

For all things, yes
as well. The sun has
gone - 20th.

Write the address in large BLOCK letters in the panel below.
The address must NOT be typewritten.

TO:— E.E. HARVEY ESQ
6 EPSOM AVENUE
EPSOM S.E.3.
NEW ZEALAND AUCKLAND

DATE STAMP

Write the message very plainly below this line.

JUNE 20 1945

Sender's Address: D.P. HARVEY TUCKINGMILL VICARAGE
CAMBORNE CORNWALL.

Dearest Eric, I sent you a short letter by ordinary mail a day or so ago but this should arrive first. In a day or two I am sending you a collection of Daddy's poems written out in his own hand, which I think you will treasure. It would have been sent before but when Mother died the war had begun (Dec. 4th/39) and things were difficult then. But now it should be safe enough. Dad & Mother had very few possessions mostly of 'sentimental value', & now we shall all have something that belonged to them. We are in a great muddle at the moment as we are house-moving next week, June 26th (Dad's Birthday) to Penzance. The address will be ST. PAUL'S VICARAGE PENZANCE and I think it will be safer to put me as c/o the Rev. John Britton as I shall not be known there, and nor do I actually know how long I shall be there. I expect you will have heard from Rosie by now. I am afraid she has a lot to pull up, & gain weight etc. We are longing to hear when she can get over to us, & what plans can be made. Barbara wants Rosie to go up to her near Carlisle where she has a lovely new home with her husband & two children, still at school. Very much love to you all from us all. We do hope you are well. Yr. loving sister
Dorothy

This space should not be used.

MAKE SURE THAT THE ADDRESS IS WRITTEN IN LARGE BLOCK LETTERS IN THE PANEL ABOVE

note the date!
I wrote this
last year but
it was never
sent.

John Harvey

A Book of
Poems

written between

1864 – 1902

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MR BARNEY O'RAFFERTY'S

account of

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

Och ! my name it is Barney

I'm come from Killarney

An' moind, it's no blarney

I'm spakin to you,

For my heart 'tis just bubblin'

Wid all that's troublin'

This city of Dublin:

It's very thue.

For whin I came in, Sir,

To that city of din, Sir,

Sure I thought it no sin, Sir,

To walk about,

And what was worth seein'

Loike a dacent bein'

My janins put me in

To foind it out.

But what's the use talkin', Sir,
 Whin we moight be walkin'
 The beautiful Park in
 This lovely day:
 For ye'll want no ticket
 To admire the cricket
 And the man at the wicket,
 In the midst of play.

And look at the Hurley
 And the sticks so curly
 And the ground as level
 As - the top of my hat
 Like the garden of Aden
 Where troops could parade in
 Or a shindy be played in
 Or the loikes of that.

And sure there's Mr Ferrar
 If I make no error
 Sure he'd fill ye wid terror
 For he looks so grand!
 Walkin round the New Square, O,
 Like the ancient Pharaoh,
 Or some conquerin' haro
 From a furrin land!

First, I saw the Rotunda.

Arrah, murder and thunder!

Sure it filled me wid wonder,

As I saw the place.

For it stands in greatness

All built wid nateness

And raal complateness

Upon its face.

But Thrinity College is

The sate where knowledge is!

What other Colleges

Can wid it compare?

There the sunshine scorches

And the pillars and porches

And the lamps like torches

Standin' all so fair!

And There's the New Buildin'

That's foinely filled in

Wid carvin and gildin'

How grand it looks!

Och! yed jump like a fairy

That's gone contrary

To see the Loibrairy

All full of books!

Och ! 'Tis here ye'd see cars , Sir ,
 From near and far , Sir ,
 For all English They are , Sir ,

on the eve of the Adminin the place . Cathedral

Or some bould Highlander
 Like great Alexander

Takin' a meanderope through
 Endue me with About the place .

That I may say within this lay that six

Now this is my story college .
 Of this place of glory .

And let Whig nor Tory see ,
 To hear Deny what I've said .

And ye'll please to remember and ink ,
 That this is September

And a glass at the craythur
 I write Wouldn't go to my head .

Alias Mr. Ferrar

for he this day , Dublin . Sept 1864 .
 Was guilty of an error .

For when a ticket I did beg

He would accord to me

He promised so , methinks , although

Assured I cannot be .

AN EPISTLE TO THE JUNIOR DEAN
 As TRINITY COLLEGE
 on the eve of the opening of St Patrick's Cathedral
 But happy candidate.

Descend benign Calliope
 Endue me with such knowledge
 That I may say within this lay
 What deeds are done in College.

I have no wish, ye Muses, nine,
 To learn to sing or whistle
 But brains to think, and pen and ink,
 To write a short epistle.

I write unto the Junior Dean
 Alias - Mr. Ferrar
 For he this day, I grieve to say
 Was guilty of an error.

For when a ticket I did beg
 He would accord to me
 He promised so, methinks, although
 Assured I cannot be.

But yet this gleam of hope have I,
 And when to-day he gave them out
 As I do here relate,
 I really thought I would be nought
 But happy candidate.

And as this pitious note he reads
 But sooner could one scramble through
 A thorny brake or thicket
 Than reach his hand from out that band
 To grasp a single ticket.

ELIZABETHA!
 And with a look indifferent
 My pleadings were received
 It was no go. I found out so,
 Retiring very grieved.

I hastened up unto my room
 And here I'm sitting down
 Writing you see this elegy March 16. 1865
 Instead of doing town.

And still the time is flying fast,
 It's getting very late,
 While heartfelt throbs and woful sobs
 My bosom lacerate.

But yet this gleam of hope have I ,
 And I may tell it yet ,
 That when The Dean this screed has seen
 He will not me forget .

And as this piteous note he reads
 My name at once he'll stick it
 Down in his book , and have a look
 To find another ticket .

ELIZABETHA ! hujusce
 Collegii fundatrix !
 May Mr Ferrar grant to me
 A ticket for St Patrick's !

You'll see what we will do , for we must begin at two .
 Though indeed I think the time is rather early :
 Two hours are quite enough for a game that's rather rough ;
 I can tell you you'd be tired after Hurley .

I should think that in the morning as Aurora is adorning
 The park , and while the dew is fresh and pearly :
 It is then you'd shine sublime at your barbarous pastime,
 For nobody should see your game of Hurley .

Dublin, March 16. 1865

"As you've spoken rather long, let me tell you that you're wrong,
Your prejudices make you rather surly."
And you'd better not despise such a manly exercise.
For there never was a finer game than Hurley!"

HURLEY

"What a very jolly day for the game we're going to play!
Now is it not a lovely day, Tom Shirley?
For we have a splendid match, and either side will catch
A licking from the other at the Hurley."

"You're a curious fellow, Jack, with a stick upon your back
That looks so very clumsy and so curly —"

"Oh! sure that's to play the game — 'pon my word, it is a shame
That you don't know more about the game of Hurley."

