

Flowers of Lyle.

By IDA WHITE.



A decorative rectangular border with a repeating floral motif surrounds the text.

PRESENTED BY

Dr. Dadabhai Naoroji.

The Flowers of Lyle

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And Elegiac Verses

BY

IDA WHITE,

Authoress of "Prison Poems,"
"The Brides of Seven Towers," &c.

"I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical;
Let me excuse me, and believe me so—
My mirth is much displeased, but pleased my woe."
—*Mariana*, "*Measure for Measure*."

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PREFACE.

BEING now out and the door closed against me, I feel keenly how much I have left unsaid of this Eden seeking, or Eden making, still within reach, and still before—never behind us. All the pleasure grounds, Botanical wonders and ordered results of that other Maker or Gardener's invention or design must ever remain for you the merest skeleton of a myth, and very shrunken and decrepid at that. Only glance at these extraordinary blooms 'forced' up by every artificial ingenuity into that military precision where they stand the 'sports' and 'monstrosities' of a system of hot water hydraulics—They have gained a glass-house and lost their own soul. All these wonderful accumulations of petals and spots and streaks and strains were at the expense of the organs of propagation—the plant is henceforth under the curse of sterility.

Now to understand this in the highest, you should keep observing these Beings at our feet, because from the first moment you will find there cause and effect in all their naked integrity, and the reasoning the deductions from these, if carried up to or into the analogous plane of your own life and relationships, shall be of inestimable service. Unless you grasp the spiritual signification of its life you might as well keep your eyes for the shop windows, and may crown yourself with flowers but remain an insensible brute. But what can it teach? you query. Again I say unto ye, watch. Sit down beside any favorite as it first appears and note the time of its coming—same as last year! Yet it is not the same flower; it has only taken the same appearance, the same task, the same mission of its predecessor, working always with the one and the same

purpose in view, and surely these are all spiritual attributes. And what is its object? To bring forth that which is so beautiful. your mind could never have conceived it till your eyes first drank it in. How much is this enhanced by finding the wild plant at work, spinning out its own fortunes, and independent of any arbitrary fiat, accident, or even obstacle. It will engineer far down among rocks and rubble and roots as determined as its own, to secure as much room and moisture and food as shall keep it comfortably, and having nicely woven its leaves, it has instructed every fibre of them how to seize the air, heat, and all genial influences; and there on a mere patch of soil or the cranny of a rock it goes through such a course of chemical analysis—light, aerial magnetism, &c.—as should win it a chair in the finest university of the globe! But the dear plant has yet a nobler ambition or object—it will bring forth the most beautiful utterance of all the uncountable æons, and deliver it with the indelible impressions of an earnest soul appealing to the world around it, Believe in me and live!

There is the flower—the joy and glory of the organism, and of all who have eyes to see, but to prove that beauty and utility are one, is the first exercise of the young queen's reign; and so, long before her babies are out of the cradle, she has wrought out such devices for their welfare, future settlement, their protection from enemies, or rain or frost, as all sane, wholesome, natural minds must take delight in. And what is the secret of it all?—and here it is an open secret. Between its concrete existence and its abstract there was such perfect correlation as gave it *all knowledge*. I can put it no other way, because it has, and must be admitted, numbers, geometry, deduction and induction, harmony and adaptation of means to an end, that *self-regulating power* that made it influence conditions, or modify or contend with them for its own purposes and benefit. Waiting on Hammersmith Bridge one evening for a lecture by William Morris, I passed the time looking into the various vegetable tufts that ensconced themselves above and in the water-mark of the stones. One was a creeper well known to me in far-off fields, long years ago; but it was not creeping now, but had straightened its filament - of a *back* into the functions of a stem, above which it turned its anxius bedraggled corolla towards the upper arches. Now I won't say it thought of gaining the road, but I do say it was working thro' all the destitution of its unsuitable environments in that direction. Could

it only get enough of sunshine to ripen its pollen it could now have it deposited higher up in the world, even one step further from that boa-constrictor of a Thames flood that threatened its destruction every day and hour, and I will say and commit no further violence on my belief—away in the deep mystery of its being there was a design, an hereditary purpose, of reaching land, and founding a floral colony in a happier, *better* place. A waft of wind, a bird of the air may have lodged it where it was—and in the affluence of incidents, why not some coincidents?—it would arise from that crevice—as high as Heaven! With this gospel of the fields before us, one might repeat that old and very pertinent question—What is man that any of us should take him seriously? When he sneaked out of the Tertiary, hideous and gruesome, he found Queen Flora at the head of a flourishing kingdom, the table spread, the fire laid—just waiting for that flint spark, and surely a far more worthy guest, for very soon we find his trail of devastation and massacre wherever he passed. But worse was to come, for when he began the manufacture of ghosts, gods, devils, and kings, his terror and superstition so distorted, perverted, deformed and inverted the natural process of growth and development, that as it went on he became so brutal, sensual, cruel and atrocious as horrifies us to read of. He became the most rabid and ridiculous of all animals until self-preservation began to assert itself, and the constant necessity for it strengthened both it and all the organs co-operating with it, so that pioneers of a new and higher variety soon broke away from this paleozoic-sang, as one might call him! We want our classification revised—pshyic-ozoic has been suggested—could we not have optozoon, or a seeing one? I shall be “had up” by the ‘*Chronicle*,’ ‘*Telegraphs*’ and so on, and compelled to do penance, for all these, malicious pointings and pinches and jaggings may reach this fatherless bairn, my book—still, gils, I cannot beg of you to be your own natural, wholesome, individual selves, and at the same time shrink the consequences. Because the entire substance of my message might be condensed in this one sentence—I want you to hate what is hateful, to love what is lovely, with all your heart and mind and strength, but you cannot discern between these without the power of visualising, and this only comes by intuitions cleared and convinced by study and observation and elevated by the most vitalising of all objects or subjects, a growing plant, a wild flower at home!

The poem “Favourites of the Year” was prompted by one of the loveliest of flower-like girls, Bessie, eldest daughter of W. J. Knowles,

Esq., of Ballymena, a gentleman of rare culture and attainments, and when we wanted specimens for her papa's lectures she was the first to find them. She passed and disappeared just as life opened before her, yet I never gather flowers, think or speak of them, but she is as clearly present with me as in the sunny days of her spring that was to have no summer.

Midsummer's day was written with Violet's little son at my side, one of the brightest and sweetest of children, with wonderful beauty and great promise. Lally's supreme delight was in dandelions. If I missed him for a little I could always recover him by simply getting on the track of yellow heads escaped from the little fists. On his return from a visit of a few days (every hour of which I grudged), thousands of these had turned into 'clocks.' "Mamie," he would question, "where are they?" I told him they had changed, but would be there next year. "But I won't have these old clocks," he would shout, and like some unbalanced sprite he would tear about the place whacking down the poor scapes. When the primroses went he would know also, so I took the child and showed him the seed vessels, showed him the petals fallen everywhere but leaving something in its stead, and with the greatest ease he began to understand.

He was watching the horses and trappings of a hearse one day after his return to London, and asking what it meant, his mother told him a little girl had died. 'Oh,' said he, with a fearfully sagacious air, as one who knew all about it—'She has changed her dress.' His mother thought he said she has changed her 'address,' for he's very witty; but I happen to know what he meant. He used to put his pretty hands together and say a grace when he came first. Dropping this habit, I asked him one day, why. 'Well, you know, mamie, it's all rot!!' Of course I had never before spoken about it to the infant of five years old, that one question excepted; but he had gathered this to be the Tryst view of it. His silvery, baby laughter, his world of make believe and mimicry! He would give a concert, placing me on a dyke as part of his audience, and at the end of each piece bow gravely to all the bushes and rowan trees—with a most elaborate salute for my applause. There was a little hill near the house—a wonderful splendour on a May afternoon, all ablaze with whin and furze and the duets and choruses of many tra-lilling throats. As we stopped there one day, he said softly—'Say something, mamie,' his eyes full of a rapt intelligence. Oh, what a beautiful world of broom and flowers, and the dear birdies happy and good like my Lally!' This pleased him, and

presently he broke away up the road, and I caught up to him just in time to hear—'Oh, dans, and prims, and vis (dandelions, primroses, violets), I love you all, I love you all, and my Tryst mamie, my London mother and dada—and all the 'tings!'

But so much of all my life and ways and deeds have their sustenance in another, that I should say something of the source—my sister "Barrie"—Agnes Cameron. She was so unworldly as to be unfit to arrange or conform to the accepted conventionalities between the ideal within and the sordid denuded realities around; there were continual fractures, ruptures, or what geologists call 'faults,' she was shaken to her foundations. Yet by the very tenacity of her affections she was preserved from mental overthrow, in her life's fitful fever the unsettlement was but momentary, and always from her such freshness and force of originality as made me feel when near her I had reached the highest plane of sensibility or imagination. The simplest of narrations were invested with a charm and finish of which I need not say she was wholly unconscious, and when describing characters we knew, homely wit and humour sparkled and played all over, without the smallest effort or affectation. The last time she convoyed me away, she pointed to where the primroses had been very numerous—'but' (it was now August) she said, 'I told them they needn't linger, for you were not coming.' She also tried to convey the warning of her death; but I never thought of death or blight when near her.

But my heart was like lead as I left her, and turning at the gate, I saw her wistful, shining face fixed silently on me. I could not get away the moment the telegram reached me, and for three maddening days and nights I was ploughing thro' sea and land. I was tearing thro' the wild streets as if that hastened me—to reach her, only to reach her!—precisely as in some horrid nightmare one struggles to escape or wrestle ineffectually, while the feet are rivetted to the ground. I got away at last, and for seven days and nights of mortal agony to both I had the melancholy pleasure of anticipating her little needs—breasting with her the surges of eternity as they beat round us—the dear face still turned to me with the same affectionate trust bestowed me from her infancy. On the seventh night her voice rang out like a clarion—"Welcome, death!"—and after a while with rapidly failing power—"pray!" It was one of those awful moments that can never come again to me; to fail her would be cruelty and desertion, and to deny myself, very base

and impossible, but in the painful silence, for no one else spoke, the thing resolved itself. Torn with a convulsive sob, I cried—'God, that is Nature, that delivered you from your mother's womb, deliver you from the shadow and agony of this death, and restore you gently to the Peace and Happiness within her bosom, which is eternal life—which is God.'

She heard and kept perfectly still, for she was heroism itself, and I place the incident here, well knowing the vulgar propensity so many sub-human Christians have of representing persons of my cast of opinion as changing or swerving at the presence of death. I consider it a far more terrible ordeal to live among such creatures than death in any form—which to me has no more importance than birth. To rescue it then from such distorting medium I give it here.

The dawn was opulent with gifts, and with gradual but steadfast benevolence continued yielding them up. It brought the Repose she so much needed, Joy, Youth, a serene dignity, refining and illuminating as it increased, till she lay crowned with such beauty as made her face animate with the communication of it. Oh the wild tears I shed!—unhindered now—for at any sign of my giving way she used to raise her hand with the sharp authority of a sword between me and weakness. Soon the tranquility that rested on her glided into my heart like an emanation of her—together we fronted the Inevitable. I hold myself in eternity with her, the bitterness of death is passed, she was my other self, the only terms on which life would be henceforth supportable, must lie in the power to penetrate the shadows of Border land—and in my heart and memory—'hide her from the grave!'

Just one word of the dear little girls who used to send me essays and impressions of their flowering mates—from France and Ireland chiefly—well worth re-reading in winter days waiting on me. But the charm of *naïveté* rests with a ten year old sissy, who told me of a flower the name unknown to her—but, she assured me—"it was pink before it came out!"

"Man's thought is like Antæus and must be,
Touched to the ground of nature to regain
Fresh force, new impulse, else it would remain
Dead, in the grip of strong authority."

Now dear girls, gather blossoms while ye may, but the most delightful, lasting and useful, shall be your individual interpretation of womanhood when it Flowers by that grace of understanding that expands only in close alliance with whatever is simple, natural and true.

IDA WHITE.

The Tryst,
Lyle Hill,
September, 1900.

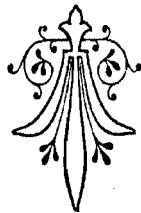


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Scotland and the Tsar Nicholas.

(Flunkeys and gillies were posted about Balmoral with torches
to acclaim him.)

COME hither, Scotch flunkeys, who cant and pray—
Hoping the Loard will not hear or see—
As we welcome the Jew-baiting despot this day,
In the land of the bold and the free.

O Nicky, mawn, it's a right good time—
We're all wadin' in blood to the knee,
We're all as black and as foul with crime,
As the cruel in heart can be.

In Scotland once—but its long ago,
When your keel had shunned the very strand;
Of Freedom's sons the accursed foe,
Nor an abject had touched your hand.

That spirit's passed, now we gather gains,
We're vessels of clay, and the gold is banked,
In kennels of shame we hide with our weans,
Homes we have none, and the Loard be thanked!

You're haunted looking, face white as a curd,
Its uncanny still guarded by land and main,
Like a convict mocked with a crown and sword,
Till palace dungeons claim you again.

Gaping with wounds the soil that bore you,
Justice lies gagged in the pit and blind,
But a red star lights the path before you,*
And vengeance swift pursues behind!

The bagpipes are sold—let them squirl and squeal,
Like the wretch 'neath your murderous knout and
thong,
Till muscles quiver, and senses reel,
And you count the strokes, and the record's long.

* The red star—tyrannicide.

But we flunkeys begotten and flunkeys bred,
 That the Loard wills should lie at your feet, Tsar
 Nick,
 When manhood is crushed and virtue fled—
 The Almighty send us but plates to lick.

