

# **The Project Gutenberg eBook of Oracles from the Poets: A Fanciful Diversion for the Drawing Room, by Caroline Howard Gilman**

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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ORACLES FROM THE POETS: A FANCIFUL  
DIVERSION FOR THE DRAWING ROOM \*\*\*

## **TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE**

Obvious typographical errors and punctuation errors have been corrected after careful comparison with other occurrences within the text and consultation of external sources.

More detail can be found at the [end of the book](#).

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THE FOLLOWING PAGES,

ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT,

ARE DEDICATED TO

MY CHILDREN.

---

## ORACLES FROM THE POETS.

I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.

*Merchant of Venice.*

---

ORACLES FROM THE POETS:

A FANCIFUL DIVERSION  
FOR  
THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY  
CAROLINE GILMAN.

The enthusiast Sybil there divinely taught,  
Writes on loose foliage inspiration's thought.  
She sings the fates, and in her frantic fits  
The notes and names inscribed to leaves commits.

*Dryden's and Symmon's Virgil.*

*Macbeth.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Second Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY

(OLD STAND OF "WILEY AND PUTNAM"),

161 BROADWAY: AND PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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1848.

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RICHARD C. VALENTINE,  
45 Gold-street, New York.

[Pg 7]

## PREFACE.



was led to arrange "THE ORACLES FROM THE POETS," by observing the vivid interest taken by persons of all ages in a very common-place Fortune-Teller in the hands of a young girl. It occurred to me that I might avail myself of this love of the mysterious, for the intellectual enjoyment of my family circle.

Instead, however, of the pastime of a few days, it has been the work of every leisure moment for six months. The first movement was the pebble thrown into the stream; circle after circle formed, until I found, with old Thomas Heywood,

"My pen was dipt  
As well in opening each hid manuscript,  
As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung  
In our domestic or more foreign tongue."

How rich these six months have been in the purest and highest enjoyment, I will not stop to say; but to be allowed to float in such an atmosphere, buoyed up with the sweetest sympathies of friends, may be conceived to be no common happiness. And now, with the hope of communicating a portion of this pleasure more extensively, I yield this volume up as a public offering, for the advancement of those rational social enjoyments which seem to belong to the moral movement of the age. [8]

I do not know how far early associations may have influenced me, but I distinctly recollect the first Oracle of my childhood. At the age of eight years I attended a female seminary in a village. The classes were allowed a half hour for recreation, and they usually played on the green within view of the academy building. One day I observed a group of girls of the senior class pass beyond the bounds and enter the church, which was opened for some approaching occasional service. I followed quietly. They walked through the aisle with agitated whispers, and ascended to the pulpit. Then each, in turn, opening the large Bible, laid a finger, with closed eyes, on a verse, and read it aloud, as indicating her fate or character.

I well remember the eagerness with which I listened on the stairs, for I was afraid to crowd into the pulpit with the *big* girls. As they retired, I entered. I can recall the timid feeling with which I glanced round the shadowy building, the awe with which I closed my eyes and placed my small finger on the broad page, and the faith with which I read my *Oracle*.

I must make an early apology for venturing to alter the tenses of authors so as to conform to answers. I tried the method of literal extracts, but they were deficient in spirit and directness. I can now only warn my readers not to quote the Oracles habitually, as exact transcripts, but resort to the originals. I have trembled as if it were sacrilege to turn thus the streams of Helicon into this little channel, but I hope the evil may be balanced by the increased acquaintance of many with slighted authors. [9]

I have not allowed myself to select from periodicals, though American journals contain perhaps more favorable specimens of our literature than the published volumes to which I have felt bound to confine myself.

My selections have extended so far beyond the limits of my plan, that I propose furnishing another volume, in the course of the year, with additional questions, including translations from popular authors. One question in the present volume, *To what have you a distaste or aversion?* is, I think, nearly exhausted, while its opposite, *What gratifies your taste or affections?* presents still an ample field for gleaning. Will this furnish any argument against those ascetics, who think misery preponderates over happiness? One fanciful question in the succeeding volume will be, *What is the name of your Lady-love?* and another, *Of him who loves you?* [10]

I shall consider with respectful attention friendly suggestions made to me directly, or through my publishers, preparatory to the arrangement of another volume, particularly in bringing to view any poet, who, by accident, may have escaped attention.

I have been urged to communicate, in a preface, the literary results which have necessarily flowed from the examination and comparison of such a mass of poets, but the task is beyond the limits of this humble effort. It would, indeed, be a rich field for a Schlegel or De Stäel.

A few curious speculations, however, may present themselves to the most superficial critic. In Shakspeare, for instance, so affluent in various delineations of character and personal appearance, I looked in vain for places of residence. There seemed not to be even a fair proportion of passages descriptive of musical sounds, hours, seasons, and (except in *The Winter's Tale*) of flowers.

In Wordsworth, scarcely a flower or musical sound is described. They are alluded to, but not painted out. The poetry of Crabbe, though abounding in numerous characters, could surrender almost none for my purpose, on account of their being woven into the general strain of his narratives. Shelley, Landon, and Howitt, are eminently the poets of flowers, while Darwin, with a whole *Botanic Garden* before him, and Mason, in his *English Garden*, gave me, I think, none that I conceived fairly entitled to selection. [11]

Few passages of any sort, except those hackneyed into adages, could be gained from Milton, on account of the abstract, lofty, and continuous flow of his diction. Coleridge has corresponding peculiarities.

Keats and Shelley are the poets of the heavens. Byron, with faint exceptions, does not describe a flower, or musical sound, or place of residence.

The American poets, in contradistinction to their elder and superior brethren of the fatherland, display a more marked devotion to nature, with which a continual glow of religious sentiment aptly harmonizes.

But I am recalled by these lengthening paragraphs to my disclaimer, and only wish that an abler and more philosophical pen than mine could take my recent experience.

After a close examination of the earlier dramatic poets, though I have rescued from them some exquisite gems, it seems to me far from desirable that they should be brought forward as prominently as many of their wordy commentators desire. A kind of pure instinct in the British taste has placed Shakspeare without a brother on the throne. The fathers of dramatic poetry acted according to their light, but it was not the "true light." A few relics, selected with caution, may honor their memory, but we should be careful while warning our youth against the impurities of some modern poets, how we extol these vulgarities of a darker moral age. [12]

Before parting I must ask clemency for classing all my authors among *Poets*, that great word so deservedly sacred, and to which I bow with deep reverence; but the Parnassus of my Oracles has many steps, and I cannot but feel kindly towards those, who sit gracefully even on the lower platform, nor apprehend that they will do more than look up deferentially to the laurel-crowned worthies at its summit. Besides, it has been the character of my taste, or perhaps philosophy, whenever literally or figuratively I gather a wreath of flowers, to twine the wild blossom as heartily as the exotic, and even insert a weed, if its color or contrast lends beauty to the combination;—and thus with my Oracles.

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## CATALOGUE OF AUTHORS

[13]

QUOTED IN THE ORACLES.

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ENGLISH.