You'll see what we will do, for we must begin at two.
Though indeed I think the time is rather early:
Two hours are quite enough for a game that's rather rough;
I can tell you you'd be tired after Hurley."

I should think that in the morning as Aurora is adorning
The park, and while the dew is fresh and pearly:
It is then you'd shine sublime at your barbarous pastime,
For nobody should see your game of Hurley.

"As you've spoken rather long, let me tell you that you're wrong,
 Your prejudices make you rather surly,
 And you'd better not despise such a manly exercise,
 For there never was a finer game than Hurley!"

THE PIPER'S LAMENT

As I wandered cold and weary thro' the ^{Dublin. Jan 12. 1866.} ~~hills of Glenageary~~,
 Where the thistle and the heather in luxuriant verdure grow,
 Suddenly some sounds of music fell upon my startled ear
 And I stood and listened silent to a minstrel loud and clear.

On a craggy, rugged hillock stood a piper old and gray,
 And his wrinkled care-worn forehead told of many a bygone day;
 With his chanter in his fingers and the drones upon his arm,
 Soon he struck a well known ballad which began my heart to warm.

"Who wadna fight for Charlie?" echoed from the purple heath
 Through the glens and rocks and valleys down upon the woods beneath.
 Oh! such wild and thrilling music, suited but to such a place
 Wondrous to excite to valour heroes of a gallant race.

When he stopped he seemed to ponder o'er the scenes he'd left behind,
 And I tried to know the stirring of his sad and failing mind
 As he sat upon the cairn with his hands upon his knees
 Quietly he raised his features and began in words like these,

"Where is Ross and proud Mackinnon, stern Macgregor and Mackae?
Where are all the races of Menzies, and the stout Macgillivray?
Where does now Macdonnell tarry: have the Chisholms still a home?
Does Macdonnell of Glengarry through his ancient country roam?"

THE PIPER'S LAMENT

Well I mind Culloden's carnage, where lay Graham and Maclean:

And the noble race of Frasers who that dayest hour would drain

As I wandered cold and weary thro' the passes of Glencoe

Where the thistle and the heather in luxuriant verdure grow,

Suddenly some sounds of music fell upon my startled ear

And I stood and listened silent to a minstrel loud and clear.

And the gillies of Macpherson who would sooner die than yield

On a craggy, rugged hillock, stood a piper old and grey,

And his wrinkled care-worn forehead told of many a bygone day:

With his chanter in his fingers and the drones upon his arm,

Soon he struck a well known ballad which began my heart to warm.

One night, Mark Colquhoun's and Drummond's music came:

With their claymores newly whetted, trusty blades renowned in song,

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie? echoed from the purple heath

Through the glens and rocks and valleys down upon the woods beneath.

Oh! such wild and thrilling music, suited but to such a place clear

Wondrous to excite to valour heroes of a gallant race.

And his Cameron clansmen leading came Lochiel, the brave old chief.

When he stopped he seemed to ponder o'er the scenes he'd left behind,

And I tried to know the stirring of his sad and failing mind.

As he sat upon the cairn with his hands upon his knees

Quietly he raised his features and began in words like these.

For the hearts of Culloden! Scotland, thus thy tale is told.

Dublin Jan 20th 1856

"Where is Ross and proud Mackinnon, stern Macgregor and Macrae?
 Where are all the race of Menzies, and the stout Macgillivray?
 Where does now Macdougall tarry; have the Chisholms still a home?
 Does Macdonnell of Glengarry through his ancient country roam?

Well I mind Culloden's carnage, there lay Graham and Maclean:
 And the noble race of Frasers who their dearest blood would drain.
 When the pibroch roused to frenzy every warrior, every man,
 Was it not the brave Mackenzie perished foremost in the van?

Mackintosh that dauntless chieftain, ever ready in the field,
 And the gillies of Macpherson who would sooner die than yield.
 Here was Murray, there Macfarlane, Rose, MacLachlane and Monro,
 These I saw impatient standing waiting the advancing foe.

When each warrior heard the summons of the war-pipe and the drum
 One might mark Colquhouns and Drummonds at the welcome music come:
 With their claymores newly whetted, trusty blades renowned in song,
 O my soul! can I forget it, this great slaughter of the strong?

There came on the Gordon tartans with their pipers sounding clear
 And the Grants drawn up in order - men who never knew to fear.
 And his Cameron clansmen leading came Lochiel, the brave old chief.
 Thou Macbean, too, veteran warrior, stern in charge - thy glory brief.

Last of all, my own loved people, true Macdonalds, ever firm!
 These have felt the tyrant's anger; felt it all without a term!
 Sound the coronach, sound the coronach, for the noble souls of old,
 For the hearts of Caledonia! Scotland, thus thy tale is told."

Dublin Jan 20th 1866.

What thought comes o'er thee now? Ah, yes,
 Thou noble bird! Thou seem'st to guess
 The thoughts that I would fain express

ODE TO MY OWL sublime

'Twould take a poet, and no less,

Thou noble bird, in yonder cage,
 With looks so wise, profoundly sage!
 Thou fill'st me with poetic rage
 Upon thy form to sing these lays

And now I dedicate a page
 Unto thy praise.

And mark thy coat of dusky brown,
 Somewhere or other I have heard
 That fools have called thee "night's foul bird".
 They're fools indeed, upon my word —
 Most undeserved 'Tis all from malice:
 A fitter name have I preferred,

Great bird of Pallas!

A truer friend thou never shalt find
 Those eyes of thine so often blinking
 Denote deep Thought — else, why that winking?
 'Tis thy peculiar way of thinking,

Though so uncouth:

To say 'twas not I should be shrinking
 From honest truth.

What thought comes o'er thee now? Ah, yes,
Thou noble bird! Thou seem'st to guess

The thoughts that I would fain express
In verse sublime.

'Twould take a poet, and no less,
Thy praise to rhyme.

What though some cynics may look down
Upon thy form with scornful frown,
I would not care if all the town
Should thus despise thee,

And mock thy coat of dusky brown,
I still would prize thee.

Endure, nor these reproaches mind,
Most undeserved and most unkind.
To many a taunt be still resigned,
Forgot the faster.

A truer friend thou ne'er shalt find
Than me, thy master.

Thy verdant scenes the heart shall love

With inspiration glow
Dublin May 2nd 1866.

And while the sun and moon endure

Thy land shall live in song.

Bonn June 17th 1867

IMITATION OF THE RHINE DE IV. BOOK I.

x The Rhine, the Rhine, the glorious Rhine,
 Fast flowing to the sea!
 Thy mountains teeming with the vine,
 x What river rivals thee?

Behold, the crags of Drachenfels
 Towering thy flood above,
 And Rolandseck with woody dells the plough
 x Renowned for Roland's love!

There's something in thy air around
 There's something in thy stream,
 Thy very water's rippling sound
 x Prompts the poetic theme:

The nightingale's melodious note
 The carols of the swain
 Who paddles o'er thee in his boat
 x Prolong the rapturous strain.