Joseph Mazzini Wheeler.

MY brother when we come to say farewell,
 Within the self-same hour I find
 They part not, they whose souls indwell
 In unity of laws that spirits bind.

Strongly you strove 'gainst curses black and dire,
 Wrought by the Christian's ruthless creed,
 Godship within thee spurned their hell of fire,
 And built thy human heaven of virtuous deed.

The life that knows these cannot taste of death,
 Our pagan parents are the sun and earth,
 Thy being is but latent and thy breath
 Yet fans the nascent flame of conscious birth.

Right onward thro' the battlefield of life,
 Thy banner o'er the prostrate foe shall wave,
 Thro' falsehood's dungeons urge we still the strife
 That won for thee, too soon, a soldier's grave.

Thou brother, who so nobly fighting fell,
 Leading the van for sacred truth and right,
 We will not speak the useless word farewell—
 Leave thee to Nature's peace and Freedom's Light.

Three Days from Days of Mary Stuart.

THE CHASE.

FROM Stirling's towers they held away,
Blythely she heard the hunter's horn—
And gaily dight in rich array—
Queen Mary graced the summer morn!

From lip to lip the tidings ran ;
The Queen on palfrey white shall ride,
And many a gallant gentleman,
Shall proudly there her pleasure bide.

Her beauty lit the glimmering glades,
And round her drew the woodland sheen,
The throned ideal never fades—
The world beheld and knew its Queen.

In homage pressed the courtier train
That swept those ancient forest aisles ;—
Lord Bothwell held her bridle rein,
And sunned himself in Mary's smiles.

KIRK IN FIELDS.

Hags accursed!—to your caldron—brew
Your blackest dregs of toil and trouble,
Ye Furies!—hate and vengeance stew—
Some shall fall like scythe-shorn stubble.

Bothwell's dame from her Castle walls,
Sends her gaze over hill and lea,
Her page rides fast—a tear oft falls—
Sooth and a mournful woman she!

‘Madame:—I spoke with your brave lord,
 And he was an angry man I trow,
 Straight from The Presence and Council board,
 With meikle weight upon his brow.’

“Your lady tell—Bide in her lands”—
 Stern his words, but more stern his mien,
 ‘While I—What Holy Church commands—
 And a service to my noble queen.

“Tell her she seek my face no more”—
 Now the youthful page here bends his knee—
 Salt the tears her cheeks flow o’er—
 ‘Oh wae is me! and Oh wae is me!’

On thirsty slenth-bounds—ye’ve gained but tears
 Can one fool’s life your fierce throats sate?—
 Who lists the ages’ voice yet hears—
 ‘Hate and vengeance—vengeance and hate!’

Thus toiling at their viewless loom—
 To Kirk in Fields, the fell kites hie,
 Charged from the Pit with Darnley’s doom,
 So—braggart spawn of Lennox—die!

LANGSIDE.

Low the banners flapped i’ the breeze,
 As marched the clans to battle fray,
 Like the weird wash of the Norway seas
 Or the muffled sound of—‘*Foth-erin-gay!*’

Beyond the city’s fortress grey,
 The deep ranks on in silence passed—
 They heard that unknown ‘*Foth-erin-gay!*’
 Wail shrilly on the bugle blast!

As mourners round a yawning grave,
 So round the Royal Standard dear,
 Stood they, the mighty and the brave—
 But blanched with spell of nameless fear.

Lord of her Love in stalwart fight,
 Redeem her cause, redeem this day;
 Strong with Freedom's fierce delight,
 Be thine to turn the curse away!

In battle's din he ne'er delayed,
 Where Bothwell stood lay heaps of slain—
 But this elusive—bloodless shade:—
 Jesu!—he smites, he thrusts in vain.

Loudly the Herald's challenge rings—
 The steel ranks ominous silence keep—
 Her blood the veins of Scotland's kings—
 Oh Muse of History!—pause—and weep!

Ask not of words to ever say
 What eyes can speak in moments dread,
 When the broken sword sang—' *Foth-erin-gay!*'
 Fiend-banned—the warriors frightened fled!

Break, break, strong hearts in sacrifice,
 In frenzy break in that frenzied Hell,
 One last look in each other's eyes—
 One woeful kiss! and—one wild farewell!

IN MEMORIAM.

Baron Hirsch.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."—2 SAMUEL, iii. 38.

KNOW ye that a prince has fallen this day,
 Worthy of noblest fame?
 That neighbouring nations rise to pay
 His monumental name—
 Praising the gracious acts that bind
 In one, of kith and kin and mind,
 Our human nature, high and low,
 And wide and far as pain and pleasure go;
 In prayers and tears and gratitude—*We know!*

Know ye that a prince has fallen, whose hand
 A magic sceptre swayed?—
 But ever at his supreme command
 The Absolute Good obeyed.
 Compassion's mystery to a dreaming world
 His banner Bountiful unfurl'd;
 To want and suffering mortal foe,
 Abundance, mercy, from him flow
 As from some lordly stream—*We know!*

Know ye that a prince has fallen in the fray,
 'Twixt man and despot might?
 With men and heroes in that shining way
 Of duty and of right!
 Thus winning all that lustre lends to death,
 The victory, and the constancy of faith:
 Know ye that a life thus risen to bestow
 Teaching and strength, the combatants of woe,
 Beats in perennial pulses here?—*We know!*

Death to the Tyrant.

BRUTUS, my brother Brutus!—of the soul's alliance
 part,
 That dusty time may never tame within the surging heart,
 Art thou asleep or afar when the tortured writhe in pain,
 Can the black dungeon hide from thee the martyr and his
 chain?
 I wait for thee in the city of night by the sullen Neva's
 flow,
 I wait on thy courage O Saviour to smite and to over-
 throw:
 Stately and strong the palace, Cossack to Cossack calls;
 Pass thou thro' bristling sabres—trace Cæsar's doom on
 the walls,
 Where with terror strained vision and terror sickened
 breath,
 He there shall read your sentence dread—Death to the
 Tyrant—death.

Sweet is the name of Singer - sacred the title Seer,
 But Sister to thee Evangel I hold as a name more dear,
 To share in thy joy exultant to feel as man must feel
 When in the foul oppressor's breast is plunged the thirsty
 steel :

Through all the suffering centuries 'tis thine, this deed to
 do,

By a law that guides such impulse to Human justice due,
 A law I trow the holiest that ever in red veins ran
 That gives thy sword its tragic right—the cause of Free-
 dom—man,

Nor words of thine, but actions speak what spherical music
 saith

The blood he spilled be on his head—Death to the Tyrant
 —death.

Stately and strong rose the palace where cowered that
 fated Tsar,

But the hired court still flattered—'his nod made peace
 or war!'—

They reckoned his armed fleets that in many a sea and bay,
 With Russia's colours at the mast dark on the waters lay;
 They counted his hosts, his cannon, guns and sabres and
 spears

But they counted not the martyr's wrongs - or curse of
 orphans' tears,

Only his guard knew the password, guard was he prisoner
 there?—

His answer the fear on their faces—his oft-concealed
 despair;

It had come—he knew—was his—the rebel criminal's fate
 Chained in Siberia's Mine—than his own less desolate;

It had come—passed unchallenged, clad in courtier guise,
 Wearing the garb of friend or guest, watching with furtive
 eyes,

A nameless, haunting, viewless foe that drank the
 monarch's breath—

Hissing beside his gilded couch - Death to the Tyrant—
 death.

But the hired court still flattered and flattery leagued with
 guile

Each courtier's mask had its price in gold, bought at a
 price each smile
 Mocking illusions O king—forsooth the vision was true
 That spoke to thy soul in its anguish the truths at last it
 knew,
 That the sword by thy side was broken—the sceptre
 called thine—a straw—
 That thrones must mean but righteousness, only justice
 is Law!
 For this the nations hunger for this all people thirst
 For this cast thee out as a leper unclean—as a thing
 accursed.

* * * * *

It followed, sat where he sat ; stood wherever he stood,
 Palsied the guilty brain—chilled the caitiff blood!
 They changed his gilded prison that he might its presence
 flee,
 Respite to gain from that Shadow grim unseen of all but
 he—
 They changed his splendid prison, but while the false
 guards slept—
 This sleepless one among them all ever the vigil kept—
 And while those false guards faltered, this faithfulest drew
 near—
 No vision but a mortal man—he who has ears may hear;—
 No vision owns that aspect stern or guides that dexterous
 hand,
 Who understood is of men or can thus understand—
 No vision bears this word of God with sonorous human
 breath—
 Thro' the rifed casket of sleep and dreams—Death to the
 Tyrant—death!

Insignia.

THEY scourged and beat him where he lay,
 They called him brute—the priest stood by,
 I knelt in the same dust to say
 A word that thro' his spirit ran—
 He rose full statured—then drew nigh,
 And gave the consign—man !

They bought and sold him for their gains,
 They called him slave—the priest stood by,
 I kissed his wounds, wept for his chains,
 So like his brow was to another—
 He knew, he felt the Human why,
 And burst his bonds—my brother !

Maddened with wrongs, he smote his foes—
 They called him Cain—the priest stood by,
 Swift, ere his precious life-blood flows,
 The world with his just praise shall ring—
 The falsehood fail—the despot die—
 Man in himself be King,

Ardnabrack's Grave.

(JAMES BARRON, ESQ.)

I STOOD beside a mound, a new-made grave,
 Nameless as yet, nor any record bore,
 Nor tribute from the green world yet did wave
 A sign of welcome to the evermore.

Had I but known the tenant ere to-day,
 In sacred friendship had we known each other ?—
 What words of farewell would grief seek to say,
 Or in despair all wordless seek to smother ?

But steps now come by sad bereavement led,
 While anguished sobs relieve the burthened breast;
 'Friend of the poor,' they hail the generous dead,
 And consecrate with tears, his honored rest.

Ah, swift as life's electric currents flow—
 No longer we are strangers to each other;
 Virtue he knew—thro' it the man we know—
 For such there is no death, beloved brother!

Lally, my Daughter Violet's Son.

FROM the stars his eyes, from the rose his mouth,
 A cherub's head and sweetest cherub face,
 So runs the text to me from prophet youth—
 Behold and see the promise of thy race!

Wondering, I clasp,—his arms are round me flung,
 'Dear one,' I asked the babe 'mong kisses many,
 'How knowest thou me?'—then from the lispng tongue
 He dropt those r-less pearls—'mine own g'anny!'

Shone 'neath the opulence of golden curls,
 Dark eyes, full with seriousness of pleasing.
 A frank and gracious brow soft as a girl's,
 Fat little fisties dimpled, all things seizing.

Where is the book with a more tender page?
 Holier aught in Nature's wide arcana?
 Diviner sanction has youth won from age
 Than this?—the fairest gift that either saw.

Out of the dream and lovelier than all dreams,
 I repossess reality—where from?
 Features, voice, gesture,—trust we what seems—
 Out of the vanished past to me they come!

The graves I worshipped—empty of their dead—
 Who live and speak thro' all these mysteries,
 That stirred in him while yet unborn and led
 On to the Infinite that round him lies.

But most of one I think, but shall not fright
 Child-mirth with the discovery that tears
 Dwell close by joy—I shall arise in might,
 And make high festival of all my years.

Bitter and sweet illusions—choose the sweet,
 Shades come and go, but let us grasp the Seen,—
 My heart rejoices with thy pattering feet,
 And love thee for what is and what hath been.

In bounds they set me, I escape this day,
 Which means a thousand years with Young To be—
 Here is my dove, floods fall behind the way,
 Fruitful the land and one there reaps for me.

Thine still the Beautiful, oh little son,
 Still that unsullied heart, unclouded brow,
 Till this blest light by beauteous childhood won,
 Illume thine age with visions brought me now.

Palace of Enchantment where grandmother and grandson assist
 at an *al fresco* entertainment celebrating Mid-Summer's Eve.

My Ladye Enchantment, are you at home?
 For I hope you are, I hope you are,
 Pray speak the Sesame "Welcome"—
 I've a gift from your regions afar. O
 A gift from your regions afar!

More than I ask, I bring Ladye,
 Eyes and ears and a heart that's glad,
 The sweetest of pages to stand at your knee,
 And set all your world wonders mad, O
 Set all your world wonders mad.

Find me dame Circe, I'm easily found,
 With a keepsake that's yours, your very own,
 Bind me, O Ladye I'm easily bound
 Here at your frontier with one, O—
 Here at your frontier with one.

* * * * *

Her wand she has waved, she has touched the sight,
 Her palace we enter with one another—
 They laughed in each other's eyes of light,
 That page found his true mother, O—
 That page found his true mother.

Mid-Summer's Eve.

PROPORTION changed for us, space, size and time,
 We saw a winged tiger leave his lair,
 His jungle lay beneath a ragweed's cyme,
 Thence cours'd his demon path thro' earth and air

The rifts and crannies in a tuft or twig,
 Were valleys where reviews and legions pass,
 They tilt, they balance, float, waltz, and jig
 Between a sturdy docking and the grass.

There were plumed riders merrily bold ;
 Some clothed in vesture soft, daintily dight,
 Or formidable in armour green and gold,
 With wings concealed beneath for instant flight.

Renowned archers brilliant charges led,
 As only Grecian squadrons ever knew,
 And o'er the fields of slavish Persians dead—
 To arms, to arms, the warlike impies flew !

Their rites they keep, dive, wheel, leap, and run,
 Past masters were they, conscience in gymnastics,
 Thus celebrate this eve, their deity the sun,
 Cult inherited from ancient Aztecs.

