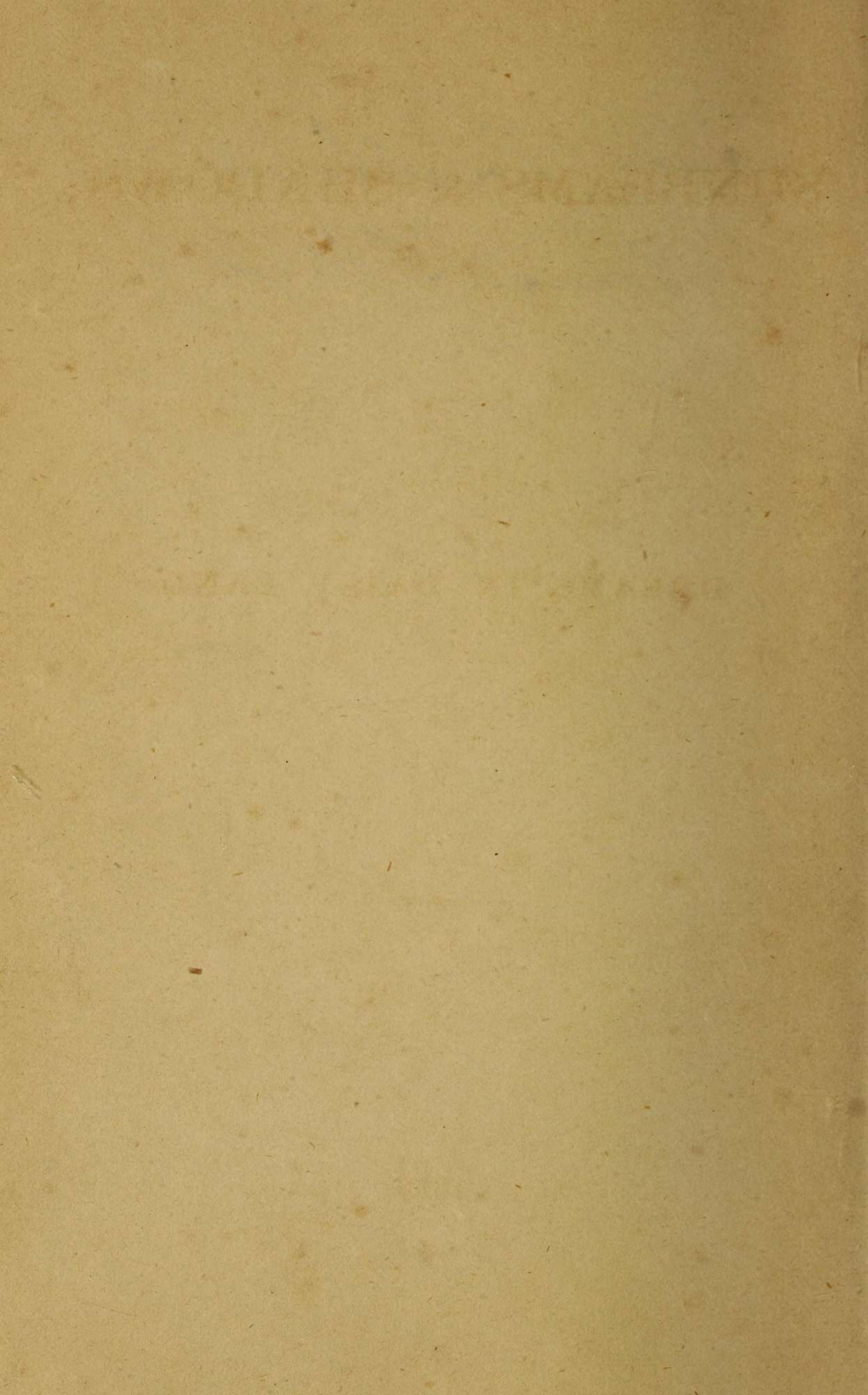




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# SUNBEAMS & SHADOWS;

OR,

DREAMS IN DAISY LAND.

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1853.

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DREAMS IN DAISY LAND.