Thy verdant scenes the heart shall lure
 With inspiration strong.
 And while the sun and moon endure
 v Thy land shall live in song.

Bonn. June 17th 1867.

IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE IV. BOOK I.

The westlin win' blaws saft and warm
 And melts the frost and snaw.
 The Spring is come, and flowerets bloom:
 Could Winter's noo awa'.

Nae mair the kye wi' wistfu' een
 Stand rowtin in the byre
 The gudeman noo maun guide the pleugh
 Far frae the ingle fire.

The ferlie folk are daft wi' glee
 Aneath the thorn at een:
 And a' the lads and lasses braw
 Are dancin' on the green.

But, heeh! The time maun come when Death
 Shall knock at every door,
 And tak the mon, the wife, the bairn,
 And the rich as weel's the puir!

Ah, Hugh, that day ye ne'er can find
 For nane hae ever fand it
 Nae mon can tell, but God Himself:
 The moment that we're wantit.

My thoughts shall London, August 12th 1867.

Where from his deep and rocky grave
 The To HUGH GAMBIER waile,
 And wind and tempest wildly rave

Soon shall a purer zephyr bear
 Me far away from London air; some brave,
 Still a few moments I must spare,

My dear old Hugh,
 And beg that you'll accept this, ere
 I bid adieu.

Where bluebells blow
 To join the train; where bluebells blow
 Were I inspired with poet's art,
 To sing the feelings of the heart,
 To numbers smooth I would impart

My saddest strain,
 For separation brings a smart
 Of hollow Replete with pain.
 While whispering breezes through the glade

Thou in my heart did'st find a place
 When Fortune showed me first thy face;
 A candid, modest, earnest grace,

Thy features lit
 And where I never failed to trace
 Hours which A sprightly wit
 How sweet to think that still my friend,

Though now I go, at Heaven's decree,
 I'll be what every friend should be:
 E'en in that island which the sea

Buries in spray,
 My thoughts shall backward turn to thee
 When I'm away.

Where from his deep and rocky grave
 The huge Atlantic plies his wave,
 And wind and tempest wildly rave
 In fiendish glee,
 Where none may dare but bosoms brave,
 The stormy sea.

Where heath and thistle largely grow,
 Where trickling streamlets gently flow,
 To join the main; where bluebells blow
 In calm seclusion,
 Where Nature's charms their beauty show
 In grand profusion.

There, in the overhanging shade
 Of hollow rock, 'mong brackens laid,
 While whispering breezes through the glade
 Their glamour lend,
 I'll thank the Providence that made
 Thee, first, my friend.

And while these happy hours I spend,
 Hours which, alas! so soon must end,
 How sweet to think that still my friend,
 Where'er he be,
 Strong in the health that Heaven can send,
 Remembers me.

London. Sept 20th 1867.

He saw we not — his eye was outward turned
 To where the blue expanse of ocean lay;
 Now, where some rock the bracking billow spurned;
 Now, on some little vessel in a bay,
 I closer drew to hear what he would say.
 Long did he ponder thus in silent mood,
 Till words with sorrow fraught found out their way,
 Which though expressed in broken sentence rude,
 I could still

FAREWELL TO RATHLIN

It was an island; rocky, bleak, and bare!
 Encircled of the loud and sounding sea!
 No bustling scenes of life prevailed there
 But all was solitude. The humble bee
 Pursued its busy toil upon the lea,
 All mindful of the coming winter's cold.
 Kind Nature's face alone was shown to me
 And it was beautiful; for as I strolled
 I gazed on glens and hills, her mightiest stronghold.

The sun had climbed the highest point of noon
 And shed his glowing rays athwart the main:
 My pace I hastened, for, I wished as soon
 As possible a distant height to gain
 Not now far off, the lofty Innanvane.
 "There will I sit," thought I, "and gaze around."
 When, lo! upon the hill I saw, so plain,
 A youthful figure seated on the ground:
 He leaned upon his hand in reverie profound.

He saw me not — his eye was outward turned
 To where the blue expanse of ocean lay :
 Now, where some rock the breaking billow spurned ;
 Now, on some little vessel in a bay .
 I closer drew to hear what he would say .
 Long did he ponder thus in silent mood ,
 Till words with sorrow fraught found out their way ,
 Which though expressed in broken sentence rude ,
 I 'sat spell-bound , and heard as best I could .

" Farewell, farewell, to thee, my island home !
 At length the hour has come to leave thy shore .
 I, who among thy rocks so oft did roam ,
 And loved thy secret grottoes to explore ,
 Or watch the gannet dive , and falcon soar .
 But now, the scenes upon thy peerless steep ,
 So full of beauty, shall I see no more :
 Thy verdant pastures, studded o'er with sheep
 Nor lure the finny tribe abounding in thy deep .

What fairer view can human sight desire
 When Phoebus holds the zenith of the skies ?
 Than towards the murky Highlands, where Cantyre
 Stretched like Leviathan on ocean lies .
 Where Jura and her double peaks arise
 To glad the wondering vision gazing o'er
 And many a fishing boat between he spies
 Tacking, to reach thy cosy nest, Bowmore ,
 Where anxious wives await breadwinners far from shore .

Nor, when I turn my eyes do I behold,
 Less pleased, the frowning summit of Benmore
 Whose rugged outline, terrible and bold,
 Stems the wild fury of the ocean's roar,
 Mocking the ruthless ebb that sweeps from Tor;
 — No novel sight to me — and yet I gaze
 With rapture new where oft I've gazed before;
 Majestic columns, caverns, pathless braes,
 Present anew the scenes of youthful bygone days!

There's Malin Head, and Innishowen too,
 Bengore, Kinbane, and Carrick, all portrayed
 In one huge panorama to my view.
 There Ballycastle nestling in the shade
 Beneath the covering bulk of old Knock Layd,
 That portly guardian of the nearer land.
 There is the Warren where I've often played
 At many a merry game upon the sand,
 And hours in frolic spent by Margay's shingly strand.

Nor wider need I gaze, nor further look
 Beyond the limits of this little sphere.
 Rathlin! Methinks in this thy homely nook
 Enough there is to draw the silent tear,
 When'er sweet Memory's voice within I hear,
 Repicturing those happy scenes of youth,
 Which though long past, still vividly appear
 As but of yesterday; and then, forsooth,
 Her train unravels oft some long-forgotten truth.

One day, long past, together we did pull,
 My brother and myself, a fisher's boat,
 And landed at that giant rock, the Bull,
 Where presently my brother doffed his coat
 And 'gan ascend the rock: while I, afloat,
 Sat in amazement at his daring knack.
 Shortly the top was reached, and there he wrote
 His name aloft on that gigantic stack
 Then came in slow descent the fearsome journey back.

