unavenged! (He darts toward SOPHIA, and makes an attempt to stab her. SOPHIA shrieks, and runs to LANISKA. All the CHARACTERS rise, greatly excited, and watch the scene with deep interest. The GUARDS present their pikes to the breast of KARL, who is seized by HAROLD and CORPORAL—in the brief struggle with whom, KARL's shirt-sleeve is torn open, and the felon's brand is discovered on his arm. To this ALBERT points in triumph—Tableau.—The whole action is instantaneous.)

HAROLD (with great eagerness.)
Behold, my liege, the felon's brand! (Presto!—all start with astonishment.)

CHORUS.

Now, who's the traitor?

[The JURYMEN rise.

QUITETTE and CHORUS.

KARL.

The javelin from an unseen hand
Was sent that laid me low!—
Behold exposed the felon's brand
Unto my mortal foe!

CHORUS.

Who's now the traitor? etc.

JUDGE (promptly.)

What say the jury?

FOREMAN (promptly.)

The prisoners are innocent! (Presto!—all start with joy.)

CHORUS.

The prisoners are innocent! etc.

(Some of the CHARACTERS clasp their hands—others embrace. SOPHIA and LANISKA turn to ALBERT, and the COUNTESS and FREDERICA to the KING, in gratitude.)

KARL.

Oh, rage and fury! (KARL is secured by HAROLD and CORPORAL.)

CHORUS.

Rejoice! our loyal hearts we bring
As free-will offerings to the king!

SOLO—SOPHIA and KING.

Oh, let me to thy ermine cling.
In gratitude, (kneels,) God bless the king!

CHORUS.

God save the king!
Long live the king! etc.

(The WORKMEN and GIRLS of the Factory, ADVOCATES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, LADIES, and GENTLEMEN, SPECTATORS, and all the CHARACTERS on the stage, indicate by appropriate and spontaneous action the deep and intense interest they take in the verdict.—
KARL

gasps and faints, and is supported by HAROLD and CORPORAL.—WEDGEWOOD notices the tableau with great self-complacency—[The whole action is simultaneous]—KARL is borne off by HAROLD and CORPORAL. All the CHARACTERS then turn, and by looks and actions congratulate each other, and the scene instantly becomes one of general joy.)

KING.

This court is now dissolved. (The principal CHARACTERS leave their stations; and all the PARTIES, except the JUDGES and those in the gallery, come upon the stage.—To the JUDGES.) Your lordships must pardon all irregularities. This is the first trial by jury that ever took place in Prussia. Hereafter, no human power shall interrupt your grave deliberations. (To COUNT LANISKA.) Count Laniska, I took your sword from you this morning: I here present you mine. (COUNT kneels, and receives it.)

COUNT.

This, with my life, I dedicate to Your Majesty's service!

KING (to ALBERT.)

As for you, sir, the sword, is not your weapon. (HAROLD advances with a golden pen upon a velvet cushion. ALBERT kneels.) Receive this emblem of far greater power than all the implements of war, and wield it for the benefit of mankind. Rise, Baron—

ALBERT.

Mansfield, Your Majesty—

KING (with surprise.)

Mansfield?

SOPHIA.

My heart was not deceived! My long-lost brother!

ALBERT (ALBERT and SOPHIA rush into each other's arms.)

My dear, dear sister!

KING (looking at them.)

So, so, so! Oh, what an old fool I have been! (Looking around.) Come hither, Sophia. (She advances; the KING takes her hand.) I owe you some amends for your long and

patient suffering on my account (taking the COUNT's hand)—and thus I make them.

(SOPHIA and LANISKA join hands joyfully.) How well the criminals understand each other! (Rubbing his hands, and walking joyfully about the stage.) Ah, Mr. Wedgewood, I don't care if I take a pinch of snuff out of that same box I gave you the other day.

WEDGEWOOD (presenting box.)

Your Majesty has added to its value a diamond worth all the rest, in finding it is large enough for two of us.

KING.

Good! (Notices FREDERICA.) What! Frederica, my fair namesake and little god-daughter—in the dumps? (Looking at ALBERT.) Oh, I understand. (To COUNTESS.)