AKENSIDE  
ADDISON  
  
BLOOMFIELD  
BOWRING  
BAYLEY  
BARBAULD  
BURNS  
BEATTIE  
BYRON  
BOWLES  
BAILLIE  
BARTON  
BROWNE  
BUTLER  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

CROLY  
COWPER  
CAREW  
COWLEY  
COLLINS  
CONGREVE  
CAMPBELL  
CHATTERTON

GISBORNE  
GRAHAME

HOWITT  
HEMANS  
HOME  
HABINGTON  
HUNT  
HOGG  
HAYLEY  
HAMMOND  
HASTINGS  
HERBERT  
HOOD

KING JAMES  
JOHNSON  
JONES  
JONSON

KEATS  
KEMBLE

LANDON  
LEE  
LAMB  
LYTTLETON

MILLER  
MOTHERWELL  
MASSINGER  
MOORE  
MILTON  
MITFORD

CIBBER  
CUNNINGHAM  
COOK  
COLERIDGE  
CRABBE  
CORNWALL  
CUMBERLAND  
CHAUCER  
COLEMAN  
CLARK  
CHURCHILL  
CARRINGTON  
CRASHAW

DRYDEN  
DARWIN

ELLIOTT

FERGUSON  
FALCONER

GRAY  
GOLDSMITH  
GAY

MORE  
MASON  
MURPHY  
MASSINGER  
MILMAN  
MONTGOMERY  
MACKENZIE  
MACAULAY  
MACNEIL  
MATURIN

NORTON

OSSIAN

POLLOK  
POPE  
PRIOR  
POMFRET  
PERCY'S RELIQUES

RAMSAY  
ROWE  
ROGERS  
ROSCOE

SHELLEY  
SHAKSPEARE  
SOUTHEY  
SHERIDAN  
SPENSER  
SOTHEBY  
STERLING  
SHENSTONE

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SWIFT  
SCOTT  
SMITH  
SOMERVILLE

TAYLOR, JOHN  
TENNENT  
THOMSON  
TIGHE  
TALFOURD  
TENNYSON  
TOBIN  
TAYLOR  
THOM

VAUX

WORDSWORTH  
WILSON  
WILLIAMS  
WHITE  
WOTTON  
WARTON  
WATTS  
WOLCOTT  
WEBSTER

YOUNG

AMERICAN.

ALDRICH

BRYANT  
BROOKS  
BULFINCH  
BENJAMIN  
BURLEIGH  
BANCROFT  
BRAINARD

CHARLTON  
CLARK  
CAREY  
COXE  
CRANCH  
CHILD  
CRAFTS

GALLAGHER  
GOULD  
GILMAN, S.  
GOODRICH  
GILMAN, C.  
GREENE

HOLMES  
HILL  
HARVEY  
HALLECK  
HILLHOUSE  
HALE  
HOSMER  
HARRINGTON

JAMES

LEE  
LONGFELLOW  
LOWELL  
LEWIS  
LUNT

MCLELLAN  
MORRIS  
MELLEN  
MOISE  
MILLER

NEAL  
NOBLE  
NACK

DANA, MRS.  
DAVIDSON, M.  
DANA, R. H.  
DRAKE  
DAWES  
DAVIDSON, L.  
DINNIES  
DICKSON  
DOANE

EMBURY  
EMERSON  
ELLET

FOLLEN  
FAIRFIELD  
FAY

OSGOOD

PERCIVAL  
PETERS  
PIERPONT  
PRENTICE  
PEABODY  
PIERSON  
PIKE  
PAYNE

SMITH  
STREET  
SIMMS  
SARGENT  
SANDS  
SIGOURNEY  
SPRAGUE  
SCOTT

TUCKERMAN

WILLIS  
WHITTIER  
WARE, H.  
WELLS  
WELBY  
MRS. WARE  
WILDE  
WHITMAN  
WILCOX  
WOODWORTH



**T**he Game of the Oracles is composed of the following fourteen Questions, with sixty Answers each, numbered.

What is your character?—Gentleman.	Page	<a href="#">21</a>
What is your character?—Lady.	"	<a href="#">35</a>
What is the personal appearance of your lady-love?	"	<a href="#">51</a>
What is the personal appearance of him who loves you?	"	<a href="#">69</a>
What is the character of your lady-love?	"	<a href="#">83</a>
What is the character of him who loves you?	"	<a href="#">97</a>
What season of the year do you love?	"	<a href="#">111</a>
What hour do you love?	"	<a href="#">129</a>
What musical sounds do you love?	"	<a href="#">147</a>
What is your favorite flower?	"	<a href="#">161</a>
What gratifies your taste or affections?	"	<a href="#">175</a>
For what have you a distaste or aversion?	"	<a href="#">193</a>
Where or what will be your residence?	"	<a href="#">209</a>
What is your destiny?	"	<a href="#">227</a>

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## DIRECTIONS

FOR THE GAME OF THE ORACLES FROM THE POETS.

FOR A FORTUNE-TELLER WITH TWO PERSONS.

The person who holds the book asks, for instance, What is your character? The individual questioned selects any one of the sixty answers under that head, say No. 3, and the questioner reads aloud the answer No. 3, which will be the Oracle.

FOR A ROUND GAME.

Where there are more than six persons present, it will be well to select the following questions, as the game, connected with the discussions to which it will probably give rise, will be too protracted by introducing the whole, and the remaining questions are of a sentimental rather than personal class.

What is your character?—Gentleman.	Page	<a href="#">21</a>
What is your character?—Lady.	"	<a href="#">35</a>
What is the personal appearance of your lady-love?	"	<a href="#">51</a>
What is the personal appearance of him who loves you?	"	<a href="#">69</a>
What is the character of your lady-love?	"	<a href="#">83</a>
What is the character of him who loves you?	"	<a href="#">97</a>
Where or what will be your place of residence?	"	<a href="#">209</a>
What is your destiny?	"	<a href="#">227</a>

A questioner having been selected, he calls on each individual to choose a number under the question proposed, and reads each answer aloud as the number is mentioned. If the party agree to the arrangement, the author of the Oracle can be demanded by the questioner, and a forfeit paid in case of ignorance, or a premium given for a correct answer. [20]

If the person whose Oracle is read cannot tell the author, any one of the party may be allowed a trial in turn, and receive the premium.

[21]

## WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER?

### GENTLEMAN.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
 To see oursels as others see us;  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
 And foolish notion!

BURNS.

[22]

[23]

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## WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER?

---



---

### GENTLEMAN.

---



ou kiss not where you wish to kill,  
 You feign not love where most you hate,  
 You break no sleep to win your will,  
 You wait not at the mighty's gate.

LORD VAUX.

2. E'en your failings lean to virtue's side.

GOLDSMITH.

3. Polite, yet virtuous, you have brought away  
 The manners, not the morals of the day.

COWPER.

4. *Thou* art slow to science; the chart and letter'd page  
 Have in them no deep spell whereby thy spirit to engage;  
 But rather thou wouldst sail thy boat, or sound thy bugle-horn,  
 Or track the sportsman's triumph through the fields of waving corn,  
 Than o'er the ponderous histories of other ages bend,  
 Or dwell upon the sweetest page that ever poet penn'd.

MRS. NORTON.

5. A spider you may best be liken'd to,  
 Which creature is an adept, not alone  
 In workmanship of nice geometry,  
 But is beside a wary politician.

[24]

TAYLOR.

6. I know thee brave,—  
 A counsellor subtle, and a leader proved,—  
 With wisdom fitting for a king's right hand;  
 Firm in resolve, nor from thy purpose moved:  
 Then what lack'st thou to render thee beloved?  
 Thou'st wooed and won a gentle heart, and more,—  
 Hast trampled it to dust.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

7. I would rather wed a man of dough,  
 Such as some school-girl, when the pie is made,  
 To amuse her childish fancy, kneads at hazard  
 Out of the remnant paste.