Soon my apprentice eyes familiar grew
 To feats like these: then secret passion ran
 Within me on the cliffs myself to go
 And many a scheme and well-concerted plan
 Gained me my object, and a fisherman
 Called Donald Black came at appointed time
 To take me in his boat. He first began
 To teach me how to fish, and how to climb
 To where the Puffin scoops her secret nest sublime.

Thus many a pleasant summer's day did pass,
 But all have vanished never to come back!
 No more I'll sit upon the crisp sea grass
 Listening to stories told by Donald Black.
 No more I'll hurry down that rugged track
 Our rendezvous by fathomless O' Birne.
 No more will puffin or will sea-gull lack
 Its eggs by me purloined; nor shall return
 Those jovial hours oft spent in Karkan's shaggy fern.

Ah ! Why recall those calm and quiet days
 That once were spent in peaceful Runarone ?
 That sober time needs no regretful phrase
 'Twas but an uneventful monotone !
 Yet, Through the gloom a gleam there often shone
 When wayward counsels at restraint would mock :
 Nor were the stolen pleasures all my own :
 Witness, ye silent glades of Cool-na-grock !
 And witness bear thou dome of Bracken's hollow rock ! "

This said, he ceased, and turning in his seat,
 Gave one last look behind him toward the sea,
 Then rose at once and stood upon his feet,
 And slowly took the path across the lea.
 Quite close he passed within a step of me,
 But took no heed : it seemed as if a load
 Of sorrow lay upon him heavily.
 No more I heard him say till from the road
 The curling smoke betrayed some peasant's mean abode.

"Aye - There's the house where Donald used to dwell
 So snugly settled close beneath the hill
 Where many a time do I remember well
 To've sat and talked with him, and ate my fill
 Of oaten cakes, while he, with expert skill,
 Would mend his lines, or splice a broken oar,
 Singing the while in Gaelic. Ballygill !
 When shall kind Fortune waft me to thy shore
 Again, to see thy hearth though Donald's face no more."

Again he ceased, again resumed his walk
 And still I followed him, though still unseen:
 And often to himself, I marked him talk,
 As here and there some sight would intervene.
 Here Shandra's pastures glistened evergreen,
 There on the left wee Duncan's cabin lay,
 And farther on the schoolroom's busy scene.
 Then down the hill we went, nor did we stay
 Until we reached the wall that based the old Church brae.

There, in the churchyard lay the rude-cut stones
 That marked the spot where many a son had laid
 In their last resting place his parents' bones.
 "Ah! Here" said he, "beneath the scanty shade
 Of this low elder would my grave were made
 What time that Death his message grim shall tell:
 And in this turf e'en let my memory fade!
 Ah, no! 'tis not to be, my funeral knell
 Shall ne'er be sounded here — Rathlin, farewell, farewell!"

But golden gear, The countra carle is fain
 To work his wee bit field, his mill, and mair.

Rathlin. Oct 3rd 1867.

The sea ne'er fashies him, he has nae boat,
 For o' your gowd he wadna gang afloat.
 Yon chapman, weary wi' his watery game
 Lies unco happy in his quiet hame,
 But when the want o' siller is his care
 He canna bide, but's off to sea ance mair.

And many a man I ken, if he has clink,
 Wad sit the langsome day ower yill, and drink.
 Some buirdly chiefs will lae their glens and brass
 To follow pibrochs and to fecht their faces.
 A wheen there be wad gae a' nicht through snaw
 Frae greeting wives and bairnies far awa'.

IMITATION OF HORACE. BOOK I. ODE I.

Or harry saumon wi' a leister spear,

For me, — *To Samson Gemmell.*
 The holy cross aboon my head
 Is my reward, nae ither gift I need —

Samson, ma frien', it's wonderfu' to see
 What pleases ilka mon in his degree.
 Some loe to rin, or skyte the muckle stane,
 To toss a caber, or to brak a bane.
 There's ane is sure he's born for Parliament,
 Anither canna thole, nor bide content
 But gowden gear. The countra carle is fain
 To work his wee bit field wi' micht and main:
 The sea ne'er fashes him, he has nae boat,
 For a' your gowd he wadna gang afloat.
 Yon chapman, weary wi' his watery game
 Lies unco happy in his quiet hame,
 But when the want o' siller is his care
 He canna bide, but's aff to sea ance mair.

And mony a man I ken, if he hae clink,
 Wad sit the langsome day ower yill, and drink.
 Some buirdly chieft will lae their glens and braes
 To follow pibrochs and to fecht their faes.
 A wheen there be wad gae a' nicht through snaw
 Frae greeting wives and bairnies far awa',
 To hunt the brock, the otter, or the deer,
 Or harry saumon wi' a leister spear.
 For me, — the holly crown abune my heid
 Is my reward, nae ither gift I need —
 If Caledonia's Muse wad come, or lang,
 And gar me lilt in her ain blythesome sang.
 But, gin you judge me fit to pen a sonnet,
 I'll touch the tapmost heaven wi' ma bonnet!

London Nov 12th 1867.

Wha first his wee bit shallop steer'd
 Across the sea and stormy part,
 That manly bosom surely held
 A gey strang heart.

Nae fear had he o' watery grave,
 Or a' the monsters o' the deep,
 Wha first upon the ragin' wave
 Was rock'd to sleep.

Mankind is ever prone to run
 Out into danger; and to dare
 The land and sea wi' steam and win'
 Or mount the air.

Nae thin' too hard is there to dree us
 Toward Heaven itself we try our motion

IMITATION OF HORACE. ODE II. BOOK I.

Some retribution
 To Norman Campbell

London Dec 12th 1867

May a' the powers o' Heaven above,
 And He wha rules the stormy sea,
 Guide Thee, O ship, and bring ma frien',
 Safe back to me.

Wha first his wee bit shallop steered
 Across the sea and stormy part,
 That manly bosom surely held
 A gey strang heart.

Nae fear had he o' watery grave,
 Or a' the monsters o' the deep,
 Wha first upon the ragin' wave
 Was rocked to sleep.

THE HOUSE, NORFOLK SQUARE, LONDON

Mankind is ever prone to run
Descend, Out into danger, and to dare
Adorn The land and sea wi' steam and win'
Inspire me now, in calm air Or mount the air.

To sing the House and all its deeds rehearse
Let truth and candour guide my pen
To paint the character of all its men
Bear with me, conscious reader, not too soon
And, doubtless, Providence shall give us
Some retribution.

My hand, in calumny, is yet untried
And how can I, Obed London, Dec 12th 1867.

The inspiration of the truthful Muse,
Peruse the whole, nor arrogate thy share,
But if it fit thee, thou the cap must wear.
Say, who is this that first appears in view?
Astute arch-crammer, captain of the crew!
Pliant and witty, subtle at the best,
And never slow to point untoward jest.
A worthy scion of his mother Church,
Brimful of matter garnered by research.
Roll portly on thy way: yet urge thy skill
To mould thy pupils for their good, not ill.
But who is this, with long majestic stride,
That stalks, exultant in his manly pride?
In humour keen, in temper never riled,
A sober critic, but a simple child.