Domestic too—there was gossip, cricket,
Hearth-keeping by the glow-worm's cheery spark,
The tall Miss Grass hops, thro' a small wicket,
Had pleasant chat, and left the family mark.

Like old time kings, some at the gates were set,
Important councils held with foreign powers,
While tribes and allies mustered there and met,
Queens, masked as bees, some standards decked with
flowers.

Old dynasties and folk the world thinks dead,
Sent delegates, you knew Stuart and Tudor,
By that anxiety to snip a head,
Tho' dressed as midges now, but fiercer, ruder.

Oh! those poor anties and their little cousins,
When courtiers fought for Bess, or love, or pelf,
While Essex fawned, "Your Grace, foes fall in dozens,"—
Sir Spider snapped him up like Bess herself.

One droll old nurse, Heredity her name,
By some mysterious means taught wondrous lore,
For soon as ever all the totties came
Her they obeyed, and lived well evermore.

Soft blankets from silk petals she would spin,
She tucked them in snug cots made from green leaves;
"The world ye shall possess, but first must win,
And never mind when donkeys call you thieves."

The winds were all in strongest bags tied up,
The idle breeze, too lazy even to play,
Young Thistle Puff fell in a lily's cup,
But not one sigh to waft him hence away.

Enjoyment, frolic, here were still at home,
Your senses charmed, whatever might befall,
When sound in music thrilled the crystal dome,—
"Ho! gentles, trip it now—a ball, a ball!"

They rose, they formed, from side to side they went,
 Gravely at first, all floating thro' the figures,
 When down the colonnades there passed and blent
 With the first sets—a troop of flying niggers!

Judge ye, who happy children love and know,
 How little feet and fisties take delight,
 The rosy cheeks, the bright round eyes aglow,
 Of such is truly Heaven—there came no night.

The niggers then, in a grand make-believe,
 Were prisoners to the dancers fleet and gay;
 Artful illusion, lasting to deceive,
 When Nigger Number One broke, and away!

The chase began and unsuspected swords
 Flashed as they followed that strange quarry there,
 With rapid interchange of nerve-borne words,
 The dance swept on graceful as motioned air.

A second nigger danced to freedom through,
 Joining his fellow, how they whirl and shoot,
 Swift as electric currents on them drew—
 The dance became a flight and a pursuit.

Next minuet, *piece de resistance*,
 Cromwell disguised, as a great dragon fly,
 His partner well named was—the Lady Glance—
 Not yet you'll know, but soon, the reason why.

Good manners made them call his nose, Antennae,
 Which means, my precious child, ten times a nose,
 “Long nose,” he laughed, and gave me kisses many,
 Rapture was his from golden curls to toes.

All arabesqued with gems the sword that hung
 From Cromwell's belt, helmet of purest gold,
 With bronze green armour, such effulgence flung,
 As could the dancers both in it enfold.

Glance had a secret—just a minute wait,
 Able as Athene and as discreet,

But vowed, *I'll bring this swaggerer in state*
Beneath my tirsi—tirsi meant her feet.

Of those same tirsi darlings could I tell,
 You, who but hear, they twinkled to and fro,
 Rose without rising, falling, never fell,
 Like mazy points that light delights to show.

Now Cromwell wanted these, thro' all the dance,
 His murderous object—seize the tirsi—rush—
 "I'll pull that nose," inly designed brave Glance,
 As some bold huntress seeks the fox's brush.

Thus these two on to doom—doom swift as thought,
 There came a p-i-n-g—oh heavens such a tweak,
 Wrenched from his very head—the fox was caught—
 "Now yield," cried Glance—"thou brigand, monster,
 sneak!"

But Cromwell was not dead, trained swordsman he
 His rapier drew, but palsied with surprise,
 For straight before his sight she posed and slew—
 Slaying with scorn from twenty thousand eyes!*

'Twas past, and watching this and watching sheeps,
 (The size of centipedes penned with a straw)
 The golden head now nods and soon was sleep's—
 The loveliest vision Queen Enchantment saw.

The golden head, the unstained seraph heart,
 The *abandon*—leaves all to other keeping,
 Those silk fringed lids, lips half a smile apart,
 All infancy, round one dear infant sleeping.

On dais, by the queen he thus reclined—
 "I rule," said she, "he'll banish sordid care,
 His, loveliness and innocence of mind—
 My palace his, all times and everywhere."

* The hawk-moth (lepidoptera) has 20,000 organs of sight.

Where?

Translated from the verses of Heinrich Heine, beginning—

Wo wird einst des Wander Müden?

WHERE, when weary of wandering, I wonder,
 Shall be the last resting-place mine?
 In the South the Palm trees under?
 Under the Lindens by the Rhine?

In desert wastes shall they dig my grave?
 Or on some lone shore by strangers' hands?
 Shall my rest be by the lulling waves,
 In a bed by the ocean's sands?

However, the Heavens shall surround;
 There as here the clouds pass and flee,
 As lamps of death in the profound—
 Night's shining stars still above me!

Walter Crane.

I SAW a hand, a magic hand,
 Oh, rare its swift unfolding,
 Forms motion forth as with a wand,
 From sign within it holding.

A touch, a stroke, before us spread
 A branching tree all growing,
 And from mean matter dull and dead—
 Lo, leaves and buds came flowing.

And with this scripture on a wall
 Glide visions new-born, stealing—
 Sensation, fancy, sense in thrall
 Through Divine revealing.

For future time toil thus ?
 Or sap's blindne-s—
 What oracle answers us ?
 Not to know's kindness.

No further seek my soul—
 On, comrades, guests,
 Onward life's story roll
 Thro' all modes and quests.

Live with sun, cloud, and breeze,
 Rejoice and live,
 Fragrance give back my trees—
 Oh greatly give!

There neath thy guardian shade,
 Violets spring,
 There by light branches swayed,
 Wild birds shall sing!

Ah there my heart doth lie,
 But sword-driven,
 Still 'twixt the earth and sky,
 My path's riven.

Far over land and main
 With weary feet,
 When come I home again,
 When shall we meet.

The day when a triune band,
 Sacred and dear,
 Breathe what they understand,
 Would she were here!

From sound no sweeter waves
 Borne on the air,
 Or hope athirst exile craves—
 Sweep on—I'm there!

Ye, in hope's colours drest,
 Floreat florae—
 Loved of that valley best—
 Esto Perpetua!

Paris, '95.

Flora Regina.

SHE filled my heart with flowers so,
 My paths by many lands made bright,
 Winter may come and tempests blow,
 I've deeply drank delight.

I've watched them in their pearly zone,
 At early dawn in saintly sleep,
 Serving one queen, and only one,
 And these her canons keep.

To answer back the morning rays,
 The broidered fields their tints bestow,
 Not nebulae in milky ways,
 Such shining lustre know.

I've roamed with butterfly and bee,
 And from the lessons taught me, teach,
 In their bright world no weed find we
 To mar our floral speech.

When sense 'neath mortal anguish reels,
 Nor other voice or language hears;
 Their mute caressing o'er me steals,
 The desert disappears.

Close as my friendships, dear as friends,
 To me declared their meaning, mind,
 Their freshness with my rude art blends;
 Their grace that art refined!

Love first came with poems and posies,
 In ribboned casket, grey with years,
 Sonnets, too—a rose of roses—
 Oh, grave-grass drink my tears!

Nearer than me that waving grass,
 That spins its beauty from my pain;
 Nearer than me the stars that pass,
 And moons that wax and wane.

And keep earth time of night and day,
 Beget the purpose and the deed ;
 Beget the germs that mould the clay,
 While rolling worlds succeed.

Yet in this sentience us between—
 The dead are with me—hand in hand,
 With lillies breathe from the Unseen,
 Rend doubt, and understand.

Dear queen, with thine, my life shall grow—
 One mortal love hide in my breast,
 But, bearing, like thy roots below—
 Gifts that change—dreams that rest !

Daisies.

NOTE.—The year 1896 will be remembered for its opulence in these flowers. The country people (North of Ireland) spoke of it as "a daisy year," thus implying the phenomenon to be periodical.

LO the world is white with daisies,
 Where the foot falls, there they start ;
 Swift as eye sees, it praises—
 Rich is the heart !

Daisies deck the lawn and fields,
 Spring by the thirsty wayside,
 While the mead its harvest yields
 Of daisies pied.

Daisies tiptoe in the breeze,
 Daisies laughing in the air,
 Daisy schools "Do-as-you-please,"
 And "Don't count care."

Daisies round the shepherd's cot,
 As ye seek so shall ye find ;
 Daisies in a broken pot—
 Peep through the blind !

Daisies for the nibbling sheep,
 Daisies for the lambkins' bed,
 Where the dewy grass can creep,
 Gold heart, white head!

Mother daisies aye spinning,
 Baby daisies sleeping yet,
 Great awards await your winning,
 Don't ye forget.

Sisters seven in one ring,
 Three stole out to change their dress,
 Four with bridesmaids troop, and sing
 Of loveliness!

'Neath a plough-share daisies slept, *
 Doomed one "glinting" form to Dis,
 Hapless fate!—a poet wept,
 And saved!—*It is!*

Mount they can, high as heaven—
 Hide, within the dark, coarse clod,
 In dreams of angels even,
 Earth's daisied sod!

Hence jealous stars keep prying—
 But the daisies disappear;
 Then in morning bright, crying—
Adsumus—Here!

Thus the daisies lessons teach,
 Soft the chains by sunbeams spun,
 Lift your hearts and light beseech,
 While the brooks run.

What meaneth these editions
 Nature prints in April green?—
 That we love thro' all conditions,
 The daisy queen!

* In allusion to the exquisite poem of Burns, beginning—
 "Wee modest crimson-tipped fleurs."

One power in common graces,
 Crowns their beauty with one crown,
 White in passing the star spaces—
 At our feet laid down!

Common joys draw from the sun,
 With clay and darkness wage strife,
 Then endow with gifts thus won,
 Our human life.

Good bye, say not, but adieu,
 Lowliest messengers of art,
 You in me and I in you—
 Daisies in the heart!

Fated.

WHO asks the queen of roses,
 In her crown of loveliness;
 Which of all things within thy zone.
 Would'st thou choose to be thy mate,
 Consort of thy regal state—
 The nearest, dearest to thy throne?

The south wind would st have for choice?
 Soft the spell of minstrel voice,
 Wafting thy glory everywhere;
 Mingling with thy breath's pertume,
 Sighing sonnets to thy bloom,
 Fanning the blush it wakens there.

Would'st thou have the tuneful bird?
 That its vocal praise be heard
 Where song could mount, or wing could soar,
 Which is holiest, one might ask,
 Beauty, or its choral task—
 The shrine, or soul that would adore?

Would'st thou have the sunbeam bright,
 That gilds thy bower of light?
 Refulgent with its living gold,
 Tinting vesture tho' earth spun,
 With rays from high heaven won—
 O Queen,—Love's ways are manifold!

The rainbow impearled a gem,
 Star bright for thy diadem,
 It pulsed a moment on thy breast;
 But so like an earthly tear—
 From griefless space—wherefore here,
 Boding of change and of unrest?

Of splendours now that love thee—
 Bird, wind and bow that move thee,
 O fated Queen, can'st choose?—decide?—
 None of these, nor sun-warm ray,
 Nor the bee sent rich away—
The worm that at thy heart doth hide!

Daffa=down=dillies.

HEAR ye his music, the blustering march,
 As over the plains the young troops pour?
 She's basking for him the tasseled larch,
 His reiving pipers playing before.

By wood and vale and glen and hill,
 Robed in auriferous splendour,
 Evangeline, domina, caffodill,
 O, winds of heaven, defend her!

Scatter the clouds, rustle the trees,
 Chase the young lamb back to its mother,
 But spare the breath that scents the breeze,
 Harp and Harper—sister and brother.

For mate she has none, this herald bold,
 Since the snowdrop has hied her away,
 Her golden texts in their chalice of gold,
 Like stars, neither hasten or stay.

Thus hopes and thoughts and memories flinging,
 Hallowing spots where we spring-time meet,
 Nor these less fondly round her clinging,
 When a face we miss 'mong friends we meet.

White-haired and alone—last of a band,
 But child-joy mine thro' the stream of years,
 Taught by thee, flower, to understand—
 The gift of gladness is gift of tears.

When ye vanish from the shining lawn,
 My steadfast soul shall trust—trust in thee,
 If ye remember in some distant dawn—
 Forgetful, faithless, I shall not be!

A lily once on my breast I bore,
 Fairest, dearest of all earth's lilies—
 She passed, and still in my anguish sore,
 I hear, I, only—Daffa-down-dillies!

Meadow Mates.

THE corncraik was bawling,
 The cuckoo was calling,
 But child Nally nowhere could I hear or see,
 So weeping I said, O
 Dear mates of the meadow,
 Can you call little Nallicum back here to me?

Which bird least will tarry
 This message to carry?
 To little son Nally this Morning in May,
 For with pain tho' 'tis said, O
 Dear birds of the meadow,
 I can't bear your singing when Nally's away.

But the cornraik kept que-cking,
 And the cuckoo was cracking
 A crib where now hatches the future cuckoo,
 So sternly I said, O
 Sly bird of the meadow,
 To my Nally no message be carried by you.

I cried to the swallow,
 On swift wing to follow,
 Where Nally was caged by the dull Lagan's tide—
 The world well has said, O
 No wing of the meadow
 Can rival the bird of earth's summer the pride.

Speed on birdie, tell fas ,
 When you halt at Belfast,
 How mamie keeps pining the long weary day,
 For my tears oft have said, O
 The light of the meadow,
 Passed from it when Nallicum ceased there to play.