JOHN TOBIN.

8. Thou, with a lofty soul, whose course  
 The thoughtless oft condemn,  
 Art touch'd by many airs from heaven  
 Which never breathe on them.  
 Moved too by many impulses,  
 Which they do never know,  
 Who round their earth-bound circles plod  
 The dusty paths below.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

9. You look the whole world in the face,  
 For you owe not any man.

[25]

LONGFELLOW.

10. You loiter, lounge, are lank and lazy,  
Though nothing ails you, yet uneasy;  
Your days insipid, dull, and tasteless,  
Your nights unquiet, long, and restless;  
And e'en your sports at balls and races,  
Your galloping through public places,  
Have sic parade, and pomp, and art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

BURNS—*Twa Dogs*.

11. Thou'st never bent at glory's shrine,  
To wealth thou'st never bow'd the knee,  
Beauty has heard no vows of thine,  
Thou lovest *ease*.

R. H. WILDE.

12. A gentleman of all Temperance.

*Measure for Measure*.

13. You are positive and fretful,  
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful.

SWIFT.

14. There is one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,  
The secret of their mastery—they're short.

HALLECK.

15.                   For contemplation framed,  
Shy and unpractised in the strife of phrase,  
Yours is the language of the heavens, the power,  
The thought, the image, and the *silent* joy.  
Words are but under-agents in your soul.

[26]

WORDSWORTH.

16. You take delight in others' excellence,  
A gift which nature rarely doth dispense;  
Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone,  
Would be well pleased to see yourself outdone.

YOUNG—*Epistles*.

17. You are the Punch to stir up trouble,  
You wriggle, fidge, and make a riot,  
Put all your brother puppets out.

SWIFT.

18. You'd shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty.

HALLECK.

19. The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
You fear to scorn or hate;  
But honor in a peasant's form  
The equal of the great.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

20. You may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,  
But will not love the revel scene or head the brawling strife.

[27]

ELIZA COOK.

21.                   You are one,  
Who can play off your smiles and courtesies  
To every lady, of her lap-dog tired,  
Who wants a plaything.

SOUTHEY.

22. Come, rouse thee now;—I know thy mind,  
And would its strength awaken;  
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind.

ANNA P. DINNIES.

23.                   In choice  
Of morsels for the body, nice are you,  
And scrupulous;—  
And every composition know  
Of cookery.

POLLOK—*Course of Time*.

24. A man thou seem'st of cheerful yesterdays,  
And confident to-morrows.

WORDSWORTH.

25. Sir, I confess you to be one well read  
 In men and manners, and that usually  
 The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,  
 Rather subject themselves unto your censure,  
 Than give you least occasion of distaste,  
 By making you the subject of their mirth. [28]
- BEN JONSON.
26. When nae real ills perplex you,  
 You make enow yoursel' to vex you.
- BURNS.
27. You speak an infinite deal of nothing.
- Merchant of Venice.*
28.                                   Calm, serene,  
 Your thoughts are clear and honest, and your words,  
 Still chosen most gently, are not yet disguised  
 To please the ear of tingling vanity.
- W. G. SIMMS.
29. Large is your bounty, and your soul sincere;  
 Heaven does a recompense as largely send:  
 You give to misery all you have—a tear;  
 You gain from heaven, 'tis all you ask—a friend.
- GRAY.
30. You worship God with inward zeal, and serve him in each deed;  
 Yet will not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed.
- ELIZA COOK.
31. Silent when glad, affectionate though shy;  
 And now your look is most demurely sad;  
 And now you laugh aloud, yet none know why,—  
 Some deem you wondrous wise, and some believe you mad. [29]
- BEATTIE—*Minstrel.*
32. You act upon the prudent plan,  
 "Say little, and hear all you can:"  
 Safe policy, but hateful.
- COWPER.
33. You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, generally allowed for your  
 many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.
- Merry Wives of Windsor.*
34. So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,  
 Just fit to prattle at a lady's feet.
- CHURCHILL.
35. Lord of yourself, though not of lands,  
 You, having nothing, yet have all.
- SIR HENRY WOTTON.
36. No change comes o'er thy noble brow,  
 Though ruin is around thee;  
 Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now  
 As when the laurel crown'd thee.
- MRS. CHILD.
37. Some have too much, yet still they crave;  
 You little have, yet seek no more;  
 They are but poor, though much they have,  
 And you are rich with little store.  
 They poor, you rich; they beg, you give;  
 They lack, you lend; they pine, you live. [30]
- LORD VAUX.
38. With every shifting gale your course you ply,  
 Forever sunk too low or borne too high.
- POPE.
39. You will not bow unto the common things  
 Men make their idols. You will stand apart  
 From common men; your sensual appetite  
 Shall be subservient to your loftier soul.
- MARY HOWITT.
40.                                   Sloth, the nurse of vices,  
 And rust of action, is a stranger to you.
- MASSINGER.

41. The worth of the three kingdoms I defy  
To lower you to the standard of a lie.

COWPER.

42. I have some comfort in this fellow;  
He hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion  
Is perfect gallows.

*Tempest.*

43.                   You lacke no witte,  
You speke whatte bee the trouthe,  
And whatte all see is ryghte.

[31]

ROWLEY—(*Chatterton.*)

44. A man resolved and steady to his trust,  
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just.

DR. WATTS.

45. I know thy generous temper well;  
Fling but the appearance of dishonor on it,  
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

ADDISON—*Cato.*

46. Just like a snail through life's dull path you creep,  
Your whole existence but a waking sleep.

R. M. CHARLTON.

47.                   Your nature is,  
That you incline to hope rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.

MILTON—*Comus.*

48.                   A right tender heart,  
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,  
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty.

ROWE—*Jane Shore.*

49. The ruby lip, the sparkling eye,  
All unavailing prove;  
Wandering from fair to fair you fly,  
But will not learn to love.

[32]

DR. S. H. DICKSON.

50. Never credit me, if I don't think thee more stupid, yea, more obtusely, intensely, and  
impenetrably thick-skulled, than ever man or woman was before thee.

FANNY KEMBLE—*Star of Seville.*

51. Some deem you are a surly man,  
But *they* know not your griefs and fears,  
How you have been beloved by one,  
Whose image lies "too deep for tears."

THOMAS MILLER.

52.                   One charm,  
We in your graceful character observe;  
That though your passions burn with high impatience,  
And sometimes, from a noble heat of nature,  
Are ready to fly off, yet the least check  
Of ruling reason brings them back to temper,  
And gentle softness.

THOMSON—*Tancred and Sigismunda.*

53. You are the fellow at the chimney corner,  
Who keeps the fire alive that warms us all.

FANNY KEMBLE.

54. You love, and would be loved again;  
Do but confess it;—you possess a soul,  
That what it wishes, wishes ardently.  
You would believe you hated, had you power  
To love with moderation

[33]

HILL—*Zara.*

55.                   A soul  
Too great, too just, too noble to be happy.

CIBBER—*Zimena.*

56. Though straiter bounds your fortune does confine,  
In your large heart is found a wealthy mine

WALLER.

57. Your heart has settled in a sea of pride,  
Till every part is cold and petrified.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

58. Your mirth is the pure spirits of various wit,  
Yet never doth your God or friends forget;  
And when deep talk and wisdom come in view,  
Retires, and gives to them their due

COWLEY.