He wears with modest, unassuming grace,

The ~~to~~ THE HOUSE. NORFOLK SQUARE. LONDON

And soon will rule with wise benignant sway

Descend, O Muse, be present to my lays :

Adorn my temples with thy greenest bays .

Inspire me now, in calm and measured verse,

To sing the House and all its deeds rehearse .

Let truth and candour guide my wayward pen

To paint the character of all its men .

Bear with me, conscious reader ! nor too soon

Condemn the substance of a mere lampoon .

'Tis no cantankerous spirit that doth guide

My hand, in calumny as yet untried .

And how can I, obedient bard, refuse

The inspiration of the truthful Muse .

Peruse the whole, nor arrogate thy share ,

But if it fit thee, thou the cap must wear .

Say, who is this that first appears in view ?

A Astute arch-crammer, captain of the crew !

Pliant and witty, subtle at the best,

And never slow to point untoward jest .

A worthy scion of his mother Church ,

Brimful of matter garnered by research .

Roll portly on thy way : yet urge thy skill

To mould thy pupils for their good, not ill .

But who is this, with long majestic stride ,

That stalks, exultant in his manly pride ?

In humour keen, in temper never riled ,

A sober critic, but a simple child .

So old in wisdom, yet so young in years .

He wears with modest, unassuming grace,
 The laurel won in Civil Service Chase,
 And soon will rule with wise benignant sway
 The swarthy Indian, far removed away.
 Make him your model, others, if ye can,
 This beau ideal of a gentleman.

"Another chiel", whom Fortune deigns to bless,
 But rather given to inebriate excess,
 Comes to the fore. Him you may haply meet
 Quaffing his beer in some uncouth retreat.
 The Oxford Music Hall his great delight,
 Or Metropolitan, almost every night:
 Gone crazy on the low and awful trash
 As sung by Arthur Lloyd and Jolly Nash.
 In better qualities he's surpassed by few.
 A clever fellow, and a Scotchman too.

To behold the man who follows next in fame,
 Thrilling the House with terror at his name.
 A renegade by choice, a Scot by birth,
 The mean descendant of ancestral worth!
 Prince of our specials, warranted to go
 Through blood and fire, and grapple any foe;
 Stern in demand, imposing heavy dues,
 On those who read but pay not for his news.
 The huge custodian of the peaceful street
 Scents him afar, untaught to brook defeat.
 Small wonder, then, if he should never tell
 Of sleepless night, endured in prison cell.
 See now who fifth upon the scene appears
 So old in wisdom, yet so young in years.

A canny Scot and wily, who alone
 Can drive a bargain and can hold his own.
 In disagreement apt, in bias dour,
 Unsympathetic: very slow, but sure.
 At times he oversteps all reason's laws,
 Too patriotic in his country's cause
 Loudly he rants, and gnashing with his teeth,
 Boasts that his foot is on his "native heath".
 His tongue obeying what his heart has felt
 Rails at the Saxon, but applauds the Celt.

Say, heavenly goddess, who the next may be
 Of giant height, exceeding six feet three!
 Timid in nature and of look demure,
 In manners modest and of morals pure.
 Who can deny his genius or his vows
 No steadier scholar breathes in all the House.
 To thee all praise and merit we allow,
 Prodigious mandarin of fair Fy-chow!

Now, give me glasses, for I scarce can see
 Who follows next in this fraternity.
 How great a contrast to the towering height
 Of him who passed this moment from our sight!
 As sharp in feature as in pointless wit,
 Puny in body like a small tom-tit.
 His visage paler than the driven snow,
 Dapper in dress, so far as fashions go.
 Mark how he tries to shield his shrunken frame
 Fearful of hurt impending on the same,
 Unfit to join in lusty ballyrags,
 Like little Gulliver 'mong the Brobdingnags.

What new sensation makes me feel so queer ?

Surely there's something in the atmosphere !

A sickening drowsiness pervades me quite ,

Steals o'er my senses that I scarce can write .

Ah ! now I see who this infection breeds .

But how describe the fellow who succeeds ? —

Observe his dreamy look, and you may trace

The void expression of that fluffy face ;

Those eyes so lustreless, that vacant stare

Denote the dullness that is plainly there .

Shadwell was dull, but ne'er could vie with thee ,

Thou perfect picture of inanity !

For hark, hark, I hear a loud and piercing sound

Breaking the stillness that prevails around !

By whom can this so dire a blast be blown ?

'Tis he, that piper, with his horrid drone !

A tall, ungainly youth, of guileless mien ,

Kilted in tartan, saunters on the scene .

In purpose wavering, in ambition high ,

But prone to tarry where he ought to try .

A Caledonian in his look and walk ,

But aye Hibernian in his airy talk .

My These martial echoes borne upon the wind ,

Now yield to music of a different kind .

Preposterous sounds intrude upon the ear ,

Still less melodious than the last, I fear .

Like some poor songster in its narrow cage ,

Faded in plumage and advanced in age ,

Endeavours vainly from its breast to pour

Those notes which once it warbled sweetly o'er —

Such is the man who most of all this throng
 Deserves the lashes of satiric song.
 In vain he tries with ludicrous grimace
 By cracked falsetto, or by feeble bass,
 To rival Orpheus, and is sure, alas!
 He has succeeded — The egregious ass! —
 Note well this creature, mark the finished care
 With which he parts his sable locks of hair.
 Such pains he takes as never barber took
 To smooth the fringes on his senseless block.
 Nor does he scruple in the day to pass
 An hour or two before a looking-glass.
 For why? This coxcomb, this conceited elf
 Is dazed on notions of his shapely self,
 And passing genius, for we always hear
 The same old stories of his marks last year:
 Had the examiners been just and fair
 He should have passed with scores of marks to spare.
 Yet must we leave him, for it is not meet
 To grapple with such absolute conceit:
 Time will not suffer, though my pen inclines
 To write still more in strong though truthful lines.
 My prudent Muse admits of no delay
 And where she beckons I must haste away
 As Homer sang of old, nor disobey.
 "What do you want for that small bust of Zeus?"
 "Two drachmas" said the sculptor "cheap for very."
 London March 11. 1868.
 And only six for this fine bust of Here

"Ah!" said the god, while laughing in his sleeve,
 "An image of great Hermes, I believe!
 A handsome HERMES AND THE SCULPTOR!
 But I suppose that has a higher price."

The courier of the gods once longed to know
 What mortals thought and said of him below,
 So changed his shape, assumed some other form
 And flew to Athens in a thunderstorm. — that is,
 Here and Zeus — with Hermes thrown in, gratis.

A sculptor's shop soon met his curious eye
 With busts and images for folk to buy or run —
 Those deities in Hellas most professed to shun.
 Artemis, Zeus, Athene, and the rest,
 Lest others think you less than what you are.