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1888

# Little Red Riding Hood.

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In the sultriness and slumber  
Of a noontide in July,  
When of golden Bees a number  
Hummed with constant murmurs by ;  
In sultriness and slumber  
Did the dreaming Roses lie,  
Their cheeks each other's pressing,  
Like sisters fond caressing,  
' Neath the deep blue summer sky.  
From a garden where the shadows  
Of these Roses ceased to play,  
As the light breeze from the meadows  
All unconscious died away ;  
Where the white acacia's flowers  
Drooped like silvery tresses down,  
And in quaint and tangled bowers  
Dwelt the Honeysuckles brown ;  
While the Jasmines fondly leaning

Clustered porch and cottage door,  
As tiny hands oft gleaning  
Searched their fairy blossoms o'er;—  
With a little basket laden  
With its gifts a simple store,  
Went forth a gentle Maiden  
From the Cottage porch and door,—  
The Forest to explore.

With cakes of curds and honey  
And of whitest meal besides,  
Along the pathway sunny  
Now her shadow softly glides;  
Yet her basket firm she carried,  
And if at times she tarried,  
'Twas to pluck the way side Roses;  
And though her wildflower posies  
Made not her burthen lighter,  
Yet her eyes grew brighter, brighter,  
For she loved them so completely,  
And those violets smelling sweetly,  
How much she would have missed them,  
And so she stooped and kissed them!



Her tresses light of golden hair  
Danc'd up and down her neck so fair,  
And all things seemed to love her there,  
All but the Wolf so gaunt and grim,  
Earth, had no loveliness for him—  
She enters now a Forest ground  
Where twenty centuries shadowed round,  
Whose awful, proud, majestic Oaks,  
Ne'er echoed to the Woodman's strokes,  
Yet all things did her presence greet;  
The lowly creatures at her feet:  
The merry wren that hops and sings;  
The tiny lizards, full of fear,  
That feign to die when danger's near,  
Like gentlest Natures, stilling down  
Life, 'neath the cold world's searching frown  
Lest it might slay them; these small things  
With their quick eyes, amid the grass,  
See her and shadow softly pass,  
And tremble not.—The squirrel brown  
From his green bough all fondly down  
Looks on her, then sedately gnaws,  
The long stored nut between his paws.

But ah, the great Wolf of the Wood  
Turns his red eyes left and right,  
Sees the maiden fairy light  
Coming where he grimly stood :  
Joyous did she glide along  
Fearless, dreaming of no wrong ;  
Naught, a shadow could impart  
To the sunshine of her heart ;  
Now she stops, and now she tries,  
To make friends with butterflies ;  
Now from little wayside dells  
Plucks the shadowy dark blue-bells,  
Looking with her earnest eyes  
Into theirs for kindred ties :  
Then again she speeds along  
Her every footfall like a song !  
But ah, a Robber from the Wood  
Stood and shook his glittering spear,  
Then the grim wolf backward drew,  
But the little Maiden, near,  
Cometh all unconscious too !  
Said the Robber, " Sweet young thing  
Bear'st thou jewels for a King,  
Instead of flowers, thou shouldst pass

All unscathed for me, dear lass !”  
 Then his wild eyes followed far  
 Through the darksome forest ways  
 That fair child, till like a star,  
 Soft she vanished from his gaze ;  
 Would his pathway had been hers,  
 Through the world ! No, backward then,  
 Turned he to his forest den,  
 'Neath a gloomy hill of Firs.

PART THE SECOND.

---

O, mystery of mysteries,  
Within yon flower a shadow lies  
Like the purple of thine eyes ;  
Yon flower that in the lonely wood  
Softly disclosed its beauty rare,  
So in thy home's sweet solitude,  
In innocence and love, fond child,  
Thou passed'st thy spring time, soft and mild,  
Thanking the God who placed thee there.

A Cottage on a lonely lea  
Stands 'neath a lightning stricken tree,  
Yet two fond swallows loved its thatch—  
A little hand is on the latch—  
A voice sends greeting,

“ O my child !

You came not through the Forest wild ?  
Yet, though the road is not so near—”

“ Dear Grandmama, there's nought to fear ;

I nothing saw but lovely things ;  
 Great moths, with golden purple wings,  
 And little fellows as they sprung  
 All monkey like the boughs among ;  
 I mean the squirrels in their bowers,  
 And O ! such lovely, lovely flowers !  
 I've brought you some ; the curds and honey  
 Mama has sent—they are so sunny—  
 I mean the flowers and not the honey !  
 Though some I got from shady places,  
 For I love all their pretty faces !”  
 And then she laughed, and jumped about,  
 Caught up the kitten, as it purrs  
 Its little soft face pressed to hers :  
 “ For O ! they are so sunny, funny—  
 I do not mean the curds and honey—  
 So charming, make the Forest way ;  
 I'll come to-morrow, or next day,  
 And bring you more ?”