59. You are young, and of  
That mould which throws out heroes; fair in favor,  
And doubtlessly, with such a form and heart,  
Would look into the fiery eyes of war.

BYRON—*Werner*.

60. Calm as evening skies  
Is your pure mind, and lighted up with hopes  
That open heaven.

[34]

THOMSON—*Tancred and Sigismunda*.

---

### WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER?

[35]

---

LADY.

---

NEVILL.—Know'st thou how slight a thing a woman is?  
SCUDMORE.—Yes; and how serious too.

NATHANIEL FIELD—  
*Woman's a Weathercock. A Comedy.*  
From Lamb's Specimens of Old Dramatic Poets.

---

### WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER?

[36]

[37]

---

LADY.

---



one know thee but to love thee,  
None name thee but to praise.

HALLECK.

2. Oh, thou wilt ever be what now thou art,  
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring;  
As fair in form, as warm, yet pure in heart,  
Love's image upon earth without its sting.

BYRON.

3. Ever o'er thy soul a shadow lies,  
Still darkest, when life wears the sunniest skies;  
And even when with bliss thy heart beats high,  
The swell subsides into a plaintive sigh.

MRS. PIERSON.

4. Sometimes will you laugh, and sometimes cry,  
Then sudden you wax wrath, and all you know not why.

THOMSON.

5. Thou doest little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low esteemed in thy eyes.

[38]

JAMES R. LOWELL.

6. Thou art merry and free,  
Thou carest for naebody,  
If naebody care for thee.

BURNS.

7. Women love you, that you are a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that you are  
The rarest of all women.

*Winter's Tale.*

8. Not only good and kind,  
But strong and elevated is thy mind;  
A spirit that with noble pride  
Can look superior down  
On fortune's smile or frown;  
That can, without regret or pain,  
To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice.

LORD LYTTLETON.

9. At table you are scrupulous withal;  
No morsel from your lips do you let fall,  
Nor in your sauce will dip your fingers deep.  
Well can you carry a morsel, and well keep,  
That not a drop e'er falls upon your breast. [39]  
In courtesy your pleasure much doth rest.  
Your dainty upper lip you wipe so clean,  
That in your cup there is no farthing seen  
Of grease, when you have drunk; and for your meat,  
Full seemly bend you forward on your seat.

CHAUCER.

10. You have a natural, wise sincerity,  
A simple truthfulness;  
And though yourself not unacquaint with care,  
Have in your heart wide room.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

11. What you do  
Still betters what is done; when you speak, sweet,  
We'd have you do it ever.

*Winter's Tale.*

12. An inward light to guide thee,  
Unto thy soul is given,  
Pure and serene as its divine  
Original in heaven.

JAMES ALDRICH.

13. You have no gift at all in shrewishness,  
You are a right woman for your cowardice.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

14. The world has won thee, lady, and thy joys  
Are placed in trifles, fashions, follies, toys. [40]

CRABBE.

15. Mishap goes o'er thee like a summer cloud;  
Cares thou hast none, and they who stand to hear thee,  
Catch the infection and forget their own.

ROGERS—*Italy.*

16. Nature for her favorite child,  
In thee hath temper'd so her clay,  
That every hour thy heart runs wild,  
Yet never once doth go astray.

WORDSWORTH.

17. Your only labor is to kill the time,  
And labor dire it is, and weary wo;  
You sit, you loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,  
Then rising, sudden to the glass you go.

THOMSON.

18. You will die if — love you not; and you will die ere you make your love known; and you will die if he woo you, rather than abate one breath of your crossness.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

19. It cannot bend thy lofty brow,  
Though friends and foes depart,  
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,  
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

[41]

MRS. CHILD.

20. You wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all yourself.  
*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

21. To tend  
From good to better—thence to best,  
Grateful you drink life's cup, then bend  
Unmurmuring to your bed of rest;  
You pluck the flowers that around you blow,  
Scattering their fragrance as you go.

BOWRING.

22. Rich in love  
And sweet humanity, you will be yourself,  
To the degree that you desire, beloved.

WORDSWORTH.

23. You little care what others do,  
And where they go, and what they say;  
Your bliss all inward, and your own,  
Would only tarnish'd be by being shown.  
The talking, restless world shall see,  
Spite of the world, you'll happy be;  
But none shall know,  
How much you are so,  
Save only *Love*.

MRS. BARBAULD.

24. Scared at thy frown, abash'd will fly  
Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,  
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,  
And leave thee leisure to be good

[42]

GRAY.

25. A happy lot be thine, and larger light  
Await thee there;—for thou hast bow'd thy will  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and doest good for ill.

BRYANT.

26. In you are youth, beauty, and humble port,  
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature;  
God better knows than my pen can report,  
Wisdom, largesse, estate and cunning sure.  
In every point so guided is your measure,  
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,  
That nature could no more her child advance.

*King James I.*

27. You do incline to sadness, and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Cymbaline.*

28. You are a riddle,  
Which he who solved the sphinx's would die guessing!

JOHN TOBIN.

[43]

29. You have train'd your spirit to forgive,  
As you hope to be forgiven;  
And you live on earth as they should live  
Whose hopes and home are heaven.

BOWRING.

30. A reasonable woman;  
Fair without vanity, rich without pride,  
Discreet though witty, learned yet very humble.

JOHN TOBIN.

31. There's little of the melancholy in you; you are never sad but when you sleep, and not even sad then; for I have heard that you often dream of mischief, and wake yourself with laughing.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*



32. Like a summer storm awhile you're cloudy,  
Burst out in thunder and impetuous showers,  
But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,  
And all the fair horizon is serene.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

33.                   Think not the good,  
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done  
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,  
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,  
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,  
Shall cry to heaven and pull a blessing on thee.

GEORGE LILLO.

34. A friend to the hen-coop you often are found;  
When the rat or the weasel are prowling around,  
Or chick become motherless strays from the wing,  
A mother are you to the motherless thing.

[44]

MARIA JAMES.

35. A' the day you spier what news kind neibor bodies bring.

MOTHERWELL.

36. Innocence and virgin modesty,  
A virtue and a consciousness of worth  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.

MILTON—*Paradise Lost*.

37. It is your pleasure sweetly to complain,  
And to be taken with a sudden pain;  
Then up you start, all ecstasy and bliss,  
And are, sweet soul, just as sincere in this.  
Oh, how you roll your charming eyes in spite,  
And look delightfully with all your might.

DR. YOUNG—*Love of Fame*.

38. Gracious to all; but where your love is due  
So fast, so faithful, loyal, just, and true,  
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force  
The rolling light of heaven, as stay your course.

WALLER.

39. Thou medley of contraries!  
We trust thee, yet we doubt thee,  
Our darkness and our light;  
Night would be day without thee,  
And day, without thee, night.

[45]

JUDGE CHARLTON.

40. You are a soul so white and so chaste,  
As nothing called foul  
Dares approach with a blot,  
Or any least spot;  
But still you control  
Or make your own lot,  
Preserving love pure as it first was begot.

BEN JONSON.

41. The power you wield has its best spells in love,  
And gentleness, and thought; never in scorn,  
Or any wayward impulse or caprice.

W. G. SIMMS.

42. You love to listen better than to talk,  
And, rather than be gadding, would sit quiet;—  
Hate cards, and cordials.

TOBIN.