Than all birds of the air
 One bright curl of his hair
 Is dearer to mamie who guards it apart,
 And in her prayer said, O
 Great God of the meadow,
 I hide with thee always that lock in my heart!

Then bear this on swallow,
 And still swiftly follow,
 While all birds in chorus sing, hie Nallicum!
 Soon, soon seraph head, O
 Adorn thou the meadow,
 With song-mates, flowers, bees and winged hours—
 fly home!

Mimi.

WHO singing comes with an old song true?
 By the spreading limes, tra la, tra la,
 Sun-bright tresses and eyes of blue—
 Mimi, Mia, Mea, Ma!

What rose is that with a blush so deep?
 When somebody echoes tra, la, tra la—
 Silk petals dimpling either cheek—
 With a pause in the Music, Mia, Ma!

Whose arching step with the pebbly brook?
 Keeps time and measure, tra, la, tra la,
 A heart, for one I've lost, I look—
 Have pity Mimi, Mia, Ma!

Mine the soft whisper—'I love you best'—
 And this small tokened hand—Mia, Ma,
 Mine the trust of her gentle breast,—
 Two hearts beating, tra la, tra la!

 Qui Sait Aimer, Sait Mourir.

A WOMAN—'certain age'—usurps my place,
 And still provokes the question,—who are you?
 Dressed in my dress looks at me face to face,
 Thief, changeling, substitute?—'tis time I knew.

I am myself, through all past days as now,
 A lover of love tales with dreams to spare,
 Heart strong with hope, a high and fearless brow,
 As when night's deepest shades lay on my hair.

Above *her* temples too are tresses white,
 I think she's older, dare not ask, 'tis rude,
 Lovers has she?—or have they taken flight?
 Then stupid were you all, that's understood.

Never on trifles should true love depend,
 There surely is a higher call to arms,
 The loyal friendship for a noble friend,
 The lustre passionless of fadeless charms.

Grace of esprit that turns even dross to gold
 Shares others sorrows, with their pleasures glow,
 Permit me Madam—I would not be bold—
 But this were something worth your years to show!

She feels—her tears make channels on my cheek,
 What next, confessions, beads, a wheezy breath?
 Oh morning light, thy tender secrets keep—
 I lived, I loved,—lead calmly on to death!

Fetishes.

THE savage on the bush a token leaves,
 I, from the bush a token bring,
 Through Arabs sundered far one notion weaves—
 Round one rude genus primal children cling.

Of wonder working fetish strong the grasp,
 On groping heart, and dusky hand,
 In the same search one solace thus we clasp—
 Joined in one ripening purpose, understand.

You may break your fetish, I, mine forget,
 Law of change, my own black brother,
 But birth marks these of the same mortal debt—
 Clue of life-labyrinth leading to each other.

That bush still unconsumed for us may shine
 Where other suns their light declare,
 In other worlds some cult evolve, combine—
 Fetish and primal units there—yes, there!

Robert Burns.

WRITTEN ON THE CENTENARY OF HIS DEATH—1898.

DIED to-day—rise, Brothers rise,
 In regnant calm at our feet,
 Strewn with her archives she lies—
 Mother of hearts that beat ;
 The years are as leaves round her shed,
 Adorned with the name of her seer,
 Whom we pledge in the thought unsaid,
 By that name that we hold most dear—
 Illuming the century dead.

Essence heroic and pure,
 Not number of days, nor span
 Can limit what shall endure,
 While man in nature is man,
 And feels by that sign what he taught,
 His psalmody—peasant and peer,
 Exalted by all that he wrought
 For toils high brotherhood without fear,
 A Christ, the serf-labourer sought.

Angel of the awakening dead,
 Wait not, wait not, hie thee hence,
 Here his vesture's only laid—
 Inurned with Scotland's offence ;
 Too late her sceptred son she knew,
 Owned too late his sovereign sway,
 But when the silent arrow flew,
 Legioned she rose and here led the way—
 Mournful with immortality.

Freedom's spirit here doth stand
 Twixt his glory and our gloom,
 Seals unseal with mailed hand,
 Triumphant by a leader's tomb,
 For by that spirit he arose,
 And raised his birth-land proud and strong,

To loftiest heights whence ever flows
 Fountains precious thrilled with lyric song,
 Such, art with love thorn-pierced, bestows.

Sweep in music lordly Ayr,
 Ocean awaits thy course with pride,
 Holiest passions bind us there,
 All hoarded wealth is poor beside ;
 To Mary there revealed his love—
 A century's dust is quick with tears,
 They greener keep that sacred grove.
 Fragrant thro' all slow revolving years,
 While moons may shine, while waters move.

In rapture luminous they stood—
 But one dream their two hearts know,
 Thro' the hushed and whispering wood—
 Stole no prescient note of woe ?
 Unconscious bliss!—nor shadow there,
 Between confiding lips and eyes.
 Faltering their vows to meet again—
 Ah well kept vows—kept in Paradise—
 Sad stream in dirges to the main!

Poets with the poet-lover,
 Still that fated hour have kept,
 Its sweet anguish to discover,
 Stars have watched and angels wept ;
 Now pilgrim feet caress the sod,
 But servile baseness come not near,
 True manhood is the path to God,
 This your ministry, apostle dear—
 This path with suffering baptised trod.

Up the mount of sacrifice,
 Genius to her heart of pain,
 Draws us thro' these mysteries,
 That they shall not pass in vain ;
 Up the mount of vision guiding,
 Where lordly death and queenly life,
 Now fulfilled all else deriding,
 In love made perfect in knowledge rife,
 Hold us in their mute abiding.

Thus the world of human things,
 From thee takes wider measure,
 Learns from thee those secret springs,
 Of all pain and pleasure,
 The rustic sphere thy chosen own,
 Wooer of simple loveliness,
 The barren pomps of fashion's zone,
 Thy hallowed presence would never bless,
 Nor want of vulgar wealth bemoan.

Mirth and revels played among
 Thy fancy's finer powers,
 Spite of falsehood and of wrong,
 Monarch thou of festive hours ;
 All sordid cares, conventions vain,
 Spurned for the wandering gipsy's cheer,
 Such bliss thy swarthy troupes attain,
 They rend the welkin, still—still we hear—
 With them we wander far and fain.

Deils and witches when they dance,
 Snare us in O'Shanter's spell,
 With them break we from his trance,
 With them, too, shout we—done well !
 Swiftly each a steed bestrides,
 Warlocks and ghosts are fleet as wind,
 With laughter bursting out our sides—
 On, on, leave dull time to lag behind,
 While that wild course the spell-bound rides.

Nature separate from man,
 His blind worship never gained,
 She's but priestess of the plan
 Toward which mortal effort strained ;
 The grass is green for feet to tread,
 For ears to hear all vocal sound,
 For this the branch above us spread,
 For this his wood notes vibrant, profound,
 Lift up the heart or bow the head.

With the green world's jubilant voice,
 Link we gratitude and praise,

A wider Scotland, rejoice!
 To him nobler altars raise;
 Joy from the gowan on the grass,
 Hymns from the lark and cushat clear,
 With tender themes of lad and lass,
 Hold us in their fellowship most dear,
 And bleat with their emotions, pass.

Pines that crown the mountain height,
 With the storm blast sob and sway,
 The dark flood's majestic might,
 Opening buds and bending spray;
 Speak ye of him who bared his soul,
 That we might see the pinions' strength,
 To show the purpose and the goal—
 Wisdom's home serene to gain at length,
 While the calm heavens round us roll

Sundered lands beneath his spell,
 Turn to day his glowing page,
 Lightnings in his visage tell,
 Softly speak his early age;
 Corn-rigs silvered from above,
 The earth's romance is never sere,
 With him there pensive as the dove,
 Claim we the beautiful and revere,
 Song-splendour, themed by woman's love.

By that magic grasp of hands,
 Sacred seal of social cheer,
 Nature thro' each link commands—
 Mortal kinship we hold dear,
 Electric as its source divine,
 No sentient thing beyond its reach,
 The world's wide brotherhood is mine—
 Beat as one—ten thousand hearts thy speech,
 Thro' joy's sad litany—Auld Lang Syne!

This is why we weep no tears,
 But 'mid harvest's golden pride,
 Gladness gain—from dreaming years
 He ariseth glorified!

O, Doon, for this thy waters pour,
 Nith, sheathed in music answer low,
 Ayr, memoried for evermore,
 In a fond remembrance ageless flow—
 There winged thought shall tireless soar!

Flowers from the enchanted place,
 Bring—his Mary saw them fair,
 This sweet woodbine sought her face,
 These proud roses touched her hair,
 The love of nations with them bring,
 A hundred years with him a day—
 Time's bridal gift to Poet-king,
 That the world shall perennially pay,
 While sun-companioned cycles ring!

Hie Thee Away, June.

HIE thee away, June,
 I'm weary of thee;
 Thy music is out of tune—
 Or 'tis my heart, may be.

Only one year ago,
 For my step listened she,
 My sister, who loved me so—
 Since cradle-time loved me.

Through the summer days,
 Her feet on the grass,
 Made lanes by the meadow ways,
 Thence would I faring pass.

By the grey stone stile—
 Here, here, is the spot—
 My welcome—her tender smile—
 This time she cometh not.

Sister!—quick the pain
Of unanswered cry,
Sore at life's roots the strain—
For Life's own wreck goes by!

Where she sat, I sit—
Speak grief, or give o'er,
From bush to tree the birds flit—
But she comes never more.

Hie thee away, June,
Lone she reposes,
Syllable there sorrow's rune,
With thy loveliest roses.

All tribute there take—
The lull of brooks clear,
Warble soft from bow'r and brake,
That we two heard last year.

With me shadows stay,
When skies have no fleck—
And tho' this is hard to say—
To me come never back!

How could I forget
Treasure lost too soon?
You bring and you leave regret—
Oh, hie thee away, June!

November, '98.

June, '99.

Heart and Gem.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

WALLS around me stern and high,
 I neither strive nor pray—
 That narrow niche is glad with sky,
 Heaven's near alway;
 Bows my head upon my hand—
 Posied splendours burst the shades—
 Flash the secrets, understand,
 Of the aeon-moulded land,
 Where grey record fades!

My keepsake circlet has caught
 Light within its airy zone,
 Light with rainbow radiance fraught,
 Melts the wizard stone;
 Linked with courses time has run,
 This pledge from thee my lover,
 Linked with change of earth and sun,
 All that life has lost or won—
 Let heart discover!

O'er the book on which I bend,
 Its magic rays are stealing,
 Loosed from their prism pulse and blend
 For this revealing:
 Thus with thine despairing soul,
 As the diamond to the skies,
 To instruct thee and console,
 Benign as stars that guard the pole—
 Are bound these mysteries.

House, Heart and Grave.

I KNOW a house, ah! its light and gloom,
 Happy guests in musings there I see,
 And tenant there within each silent room—
 Empty as air they pass—leave but me!

Yet walls it has with their eyes of glass,
 The moon discovers it stone by stone,
 Weird are the shadows upon the grass,
 Wind and trees make their murmur and moan.

Never has day nor never has night,
 Nor never the gods of time and space,
 Beheld in their course a sadder sight,
 Or watched over a lovelier place.

I know a heart but it knows not mine,
 Tho' I stand beside it close as life,
 Beseeking—"oh rebel give a sign,
 That thou'rt weary of hatred and strife."

Where beat its first pulse?—under my breast,
 The holiest text for thee, hard heart,
 Remember it when I ask for rest,
 Remember it when you say, depart.

I held thee as close as love could hold,
 My arms a fence, my bosom a shield,
 Oft as my story with tears is told—
 With a parent's curse thy name is sealed.

I know a grave, lone it is and deep,
 Dug, my first-born daughter, dear, by you—
 Memory in your form still frightens sleep—
 Ageless, my babe's love, and as God true!

Hid there all that sheds on life its beams,
 And thus bereaved, still craved to die.
 On its brink you held me, child of dreams,
 Mocking the refuge where I should lie!

Prison and grave, were your gifts my child,
 Of life's travail, two things the token,
 Life's house yet guards the first smile you smiled—
 Prison, grave, in their strength are broken!

H. M. Stanley, F.R.G.S.

FROM the printless desert and dark forest track,
 Who answereth glad voices calling him back
 To England home again?
 'Tis he, the path-finder of nations to be,
 Who shall tame the fierce waste, with their fleets bridge
 the sea, Guarding with Erin the Main.

Footstep none bolder than Stanley's, to dare
 By the lion's grim haunt or the leopard's lair,
 Where the tamarind mounts the sky;
 Where the vulture flaps down to her feast from afar,
 And the lone reedy pool glanceth up like a star,
 New found by his watching eye.

Onward, still onward, from day into night,
 In strength of his courage, in speed of his might,
 In faith of his mission sublime;
 That the savage is brother, brother and man,
 Chief arch in the building, chief link in the plan,
 Of all processions of time.

Pulsating thus ever soul rushes to soul,
 The moulder of ages as ages roll,
 Thought is shapen, deeds are done;
 Transfigured the papyrus swamp and lake,
 The dusky tribes stir in their hut in the brake,
 Spell out star-courses and sun!

He bursts thro' the silence like life from the grave,
 The chain, broken, falls from the neck of the slave,
 Freedom leaped up with Light ;
 Strange spirit gifts that but spirit can teach,
 All depths it can plumb, all bounds it can reach—
 Dayspring of Progress in sight.

Thus Africa heard in her temples of Palm,
 With stature majestic, with dark brows calm,
 She follows that bridegroom true ;
 Saw wonders of science for her he had won,
 Saw all the world splendour that time has spun,
 Then woke with a smile and knew.