“ My precious dear—  
 O go not through the Wood, for fear  
 Of the great Wolf.”

“ A Wolf ! what's that ?”  
 “ A creature vast.”

“What, as our cat?”

“O, bigger far! I cannot sleep,  
For fears for thee.”

“Nay, do not weep!  
I’ll pass no more the Forest through,  
For all the flowers that ever grew!”

“Fondling, look, here’s a scarlet hood —  
A little cloak, worked all by me;  
For *somebody*, so very good!  
A little child; whose may it be?  
Come guess!”—

“O, Grandmama, you joke;  
But what a darling of a cloak!”  
Suddenly flushed her little cheek,  
And then, she seemed afraid to speak—  
She touched it with her tiny hand,  
And then, all downcast seemed to stand:  
It might be hope, it might be fear,  
For half-way balanced stood a tear,  
A secret joy, a little pride;  
Then, as her face she sought to hide  
In Grandma’s gown—that lady good,  
Drew o’er her ~~face~~ the scarlet hood.

The great Wolf watched that day,—the next,—  
 At length, with rage and hate perplexed,  
 He plotted deep a fearful scheme,  
 His waking thought, his dozing dream !

## PART THE THIRD.

---

The world hath rung out many chimes,  
Since the old and mystic times ;  
Not alone the Poet's strain  
Seeks to ring them in again ;  
Lights and shadows in the distance,  
Though eternal cycles run,  
And each mystery of existence,  
Ceases, to be aye begun.

Why are the old spells alluring,  
That through distant ages ranged ?  
Why are love and faith assuring ?  
Human Heart ! thou art unchanged—  
Men for ever, restless moving,  
Grasp at shadows—fortune, fame,—  
See those children, loved and loving ;  
Human Heart ! thou art the same :



Little dear One ! She, who gazes  
 As her eyes with tear drops glisten,  
 Little Fairy, crowned with daisies,  
 Softly stealing near to listen ;  
 Wolves are none at hand to harm her,  
 Wolves she knows have never spoken,  
 But the Tale of old can charm her,  
 Childhood's daisy wreath's unbroken !

Tick tack, click clack,  
 Thumped an old clock 'gainst its walnut back,  
 Sly old clock, with a mock grimace,  
 Ever it holds before its face,  
 Its hands like an ancient Dame afraid  
 You should note the dints which Time has made.  
 A curious bowl, a glass so small,  
 'Twould have served for the " Luck of Eden Hall,"  
 A platter and dish of the oldest Delf,  
 Paired together upon a shelf,  
 And an odd little spoon all by itself,  
 That had eaten its broth without a fellow,  
 And like an old Bachelor, long grown yellow.  
 Against the wall, on a sampler old,  
 Was Lady Godiva, that Dame so bold,

Threadbare through age, she seemed in a rage,  
 And vexed indeed to be left to mellow :  
 The rats in the plaster had made a schism,  
 While a rosemary bough from the rafters damp,  
 Gave decided hints of a twinge of the cramp,  
 Or a fit at least of the rheumatism.  
 An old Lady sat in a high backed chair,  
 Neat was she, and tall and spare,  
 With snow white cap, and scarlet hose,  
 And high heeled shoes with pointed toes,  
 Almost as sharp as her worshipful nose :  
 Purred a kitten, soft and snug,  
 As it played with its tail upon the rug ;  
 Or watched its mistress with comical stare,  
 An apple slow, and sedately pare.

The Old Lady sat in a kind of state,  
 She wondered her grandchild came so late :  
 The cricket had ceased to chirp on the hearth,—  
 Many a road has a thorny path.  
 She shuddered and thought of the Wolf of the Wood,  
 And sweet eyed little Red Riding Hood !  
 She had saved an apple, an only one,  
 That had hung with its laughing cheek to the sun,

For little Red Riding Hood loved the tree,  
 And she knew how pleased the child would be.  
 Ah, ha, what's that? It must be a rat,  
 She wished her kitten had grown to a cat—  
 A whining cry, a lamb-like bleat,  
 Then something like great shuffling feet;  
 A breathing 'gainst the window pane,  
 And then, a stifled cry again!  
 'Twas one of God's creatures moaning there,—  
 Might be in hunger or in despair—  
 Not hers to stay a hand in need,  
 Though poor the gift, yet blessed the deed.  
 She hobbled across her lowly floor,  
 With a stick in hand she has reached the door;  
 She raised the latch,—with a frightful grin,  
 The Wolf of the Wood strode fiercely in!