43.                   You do not love  
As *men* love, who love often. Yours has been  
A single sentiment for one alone,  
An all-engrossing passion, which doth live  
On hope and faith.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

44. Thou talkest well, but talking is thy privilege;  
'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex.

[46]

NICHOLAS ROWE—*Tamerlane*.

45. Thoughts go sporting through your mind  
Like children among flowers,  
And deeds of gentle goodness are  
The measure of your hours.  
In soul or face you bear no trace  
Of one from Eden driven,  
But, like the rainbow, seem, though born  
Of earth, a part of heaven!

GEORGE HILL.

46. All things thou art by turns, from wrath to love,  
From the queen eagle, to the vestal dove.

BARRY CORNWALL.

47. You've turn'd up your nose at the short,  
And cast down your eyes at the tall;  
But then you just did it in sport,  
And now you've no lover at all.

G. P. MORRIS.

48. Alive to feel and curious to explore  
Each distant object of refined distress.

WHITEHEAD—*Roman Father*.

49.                   You have a soul  
Of god-like mould, intrepid and commanding:  
But you have passions which outstrip the wind,  
And tear your virtues up.

[47]

CONGREVE—*Mourning Bride*.

50. There's not a lovely transient thing  
But brings thee to our mind!  
The rainbow, or the fragile flower,  
Sweet summer's fading joys,  
The waning moon, the dying day,  
The passing glories of the clouds,  
The leaf that brightens as it falls,  
The wild tones of the Æolian harp,  
All tell some touching tale of thee;  
There's not a tender lovely thing  
But brings thee to our mind.

MRS. FOLLEN.

51.                   'Tis not your part,  
Out of your fond misgivings, to perplex  
The fortunes of the man to whom you cleave;  
'Tis yours to weave all that you have of fair  
And bright, in the dark meshes of their web.

TALFOURD—*Ion*.

52.                   In our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;  
When pain and sickness rend the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.

SCOTT.

53.                   Ever art thou fair,  
Ev'n in the city's gaudy tumult, fair;  
Yet he who marks thee only as the charm  
And worship of gay crowds, in festive halls,  
Knows but thy living image, not thy soul,  
Joyless in that cold pomp.

[48]

DR. BROWN—*Bower of Spring*.

54. Thine is the heart that is gentle and kind,  
And light as the feather that sports in the wind.

HOGG—*Queen's Wake*.

55. Your person is a paradise, and your soul the cherub to guard it.

DRYDEN.

56. Your two red lips *affected* zephyrs blow,  
To cool the Hyson, and inflame the beau;  
While one white finger and a thumb conspire  
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

YOUNG.

57. More than a sermon love you the touch'd string,  
You love to tinkling tunes your feet to fling.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

58. Coquet and coy at once your air,  
Both studied, though both seem neglected;  
Careless you are with artful care,  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

CONGREVE.

59. Your sweet humor  
Is easy as a calm, and peaceful too.  
All your affections like the dew on roses,—  
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle.

[49]

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Pilgrim*.

60. Grateful we find you, patient of control;  
A most bewitching gentleness of soul  
Makes pleasure of what work you have to do.

BLOOMFIELD—*The Miller's Maid*.

[50]

[51]

## WHAT IS THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF YOUR LADY-LOVE?

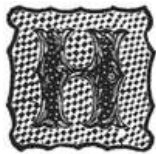
Must you have my picture?  
You will enjoin me to a strange punishment.  
With what a compell'd face a woman sits  
While she is drawing! I have noted divers  
Either to fain smiles, or suck in the lips,  
To have a little mouth; ruffle the cheeks,  
To have the dimple seen; and so disorder  
The face with affectation, at next sitting  
It has not been the same.  
—But indeed  
If ever I would have mine drawn to the life,  
I would have a painter steal it at such a time  
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers;  
There is then a heavenly beauty in't, the *soul*  
Moves in the superficies.

JOHN WEBSTER—  
*The Devil's Law Case. A Tragi-Comedy.*  
From Lamb's Specimens of Dramatic Poets.

[52]

[53]

## WHAT IS THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF YOUR LADY-LOVE?



Her eyes are shadowy, full of thought and prayer,  
And with long lashes o'er a white rose cheek  
Drooping.

MRS. HEMANS.

2. A thing all lightness, life, and glee,  
One of the shapes we seem  
To meet in visions of the night,  
And should they greet our waking sight,  
Imagine that we dream.

GEORGE HILL.

3. A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew;  
For the fond Graces form'd her easy mien,  
And heaven's soft azure in her eye is seen.  
She seems a rose-bud when it first receives  
The genial sun in its expanding leaves.

HAYLEY—*Triumphs of Temper*.

[54]

4. Eyes  
As tender as the blue of weeping skies,  
Yet sunny in their radiance as that blue,  
When sunset glitters on its falling dew.

JOHN NEAL.

5. She bends beneath the weight of dress,  
The stiffen'd robes, which spoil her easy mien,  
And art mistaken makes her beauty less,  
While still it hides some beauties better seen.

HAMMOND—*Love Elegies.*

6. There is a sweetness in her upturn'd eyes,  
A tearful lustre, such as fancy lends  
To the Madonna, and a soft surprise,  
As if they found strange beauty in the air.

PARK BENJAMIN.

7. Her soft, clear eyes, deep in their tenderness,  
Reflect all beautiful and kindly things.  
She would seem infantile, but that her brow  
In liliated majesty uptowers, and tells  
That lofty thoughts and chasten'd pride are there.

MRS. GILMAN.

8. Oh, the words  
Laugh on her lips; the motion of her smiles  
Showers beauty, as the air-caressed spray  
The dews of morning; and her stately steps  
Are light, as though a winged angel trod  
Over earth's flowers, and fear'd to brush away  
Their delicate hues.

[55]

MILMAN—*Fazio.*

9. She has ane e'e, she has but ane,  
The cat has twa the very color;  
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,  
A clapper tongue would deave a miller.

BURNS.

10. She lacks the beauty of a "damask skin,"  
But there are roses lying near at hand,  
To spring unto her cheek; oft from within  
They come, called up at feeling's high command,  
And on the glowing surface long remain.

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

11. If on her we see display'd  
Pendent gems, and rich brocade,  
If her chintz with less expense  
Flows in easy negligence,  
If she strikes the vocal strings,  
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,  
If she sit, or if she move,  
Still we love and we approve.

DR. JOHNSON.

12. Her laugh is like a fairy's laugh,  
So musical and sweet;  
Her foot is like a fairy's foot,  
So dainty and so fleet.  
Her smile is fitful sunshine,  
Her hand is dimpled snow,  
Her lip a very rose-bud  
In sweetness and in glow.

[56]

MRS. OSGOOD.

13. A thoughtful and a quiet grace,  
Though happy still;—yet chance distress  
Hath left a pensive loveliness;  
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,  
And her heart broods o'er home-born dreams.

WILSON.

14. Her swollen eyes are much disfigured,  
And her faire face with tears  
Is foully blubbered.

SPENSER.

15. A downcast eye, repentant of the pain  
That its mild light creates.

KEATS.

16. Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,  
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale;  
While health that rises with the new-born day,  
Breathes o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.

FALCONER—*Shipwreck*.

17. Fairest where all is beautiful and bright!  
With what a grace she glides among the flowers  
That smile around her, bowing at her touch.

GALLAGHER.

18. On her cheek an autumn flush  
Deeply ripens;—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.  
Around her eyes her tresses lay,  
Which are blackest, none can say;  
But long lashes veil a light,  
That had else been all too bright.