Welcome him, Mother, who sits by the sea,
 Welcome him, Brother, earth-finder for thee,
 Welcome him, toilers for men ;
 For a Viking's veins thread his brow so clear,
 And throb in his heart undismayed by a fear,
 While old seadogs hark back with a cheer,
 And quaff from their skulls again!

How Shall I Hide Thee from the Grave ?

THERE is a theme lives within my brain,
 But all my wiles to snare it hence are vain,
 Within my grasp, yet distant as a star,
 Worlds many knows, and mine, of joy and pain.

It scales all heights, it soars all altitudes,
 Like lightning flashes thro' my mental moods,
 But in word-tissue scorneth to be spun—
 Is free as native of the skies and woods.

From its dark crypt, unseen mysterious thing!
 It stirs and moves with every pulse of spring,
 As tho' it sat within some gay green bower
 With singing mates, that make the welkin ring.

Muse I on battle?—Warrior and Steed
 Plunge where it fiercest rolls with ruthless speed,
 Sabring the foe, capturing the gonfalon,
 With daring purpose and with fiery deed.

If love's the reverie, I'm in silken bands,
 Again at our first tryst my lover stands,
 Seeking a heart, vowing his own is lost—
 His dark eyes hold me and his clasping hands.

Quenched was it once when thro' wild storms I tossed,
 And reckoning with so much else was lost,
 But you blest geni from deep darkness rose,
 And built a bridge and over to me crossed.

Again, O Lordly thing, redeem my woe,
 Or yield thee to thy treacherous, watchful foe,
 Lurking insatiate at life's golden gate—
 Bearing from thence the heart that loved me so.

Idyllic nature, eyes of liquid light,
 That on some distant threshold turned their sight,
 Scorned this world's codes, and suffered, but could scan
 Those viewless messengers of Vedic might.

I saw the clay, Oh anguish mine!—despair
 Must rend me if my soul descend not there—
 Oh hide her from the grave—poem, life or thought—
 These are but one, and thine own self the prayer!

Oft as I frame that kindly, dearest face,
 Thou art the limner of each line of grace,
 'Tis thine to speak those thrice-blest words—Come forth!
 And conquest give me o'er that nether place.

Safe in thy kingdom, dear to you and me,
 What miracles within thought's shrine may be,

What secrets there from all the world concealed—
Loves, crimes, deities, nor the blind world see,

I haunt all places where we two have been,
She passed with passing leaves, now April's green,
Were death a prison house I'd hate the sun,
The whole round earth were but one barren scene.

One day a boat lay by a lonely lake,
I entered, and the rowers, for my sake,
There mutely sat and deemed not what I hid—
Nor saw the form that followed in my wake.

'Twas grief—hence know I, my imperial thought,
You solace by the miracles thus wrought,
With spirit forces—but the mortal lives
Pregnant with sorrow, with affliction fraught.

Thro' the still waters plied the silent oar,
I quit the skiff upon the further shore,
There could a soul but find embodiment,
Or aching breast the calm of—ever more!

Blest grief that guards my love that feeds my tears.
All else I banish, worldly cares and fears,
Only to hold, thee, sister, Barrie, mine,
And mourned with all who mourn thro' long slow years.

The sullen ripples died on that bleak strand,
Does Nature mirror us or understand?
Casts life a blacker shadow than is death's?—
I know not, but went toiling towards the land.

In forest treasures, ecstasies we had,
I sought the wood that knew our laughter mad,
Here felt her presence—yea, I caught her smile,
And that pale smile her sister's heart made glad.

Pleased with that second self within my breast,
I lingered by her flowers—my sacred guest,
Caressing all the things that drew her feet,
Looked, as God might, within the wild bird's nest.

Still, still I miss the light from household ways,
 While robe-like round me cling the dear past days,
 Fled, fled while this Inevitable spears—
 The seat is empty, and the guest delays.

I heard the thrush that in her garden sung,
 Welcome the morn—a challenge to me flung,
 Eternal life and joy gushed forth in song—
 To pain I grew, and to the dust I clung!

Thou madest death beautiful as life is lone,
 What care I for this dream-drift round us thrown?
 I know but thee, and by this gracious power
 See thee time-scorner on thy spirit throne.

Of world praise careless, I shall keep my quest,
 Spurning that heaven by mortal ties unblest,
 To hide her from the grave my heaven shall be,
 And tend her shrine within affection's breast.



Guarding thee thus till sense and memory cease,
 Keeping the rustic paths that most thee please,
 Hide thee, beloved sister, from the grave,
 Till in that grave I share thy tranquil peace.



William Morris—October 3, '96.

SWIFT an anguish smote my heart,
 All the people wept,
 Whispering thro' the tears that start—
 How the Master slept.

Yet oh stern and puissant grief,
 Now I welcome thee
 With October's yellowing leaf—
 Abide with me.

Be measure of the sadness,
 Us its meaning show,
 And things that gave him gladness,
 Now break and go!

Landscapes by his vision sweet,
 Change as change the dead,
 River banks that drew his feet—
 Your seer is fled.

From the world of life and song.
 Bound by mortal ken,
 A spirit passes grandly strong—
 A man of men.

Noblest human stuff inwove
 With creative sight,
 Brain of thought and heart of love—
 Sense matched with might.

Beatitudes that round him shone,
 Must they thus depart?
 Of two gifts, now world, choose one—
 Artist or art!

Raiment, aching hearts will kiss—
 To the dust her due,
 To his England mother-bliss
 In son so true!

Now what shall be your token,
 What name give your vow,
 What battle-song unspoken—
 For kingly brow?

By the breaking of all chains
 Forged by priest and knave,
 By the bread of peace for pains -
 By strength to save!

By your battling for the right,
 By your scorn of self,
 By delighting in delight—
 By effacing self.

By the unbartered love that shields
 The oppressed and weak,
 By the lustre virtue yields—
 When life we seek.

With Spring's buds and Autumn sheaves,
 We our love renew—
 Tho' with October's changing leaves—
 We weep adieu!

Mine and Thine.

TELL me not that I must cease to woo thee,
 And win thy gentle answer—I am thine,
 Chide me not when all my hopes pursue thee,
 Where'er thou art still fondly claim thee mine;
 Thine and mine,
 Thus let our troth plight stand,
 Life linked to life, hand clasped in hand—
 Mine and thine.

Day brings its homage, all the changing hours
 Carry charms and offerings, for you, dear, you,
 When unshared I heed not song or flowers,
 But let them pass time's faithless meshes through.
 Thine and mine,
 Thus let our troth plight stand,
 Life linked to life, hand clasped in hand,
 Mine and thine.

Watching the shadows fall, I turn to where
 The home that holds thee all rejoicing lies,
 Fancy's warm light speeds on before me there,
 And by its winged way thy lover hies:
 Mine and thine,
 Thus let our troth plight stand,
 Life linked to life, hand clasped in hand,
 Thine and mine.

When comes the night I see thee oft in dreams,
 And hear those precious words you left unspoken,
 Oh never star that from wide heaven gleams
 More constant than this heart without thee, broken.
 Mine and thine,
 Thus let our troth plight stand,
 Life linked to life, hand clasped in hand,
 Thine and Mine!

A Tribute.

THEY launch their barques, a joyous band,
 On a wide stream that seeks the main,
 Hopes follow, that they come again
 To hearts bereaved on land.

One centred his desires in gold,
 On, on, no dangers had the deep,
 Let but his right hand win and keep,
 Let but his eyes behold!

And one was bound in pleasure's snare,
 For her he'll drift with wind and tide,
 With her on sunny isles abide,
 Tho' girt with dangers there.

But one there was with brow of thought,
 An earnest light, a boyish grace,
 With tender beauty touched his face,
 To some high purpose wrought.

The inner mystery of things,
 Creation's soul where breathed or stirred,
 Motions of leaf, or cloud, or bird,
 Gave to his spirit wings.

Whence came the joy of rippling wave?
Dancing to meet the shelving shore,
Breaks, but returns there never more—
Tho' myriads thus may lave.

Their dual glory, flower and star,
By proud order are they fated
To scorn distance and be mated?—
The fading near, the fadeless far.

On swept the stream and barque to sea,
We know not how his comrades fared,
Their course he left, their ways unshared—
Alone, and on sailed he.

Softly the wood-fringed banks recede,
Pensive the brow when first we miss,
Accustomed things—his mother's kiss—
Be near us God at need!

At times a bird high overhead,
Winged land-ward by a path it knew—
He watched till lost, a speck in blue,
Fond fancy with it sped!

Past sedges shimmering in the wind,
Past marts and homes enshrined in green,—
Gone like illusions dimly seen—
His barque left all behind.

The harbor lights rose dim and pale
Above the mists that veiled the bay,
And weirdly on the waters lay,
And on that lonely sail.

Now from the shadows passed a shade,
Who by the helm straightway stands—
The fair head bent on folded hands,
Perceived it, undismayed.

Serene the loveliness of faith,
 True to itself to goodness true,
 These meanings he possessed and knew
 That Pilot's name was Death,

The beautiful Beyond in sight—
 Hence deepening darkness brought no fear,
 But visions of the loved and dear
 Came with descending night.

Strong be the wings that flood must breast,
 Calm be that many fountained stream,
 Soft as the light of home or dream,
 That young heart's peace and rest!

Found a Song.

[After several runs I had the schoolboy's satisfaction of catching
 a young lark in a field at the Tryst.]

FOUND a song—a live fount of purest gladness,
 Potent as if new kingdoms girt me round,
 The prosy world forgot in this sweet madness—
 Because a song I've found!

From thy heart O lavrock, from thy heart of joy
 Speeding thy airy pinions high and far,
 With psalmody's emotion, nor base alloy
 That psalmody to mar.

Alauda—Music's name—Arvensis—
Laudamus where Toil's labouring Hand hath been,
 Where from thy furrow, flashed thro' myriad lenses—
 The spring's translucent green.

But now for me no sound, not one rippling note,
 Caresses answered with a fluttering,
 Silent the choral wonders, that russet throat
 Soon shall be uttering.

Many the mysteries of beauty and delight,
Still fostering the cradle of an art,
Woodland evangels dear to all sense and sight,
That there enthrall the heart.

The Vetch is prodigal in thy haunts of bloom,
There the wild roses lavish odorous breath,
There sunbeams bask in their mid-heaven, the broom—
There young corn bursts the sheath!

Space-scorner thou, up, up from thy lowly sod,
And with the resolute red dawn prevail,
Chanting his march benignant, thine own sun-god,
While morning stars wax pale!

Heaven's gift I'll give—Freedom—of themes the gem
That stirs the soul or charms the listening ear,
Go—that hymn sublime, thy course endiadem,
The hymn that tyrants fear!

Generations hail thee, thy wild anthems mark,
And resignation learn from thy clay nest,
Of all songs and songsters, thee and thine sky lark,
I love by far the best!

Rustic fledgling of my native hills, adieu,
Life may elsewhere our impulses prolong,
Thoughts but fluttering now,—have speech in regions
new—
Found, in my heart, a song.

Grass Vale.

KNOW ye the kindred of Grass Vale ?
They loved and were beloved by me,
 And kinship as a tidal sea,
 Is moved by this simple, brief tale.

By Grass Vale's gates I enter not,
 But swiftly o'er the crumbling wall,
 Screened by the massive yew trees tall—
 As one seeks what's mislaid, forgot.

Few, few the steps and I am there,
 One warm heart on the cold clay lies—
 The silence of the tombs and skies
 Blent with the passion of despair !

Near knees that nursed me—yet alone,
 Sensation centred in that sense,
 All dumbly agonised, intense—
 The tangled grass, the mossy stone !

Names first essayed by lisping tongue,
 Sobbing, I speak—Father:—Mother:—
 Meekly by their side, my Brother,
 To each still mound in turn I clung.

Such moments hold a life of years,
 Why still survive these human needs ?
 Here I bring no theories, creeds—
 I have but grief—I bring but tears.

And this fresh heap ?—'tis hers—'tis here,
 I know it by access of pain—
 My Sister:—in this world again,
 Shall never dust be held more dear !

The grave is strong, the turf is green,
 Does Nature strive with me to keep
 The face I kissed, the form I seek,
 And mock this living anguish keen ?

Was it not She who made my heart,
 And holds one chamber undefiled?—
 In home affections still a child—
 True and unscathed by worldly art.

And this, of all our hearth's young band,
 Knew harmonies that deeper stirr'd
 My own—by others never heard—
 Soul said to soul, we understand!

Oh greedy grave, if thou but knew
 The wealth of humour and of wit,
 That played around her, and oft lit
 The face that like a magnet drew.

Much love she had, and inward sight
 Of spirit powers, to guide and lead,
 For future union such hopes feed,
 As lent to gentleness a might.

But I, illusion scorner, come
 To Earth, where these beloved rest,
 Locked sternly to thee, Parent breast—
 Oh art thou pitiless, or dumb?

Earth-mother:—Nurse of dust and death,
 If thou art brute, and base, and blind,
 Mindless thyself—whence mutinous mind—
 Leagued with Beyond, by mortal breath?

Begotten of corruption—I
 Am transient as the mist or dew,
 What lasts I know not—never knew,
 Plaything of time, spurned of the sky.

Could I reveal thee sphinx or read?—
 Worm-like dost burrow in the ground,
 To gain eternal ends profound,
 Disguised thro' change and motion, deed?

Serene the loveliness of faith,
 True to itself to goodness true,
 These meanings he possessed and knew
 That Pilot's name was Death,

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 Hence deepening darkness brought no fear,
 But visions of the loved and dear
 Came with descending night.

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 Calm be that many fountained stream,
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I love by far the best!