\* \* \* \*

O, what a scene of wrong and dread,  
 When false feet come with murderous tread,  
 A single moment o'er all may spread!  
 The frantic kitten, far aloof,  
 Screamed on a rafter beneath the roof;

The floor was strewed with wrecks around,  
And damp and dark was the sanded ground.

Stretched on the bed with frightful stare,  
Licking his red paws, there he lies,  
The Wolf, the Wolf, with blood stained eyes  
And savage fangs, so grim and bare,  
He listens—ah, quick his ears uprise,  
A soft low voice came silvery sweet,  
Then a laugh and a sound of little feet :  
“ Dear child,” he whispers, “ Come in, I lie  
In bed so ill, I am like to die ! ”—  
His feignèd voice did strangely jar,  
He croaked like a crow with a bad catarrh !  
“ The door is only upon the catch,  
Just pull the bobbin, ’twill lift the latch ;  
Creep in, creep in, though the bed be small,  
You may nestle you snugly by the wall.”

“ O grandmama, O grandmama, how strange you seem to  
night ;

And with that cap, and twisted so, you surely look a fright ;  
How grey your hair, and long it is ? ”—

“ ’Twill keep me warmer dear.”—

“And such great ears !”

“The better child, your prattle I shall hear.”

“But what a beard !”

“A royal beard, the King could boast no more.”

“And such sharp nails !”

“The fashion now—to cut them is a bore.”

“Your eyes so fierce, and then, so red ! O, do not look  
again.”

“Well, go and fetch my spectacles, they shall not give  
you pain.”

“And then, such teeth !”

“My little dear, my charming Riding Hood,  
He’s got you in his arms at last, the great Wolf of the  
Wood !

One little hug ; your foolish flowers, we’ll strew them o’er  
the ground,  
Above a little grassy heap, where safe you’ll sleep and  
sound !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor little thing, her stifled cries—her hands before her face,  
 Her tears, her little earnest prayers, that he would grant  
     her grace ;

In vain, in vain, as well might plead, the softest lamb-like  
     bleat,

For safety to a savage heart, that ne'er to mercy beat—  
 In life's first instinct dwells its last, the young child knows  
     no other,

In prayer, in latest consciousness, she called upon her  
     mother.

What would she say ? what would she feel ? what could  
     her grief denote ?

To see, dead ! dead ! her little one, with that red mark in  
     its throat !

The wolf so fierce—but O 'tis o'er ; his very breath has slain,  
 And Heaven in mercy, to itself calls its angel home again :  
 So still, so white, and not one sigh ; the grim one half  
     upraised

Himself and with a sullen glare upon his victim gazed :  
 One little tress adown her neck, upon her bosom lay,  
 No murmur, not a ripple ;—Death ! what is thy secret, say ?  
 How mutely eloquent, how calm, that weak, that gentle one ;  
 Her dim eyes drooped like pale blue flowers beneath the  
     scorching sun :

Her lips like cloven cherries were, when parted to the stone  
Half closed, through which her little teeth like purest ivory  
shone.

But ah, a step, a heavy step—another victim near?

The grim wolf sprang him to the door; he met the Robber's  
spear;

' Neath his fore-arm, right through his heart, it pierced the  
outer side,

The savage writhed him on the stake, yelled at his foe,—  
and died.

Beneath the grass they buried her, and though no flowers  
were shed,

The little purple "Eye bright" soon the soft green turf  
o'er spread;

At night there came a lovely bird, that from a wild rose-  
bush,

Sang clearer than the nightingale, and softer than the  
thrush;

At dawn it breathed a low fond lay, a hymn of Paradise,  
Then stretched its hovering wings and rose, and melted in  
the skies.

## THE PASSAGE BIRDS OF MEMORY.

---

I know they come not till the Spring,  
 Yet dream they're in yon distant sky,  
 And fancy every breeze will bring  
 The Passage Birds of Memory.