By your leave madam. (Hands FREDERICA to ALBERT.) You perceive, Mr. Wedgewood, that I have a large family to look after and provide for; but I am a happy father, sir—mine are good children, very good children! I wish I had more like these.

WEDGEWOOD (significantly.)

If Your Majesty goes on in this way, there'll be plenty more—IN TIME.

KING.

All are now satisfied—at least I hope all are so here. (To the audience.) If, as a king, I may, on another occasion, command an audience—

WEDGEWOOD (forgetting himself, lifting his mallet and flourishing it like an auctioneer.)
Going! (Recollecting himself.)—I mean—(slowly and with gravity)—s-i-l-e-n-c-e
i-n
t-h-e c-o-u-r-t! (meaning the audience.)

KING.

These witnesses will, I am sure, attend the next trial of The Maid of Saxony—

WEDGEWOOD.

If it is convenient.

FINALE.

Our hearts are bounding with delight!
'Tis Freedom's jubilee!
For right has triumphed over might—
The bond again are free!
Hurrah!—hurrah!

Let the welkin ring
To Justice and Liberty
Paeans we sing!

(Tableau—Curtain falls.)

End of the Maid of Saxony.

Notes.

The Deserted Bride (page 51.)

This poem was written after seeing Miss Fanny Kemble, for the first time, in one scene of "The Hunchback."

The Croton Ode (page 57.)

Written at the request of the Corporation of the city of New York, and sung near the Park Fountain by the members of the New York Sacred Music Society, on the completion of the Croton Aqueduct, October, 14, 1842.

Woodman, Spare That Tree! (page 64.)

Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's."—"The place is yours, then?" said I. "No, my poor mother sold it;" and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection of that circumstance. "Dear mother!" resumed my companion, "we passed many happy, HAPPY days, in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage—all are gone!"—and a paleness over-spread his fine countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes, as he spoke. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Under its branches I often listened to the good counsel of my parents, and had

SUCH gambols with my sisters! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer; but I like it full as well in winter-time." These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, "There it is?" Near the tree stood an old man, with his coat off, sharpening an ax. He was the occupant of the cottage. "What do you intend doing?" asked my friend with great anxiety. "What is that to you?" was the blunt reply. "You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?"—"Yes, but I am though," said the woodman. "What for?" inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. "What for? Why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house: prevents the moisture from exhaling, and renders us liable to fever-and-ague."—"Who told you that?"—"Dr. S—."—"Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down?"—"Yes, I am getting old; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn." He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever-and-ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in the neighborhood; and then was asked what the tree was worth for firewood. "Why, when it is down, about ten dollars." "Suppose I make you a present of that amount, will you let it stand?"—"Yes."—"You are sure of that?"—"Positive."—"Then give me a bond to that effect." I drew it up; it was witnessed by his daughter; the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the road, and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a strong impression upon my mind, and furnished me with materials for the song I herewith send you.—
Extract
from a Letter to Henry Russell, the Vocalist, dated New York, February 1, 1837.

The Chieftain's Daughter (page 78.)

"Every part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honor on her name. The most memorable event of her life is this recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity. Two huge stones were placed

near the water's edge; Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid down,
 as a
 preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the
 fatal
 instrument, and the savage multitude with their blood-stained weapons stood
 near their
 king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined
 to
 thus perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell
 upon
 her knees, and, with tears and entreaties, prayed that the victim might be
 spared.
 The royal savage rejected her suit, and commanded her to leave Smith to his
 fate.
 Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms
 about
 Smith, and laid her head on his, her raven hair falling around his neck and
 shoulders,
 declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath,
 fearing
 that Powhatan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of
 one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same everywhere;
 the
 war-club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened;
 and,
 as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he re-
 versed
 his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this
 glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love, is not known. No favor
 was ever expected in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an
 interview she afterward had with him in England, 'in recompense for what I
 have done,
 but the boon of living in his memory.' John Randolph was a lineal descendant
 of this
 noble woman, and was wont to pride himself upon the honor of his descent.
 Pocahontas
 died in the twenty-second year of her age."—sketches of Virginia.

Song of Marion's Men (page 82.)