[57]

HOOD.

19. Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour  
Is lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie;  
But gracious womanhood and gravitie,  
Above the reason of her youthly yeares.  
Her golden locks she roundly doth uptye,  
In braided trammels, that ne looser heares  
Do out of order stray about her daintie eares.

SPENSER.

20. A silver line, that from the brow to the crown,  
And in the middle, parts the braided hair,  
Just serves to show how delicate a soil  
The golden harvest grows in; while those eyes,  
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky,  
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,  
Must needs be conversant with upward looks,  
Prayer's voiceless service.

WORDSWORTH.

21. Half the charms that deck her face,  
Arise from powder, shreds, and lace.

GOLDSMITH.

22. Time from her form has ta'en away but little of its grace,  
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face.

[58]

BAYLEY.

23. 'Tis strange,  
That though you study long, you cannot tell  
The color of her eye, that seems to change,  
Beneath the ivory lid, from brilliant black  
To liquid hazel, then to full soft gray,  
Fast melting into violet.

MISS M. E. LEE.

24. Her face is heaven's bow in showers. Her dark hair flows round it like streaming clouds.

OSSIAN.

25. She has an innocently downcast look,  
And when she raises up her eyes of blue,  
It seems as if her features were a book,  
Where sweet affection letters love for you.

RUFUS DAWES.

26. Indeed she has a marvellous white hand,  
I must needs confess.

*Troilus and Cressida*.

27. I never saw a crowned queen,  
With such a noble air,  
So angel-like, so womanly,  
As is your lady fair.

MARY HOWITT.

28. Around her playful lips do glitter  
 Heat lightnings of a girlish scorn,  
 Harmless they are, for nothing bitter  
 In that dear heart was ever born.  
 That merry heart, that cannot lie  
 Within its warm nest quietly,  
 But ever from the full dark eye  
 Is looking kindly, night and morn.

J. R. LOWELL.

29. Oh, her glance is the brightest that ever has shone,  
 And the lustre of love's on her cheek;  
 But all the bewildering enchantment is gone  
 The moment you hear her speak.

MRS. ELLET.

30. The rose, with faint and feeble streak,  
 So slightly marks the maiden's cheek,  
 That you would say her hue is pale;  
 But if she face the Southern gale,  
 Or speaks, or sings, or quicker moves,  
 Or hears the praise of those she loves,  
 Or when of interest is express'd  
 Aught that wakes feeling in her breast,  
 The mantling blood in ready play  
 Rivals the blush of opening day.

SCOTT—*Rokeby*.

31. She dresses aye sae clean and neat,  
 Both decent and genteel;  
 And then there's something in her gait  
 Gars ony dress look weel.

[60]

BURNS.

32. She walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
 And all that's best of dark and bright,  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

BYRON.

33.               Eyes of the gray,  
 The soft gray of the brooding dove,  
 Full of the sweet and tender ray  
 Of holy love.

MRS. NORTON.

34. I saw her hand—she has a leathern hand,  
 A freestone color'd hand. I verily did think  
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hand;  
 She has a housewife's hand!

*As You Like It*.

35. The fashion of her gracefulness is not a follow'd rule,  
 And her effervescent sprightliness was never taught at school;  
 Her words are all peculiar, like the fairy's that spoke pearls,  
 And her tone is ever sweetest 'mid the cadences of girls.

WILLIS.

36. There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;  
 Nay, her foot speaks.

[61]

*Troilus and Cressida*.

37. She has that changing color on the cheek,  
 Which speaks the heart so well; those deep blue eyes,  
 Like summer's darkest sky, yet not so glad;  
 They are too passionate for happiness.

MISS LANDON.

38. There is a light around her brow,  
 A holiness in those dark eyes,  
 Which show, though wandering earthward now,  
 Her spirit's home is in the skies.

MOORE.



49. Endearing! endearing!  
 Why so endearing  
 Are those dark lustrous eyes,  
 Through their silk fringe peering?  
 They love thee! they love thee!  
 Deeply, sincerely;  
 And more than aught else on earth,  
 Thou lov'st them dearly.

MOTHERWELL.

50. In face an angel, but in soul a cat!

DR. WOLCOTT—*Peter Pindar*.

51. Her feet beat witchcraft as she heads the dance,  
 Lads, like a garland, hem her round about,  
 While Love rains on them from her dark eye-glance.  
 The maidens near her, tittering, take their stance,  
 And on her swan-white neck, and snowy arms,  
 Her small and nimble feet, they look askance;  
 The hoary fiddler, as he listens, warms,  
 And draws a lustier bow, and gazes on her charms.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

52.                   A cheek, fair  
 And delicate as rose-leaf newly blown—  
 A brow like marble—lofty, and profuse  
 With the rich brown of her o'ergathering hair.

W. G. SIMMS.

53. Such her beauty, as no arts  
 Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;  
 Her high birth no pride imparts,  
 For she blushes in her place.  
 Folly boasts a glorious blood,  
 She is noblest, being good.

[65]

HABINGTON.

54. O'er her features steal, serenely mild,  
 The trembling sanctity of woman's truth,  
 Her modesty, and simpleness, and grace;  
 Yet those who deeper scan the human face,  
 Amid the trial-hour of fear or ruth,  
 May clearly read, upon its heaven-writ scroll,  
 That high and firm resolve, which nerved the Roman soul.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

55. On her forehead sitteth pride,  
 Crown'd with scorn, and falcon-eyed;  
 But she beneath, methinks, doth twine  
 Silken smiles, that seem divine.  
 Can such smiles be false and cold?  
 Can she, will she wed for gold?

BARRY CORNWALL.

56. Oh! her beauty is fair to see,  
 But still and steadfast is her e'e,  
 And the soft desire of maiden's e'en,  
 In that mild face can never be seen.  
 Her seymat is the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in a shower,  
 And her voice, like the distant melody  
 That floats along the twilight sea.  
 But she lo'es to raikie the lonely glen,  
 And keep afar frae the haunts o' men.

[66]

HOGG—*Queen's Wake*.

57. 'Tis not her eye or lip we beauty call,  
 But the joint force and full result of all.

POPE.

58.                   Her face is very beautiful, and mirth  
 Is native on her lip; but ever, now,  
 As a sweet tone delighteth her, the smile  
 Goes melting into sadness, and the lash  
 Droops gently to her eye, as if it knew  
 Affection was too chaste a thing for mirth.

WILLIS.



59. Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?  
 Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow,  
 Before the soil hath smutch'd it?  
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver?  
 Or swan's-down ever?  
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?  
 Or the nard in the fire?  
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

BEN JONSON.

60. Her nose is crook'd, and turn'd outwarde,  
 Her chin stands all awry;  
 A worse formed lady than she is,  
 Was never seen with eye.  
 Her haire like serpents cling aboute  
 Her cheekes of deadlye hewe;  
 A worse form'd ladye than she is  
 No man mote ever view.

[67]

PERCY'S RELIQUES—*The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.*

[68]

[69]

### WHAT IS THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF HIM WHO LOVES YOU?

'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour, to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table; heart, too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favor.

*All's Well That Ends Well.*

I will drop in his way some obscure epistle of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated.

*Twelfth Night.*

[70]

[71]

### WHAT IS THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF HIM WHO LOVES YOU?



n his bold visage middle age  
 Has slightly press'd its signet sage,  
 Yet has not quench'd the open truth  
 And fiery vehemence of youth.

SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.*

2. He is young  
 And eminently beautiful, and life  
 Mantles in eloquent fulness on his lip,  
 And sparkles in his glance, and in his mien  
 There is a gracious pride that every eye  
 Follows with benisons.

WILLIS.

3. He hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard.

*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

4. The high-born eye,  
 That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy.

BYRON—*Corsair.*

5. Locks jet black, and clustering round a face  
 Open as day, and full of manly daring.

[72]

ROGERS—*Italy.*

6. His face is keen as is the wind  
 That cuts along the hawthorn fence,  
 A motley air  
 Of courage and of impudence.

WORDSWORTH.

7. Oh what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
*Twelfth Night.*
8. A goodly person, and can manage faire  
His stubborn steed,  
Who under him doth trample in the air,  
And chafe, that any on his back should sit.  
SPENSER.
9. His waggish face, that speaks a soul jocose,  
Seems t'have been cast i' the mould of fun and glee;  
And on the bridge of his well-arched nose,  
Sits laughter plumed, and white-wing'd jollity.  
TENNENT—*Anster Fair.*
10. The glow of temperance o'er his cheek is spread,  
Where the soft down half veils the chasten'd red.  
CRABBE.
11.                 Readable as open book;  
And much of easy dignity there lies  
In the frank lifting of his cordial eyes. [73]  
LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini.*
12. Underneath that face, like summer ocean's,  
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,  
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,  
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.  
HALLECK.
13. Singing he is, or fluting all the day;  
He is as fresh as is the month of May.  
He can songs make, and well indite,  
Jouste, and eke dance, and well portray and write;  
Courteous he is, lowly and serviceable,  
And carveth for his father at the table.  
CHAUCER.
14. Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?  
*Merry Wives of Windsor.*
15. Sober he seems, and very sagely sad,  
And to the ground his eyes are lowly bent.  
Simple in show.  
SPENSER—*Fairy Queen.*
16.                 He is the deuce among the girls,  
A thing of foppery and ton, of whiskers and of curls.  
ALBERT PIKE.
17.                 A dainty gentleman,  
His sleepy eyes half closed, and countenance  
To no expression stronger than may suit  
A simper, capable of being turn'd. [74]  
SOUTHEY.
18. Contempt contracts his face, a smile is on his dark-brown cheek, his red eye rolls half  
concealed beneath his shaggy brows.  
OSSIAN.
19. Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
How beautiful his eyes,  
That blend the nature of the star  
With that of summer skies!  
WORDSWORTH.
20. Eyebrows bent like Cupid's bow,  
Front an ample field of snow,  
Even nose, and cheek withal  
Smooth as is the billiard-ball;  
Chin as woolly as the peach,  
And his lip doth kissing teach,  
Till he cherish too much beard  
And make Love and you afear'd.  
BEN JONSON.
21. A fair and meaning face, an eye of fire,  
That checks the bold and makes the free retire.  
CRABBE.

22. He has all the graces that render a man's society dear to ladies.

MASSINGER.

[75]

23. A beard that would make a razor shake,  
Unless its nerves were strong!

ALBERT PIKE.

24. He hath but a little beard, but time will send more if the man will be thankful.

*As You Like It.*

25. A fresh young Squire,  
A lover, and a lusty bachelor;  
With locks curl'd as they were laid in press:  
Of twenty years of age he is, I guess.

CHAUCER.

26. His form is middle size,  
Shaped in proportion fair;  
And hazel is his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the deepest dye  
His short curl'd beard and hair.

SCOTT.

27. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes.

*Coriolanus.*

28. A kind true heart, a spirit high,  
That cannot fear, and will not bow,  
Are written in his manly eye,  
And on his manly brow.

[76]

HALLECK.

29. He has more goodness in his little finger, than you have in your whole body;  
Indeed he is a personable man, and not a spindle-shanked hoddy-doddy.

SWIFT.

30. A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise,  
The spacious earth cannot afford again.

*Richard III.*

31. A handsome gallant, and a beau of spirit,  
Who can go down the dance so well as he?

TENNENT—*Anster Fair.*

32. A phantom, fashionably thin,  
With limb of lath, and bearded chin.

SCOTT—*Bridal of Triermain.*

33. There is a fair behavior in him,  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of him  
I well believe, he has a mind that suits  
With this his fair and outward character.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

34. Like a crane, his neck is long and fine,  
With which he swalloweth up excessive feast.

[77]

SPENSER.

35. Oh thy love has an eye  
Like a star in the sky,  
And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree;  
And his heart is a treasure,  
Whose worth is past measure,  
And yet he hath given all—all to thee.

BARRY CORNWALL.

36. His form, his face, his noble mien,  
The sweetness of his touching tone,  
His feeling heart so simply shown,  
Such gifts of mind, such gentle grace,  
Proclaim him of no common race.

SOTHEBY.

37. A brow of beautiful yet earnest thought,  
A form of manly grace.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

38. He's handsome, valiant, young,  
And looks as he were laid for nature's best,  
To catch weak women's eyes.

DRYDEN—*All for Love*.

39. In that fair stand, his forehead, Love still bends  
His double bow, and round his arrows sends;  
In that tall grove, his hair, those globy rings  
He flying curls, and crispeth with his wings.

[78]

BEN JONSON.

40. He's fat, and scant o' breath.

*Hamlet*.

41. Lordly look'd and lordly limb'd is he,—  
A frame of iron, a right arm long and stark,  
A rough, loud voice, a visage somedale dark,  
A heart which soars as dangers soar, and ne'er  
Sinks save in peace.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

42. Tall is his frame, his forehead high,  
Still and mysterious is his eye;  
His look is like a wintry day  
When storms and winds have sunk away.

HOGG—*Queen's Wake*.

43. He chats like popinjay,  
And struts with phiz tremendously erect.

TENNENT—*Anster Fair*.

44. His large fair front, and eye sublime, declare  
Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks,  
Round from his parted forelock, manly hang  
Clustering.

MILTON—*Paradise Lost*.

45. A sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, [79]  
gentleman-like man.

*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

46. Dark deep eyes, and lips  
Whose motions gift the air they breathe with love.

SHELLEY.

47. Full long are both his spindle-shanks, and lean  
Just like a walking-stick—no calf is seen.

CHAUCER.

48. Faster than his tongue  
Doth make offence, his eye doth heal it up.

*As You Like It*.

49. His eyes are like the eagle's, yet sometimes  
Liker the dove's; and at his will he wins  
All hearts with softness, or with spirit awes.

HOME—*Douglass*.

50. There's a cold bearing,  
And grave, severe aspect about the man,  
That makes our spirits pay him such respect,  
As though he dwelt 'neath age's silvery pent-house,  
Despite his unripe years.

FANNY KEMBLE.

51. Young and fair,  
Yet a man;—with crisped hair,  
Cast in thousand snares and rings  
For Love's fingers, and his wings:  
Chesnut color, or more slack  
Gold, upon a ground of black.

[80]

BEN JONSON.

52. A brow half martial, and half diplomatic,  
An eye upsoaring like an eagle's wings.

HALLECK.

53. He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth;  
He writes verses, he speaks holiday,  
He smells April and May.

*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

54. 'Tis not his talent to conceal his thoughts,  
And carry smiles and sunshine in his face,  
When discontent sits heavy at his heart.

ADDISON—*Cato*.