I see the Violet shrined in leaves,  
 The lady Primrose, pale and lone,  
 But O, the voice that 'neath our eaves,  
 Once whispered Music! Is it gone?

Perchance some echoes linger yet,—  
 Ah, no, the River darkly speeds,  
 No gentle shadows o'er it flit,  
 No music, but from moaning reeds.

O desolate home, that stands among  
 The fairest scenes from Love apart,  
 That has no voice to glad like Song,  
 The Summer places of the Heart!

Our hope may fade, yet poor we know,  
 Is Faith, that fears the winter sky,  
 When, hush! beneath the thatch sings low,  
 One Passage Bird of Memory!



## THE LOST BRIDE.

---

He heard, he hears it still, her latest sigh,  
 The faint and faltering word, "farewell," yes, all,  
 The last slight movement of her fingers small,  
 He saw it, sees it still, and could she die!  
 She, who so lately smiling through her tears,  
 Pressed to his heart as hers had found its home,  
 Its stay, its sure repose for future years,  
 Now rests where he to her shall never come—  
 He knows it, feels it—with a mute despair,  
 Aimless—he wandereth, seeking everywhere  
 For something lost or left in haste behind,  
 And which he surely die unless he find—  
 And now, her book he sees, just laid aside,  
 The leaf last marked turned down, some tale of sorrow,  
 Yet like their love as whispering once she cried,  
 With her sweet smile, "We'll finish it to-morrow"—  
 To-morrow? aye, must he sit watching there.  
 Or rise to seek her, find her, greet her, *where?*  
 Within yon chamber? whence the jasmines wreath  
 Around her casement? in yon bower where breathe  
 Roses not half so lovely?—Listen, hark!

A step, it comes ! it mocks him ; through the dark  
 A something moves, a wild low murmur sings  
 As of a voice—and then, mysterious rings  
 A sound of wedding bells—a peal ; it rolled,  
 O no ! no *wedding bells*, 'twas *one*, it *tolled* !  
 In hopelessness, in utter recklessness,  
 Down on his heart a giant hand doth press :  
 He trembles, what is that ? a vase, where she  
 Placed flowers but lately, and in girlish glee,  
 Laughed as she told him, “ If she left that spot,  
 Before they withered, she should love him not ! ”  
 They had not faded—she was gone—and lo !  
 She loved him not !—*she could not tell him so !*  
 Gone whither ? from that room late darkened—where,  
 They laid her—weeping—ah, his eyes he hid,  
 He heard, he hears it still, in his despair,  
 The last blow struck upon her coffin lid !  
 Away, out in the fields, out, anywhere ;  
 Upon her grave there's sunlight—by her side  
 The strong hale man may throw him—there abide  
 Till his fierce agony has passed, and then  
 He may go forth among his fellow men,  
 Broken in spirit, sad, yet purified,  
 Through the sweet memory of one gentle love,

A simple, guileless, hopeful one, his Bride,  
 But not for Earth, his Angel that hath died,  
 With her blue eyes, an influence from above,  
 Through after years of passion to preside  
 O'er his lone heart like the descending Dove.

---

## THE STORM.

---

A dream-like calm prevails,  
 Some boding ill seems nigh,  
 And clouds like ships with drooping sails,  
 Drift slowly through the sky.

' Neath a red pavilion rent,  
 As the Warrior's race were run,  
 Through the heavens he fired in his descent,  
 Goes down the stormy sun.

Like a sword unsheathed in play,  
 There shot gleams in fitful mood,  
 From a wild low ridge of clouds, away,  
 Through the thunderous solitude.

No sound—save a fearful hush,  
 As 'neath shadow of viewless wings,  
 Earth stricken lay 'neath the passing rush  
 Of a thousand unseen things.

Not a sound—yet the forest bowed,  
 And the rack was eddying driven;  
 And wild and vast streamed a sable cloud,  
 Like a pall across the heaven.

It seems like the eve of doom,  
 When the mightiest hills shall reel,  
 It seems—ah, hark! through the deepening gloom,  
 Comes the crashing thunder peal!

---

## THE GREEK GIRL'S FUNERAL

### A DIRGE.

---

O sweet low Mysian flute,\*  
 A heart throb in each sigh!  
 Like soft melodious tears,  
 Like youth's fond dreaming years

\* NOTE.—The Mysian Flute from its sweet and plaintive tone was used at funerals among the Greeks.