Rustic fledgling of my native hills, adieu,
Life may elsewhere our impulses prolong,
Thoughts but fluttering now,—have speech in regions
new—
Found, in my heart, a song.

Yet goodness in the highest—Thee,
 As gems draw beauty from the mine,
 Thou art effect and source divine,
 Within thy womb bright worlds—To Be!

These broken fragments of some whole,
 I weep in vain—thou shalt restore—
 Dark fathoms hide the further shore,
 If dust to dust—then soul to soul.

With suns and æons thou dost move,
 Thy cycles, periods, all compute,
 Thou art not blind, nor base, nor brute—
 Hold me with thine, great heart of love!

Thine are the kingdoms of all life,
 Thine too the kingdoms of the dead,
 I yield, without reserve or dread,
 And cease to wage ignoble strife.

Silvering the lace of willow leaves,
 The harvest moon glides overhead,
 Heaven's lamps light both quick and dead—
 I stumble forth among the sheaves.

One name I'll murmur ere I go,
 Wrung from this parting bitterness—
 Barrie, sweet Sister;—thee I bless;—
 Till time of meeting, time is slow.

Only a dream, now pain, now sleep,
 Only names on a mossy stone,
 But I, their faces every one,
 With jealous Grass Vale, guard and keep!

Scotland and the Tsar Nicholas.

(Flunkeys and gillies were posted about Balmoral with torches
to acclaim him.)

COME hither, Scotch flunkeys, who cant and pray—
Hoping the Loard will not hear or see—
As we welcome the Jew-baiting despot this day,
In the land of the bold and the free.

O Nicky, mawn, it's a right good time—
We're all wadin' in blood to the knee,
We're all as black and as foul with crime,
As the cruel in heart can be.

In Scotland once—but its long ago,
When your keel had shunned the very strand ;
Of Freedom's sons the accursed foe,
Nor an abject had touched your hand.

That spirit's passed, now we gather gains,
We're vessels of clay, and the gold is banked,
In kennels of shame we hide with our weans,
Homes we have none, and the Loard be thanked !

You're haunted looking, face white as a curd,
Its uncanny still guarded by land and main,
Like a convict mocked with a crown and sword,
Till palace dungeons claim you again.

Gaping with wounds the soil that bore you,
Justice lies gagged in the pit and blind,
But a red star lights the path before you,*
And vengeance swift pursues behind !

The bagpipes are sold—let them squirl and squeal,
Like the wretch 'neath your murderous knout and
thong,
Till muscles quiver, and senses reel,
And you count the strokes, and the record's long.

* The red star—tyranicide.

But we flunkeys begotten and flunkeys bred,
 That the Loard wills should lie at your feet; Tsar
 Nick,
 When manhood is crushed and virtue fled—
 The Almighty send us but plates to lick.

Joseph Mazzini Wheeler.

MY brother when we come to say farewell,
 Within the self-same hour I find
 They part not, they whose souls indwell
 In unity of laws that spirits bind.

Strongly you strove 'gainst curses black and dire,
 Wrought by the Christian's ruthless creed,
 Godship within thee spurned their hell of fire,
 And built thy human heaven of virtuous deed.

The life that knows these cannot taste of death,
 Our pagan parents are the sun and earth,
 Thy being is but latent and thy breath
 Yet fans the nascent flame of conscious birth.

Right onward thro' the battlefield of life,
 Thy banner o'er the prostrate foe shall wave,
 Thro' falsehood's dungeons urge we still the strife
 That won for thee, too soon, a soldier's grave.

Thou brother, who so nobly fighting fell,
 Leading the van for sacred truth and right,
 We will not speak the useless word farewell—
 Leave thee to Nature's peace and Freedom's Light.

Three Days from Days of Mary Stuart.

THE CHASE.

FROM Stirling's towers they held away,
Blythely she heard the hunter's horn—
And gaily dight in rich array—
Queen Mary graced the summer morn!

From lip to lip the tidings ran ;
The Queen on palfrey white shall ride,
And many a gallant gentleman,
Shall proudly there her pleasure bide.

Her beauty lit the glimmering glades,
And round her drew the woodland sheen,
The throned ideal never fades—
The world beheld and knew its Queen.

In homage pressed the courtier train
That swept those ancient forest aisles ;—
Lord Bothwell held her bridle rein,
And sunned himself in Mary's smiles.

KIRK IN FIELDS.

Hags accursed !—to your caldron—brew
Your blackest dregs of toil and trouble,
Ye Furies !—hate and vengeance stew—
Some shall fall like scythe-shorn stubble.

Bothwell's dame from her Castle walls,
Sends her gaze over hill and lea,
Her page rides fast—a tear oft falls—
Sooth and a mournful woman she!

'Madame:—I spoke with your brave lord,
 And he was an angry man I trow,
 Straight from The Presence and Council board,
 With meikle weight upon his brow.'

"Your lady tell—Bide in her lands"—
 Stern his words, but more stern his mien,
 'While I—What Holy Church commands—
 And a service to my noble queen.

"Tell her she seek my face no more"—
 Now the youthful page here bends his knee—
 Salt the tears her cheeks flow o'er—
 'Oh wae is me! and Oh wae is me!'

On thirsty slenth-hounds—ye've gained but tears
 Can one fool's life your fierce throats sate?—
 Who lists the ages' voice yet hears—
 'Hate and vengeance—vengeance and hate!'

Thus toiling at their viewless loom—
 To Kirk in Fields, the fell kites hie,
 Charged from the 't with Darnley's doom,
 So—braggart spawn of Lennox—die!

LANGSIDE.

Low the banners flapped i' the breeze,
 As marched the clans to battle fray,
 Like the weird wash of the Norway seas
 Or the muffled sound of—'Foth-erin-gay!'

Beyond the city's fortress grey,
 The deep ranks on in silence passed—
 They heard that unknown 'Foth-erin-gay!
 Wail shrilly on the bugle blast!

As mourners round a yawning grave,
 So round the Royal Standard dear,
 Stood they, the mighty and the brave—
 But blanched with spell of nameless fear.

Lord of her Love in stalwart fight,
 Redeem her cause, redeem this day;
 Strong with Freedom's fierce delight,
 Be thine to turn the curse away!

In battle's din he ne'er delayed,
 Where Bothwell stood lay heaps of slain—
 But this elusive—bloodless shade:—
 Jesu!—he smites, he thrusts in vain.

Loudly the Herald's challenge rings—
 The steel ranks ominous silence keep—
 Her blood the veins of Scotland's kings—
 Oh Muse of History!—pause—and weep!

Ask not of words to ever say
 What eyes can speak in moments dread,
 When the broken sword sang—' *Foth-erin-gay!*'
 Fiend-banned—the warriors frightened fled!

Break, break, strong hearts in sacrifice,
 In frenzy break in that frenzied Hell,
 One last look in each other's eyes—
 One woeful kiss! and—one wild farewell!

IN MEMORIAM.

Baron Hirsch.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."—2 SAMUEL, iii. 38.

KNOW ye that a prince has fallen this day,
 Worthy of noblest fame?
 That neighbouring nations rise to pay
 His monumental name—
 Praising the gracious acts that bind
 In one, of kith and kin and mind,
 Our human nature, high and low,
 And wide and far as pain and pleasure go;
 In prayers and tears and gratitude—*We know!*

Know ye that a prince has fallen, whose hand
 A magic sceptre swayed?—
 But ever at his supreme command
 The Absolute Good obeyed.
 Compassion's mystery to a dreaming world
 His banner Bountiful unfur'd;
 To want and suffering mortal foe,
 Abundance, mercy, from him flow
 As from some lordly stream—*We know!*

Know ye that a prince has fallen in the fray,
 'Twixt man and despot might?
 With men and heroes in that shining way
 Of duty and of right!
 Thus winning all that lustre lends to death,
 The victory, and the constancy of faith:
 Know ye that a life thus risen to bestow
 Teaching and strength, the combatants of woe,
 Beats in perennial pulses here?—*We know!*

Death to the Tyrant.

BRUTUS, my brother Brutus!—of the soul's alliance
 part,
 That dusty time may never tame within the surging heart,
 Art thou asleep or afar when the tortured writhe in pain,
 Can the black dungeon hide from thee the martyr and his
 chain?
 I wait for thee in the city of night by the sullen Neva's
 flow,
 I wait on thy courage O Saviour to smite and to over-
 throw:
 Stately and strong the palace, Cossack to Cossack calls;
 Pass thou thro' bristling sabres—trace Cæsar's doom on
 the walls,
 Where with terror strained vision and terror sickened
 breath,
 He there shall read your sentence dread—Death to the
 Tyrant—death.

Sweet is the name of Singer - sacred the title Seer,
 But Sister to thee Evangel I hold as a name more dear,
 To share in thy joy exultant to feel as man must feel
 When in the foul oppressor's breast is plunged the thirsty
 steel:
 Through all the suffering centuries 'tis thine, this deed to
 do,
 By a law that guides such impulse to Human justice due,
 A law I trow the holiest that ever in red veins ran
 That gives thy sword its tragic right—the cause of Free-
 dom—man,
 Nor words of thine, but actions speak what spherical music
 saith
 The blood he spilled be on his head—Death to the Tyrant
 —death.

Stately and strong rose the palace where cowered that
 fated Tsar,
 But the hired court still flattered—'his nod made peace
 or war!'—
 They reckoned his armed fleets that in many a sea and bay,
 With Russia's colours at the mast dark on the waters lay;
 They counted his hosts, his cannon, guns and sabres and
 spears
 But they counted not the martyr's wrongs— or curse of
 orphans' tears,
 Only his guard knew the password, guard was he prisoner
 there?—
 His answer the fear on their faces—his oft-concealed
 despair;
 It had come—he knew—was his—the rebel criminal's fate
 Chained in Siberia's Mine—than his own less desolate;
 It had come—passed unchallenged, clad in courtier guise,
 Wearing the garb of friend or guest, watching with furtive
 eyes,
 A nameless, haunting, viewless foe that drank the
 monarch's breath—
 Hissing beside his gilded couch - Death to the Tyrant—
 death.

But the hired court still flattered and flattery leagued with
 guile

Each courtier's mask had its price in gold, bought at a
 price each smile
 Mocking illusions O king—forsooth the vision was true
 That spoke to thy soul in its anguish the truths at last it
 knew,
 That the sword by thy side was broken—the sceptre
 called thine—a straw—
 That thrones must mean but righteousness, only justice
 is Law!
 For this the nations hunger for this all people thirst
 For this cast thee out as a leper unclean—as a thing
 accursed.

* * * * *

It followed, sat where he sat ; stood wherever he stood,
 Palsied the guilty brain—chilled the caitiff blood!
 They changed his gilded prison that he might its presence
 flee,
 Respite to gain from that Shadow grim unseen of all but
 he—
 They changed his splendid prison, but while the false
 guards slept—
 This sleepless one among them all ever the vigil kept—
 And while those false guards faltered, this faithfulest drew
 near—
 No vision but a mortal man—he who has ears may hear;—
 No vision owns that aspect stern or guides that dexterous
 hand,
 Who understood is of men or can thus understand—
 No vision bears this word of God with sonorous human
 breath—
 Thro' the rifled casket of sleep and dreams—Death to the
 Tyrant—death!

Insignia.

THEY scourged and beat him where he lay,
 They called him brute—the priest stood by,
 I knelt in the same dust to say
 A word that thro' his spirit ran—
 He rose full statured—then drew nigh,
 And gave the consign—man !

They bought and sold him for their gains,
 They called him slave—the priest stood by,
 I kissed his wounds, wept for his chains,
 So like his brow was to another—
 He knew, he felt the Human why,
 And burst his bonds—my brother !

Maddened with wrongs, he smote his foes—
 They called him Cain—the priest stood by,
 Swift, ere his precious life-blood flows,
 The world with his just praise shall ring—
 The falsehood fail—the despot die—
 Man in himself be King,

Ardnabrack's Grave.

(JAMES BARRON, ESQ.)

I STOOD beside a mound, a new-made grave,
 Nameless as yet, nor any record bore,
 Nor tribute from the green world yet did wave
 A sign of welcome to the evermore.

Had I but known the tenant ere to-day,
 In sacred friendship had we known each other ?—
 What words of farewell would grief seek to say,
 Or in despair all wordless seek to smother ?

But steps now come by sad bereavement led,
 While anguished sobs relieve the burthened breast ;
 ' Friend of the poor,' they hail the generous dead,
 And consecrate with tears, his honored rest.

Ah, swift as life's electric currents flow—
 No longer we are strangers to each other ;
 Virtue he knew—thro' it the man we know—
 For such there is no death, beloved brother !

Lally, my Daughter Violet's Son.

FROM the stars his eyes, from the rose his mouth,
 A cherub's head and sweetest chernb face,
 So runs the text to me from prophet youth—
 Behold and see the promise of thy race !

Wondering, I clasp,—his arms are round me flung,
 ' Dear one,' I asked the babe 'mong kisses many,
 ' How knowest thou me ? '—then from the lispng tongue—
 He dropt those r-less pearls—' mine own g'anny ! '—

Shone 'neath the opulence of golden curls,
 Dark eyes, full with seriousness of pleasing,
 A frank and gracious brow soft as a girl's,
 Fat little fisties dimpled, all things seizing.

Where is the book with a more tender page ?
 Holier aught in Nature's wide arcana ?
 Diviner sanction has youth won from age
 Than this ?—the fairest gift that either saw.

Out of the dream and lovelier than all dreams,
 I repossess reality—where from ?
 Features, voice, gesture,—trust we what seems—
 Out of the vanished past to me they come !