"Sallie St. Clair was a beautiful, dark-eyed Creole girl. The whole treasury
 of her
 love was lavished upon Sergeant Jasper, who, on one occasion, had the good
 fortune
 to save her life. The prospect of their separation almost maddened her. To
 sever
 her long, jetty ringlets from her exquisite head—to dress in male attire—to enroll
 herself in the corps to which he belonged, and follow his fortunes in the wars,
 unknown
 to him—was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. In the camp she at-

tracted
no particular attention, except on the night before battle, when she was noticed
bending
over his couch, like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. The
camp was surprised, and a fierce conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side
in
the thickest of the fight; but, endeavoring to turn away a lance aimed at the
heart
of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. After
the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in
the
corps when Sallie St. Clair was laid in her grave, near the river Santee, in a
green,
shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise.”—Tales of Mar-
ion’s
Men.

Janet McRea (page 83.)

”We seated ourselves in the shade of a large pine-tree, and drank of a spring
that
gurgled beneath it. The Indians gave a groan, and turned their faces from the
water.
They would not drink of the spring, nor eat in the shade of the tree; but retired
to a ledge of rocks at no great distance. I ventured to approach them and inquire
the cause of their strange conduct. One of the Indians said, in a deep and solemn
tone: ’That place is bad for the red-man; the blood of an innocent woman, not
of
our enemies, rests upon that spot!—She was there murdered. The red-man’s
word had
been pledged for her safety; but the evil spirit made him forget it. She lies
buried
there. No one avenged her murder, and the Great Spirit was angry. That water
will
make us more thirsty, and that shade will scorch us. The stain of blood is on
our
hands, and we know not how to wipe it out. It still rests upon us, do what we
will.’
I could get no more from them; they were silent, even for Indians. It was the
death
of Miss McRea they alluded to. She was betrothed to a young American by the
name
of Jones, who had taken sides with the British, and become a captain of their
service.
The lovers, however, had managed to keep up a correspondence; and he was
informed,
after a battle in which he distinguished himself for his bravery, that his in-
amorata
was concealed in a house a few miles from Sandy-Hill. As it was dangerous for
him

to take his horse to her residence and bring her to his tent in safety. He urged her, in his letter, not to hesitate a moment in putting herself under their protection; and the voice of a lover is law to a confiding woman. They proceeded on their journey, and stopped to rest under a large pine-tree near a spring—the one at which we drank. Here they were met by another party of Indians, also sent by the impatient lover, when a quarrel arose about her which terminated in her assassination. One of the Indians pulled the poor girl from her horse; and another struck his tomahawk in her forehead, tore off her scalp, and gashed her breast! They then covered her body with leaves, and left her under the huge pine-tree. One of the Indians made her lover acquainted with the facts, and another brought him her scalp. He knew the long brown tresses of Miss McRea, and, in defiance of all danger, flew to the spot to realize the horrid scene. He tore away the thinly-spread leaves—clasped the still-bleeding body in his arms, and, wrapping it in his cloak, was about bearing it away, when he was prevented by his superior officers, who ordered the poor girl to be buried on the spot where she had been immolated. After this event a curse seemed to rest upon the red-man. In every battle their forces were sadly cut up—the Americans attacking them most furiously whenever they could get an opportunity. The prophets of the Indians had strange auguries; they saw constantly in the clouds the form of the murdered white woman, invoking the blasts to overwhelm them, and directing all the power and fury of the Americans to exterminate every red-man of the forest who had committed the hateful deed of breaking his faith and staining the tomahawk with the blood of a woman, whose spirit still called for revenge. It was agreed among the Indians in a body to move silently away; and by morning's light not a red-man was to be found near the British troops. Captain Jones, too, was no more. In the battle he led on his men with that fearlessness and fury that distressed minds often do; but his men grew tired of following him in such perilous attacks, and began to fly. As he returned to rally them he received a ball in the back. Burning with shame, love, and frenzy, he threw himself on the bayonets of the enemy, and at once closed his agonies and expiated his political offence. He was laid by the side of her he had so ardently loved and deeply lamented.”—Events of

the Revolution.

The Dog Star Rages.

They're gone with my last shilling. (Page 88.)
"This is a fact, and no poetic fable."—Byron

Florence's Saloon. (Page 88.)
A much-frequented restaurant in Broadway.