That murmuring pass by—

O say not, she is gone !

Though her dear lips be mute,

Our Zoe could not die !

Ah, flower of fairest birth,

We weeping bear thine urn,

Sweet Zoe, yet return !

Speak, as thou didst on earth,

And lest we mourn too wildly, say,

Thou hast not yet quite passed away,

But in the music that we hear,

All echo-like thy voice shall breathe

A last farewell to friends so dear,

Lest they too deeply grieve.

O Zoe, but one sigh !

And when the flute is wailing low,

Just whisper back one fond reply,

For we all loved you so—

Then soft as though a roseleaf stirred,

Upon the garland on thine urn,

Be thy dear voice but once more heard,

*Sweet Zoe, yet return !*

A lovely star, so near, so bright,  
It halfway seems 'twixt Earth and Night :  
A Bell, that through the darkness rings,  
What time the stormy turret swings :  
A stream, for ages gliding by,  
To the same lone monotony :  
A Forest drear, by man ne'er planted,  
Gloomy with Firs, and half enchanted :  
A fortress, through whose ruined walls,  
Serenely soft the moonlight falls :  
A child to bless this world of ours,  
Gathering handfulls of blue flowers :  
The Good and Evil, Old and Strange,  
In one unvarying interchange :  
A rosebud fresh ; a withered wreath ;  
The mystery of Life ; a breath ;  
Then, the solemnity of Death !

---

## A PICTURE.

A dog bayed to the lonely Night,  
 The ember fires with dull red light,  
 Gleamed from the distant hills, and lo,  
 The great broad Moon with sullen glow,  
 'Mid a long streaming haze looked on  
 The outspread scene like some lost Sun,  
 Some exile of the skies. There went  
 A lone sigh up as a lament  
 From the dark river ; to and fro  
 The lank reeds muttered to the air,  
 And three old Willows, scant of leaves,  
 Waved their thin tresses ; Twilight weaves,  
 A murmur like a voice that told  
 Some Mystery of the Seers of old,  
 Who from Chaldea's mountains read  
 The fate of Kings.—Speak low, there rings  
 To those who love a soft fond chime,  
 Telling us, Earth shrouds many things  
 Matchless, we ne'er may learn thro' Time :  
 Yet now, e'en Silence hath a tone  
 Of Music, a mute eloquence,

As unseen spirits to our own  
 Spoke in a purer, holier sense,—  
 The ripple of a brook, the air  
 That plays around a flower, the bleat  
 Of some young thing from the far fold,  
 The rustle of the tiny feet  
 Of some wild creature from the wold,  
 A music, ever soft and sweet,  
 That tells us when we most despair,  
 And seem to be alone,—ALONE,  
 Some poor heart answers, beat for beat,  
 Answers, and TREMBLES to our own !

---

**“LIFE’S LIKE A SUMMER STREAM.”**

Life’s like a Summer stream, they say,  
 And we are swallows o’er it flying,  
 One moment dip in silver spray  
 Our wings, and then away ! away !  
 Our home’s far distant lying.



O not in vain each wanderer grieves,  
 He goes, but when may find him,  
 Some southern home 'mid forest leaves,  
 Like those dear vine-clad cottage eaves,  
 The swallow leaves behind him !

Yet ere we part, we linger so,  
 We fear each change of weather ;  
 But the brave swallows when they go,  
 Though fresh the Autumn breezes blow,  
 Out ride the storm *together*.

---

## DARK EYES.

---

Rain, rain, dark eyes, your spells  
 Did first my soul illumine,  
 As one who long in twilight dwells,  
 Sees starlight through the gloom.  
 Rain, rain, dark eyes, your shower  
 Did search my wrapped soul through,  
 As 'neath your stormy power,  
 I loved, but trembled too.

But ye withdrew—then left  
     My soul like a lone lake,  
 Amid wild mountains cleft,  
     Did still your image take.  
 A lake, no billow sweeps,  
     That hushed, unclouded lies,  
 And dreams, as to its depths it sleeps—  
     Rain down, rain down, dark eyes !

---

BLUE EYES.