The graves I worshipped—empty of their dead—
 Who live and speak thro' all these mysteries,
 That stirred in him while yet unborn and led
 On to the Infinite that round him lies.

But most of one I think, but shall not fright
 Child-mirth with the discovery that tears
 Dwell close by joy—I shall arise in might,
 And make high festival of all my years.

Bitter and sweet illusions—choose the sweet,
 Shades come and go, but let us grasp the Seen,—
 My heart rejoices with thy pattering feet,
 And love thee for what is and what hath been.

In bounds they set me, I escape this day,
 Which means a thousand years with Young To be—
 Here is my dove, floods fall behind the way,
 Fruitful the land and one there reaps for me.

Thine still the Beautiful, oh little son,
 Still that unsullied heart, unclouded brow,
 Till this blest light by beauteous childhood won,
 Illume thine age with visions brought me now.

Palace of Enchantment where grandmother and grandson assist
 at an *al fresco* entertainment celebrating Mid-Summer's Eve.

My Ladye Enchantment, are you at home?
 For I hope you are, I hope you are,
 Pray speak the Sesame "Welcome"—
 I've a gift from your regions afar. O
 A gift from your regions afar!

More than I ask, I bring Ladye,
 Eyes and ears and a heart that's glad,
 The sweetest of pages to stand at your knee,
 And set all your world wonders mad, O
 Set all your world wonders mad.

Find me dame Circe, I'm easily found,
 With a keepsake that's yours, your very own,
 Bind me, O Ladye I'm easily bound
 Here at your frontier with one, O—
 Here at your frontier with one.

* * * * *

Her wand she has waved, she has touched the sight,
 Her palace we enter with one another—
 They laughed in each other's eyes of light,
 That page found his true mother, O—
 That page found his true mother.

Mid-Summer's Eve.

PROPORTION changed for us, space, size and time,
 We saw a winged tiger leave his lair,
 His jungle lay beneath a ragweed's cyme,
 Thence cours'd his demon path thro' earth and air

The rifts and crannies in a tuft or twig,
 Were valleys where reviews and legions pass,
 They tilt, they balance, float, waltz, and jig
 Between a sturdy docking and the grass.

There were plumed riders merrily bold;
 Some clothed in vesture soft, daintily dight,
 Or formidable in armour green and gold,
 With wings concealed beneath for instant flight.

Renowned archers brilliant charges led,
 As only Grecian squadrons ever knew,
 And o'er the fields of slavish Persians dead—
 To arms, to arms, the warlike impies flew!

Their rites they keep, dive, wheel, leap, and run,
 Past masters were they, conscience in gymnastics,
 Thus celebrate this eve, their deity the sun,
 Cult inherited from ancient Aztecs.

Domestic too—there was gossip, cricket,
 Hearth-keeping by the glow-worm's cheery spark,
 The tall Miss Grass hops, thro' a small wicket,
 Had pleasant chat, and left the family mark.

Like old time kings, some at the gates were set,
 Important councils held with foreign powers,
 While tribes and allies mustered there and met,
 Queens, masked as bees, some standards decked with
 flowers.

Old dynasties and folk the world thinks dead,
 Sent delegates, you knew Stuart and Tudor,
 By that anxiety to snip a head,
 Tho' dressed as midges now, but fiercer, ruder.

Oh! those poor anties and their little cousins,
 When courtiers fought for Bess, or love, or pelf,
 While Essex fawned, "Your Grace, foes fall in dozens,"—
 Sir Spider snapped him up like Bess herself.

One droll old nurse, Heredity her name,
 By some mysterious means taught wondrous lore,
 For soon as ever all the totties came
 Her they obeyed, and lived well evermore.

Soft blankets from silk petals she would spin,
 She tucked them in snug cots made from green leaves;
 "The world ye shall possess, but first must win,
 And never mind when donkeys call you thieves."

The winds were all in strongest bags tied up,
 The idle breeze, too lazy even to play,
 Young Thistle Puff fell in a lily's cup,
 But not one sigh to waft him hence away.

Enjoyment, frolic, here were still at home,
 Your senses charmed, whatever might befall,
 When sound in music thrilled the crystal dome,—
 "Ho! gentles, trip it now—a ball, a ball!"

They rose, they formed, from side to side they went,
 Gravely at first, all floating thro' the figures,
 When down the colonnades there passed and blent
 With the first sets—a troop of flying niggers!

Judge ye, who happy children love and know,
 How little feet and fisties take delight,
 The rosy cheeks, the bright round eyes aglow,
 Of such is truly Heaven--there came no night.

The niggers then, in a grand make-believe,
 Were prisoners to the dancers fleet and gay;
 Artful illusion, lasting to deceive,
 When Nigger Number One broke, and away!

The chase began and unsuspected swords
 Flashed as they followed that strange quarry there,
 With rapid interchange of nerve-borne words,
 The dance swept on graceful as motioned air.

A second nigger danced to freedom through,
 Joining his fellow, how they whirl and shoot,
 Swift as electric currents on them drew—
 The dance became a flight and a pursuit.

Next minuet, *piece de resistance*,
 Cromwell disguised, as a great dragon fly,
 His partner well named was—the Lady Glance—
 Not yet you'll know, but soon, the reason why.

Good manners made them call his nose, Antennae,
 Which means, my precious child, ten times a nose,
 "Long nose," he laughed, and gave me kisses many,
 Rapture was his from golden curls to toes.

All arabesqued with gems the sword that hung
 From Cromwell's belt, helmet of purest gold,
 With bronze green armour, such effulgence flung,
 As could the dancers both in it enfold.

Glance had a secret—just a minute wait,
 Able as Athene and as discreet,

But vowed, *I'll bring this swaggerer in state*
Beneath my tirsi—tirsi meant her feet.

Of those same tirsi darlings could I tell,
 You, who but hear, they twinkled to and fro,
 Rose without rising, falling, never fell,
 Like mazy points that light delights to show.

Now Cromwell wanted these, thro' all the dance,
 His murderous object—seize the tirsi—rush—
 “I'll pull that nose,” inly designed brave Glance,
 As some bold huntress seeks the fox's brush.

Thus these two on to doom—doom swift as thought,
 There came a p-i-n-g—oh heavens such a tweak,
 Wrenched from his very head—the fox was caught—
 “Now yield,” cried Glance—“thou brigand, monster,
 sneak!”

But Cromwell was not dead, trained swordsman he
 His rapier drew, but palsied with surprise.
 For straight before his sight she posed and slew—
 Slaying with scorn from twenty thousand eyes!*

'Twas past, and watching this and watching sheeps,
 (The size of centipedes penned with a straw)
 The golden head now nods and soon was sleep's—
 The loveliest vision Queen Enchantment saw.

The golden head, the unstained seraph heart,
 The *abandon*—leaves all to other keeping,
 Those silk fringed lids, lips half a smile apart,
 All infancr, round one dear infant sleeping.

On dais, by the queen he thus reclined—
 “I rule,” said she, “he'll banish sordid care,
 His, loveliness and innocence of mind—
 My palace his, all times and everywhere.”

* The hawk-moth (lepidoptera) has 20,000 organs of sight.

Where?

Translated from the verses of Heinrich Heine, beginning—

Wo wird einst des Wander Müden?

WHERE, when weary of wandering, I wonder,
 Shall be the last resting-place mine?
 In the South the Palm trees under?
 Under the Lindens by the Rhine?

In desert wastes shall they dig my grave?
 Or on some lone shore by strangers' hands?
 Shall my rest be by the lulling waves,
 In a bed by the ocean's sands?

However, the Heavens shall surround;
 There as here the clouds pass and flee,
 As lamps of death in the profound—
 Night's shining stars still above me!

Walter Crane.

I SAW a hand, a magic hand,
 Oh, rare its swift unfolding,
 Forms motion forth as with a wand,
 From sign within it holding.

A touch, a stroke, before us spread
 A branching tree all growing,
 And from mean matter dull and dead—
 Lo, leaves and buds came flowing.

And with this scripture on a wall
 Glide visions new-born, stealing—
 Sensation, fancy, sense in thrall
 Through Divine revealing.

Before a palace, heiszt the mind,
 It stood embraced, embracing,
 Heaven's, Earth's gods, its kin and kind,
 With it there interlacing.

His dream, his dream of Loveliness,
 Thus told us in that Life-tree—
 Voices, as rushing winds him bless,
 Round that "Mai" of Liberty!

To visualise with Walter Crane,
 Led by deft digits dative,
 Shechinah of the heart and brain—
 The spirit force creative!

Drumbledor the Bee (*Apis Mellifica*).

This very beautiful poem is one of a series now being prepared by Mrs. White for the Press as "Flowers of Lyle," and judging from present instalment, she exceeds her former record, and may safely reckon on a wider circle of those who will garner what she culls from "The Poems of God," as she herself says, when speaking of wild nature blossoms.—ED. *Observer*.

Listen, listen to his coming—
 Prince of woers, he is near,
 Courtship's song so softly humming,
 Now he enters, he is here!

Halts a moment, the gay rover,
 Finds my rose against the pane,
 Epicure!—from the garden over—
 Nay, bound not—poet-guest, remain!

Welcome the tidings-bearing feet,
 Welcome the silken rush of wings,
 Welcome the time when comrades meet,
 And the song that summer sings!

Far in the childhood of our time,
 The Nomad rude, unskilled untaught,
 Glimpses of psychic truth sublime,
 From thy life and phases caught.

Thus Virgil's stately verse relates
 Of nobler Romes within the hive,
 Of wholesome laws and ordered states,
 Of central powers distributive.

Steal, adept, from my window store,
 Again, again, the nectar sip,
 But share with me thy golden lore,
 Wizard touch of dainty lip.

The sleepy hours are overcome,
 Yet lulled vibration never dreams
 The popped source, but hums your hum—
 Day dreams on, nor knows she dreams.

Downy catkins, we've sought early,
 Ranged wild thyme and daisied fields,
 But my hoard, the world knows, rarely
 Either charm or sweetness yields.

Oh, take the lines on thy light wings—
 The billious critic drugged more over,
May be shall point no poisoned stings—
 Purge thou his inkiness with clover!

Know you not the female snares
 To catch you, Beine, drumbledor?
 Perfumes, tints, diaphonous airs,
 To charm and win—why and for?

Which most enthralled you, grand seignor,
 Queenly rose in crimson thallus?
 Or larkspur in her tight peignoir,
 Or Lady lily's silver chalice?

I, from the moss-grown orchard wall,
 Watched you 'mong the flowers a speck,

Forth staggering like a bacchanal,
Pedlar—beauty in his pack!

Orchids drew us both together,
Thro' gleaming fields, away we flew,
Loitering home by ling and heather,
Ere shades of evening brought dew.

Hail, magic monarch—king of Flora!
Seeking disguised thy bread and wine,
With motto, *ora et labora*,
Wisdom's law and logos thine.

When winter-girt thy town Apipolis,
Knowest thou—hope and memory!—
Tell from thy soul mellifluous—
Which is dearest—tell to me!

In knowing neither lies thy bliss,
Nor past nor future break thy rest,
Their pain, their twilight loveliness,
Known but to the human breast.

Thus part our ways—I ope the pane—
Carry to the world with thee,
Two things in which we meet again—
Now hearken—God and Liberty.

Imbibing.

LALLY—Will's in the field to whom we gave the bread,
It rains so, Mamie—may he not come in?

MAMIE—Why certainly—the poor lad's wet and cold,
In ragged clothes and thin there is no warmth;
As you like pick-a-backs and rides, and sweets,
So is a kindness felt by Will, no doubt.

LALLY—I never played before with ragged boys—
Because my London nurse said I must not,
But Will's so big he helps me over dykes,
And climbs the trees for cones and gives them me.
But she said—'Cause they have no hats nor boots
She said it was not right—why, Mamie dear?

MAMIE—She was very stupid, Will's your brother—
An unkind girl, but did not know she was.

LALLY—She told me if I'm naughty I shall go—
Oh, Mamie, if I say a bad, bad place—
Is that bad words?

MAMIE—All places known to me are beautiful.

LALLY—But it's not here, nor there where Jesus is
(pointing upwards).
Mamie, it's Hell, so black and full of flames—
When we're naughty—such a bad place, you
know.

MAMIE—Dear love, I do not know hell, nor Jesus,—
To frighten you she told these silly tales.

LALLY—Well, then, *she's* naughty—Will I'd rather have,
For he can climb the trees and get me cones,
And show me all his nests and leave the birds,
P'raps he keeps his best clothes for Sunday days?

MAMIE—Every boy, dear Lally, is your brother—
That's why you love him, not his clothes, poor
lad—
Good lives in Will, just as it lives in you,
Think of that little friend that's near,
A friend we know, a pleasure we can see,

Or understand, or give us pleasure, joy,
So let's be good to Willy—here he comes.

LALLY — Yes, but that London nurse must go to hell,
Just because—I hate her, she *is* naughty,
Mamie, she would not let me play with God,
Nor let God eat with me—come in, dear Will!

The Maid of Ver.

(Revised from "Anemones," as before published).

CAME a breath, caressing, meek,
It kissed my brow, it fanned my cheek,
And brought what words can never speak.

Thrice holy be the kingdom Ver.
Thrice holy this its messenger,
I rose and wandered with it there.

The clouds, carbuncle-red, to pale,
Float and tempt the sportive gale—
Came back to me an elfin tale.

Long in some cranny of the brain,
Sleep-sealed those foes, pleasure and pain,
Break prison, then stroll forth again.

'Tis hard from spiteful fate to flee,
I'll tell this thing as told to me,
Of the Lady, sweet Anemone.

A prince his father's kingdom fled,
Adventures sought—wherever led;
All dangers dared by land or sea,
In front of his band there stood he.