"Aha", said he "here is a first rate plan
 Whereby to know how I'm esteemed by man:
 And there I see upon that middle shelf
 Really a handsome likeness of myself."

So in he went, and, — with a slight excuse —
 "What do you want for that small bust of Zeus?"
 "Two drachmas" said the sculptor, "cheap too, very,
 And only six for this fine bust of Héré."

"Ah"! said The god, while laughing in his sleeve,
 "An image of great Hermes, I believe!
 A handsome figure, truly; very nice!
 But I suppose that has a higher price."

ON THE SEA.

"Well, Sir, you see", The sculptor made reply
 "This Hermes is the one most people buy,
 But it's a bargain — take the others — that is,
 Here and Zeus — with Hermes thrown in, gratis."
 That could never exist on the land!

See Be this the moral — as life's race you run —
 The path of pride and self-conceit to shun.
 Nor deem yourself with others on a par
 Lest others think you less than what you are.

'Tis no wonder Born June 8th 1868,
 Has everything under His care,
 And trust Him we will on the land or aboard
 Let the weather be stormy or fair.
 See the sea-gulls and terns round the ship how they fly
 Intent on their food for the day:
 They are fowls of the air and the storms they defy.
 But — are we not much better than they?

Let us ever remember whatever befalls
 That God has ordained it to be
 And that we must be ready to go where He calls:
 Then who is afraid of the sea?
 Of His wonderful ON THE SEA.
 As well when we walk on dry land.

What a place is The Sea with its tempests and storms
 And its waves so majestic and grand!

What life on its bosom, what numerous forms
 That could never exist on the land!

See our many-sailed ship as she labours and strains,
 Like a cork on the billows is tossed,

"Ah, that is the worst of it" someone complains

"What a wonder more lives are not lost!"

'Tis no wonder at all, for the merciful LORD
 Has everything under His care.

And trust Him we will on the land or aboard

Let the weather be stormy or fair.

See the sea-gulls and terns round the ship how they fly
 Intent on their food for the day:

They are fowls of the air and the storm they defy,

But — are we not much better than They?

Let us ever remember whatever befalls
 That God has ordained it to be
 And that we must be ready to go where He calls:
 Then who is afraid of the sea?
 Of His wonderful wisdom and power let us sing
 As well when we walk on dry land,
 Who holdeth the isles as a very small thing
 And the seas in the palm of His hand.

On a Voyage to India. Dec 27th 1868.

O'er Ratlin's barren rocks I clambered free,
 How blest to dwell where battle ne'er intrudes
 To vex the mind with business and with care!
 He may be happy who apart from men
 Can earn his own subsistence by the sweat
 Of his own brow in peaceful solitude.
 Would that upon thy bleak yet balmy shore
 'Neath vineyards groaning with their luscious load,
 A scanty cabin, yet withal enough,
 Fell to my lot. The livelong day I'd pass
 In healthy labour, for thy fruitful soil
 Yields food, spontaneous, to the rustic's wants.
 Then when the red sun sinks upon his couch
 Far in the west, and twilight grants the boon

Of pensive thought — O joy, untold in words! —
 With her the partner of my peaceful home
 I'd view old Ocean's bounds, the sky, the stars,
 And muse in wonder at the Almighty's plans:
 While she with simple MADEIRA love
 Sang sweetly to the great Creator's praise.

How Sweet isle of calm and quiet! When I view
 Thy sides stupendous, in the morning sun,
 My thoughts are hurried back to other years,
 The scenes of childhood, when with careless steps
 O'er Rathlin's barren rocks I clambered free.
 How blest to dwell where bustle ne'er intrudes
 To vex the mind with business and with care!
 He may be happy who apart from men
 Can earn his own subsistence by the sweat
 Of his own brow in peaceful solitude.
 Would that upon thy bleak yet balmy shore ^{20th 1869}
 'Neath vineyards groaning with their luscious load,
 A scanty cabin, yet withal enough,
 Fell to my lot. The livelong day I'd pass
 In healthy labour, for thy fruitful soil
 Yields food, spontaneous, to the rustic's wants.
 Then when the red sun sinks upon his couch
 Far in the west, and twilight grants the boon

Of pensive thought — O joy, untold in words! —
 With her the partner of my peaceful home
 I'd view old Ocean's bounds, the sky, the stars,
 And muse in wonder o'er the Almighty's plans:
 While she with simple, unaffected love
 Sang sweetly to the great Creator's praise
 Harmonious hymn and grateful melody.
 O ye who say Society's the charm
 That cheers this rough and dreary way below,
 Grant me some lonely and secluded spot,
 Remove me from the haunts of humankind,
 And I shall live content in thankful ease
 With her I love. And when the end shall come,
 Still unlamented let me steal away
 From life's dark path, and I shall ask no more.

On a Voyage to India. Jan 20th 1869.
 Obeyed thy gathering pebbles, donned his dress,
 And shoulder to shoulder with his countrymen
 Breathed that bold spirit which thy notes express.

Red Waterloo affects thy thrilling call
 And many a battlefield beyond the main
 How starts the veteran when recounting all
 His hard campaigns, to hear thy sound again!

Has not thy music once a welcome found
 From those who **A TRIBUTE** ~~perished in despair?~~
 The Lucknow **TO THE SCOTCH BAGPIPES** ~~the sound~~
 Which disappointed all his prospects there!

Emblem of ancient worth! whose tongue, now mute,
 Once claimed a glorious universal sway ~~days are long~~,
 O'er Highland heath from Duncansby to Bute -
 Now thou art but a relic of that day!
 To shake the foot in unison with thee!

Often have I lamented thy decay;
 Oft wept in silence o'er thy fallen state.
 Old Caledonia's glory's passed away,
 No patriot now survives to mourn thy fate!
 Press thee still closer to my ardent heart.

Amid the grandeur of the hills around
 Thy voice was heard above the torrent's roar; ~~by~~
 While glens re-echoed to the martial sound ~~than thine~~.
 Of valiant deeds of warriors of yore ~~thou shalt not die~~.
 "Unwept, unhonoured or uncared" ~~by mine~~.

By thee aroused the clansman left his glen,
 Obeyed thy gathering pibroch, donned his dress, ~~69~~
 And shoulder to shoulder with his countrymen
 Breathed that bold spirit which thy notes express.

Red Waterloo attests thy thrilling call
 And many a battlefield beyond the main.
 How starts the veteran when recounting all
 His hard campaigns, to hear thy sound again!

Has not Thy music once a welcome found
 From those who well-nigh perished in despair?
 The Lucknow Indian trembled at the sound
 Which disappointed all his prospects there!

A raja and his eldest son

In summer weather when the days are long,
 And early labour leaves the evening free,
 How blithely lads and eager lasses throng
 To shake the foot in unison with thee!

The day was hot: the royal pair

Early association is the tie
 Constraining me to love the piper's art,
 And thy wild melody shall be heard while I
 Press thee still closer to my ardent heart.