---

A snow-white violet nurtured in deep shade,  
 Where waving ferns were spread,  
 Heard a sweet murmur overhead,  
 As some wild harp were by a lover played ;  
 'Twas but the roving wind that sighed and went ;  
 She sweetly startled, saw the first clear skies  
 Of Evening, with a star that floated there,  
 So darkly blue, yet beautifully bright,  
 It seemed she looked up to night's golden eyes ;  
 Then all her soul was filled with azure light :

Alas, soon deepening with a new born care,  
 That brighter worlds should make earth seem less fair,  
 And lowly she, might be forgotton quite !  
 So gentle Linda, thy fond eyes of blue  
 Brightened with hopes for earthly love, then grew  
 Darkened with fears : and yet, from out of thought,  
 And sorrow, all the loveliest things are wrought ;  
 Stars are seen but at night ; 'tis well for pride,  
 Some rough wind comes to blow the boughs aside,  
 That shadow o'er our souls, and self love fond,  
 And show us brighter worlds our own beyond,—  
 But thy blue eyes should weep not ; Look, dear love,  
 E'en through the parting boughs, there's Hope and  
 Heaven above !

---

## SUNNY EYES.;

### A FAIRY TALE.

---

On ebon couch inwrought with gold  
 With starry mantle overspread,  
 And crimson draperies that unfold  
 Their deepening shadows round her head ;

She sleeps, she sleeps, she ever sleeps—  
 The soft white blended with the red :  
 She never smiles, she never weeps,  
 But soul-like, pure, unconscious keeps,  
 And through the long dim ages sleeps !

O life in death ! enshrined among  
 Colossal forms of ancient might,  
 'Neath old heraldic shields which swung,  
 Where banners flushed in rosy light :  
 Beside her couch, from ancient time  
 A Lion, champion of her cause,  
 Like Mythic God, in rest sublime,  
 Couched his vast head between his paws ;  
 But O, she never smiles nor weeps,  
 But soul-like, pure, unconscious keeps,  
 And through the long dim ages sleeps !

Each fountain ere it ceased to play,  
 Had trickling died with drowsy sound,  
 While o'er its marble basin, grey,  
 The deep green moss incrusting wound ;  
 It wound along its slothful way,  
 For ages creeping on the ground.

The quaintly figured tapestries,  
 Of shepherd kings, with crowns of gold,  
 Drooped like cloud shadows of the skies  
 As twilight slept in every fold.  
 Day came and passed in dream-like guise,  
 As all things dimmed and died away,  
 While through the long arched galleries,  
 Like some great spirit, full of eyes,  
 The starry evening, tranced lay.

The wonder world of thought was still,  
 And like a marvellous clock unwound  
 Was life, and every sense and thrill,  
 Yet day and night the world went round.  
 O life, O love, in dim eclipse,  
 And yet how rosy are thy lips !  
 A movement—yes, a little stir,—  
 Scarce thread of silken gossamer,  
 Might note how soft life's current flows,  
 How calm, deep, true, was her repose—  
 For O, she neither smiles, nor weeps,  
 But soul-like, pure, unconscious keeps,  
 And through the long dim ages sleeps !

Nay, hush !—within those fated halls  
 O, wondrous sound ! a gentle tread,  
 Yet fearful, as a step that falls  
 'Mid cloistered chambers of the dead ;  
 He comes, he comes, O hope too blessed !  
 He wonders, if so fair a form,  
 Shrined aught of life, and trembling pressed,  
 His lips to hers, so sweet, so warm !  
 She breathes, she sighs, the spell confessed  
 Like some fond child, long left alone,  
 That dreams its mother shares its rest,  
 Within his arm she wound her own,  
 Then wakened—O that dear surprise,  
 The light of two such sunny eyes,  
 Shone on him with such mirthful gleams,  
 She must have had some glorious dreams !

O love, O life, you're happy soon,  
 And so—the morn brought golden June ;  
 The hazel boughs were full of song,  
 And little roses laughed among  
 The bushes, and the mountain brooks  
 Were chrystal clear as her dear looks :

Then music voiced, Love spoke anew,  
 Through what it sought was won it knew ;  
 No cloud did shadow the calm skies,  
 Of Hope and Trust in her fond eyes.  
 He took her hand ; like echoes heard  
 In sleep of some far distant sphere,  
 She answered him in one sweet word,  
 That breathless died upon his ear—  
 And then, “ We will go forth together,  
 The air is full of summer weather,  
 And all the earth beneath our feet  
 Is purpled thick with violets sweet,  
 A radiance in the leaves, the air,  
 Sparkles like welcome everywhere,  
 And Truth, deep as those skies above”—  
 She raised her brow, “ Shall hallow Love !  
 For ah, not all for Earth designed  
And we”—and then, “ O wondrous Sleep !  
 Dream was with golden dream entwined,  
 Yet aye would some good Fairy creep,  
 Beside mine ear, and breathe in song,  
 He comes at last who tarries long.”