Lawless their lives in sooth and bold,
As ever quiet hour has told,

But once it fell upon a day,
His liegemen loitered on the way.

Alone, beside a dreaming wood,
Shading a ruined grange he stood ;
And certes it was eerie, weird,
Nor sound of life, nor song of bird.

But soon he held his quickening breath—
A maiden decked with rustic wreath,
Robed in diaphonous, shining dress,
As suits such angel loveliness.

Above her broad, calm brow of snow,
The golden tresses loosely flow ;
Her star-like eyes—ecstatic bliss !
For one brief moment have met his.

All motionless a while he stood—
Soft passions swept him like a flood,
In which his being must rejoice,
And the heart's chivalry have voice.

And kneeling in that boscaje wild—
Tho' vanished now that vision mild,
Vowed by all spirit force unseen,
This loveliest maid shall be my queen.

The youthful prince now sought his lyre,
To pour thro' it his soul's desire,
And sang the thoughts she dreamt before—
Yet dreamt not—she shall come no more.

SONG.

Oh ! listen to love and let him in,
When the roamer's weary of roaming,
He threaded the glen and crossed the linn,
Somebody's heart must somebody win,
As birds at eve are homing.

Oh! love has a song to sweet words wed,
 When the light in the west is dying.
 And lost the pride of the roses red,
 While their penitent bosoms odours shed,
 On zephyrs round them sighing.

Oh! love has a story for the ear,
 When first of all moments the sweetest,
 Told in that pause of the dance so dear,
 Fresh thro' the years as when first we hear,
 Tho' of all time the fleetest.

Oh! love has a secret and a sign
 For the chosen the beautiful waiting.
 Where moonlight trembles thro' lilies to shine
 On bowers dark with ivy and vine—
 Spring is the time of mating.

Now came a wrinkled dame of eld,
 Whom this sweet maid in bondage held,
 By many a baleful circle drawn,
 Around her in the haunted lawn.

Plunged there in such a trance profound,
 As fixed her on the enchanted ground:
 Soon as love's witching word was said—
 There lay she—beautiful, but dead.

Then sharp I trow Favonius' pain,
 As the long hours passed in vain,
 Nor answering voice his own had there,
 But silence scorning his despair.

A wizard woke, his cave within,
 And charged the sprite attending him,
 The suffering prince to seek and bring
 By power of his charmed ring.

"My son," all things in earth or heaven,
One key unlocks—to knowledge given,
The wonders of all space 'twill tell,
And secrets drag from deepest hell.

Thou knowest that all must die, my son,
But not by all death's victory won ;
As life, death also must have end,
Desires, hopes, memories that lend,

Such vital force as thus can keep,
Them quick thro' frigid, seeming sleep ;
The beautiful within thy soul,
Fear thou neither way nor goal.

Worlds but exist by inward sense,
Heaven is arched by competence
Of mortal power to choose, pursue
The Good, the Beautiful, and True.

Ere from that mound thy dearest rise,
Thou, too, must pass thro' sacrifice,
This ancient hag must be thy bride,
In lethal slumber by her side,

Such hateful spell must undergo—
Thy love for gentle Ver to show,
But waking in the ordered time,
Find in thyself and world the prime.

Hope and attainment one at last,
Ye know—ye love—the past is past.
Of mysteries and powers that live—
Greatest the gifts that love can give."

And now the sprite a potion brought
To lull the sense with pain distraught,
Deep drank the prince—"there is no strife
Between such sleep and passing life :

"I welcome all that shall restore
My love remembered, nor seek more !"

He quailed not tho' before him spread
That loathsome couch, his bridal bed.

"Speak, now, my son, thy maiden's name,"
And swift as heard the cave in flame.
Has rent the murderous darkness grim,
While toothless curses answered him,

By the eldritch dame now shorn
Of the strange spells were hers that morn,
While the torn, affrighted air,
Resoundeth with the name of Ver.

One flower there is in very deed,
Best knows me, thro' the shining mead,
Can still my errant footsteps lead.

'Tis her, thou'llt know by deep delight,
And by her shimmering veil of white,
And by that breeze—the Prince, her knight!

Of their union this the token—
What whispers thro' that bride's veil spoken—
Of his troth still kept unbroken!

All blooms exceed they, shrub or tree,
Or gems that star the spring-sprent lea,
Wind-wed, wind-sung Anemone!

But such Idyll best is told in
That most wondrous text tho' olden,
Read by brooks, in silence golden.

Sir Olaf.

[Translated from Heine's beautiful ballad, "Ritter Olaf," as a fair concept of our Lochinvar, with a dash of Border Chief thrown in].

BEFORE the Dome see two men stand,
 Red coats have they unlike the others ;
 On the right the king, on his left hand—
 The hang-man—for they are as brothers.

Now to the hangman spoke the king :
 When the rite is over, stand thou steady ;
 When they end with psalm, and prayer, and ring—
 Stand, and have your good axe ready.

The organ swelled, the bells peal loud,
 Out of the kirk all the people fare,
 And there in the middle of the gay crowd,
 The handsome and newly-wed pair.

But pale and sorrowful looks that bride,
 That beautiful princess is sore afraid—
 Daring, and calm the knight at her side,
 Who laughs like a man undismayed.

He laughed as one who feels no awe—
 To the gloomy king gaily spoke he :
 "Good morning to you, father-in-law—
 This day my head shall fall by thee

"I must die to-day, but let me live,
 I pray thee, I pray thee, to midnight,
 For at the proud wedding feast I give,
 A dance we shall have by torchlight !

"Let me but live till then, I pray,
 Till the very last goblet is quaffed,
 And danced the last of my dances gay,
 My last word said—my last joy laughed !"

The king to the hangman spoke again—
 “My son-in-law’s wish I grant him now :
 He shall live till midnight—I ordain—
 At midnight with thine axe stand thou.”

Sir Olaf and every bridal guest,
 Drained their last glass, and upon his breast
 Leaned the bride, for the moments sped,
 As she moaned and clung in her agony-dread—
 The hangman stood at the door.

The parting began—Sir Olaf caught
 His young wife to him, and wildly sought,
 With her to lead this very last dance,
 While the torches brightly flare and glance—
 The hangman stood at the door.

The fiddle now sounded merrily by,
 But the flute’s low music seemed to sigh
 Round those two dancers as they stood
 In the strength they had asked—a tranquil mood—
 The hangman stood at the door.

While the frantic mirth resounded there,
 Sir Olaf, whispered his bride so fair,—
 Could’st thou know the love my heart doth hold—
 Warm for thee as the grave is cold—
 The hangman stood at the door.

Sir Olaf, it is the midnight hour,
 And thou hast lived thy life,
 Because the king’s daughter thou would’st have
 Thy equal to be, and thy wife.

The monks now mutter prayers for thee,
 And for thy soul when thou art dead—
 With gleaming axe beside the block,
 Behold you that man in red.

Out in the courtyard Sir Olaf stood—
 The flash of swords around him broke,
 But still with knightly mien he laughed—
 And thus with a smile he spoke :—

“ I bless the sun and I bless the moon,
 And the stars thro' space that wing,
 And all the birds of the air I bless,
 That in the welkin sing.

“ I bless the sea, and I bless the land,
 Meadow, flowers, and trees above,
 And the violets I bless, so sweet and soft—
 Like the eyes of the wife I love.

“ For those violet eyes I lose my life,
 And freely for my love atone ;
 The tryst-tree bless where our troth we pledged,
 Where she first became my own !”

Violet Victoria.

COULDST thou but hear when my heart cries,
 And thy dear name is fondly spoken,
 Or read affections thoughts that rise
 To seek from thine a token ?

Couldst thou but know when lonely night
 Thine image brings, than life more cherished,
 Tho' every morn's returning light,
 Shows me a dream that's perished.

Couldst thou but see the tears that rain
 When thus my sacred love is slighted,
 Or see the anguished grief and pain
 Of days and years thus blighted.

Oh thou wouldst come ere I am dead,
 And clasping me before all other,
 Fold on thy breast the stricken head,
 And gently breathe—MY MOTHER!

Tendrils.

WHITE convolvulus and red,
 From gates of wide heaven stole away,
 Wandering far ere they found a bed
 'Mong outcast weeds—Ah well a day!

Creeping, twining, red andwhite,
 These beauteous guests, with wondrous graces,
 August poured floods of her mellow light,
 For their sakes on barren places.

Coarse the clay, and rough the stones,
 Floating their delicate blooms they went—
 What unseen organ's sweet undertones,
 With their motions aërial blent?

One came there with pensive mien,
 Sorrow before and a joy behind,
 The haunting echo, 'it might have been'—
 Fond memories round a lost face twined!

Dear the visions fancy-fed;
 "From land of the leal can angels see?
 I'll cull these flowers to strew on my dead,
 Who is waiting now there for me."

"Red convolvulus and white!"
 Great gladness filling his dreamy eyes—
 Torn tendrils lay on a grave that night—
 His soul of love in paradise!

Lyle Hill.

(Written beside Lady Templetown's Fog-house).

ARISE and climb from his green foot in the meadows
 The blessed Paravatti of Lyle's height,
 Sacred from the print of his pasture-hidden toes,
 To the firm head in setting sun alight.

Vales and hamlets own him from Divis to Lough Neagh,
 Their shepherd King, for well his crown was won,
 Battling with the ages, now darkly passed away,
 Through glacial drift to genial clime and sun.

On his flanks upborne to that solid rustic throne,
 Folded in his purple robes of heather,
 Fanned by happy breezes, 'neath silent clouds alone,
 And in that silence feel—two meet together.

Could I unfold the logos of our dual thought,
 Flash back the scene or posy nature wild ?
 Crush neither bloom or leaf of treasures often sought—
 Show to the heart its self—still undefiled.

Gods of rejoicing hills, preserve me, for your sakes,
 From all which ink-black vandals dare to do,
 Saying, 'Tis pretty here, a poem come let me make,
 Birds and things must pose—my article is due !'

Hast thou of rapture drank or rapture would desire ?—
 Clasp close the Beautiful, to thee most dear.
 And in thy soul electric, feeding its own fire,
 Fresh, glad discovery cried aloud, 'Tis here !

Wed with eternal thought, the thought beyond mere sense,
 The pulse that throbs within gains worlds afar,
 Each motion but a fragment in that force intense
 That guides the planet, sparkles in the star !

This spot of earth to me beloved, this rude green hill,
 Has kinship with some high extended chain ;
 The lyre lispng from this feeble summer rill,
 Beats time with music thundering thro' the main.

Comes often to us thro' those outer gates of life,
 Some gracious welcome Presence all unseen ;
 We leave behind in a swift moment present strife,
 We walk companioned with the Once hath been.

Who shall follow, fancy-led, when my footsteps pass,
 From where the oaks like belted knights keep guard,
 To where the thyme and ling broider the velvet grass,
 While the crags above keep grey watch and ward ?

To this colon, sweetness, light, ever doth belong,
 There the rose reddens for the poet's breast ;
 Not mine, alas ! not mine, the spell of gushing song—
 Bless me with solitude and I am blest !

Climb, sunshine, seek, and see beneath Lyle's shaggy chin,
 What opulence of golden splendour lies,
 Whence linnets skyward rush—oh bonnie broom and whin,
 Bathed in the glow red sunset proudly dies !

Once on a time they pierced Lyle's side to seize his ore,
 Art united, ivy with bramble twines
 To heal and close the wounds that thus shall gape no more,
 Wreathed in faultless sweep of Alexandrines !

Prima vera kissed I on English graves at Rome,
 Where they, the strong in death, made holy ground,
 And in their memory sweet tend well a nook at home,
 Where blossoms early blow, where winds are bound !

An art there is the spirit artist only knows ;
 Who can the bracken's wavy lines recall ?
 Unconscious ease and grace in motion or repose,
 As fronds in sensuous rhythm rise and fall.

These secrets woo, no reverent effort will She mock,
 Herself a student from eternity,
 Straining on, on, while worlds within their orbit rock,
 To paint one Swiss land, etch a lake or sea !

Arise and climb, ye young, in love's almighty strength,
 This Hill the Beautiful—speech fails to tell—
 Finding earth's visions merge with the heavens at length,
 Nor darkness comes there—nor the word, farewell.

The Dean's Crime.

AFTER seeing my "Flowers" thro' the press I shall soon have the long-sought opportunity of getting together the data of this historical romance. But I must confess the very bulk of my letter bags, including letters and memoranda of George White, law parchments and their mystic seals, the long and close experience of socialist and anarchist circles, the unceasing adventures in divers lands, to be wrought into an harmonious whole, might make the hardest falter before such a task.

Then the art of arranging this long line of circumstances, of bringing order out of chaos, and of tracking from its inception to its consummation one of the most cruel, unnatural, and as yet, unpublished, of modern villainies.

But still the inward better voice urged—write, for the stronger is the better; to have something to say gives one an immense advantage over those who merely wish to say something. There shall be the unveiling of the Violet Victoria and the Scotland Yard detective *liaison* and the proper staging of a family of parvenus involved—of the *unco guid* genera, well known in the North of Ireland—tho' dead now—as the name *Mortlands* indicates, many minor details being furnished by one, Mog, who married an André of that ilk, who thus turns evidence versus the long-prayer sept or sib. There are things from which one must never flinch, and three regarding a lie which every truth-loving, loyal soul must hold with: First, a lie is an abomination; second, that it injures all who believe it in an irreparable manner; and third, *that its your most important task in life to expose it.* Let my "Flowers" propagate this—flowers that have distracted the melancholy, lightened the darkness, and often consoled the sufferings of an aching heart.