"Now" said the raja, as the fool

Critics may laugh, and scornful pass thee by,
 Whose ears were made for meaner sounds than thine.
 Their lips may scoff,—but, ah! Thou shalt not die.
 "Unwept, unhonoured or unsung" by mine.

The jester gave a knowing wink

As On a Voyage to India. March 2nd 1869.

And said "Great king, I rather think

I bear the load of two."

Calcutta: June 24th 1869.

THE JESTER'S ANSWER

A rájá and his eldest son
 Went riding once, we hear,
 Through jungle tracts, with fixed intent
 To chase the nimble deer.
 Upon the chariot race-course; and the goal
 Shunned the day was hot: the royal pair
 Took off their heavy cloaks,
 And laid them on a jester, who
 Amused them with his jokes.
 "Now" said the rájá, as the fool
 Went trudging 'neath the pack
 His "Ass's load, I well may say,
 By its laid upon thy back."
 The jester gave a knowing wink
 As jesters often do,
 And said "Great king, I rather think
 I bear the load of two."
 Not half the day Calcutta June 24th 1869.
 Now, at his ease, beneath the arbut's shade
 Reclined: now, at some sacred fountain head
 The war-camp and the bugle's sound, the first
 Delight some youths, and wars by mothers curd.

The hunter 'neath the cold sky, from his house
Remains unmindful of his tender spouse.

Whether a stag FIRST ODE OF HORACE hounds,

Or Marsian boar Literally translated. long-raised bounds

The ivy crown ranks me with gods above

Maecenas! Offspring of a royal race,

Both my protection, and my charming grace!

Some it delights Olympic dust to roll

Upon the chariot race-course; and the goal

Shunned by the glowing wheels, and palmy prize,

Exalt terrestrial lordlings to the skies.

One, if the mob of fickle Romans vie

To seat him in the statesman's chair on high.

Another, if he hide within his stores

Whate'er is swept from Libyan threshingfloors.

Him who content to cultivate with spade

His fields paternal, you could ne'er persuade

By Attalus' wealth — too timid sailor he —

In Cyprian bark to cut the Myrtoan sea.

The merchant, fearful of the south-west breeze

Among Icarian waves, the rest and ease

Of town commends: but soon refits with skill

His shattered bark, — untaught to suffer ill —

There is, who neither cups of Massic wine

Nor half the day to squander will decline

Now, at his ease, beneath the arbut's shade

Reclined: now, at some sacred fountain head.

The war-camp and the bugle's sound, the first,

Delight some youths, and wars by mothers cursed.

The hunter 'neath the cold sky, from his house
 Remains unmindful of his tender spouse;
 Whether a stag is scented of his hounds,
 Or Marsian boar has burst his strong-raised bounds.
 The ivy crown ranks me with gods above
 - Reward of learned brows - The pleasant grove,
 And nymphs' and satyrs' sports distinguish me
 From others: so Euterpe grant me free
 Her pipe, nor Polyhymnia disdain
 To tune for me her Lesbian lyre again.
 But - if you rank me 'mong the lyric bards
 Oh! I shall be exalted heavenwards.

And the evening sun was setting fast
 On the Sea Calcutta. August 7th 1869.

And there, upon that shingly shore
 Five men were launching forth
 A fishing boat to cross the sea:
 'Twas all ACROSTIC worth.

A gentle breeze was springing up
 Beside the green and winding banks of Doon
 Under the light of day a floweret grew
 Rearing its modest head, and shed full soon
 Ne'er-fading fragrance; and its perfume spread
 Seductive through the land where first it raised its head.

And Philip, too, was there:
 With one Besi Amritsar. Feb 2nd 1870.
 A calm and heavenly air.

"Now is a fair and prosperous wind"
 Said Andrew to the rest
 "Tis from the north, and as we sail,
 'Twill suit our course the best,
 Far better than a breeze right aft
 And blowing from the west."

MARK. IV. 36-41.

So jump in quickly, while we've time
 'Twas a lovely day in harvest time
 The breeze was fresh and free
 The corn was ripe, and mellow fruit
 Hung from each loaded tree
 And the evening sun was setting fast
 On the Sea of Galilee.

By this the men were to their seats
 And there, upon that shingly shore
 Five men were launching forth
 A fishing boat to cross the sea:
 'Twas all their worldly worth.
 A gentle breeze was springing up
 From the bleak and bitter north.
 Scarcely had they sailed a knot when, lo,
 Five fishermen were there, I said,
 Yea, five a hand did bear.
 There was Andrew, Peter, James and John,
 And Philip, too, was there:
 With one beside whose face maintained
 A calm and heavenly air.

"Now is a fair and prosperous wind"
 Said Andrew to the rest.
 "'Tis from the north, and as we sail,
 'Twill suit our course the best,
 Far better than a breeze right aft
 And blowing from the west."

So jump in quickly, while we've time
 It may not last, I fear;
 Master!" He added, "tired art thou,
 There is a pillow here,
 Better lie down and take a sleep
 Beside me, while I steer."

By this the men were in their seats
 And briskly blew the wind
 The sails filled out and soon they left
 The western shore behind;
 While Jesus, close to Andrew's side
 Lay by the helm reclined.

Scarce had they sailed a knot - when, lo,
 The wind began to fall,
 The men looked round upon the sea,
 For they were fishers all -
 And well they knew that such a change
 Betrayed a sudden squall.

And James observed a rising cloud
 And knew what t'would entail.
 "Ah! there it comes", said he, and all
 Were sure it could not fail.
 "Look out, my lads," said Andrew, then,
 "Stand by to shorten sail".

Quick burst the storm, nor unprepared
 Were those poor fishers few:
 The driving rain and angry sea
 Proved all their fears were true:
 For the mainsail they had taken down
 And reefed the foresail too.

The sea was whitened now with foam
 And loud the billows roared.
 Once the good boat was almost filled
 As in the water poured
 And Philip had a near escape
 From being washed overboard.

"How sleeps the Master!" Simon cried,
 "Hush! let us silence keep"
 Said John, "for nought can do us harm
 E'en in this roaring deep,
 While he be there - yea - mark my words
 Albeit fast asleep".

But still, they heeded not his word
 And loud in fear they cried,
 " Master, we perish, save us now
 From drowning in the tide ! "
 And Jesus woke to find them all
 In terror by his side .

Straight He arose, nor longer then
 Recumbent did remain ,
 But spake the word, saying, " Peace, be still "
 And the wind and heavy rain
 Obedient ceased at his command,
 And the sea was calm again .

Then, looking round upon them all,
 These kindly words He said .
 " O wherefore did ye doubt, O ye
 Of little faith ? or dread ? "
 But the fishers shrank before his gaze
 For they were sore afraid .

And, whispering close among themselves
In wondering accents low.

"What kind of man is this?" They said,

"Who calms the waters so,

Who stills the tempest at his word,

Whose voice the billows know?"