*Ave*

## THE ROSE AND THE SOUTH WIND.

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Gracefully, gracefully, bend the green willow boughs,  
 Casting a wreath o'er each wave as it goes,  
 Fondly the South Wind, low breathed as a lover's vows,  
 Whispers, "'Mong flowers, you are matchless, dear Rose."

Sighed back the Rose again, "Can I believe you?  
 South Wind, your voice is as soft as a Fairy's;"  
 Answered the False One, "O ne'er I'll deceive you,  
 Mine is no fancy each moment that varies,"

Said the sweet Rose again, "All doubts are over—  
 Morning and evening I'll list to thy song;"  
 "Nay," quoth the South Wind, "You know I'm a rover,  
 Sure Lady Lily's been slighted too long!"

So a kiss and farewell—they're your rosebuds, sweet  
 pledges,  
 Just unfolding, all cares of a mother need they;  
 So speaking, 'mid jasmines and white hawthorn hedges,  
 Soft and low, swept the false one all heedless away.



## THE FOSSIL TREE.

O ancient Tree,  
With what wild glee,  
Did desolate winds begin to blow,  
As rising waters, sure yet slow,  
Came gathering round thy headland steep ;  
Were thine the sibyl's leaves to know,  
How long and deep would be thy sleep,  
Beneath the Ocean's overflow ?

Say, dark enigma, both of Fate and Time,  
What changes wrought thy sepulchre sublime,  
What first, like Monarch laid in marble pride,  
In Thee entombed the Ages that had died !

In vain with thy weird history Fancy grapples ;  
Thou might'st have spread thy branches, tender hearted,

O'er some lone pair of lovers long since parted,  
Or wicked Tree, have borne Forbidden Apples,  
Tempting fair creatures, Angel half, half human,  
Just like that modern species we call "Woman,"  
Some blessing, teasing, yet alluring Eve,  
Bearing a forfeit Heaven in her looks,  
On which if good men gaze like Wizards' books,  
O'er their lost souls they must most surely grieve.

Come tell us, for thou could'st, some quaint ghost stories,  
Of night primeval, and old fashioned glories,  
How Bats gigantic 'neath thy boughs have clustered,  
And lovers moon-struck hearts most strangely flustered,  
How, when the Megatheriums took to fighting,  
They must have made a country walk, exciting ;  
Did that hugh Tortoise, the Colossochelys,  
Whose shell preserved this day as hard as steel is,  
Provide with combs the Dames of ancient lands,  
Did they wear ringlets, or their hair in bands ?

Say, how at last when reeled the hills before thee,  
And the wild Sea came rolling round, and o'er thee,

The Plesiosauri, and the ganoid fishes,  
The last so called, because they shine like dishes,  
Sported at ease, as Turtles, smooth though glum,  
Through Seas of sleeping ooze securely swum ;  
Thrice happy Turtles ! vain the rocks we scan,  
We never find a fossil Alderman !

Grew'st thou 'mong Calamites and Sigillaricæ ?  
If so, thou never felt'st the woodman's stroke,  
Or wert thou Yggdrasill, that Gothic Fairy Tree ?  
Or from thy acorn sprang Dodona's Oak ?  
Did any lover on thy rind, for joke,  
Carve a soft name ? Alas, for his vocation,  
There were no Delias in the " Coal Formation."

O mystic Tree, we'll make from Thee,  
An Amulet both quaint and rare  
To lie on Lizzie's wrist, so fair,  
And perhaps sometimes to tremble there—  
To rise, to fall, to softly start,  
With every impulse of her heart ;  
O do not coldly check the glow

Where Truth and sweet Affections grow,  
Flowers, such as gentle Faith uprears ;  
The chill may come—in after years :  
Yes, her's must be a fate like ours,  
Of light, of shade—yet, when She grieves,  
May tears fall soft as dew on leaves,  
That make more beautiful the flowers !

A Fate like ours ! O better thus—  
To love, weep, hope, and die—with us ;  
Than last like Thee, through Ages lone,  
Unmourned, uncherished, and unknown !





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