Sunny-Side. (Page 88.)
The country residence of Washington Irving.

The luxury of we. (Page 89.)
W-H-O-A!

A wheel rigged for a tiller. (Page 90.)
A peculiarity of Commodore Christopher B. Miller's yacht, "The Ultra."

Long live the valiant Mayor. (Page 91.)
"If you want me," said His Honor, at the Astor-Place riots, on the evening of the
10th of May, 1849, "you will FIND ME—AT THE NEW-YORK HOTEL!"

The Prairie on Fire (page 131.)

This ballad is founded, in part, upon a thrilling story of the West, related
by
Mr. Cooper, the novelist.

The Sweep's Carol (page 146.)

Written to be sung in character, for the purpose of introducing the wild,
peculiar,
and well-known cry or carol of the sweeps of New York.

The Fallen Brave of Mexico (page 166.)

Written at the request of the Corporation of New York, for the funeral solemnities
to Lieutenant-colonel Baxter, Captains Barclay and Pierson, and Lieutenants
Chandler
and Gallagher, of the New York Volunteers, who died upon the battle-fields of
Mexico.
Sung by the members of the New York Sacred Music Society, on Wednesday,
the 12th
day of July, 1848, in front of the City Hall.

The Champions of Liberty (page 169.)

Written, at the request of the Common Council of the city of New York, for the funeral solemnities in honor of the gallant and lamented Major-General Worth, Colonel Duncan, and Major Gates, late of the United States army. Sung by the Sacred Music Society in the balcony in front of City Hall, Thursday, November 15, 1849.

The Rock of the Pilgrims (page 182.)

"The Mayflower having arrived in the harbor from Cape Cod, Mary Chilton entered the first landing-boat, and, looking forward, exclaimed, 'I will be the first to step on that rock.' Accordingly, when the boat approached, Mary Chilton was permitted to be the first from that boat who appeared on the rock, and thus her claim was established."—Thacker's "History of Plymouth," p. 30.

The Soldier's Welcome Home (page 184.)

Sung at the New York Tabernacle, on the evening of April 18, 1849, by Mr. Nash, with a chorus of a thousand voices.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle (page 185.)

This jeu d'esprit was written for and sung by the Hutchinson Family.

New York in 1826 (page 189.)

This address, which has a local interest, is republished at the request of several of the author's friends—one of whom "desires to preserve it as one of the curiosities of rhyme;" and another "as a picture of New York, and its belongings, a quarter of a century ago."

Stanza I (page 189.)

"S. W." are the initials of my much lamented friend, the late Samuel Woodworth, Esq.

She whispers of coaches,/And lockets and broaches—
refers to the holiday-presents in vogue at the time.

Stanza II (page 190.)

contains the name of an institution whose failure created great consternation on Wall street.

Stanza IV (page 190.)

Gas-light was introduced into New York about that period, and the gas-burners were formed in the shapes here mentioned.

Stanza V (page 191.)

Seats on the Battery.

At the time alluded to there were none; and there was incessant warfare between the press and the lessees of Castle Garden, which was finally settled by the interposition of the Common Council, who caused seats to be placed on the Battery for the accommodation of the public.

Stanza VI (page 191.)

This stanza contains the names of the fashionable poets and editors of the day.

Stanza VII (page 192.)

Lafayette visited New York during the administration of Governor Clinton. The stanza also alludes to the then-recent completion of the Erie Canal, and to the troubles in Greece, which occupied much of the public attention.

Stanza VIII (page 192.)

The Bowery Theatre was built in 1826.

Stanza X (page 193.)

The Garcia troupe were then performing at the Park Theatre, and they were the first that produced Italian operas in this country. The Kean Riot had recently occurred.

Stanza XI (page 193.)

Names of the Museums and other shows, giants and Indians being then their principal attractions.

Stanza XII (page 194.)

Descriptive of the manner in which the New Year was ushered in.

Stanza XIII (page 194.)

The "New York Mirror" was one of the earliest periodicals devoted to American letters.

The Maid of Saxony (page 245.)

This Opera was first performed at the Park Theatre, on the 25th of May, 1842, and ran fourteen successive nights. It was entirely and completely successful, being

nightly received with cheers.