Far from her sunny clime, set out, to prove

That eve as from the cloudless sky

The moon her radiance threw

The splash of oars might yet be heard

Upon the waters blue.

And the boat arrived in Gadara,

With her safe and happy crew.

Solve Thou them all. Thy peace is every thing.

Mooltan. May 10th 1883

Mooltan. May 19th 1886.

JIWANA MÖR [after Sir Walter Scott]

O Jiwana Mör is come out of the north,
Through wide Patiala his steed gallops forth,
And save a good *lajör* he weapon had none,
For he rode all *unarm'd* and he rode all alone.
Such a noted *decoi*, such a thorough-paced *etör*
There ne'er was *badmash* like to Jiwana Mör.

I KINGS X

The queen of Sheba with her costly train,
Far from her sunny clime set out, to prove
The wisdom of king Solomon: and fain as none
With questions hard to puzzle him she strove.
But all his answers did her doubts remove.
Thou, greater LORD than Solomon the king!
Direct our gaze to Thy bright throne above.
Our doubts, our fears, to thee in prayer we bring,
Solve Thou them all. Thy peace is everything.

Out spoke an old woman [I was really absurd
That the Taildar Mooltan. May 19th. 1886. word]
"Well, of all the *jawanis* that have passed by my door
You're the last I expected, O Jiwana Mör."

"I have marked a fine drove, and my heart in my side
Has swelled, as when Ghaggar rolls down in his pride
And now I am come, just to see if I can
Drive all of them off; though I can't find a man
Of my Johnnies. But now, I must go and explore
And wake up these bull-dogs of Jiwana Mör."

JÍWANA MÓR [after Sir Walter Scott]

O Jíwana Mór is come out of the north,
Through wide Patiála his steed gallops forth,
And save a good láthí he weapon had none,
'For he rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.'
Such a noted dacoit, such a thorough-paced chor
There ne'er was badmásh like to Jíwana Mór.

'He stayed not for brake and stopped not for stone,
He swam the Márkandā, where ford there was none.
But ere he alighted at What's-its-name gate,
His gang had skedaddled, their leader was late.
For a crafty old bloodhound, a Bobby, had sworn
To clap iron bracelets on Jíwana Mór.

Still, boldly he entered the gate of the town
Where police lay in wait - they were all lying down -
Out spake an old woman ['twas really absurd
That the Zaildár who knew him spake never a word]
"Well, of all the jawáns that have passed by my door
You're the last I expected, O Jíwana Mór."

"I have marked a fine drove, and my heart in my side
Has swelled, as when Ghaggar rolls down in his pride
And now I am come, just to see if I can
Drive all of them off; though I can't find a man
Of my Johnnies. But now, I must go and explore
And wake up these bull-dogs of Jíwana Mór."

Then answered that hag of the old wrinkled face,
 "Wake them up? They are off! Don't you know there's a chase?
 Why the country has *khobar* - be off - don't you see
 You've dropped into the jaws of the sharp D. S. P.
 Who is here with of myrmidons fully a score
 And if you are nabbed you'll be - *jiwan no more* -"

"Oho! Is it so?" was the jocund reply,
 "Sure I thought there was something a little cock-eye
 As I entered the gate, and twigged none of my men.
 Never mind - I intend to take something, and then
 I'll be off. What a lark! I shall loot but the store
 Of old *Mádho* the *baniya*. *Jai Jiwana Mor!*"

It was done. With the swag and one word in her ear,
 He had passed the town gate where his *ghori* stood near:
 When a *chowkidár* spotted him: did him no harm
 But just woke up the peelers and gave the alarm.
 So he gained the *Márkanda*, and from t'other shore,
 "Catch me now if ye can, boys," cried *Jiwana Mor*

Then - O what a race and a chase there began!
Játs, *Ahírs*, and *badmashes*, they rode and they ran;
 The jungle they scoured with that sharp D. S. P.
 But never a trace of the fox did they see -
 Then in blank disappointment the sport they gave o'er
 And none since that day has seen *Jiwana Mor*.

Delhi. July 14th 1893.

THE MELANCHOLY TEACHER

"Oh, bretheren dear, incline your ear,
My story I relate !

Under the sun there's breathes not one
Like me disconsolate .

The School Inspector gave me hopes
That he would place no bar

To my promotion, and I begged
A transfer to Hissar .

Upon my side, my friends, they tried
To keep me here the more ,
But sore I wept, would not be kept,
For all they did implore .

Then came the offer of a post,
Headmastership afar .

So off I went on glory bent,
And that was to Hissar .

I thought the world for me unfurled
Her golden glories wide

But wanted sense, experience
And patience for my guide .

The crisis came - O with what shame
Does the confession jar !

My moan I made again, and prayed
Retransfer from Hissar .

"O send me back" I cried; no lack
 Of letters wrote my pen.
 "Leave me not here, to die, in fear
 Of base, insidious men!
 To what ill fate was I create
 'Neath what unlucky star?
 Jagádhri lies a paradise
 But hell I call Hissár."

I went and came. But not the same
 Was all I'd left behind.
 Reflection brings a thousand stings
 Which rankle in my mind.
 O bretheren all! To you I call
 Be patient where ye are
 And be content to go where sent
 E'en though it be Hissár."

"Halt here," said Jagádhri, Oct 28th 1894.
 "This heat I no longer endure;
 And for lack of a better, I'll rest in the shade
 Of the donkey - for only an hour."

"No, Sir!" said the driver, "that shadow I claim
 As my right; you may ride at your ease:
 For you hired the donkey and paid for the same.
 But the shadow is mine, if you please."

"How now!" quoth the rider, "this language is mine?
 I'm determined to take what I want,
 And, quickly alighting - "I'll have it, you'll see."
 "You shall have it," said the driver.

THE DONKEY'S SHADOW.

From Athens to Megara, early one day
 A youth had occasion to ride :
 So, hiring a donkey, he trotted away
 With the driver on foot by his side.

But at midday the sun grew excessively hot :
 And though they with the heat were oppressed
 Any sign of a tree or a rock there was not
 Whose shade might afford them some rest.

"Halt here," said the youth, and the driver obeyed,
 "This heat I no longer endure ;
 And for lack of a better, I'll rest in the shade
 Of the donkey - for only an hour."

"No, Sir!" said the driver, "that shadow I claim
 As my right; you may ride at your ease :
 For you hired the donkey and paid for the same.
 But the shadow is mine, if you please."

"How now!" quoth the rider, "this language to me?"
 I'm determined to take what I want,
 And— quickly alighting— "I'll have it, you'll see".
 "You shall not," "Yes I shall," "No, you shan't."

"They grappled and struggled and rolled on the ground,
 Each valiantly holding his own;
 When— all of a sudden— on looking around,
 They saw that the donkey had gone!"

The moral is plain. From this story we learn
 That to wrangle is silly, no doubt;
 For when once we are sober, we straightway discern
 That there's nothing to quarrel about.

Paxholme. Bournemouth. Oct 23rd 1902.