55.                   A fop complete,  
He stalks the jest and glory of the street.

CRABBE.

56. Oh what a grace is seated on his brow!  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god doth seem to set his seal  
To give the world assurance of a man.

*Hamlet*.

57. Such beauty as great strength thinks no disgrace,  
Smiles in the manly features of his face;  
His large black eyes, fill'd with a spriteful light,  
Shoot forth such lively and illustrious light,  
As the sunbeams on jet reflecting show;  
His hair is black, in short curl'd waves doth flow;  
His tall, straight body amid thousands stands,  
Like some fair pine o'erlooking all the lands.

[81]

COWLEY— *Davideis*.

58. He witches the world with noble horsemanship,  
And vaults into his saddle with such ease,  
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus.

*Henry IV*.

59. A stalwart, active, soldier-looking stripling,  
Handsome as Hercules ere his first labor,  
And with a brow of thought beyond his years  
When in repose, till his eye kindles up,  
In answering yours.

BYRON—*Werner*.

60.           His face is dark, but very quiet;  
It seems like looking down the dusky mouth  
Of a great cannon.

JOHN STERLING—*Strafford*.

[82]

[83]

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## WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF YOUR LADY-LOVE?

---

Look at her, whoe'er  
Thou be that kindest with a Poet's soul  
Intensely—from imagination take  
The treasure; what mine eyes behold see thou,  
Even though the Atlantic Ocean roll between.

WORDSWORTH.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination;  
And every lovely organ of her life,  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving, delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

*Much Ado About Nothing*.

[84]

[85]

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## WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF YOUR LADY-LOVE?

---



er body's matchless form  
Is better'd by the pureness of her mind.

MASSINGER.

2. She's made of those rare elements that now and then appear,  
As if removed by accident into a lesser sphere,  
Forever reaching up and on to life's sublimer things,  
As if they had been used to track the universe with wings.

WILLIS.

3. This reasoning maid, above her sex's dread,  
Has dared to read, and dares to say she read.

CRABBE.

4. Her smile so soft, her heart so kind,  
Her voice for pity's tones so fit,  
All speak her woman;—but her mind  
Lifts her where bards and sages sit.

DR. BROWN.

5. A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command,  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

[86]

WORDSWORTH.

6. One whose life is like a star,  
Without toil or rest to mar  
Its divinest harmony,  
Its God-given serenity.

JAMES ALDRICH.

7. She is wise, if I can judge of her,  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
And true she is, as she hath proved herself.

*Merchant of Venice.*

8. Right from the hand of God her spirit came  
Unstain'd, and she hath ne'er forgotten whence  
It came, nor wander'd far from thence,  
But laboreth to keep her still the same,  
Near to her place of birth, that she may not  
Soil her white raiment with an earthly spot.

J. R. LOWELL.

9. With her mien she enamors the brave,  
With her wit she engages the free,  
With her modesty pleases the grave;  
She is every way pleasing to thee.

SHENSTONE.

10. I would my horse had the speed of her tongue.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

[87]

11. As through the hedge-row shade the violet steals,  
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals,  
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,  
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

ROGERS.

12. Full many a lady  
You have eyed with best regard, and many a time,  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought your too diligent ear; for several virtues  
You have liked several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil: But she, O she,  
So perfect and so peerless, is created  
Of every creature's best!

*Tempest.*

13. She is all simplicity,  
A creature soft and mild;  
Though on the eve of womanhood,  
In heart a very child.

MRS. WELBY.

14. Who does not understand and love her,  
With feeling thus o'erfraught?  
Though silent as the sky above her,  
Like that, she kindles thought.

DR. GILMAN.

15. Sacred and sweet is all I see in her.

*Taming of the Shrew.*

[88]

16. She is  
Happy in all endowments, which a poet  
Could fancy in his mistress; being herself  
A school of goodness, where chaste maids may learn,  
By the example of her life and pureness,  
To be, as she is, excellent.

MASSINGER.

17. She steps like some glad creature of the air,  
As if she read her fate and knew it fair;  
In truth, for fate at all she hath no care.  
Yet hath she tears as well as gladness;  
A butterfly in pain  
Will make her weep for very sadness,  
But straight she'll smile again.

A. M. WELLS.

18. A maiden never bold  
Of spirit, so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at itself.

*Othello.*

19. She saith not once *nay* when thou sayest *yea*;  
"Do this," saith he. "All ready, sir," saith she.

CHAUCER.

20. Every thought and feeling throw  
Their shadows o'er her face,  
And so are every thought and feeling join'd,  
'Twere hard to answer whether heart or mind  
Of either were the native place.

[89]

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

21. She speaks,  
Yet she says nothing!

*Romeo and Juliet.*

22. She will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, when thou art disposed to be merry; and  
will laugh like a hyena, when thou art disposed to sleep.

*As You Like It.*

23. Though on pleasure she is bent,  
She has a frugal mind.

GOLDSMITH.

24. Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn:  
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed.

*Merchant of Venice.*

25. Mind is her best gift, and poetry her world;  
And she will see strange beauty in a flower,  
As by a subtle vision.

WILLIS.

26. A being of sudden smiles and tears,  
Passionate visions, quick light and shade.

[90]

HEMANS.

27. Little she speaks, but dear attentions  
From her will ceaseless rise;  
She checks our wants with kind preventions,  
And lulls the children's cries.

DR. GILMAN.

28. Oh when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!  
She was a vixen when she went to school,  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

29. Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blest where'er she goes.

COWPER.

30. She has an earnest intellect, a perfect thirst of mind,  
A heart by elevated thoughts and poetry refined.

31. A timid grace sits trembling in her eye,  
 Speaking most plain the thoughts which do possess  
 Her gentle sprite,—peace, and meek quietness,  
 And innocent love, and maiden purity.

CHARLES LAMB.

32. She hath more hair than wit,  
 More faults than hairs,  
 And more wealth than faults.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

33. Her soul is more than half divine,  
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,  
 Like light through summer foliage stealing.

[91]

MOORE.

34. She will turn from a love-breathing seraph away,  
 If he come not apparell'd in purple and gold.

MRS. OSGOOD.

35. She sways her house, commands her followers,  
 Takes and gives back affairs and their despatch,  
 With a most smooth, discreet, and stable bearing.

*Twelfth Night.*

36. Spring hath no blossom fairer than her form,  
 Winter no snow-wreath purer than her mind.  
 The dew-drop trembling to the summer sun  
 Is like her smile; bright, transient, heaven-refined.

MRS. PIERSON.

37. She is a lady of confirmed honor, of an unmatchable spirit, and determinate in all virtuous resolutions; not hasty to anticipate an affront, nor slow to feel where just provocation is given.

CHARLES LAMB.

38. Her outward charms are less  
 Than her winning gentleness;  
 With maiden purity of heart,  
 Which, without the aid of art,  
 Does in coldest hearts inspire  
 Love.

[92]

JAMES ALDRICH.

39. She dwells among us like a star,  
 That from its bower of bliss  
 Looks down, yet gathers not a stain  
 From aught it sees in this.

MRS. WELBY.

40. She in pleasant purpose doth abound,  
 And greatly joyeth merry tales to feign.

SPENSER.

41. Early and late, at her soul's gate,  
 Sits Chastity in warder wise;  
 No thought unchallenged, small or great,  
 Goes thence into her eyes;  
 Nor may a low, unworthy thought  
 Beyond that virgin warder win,  
 Nor one, whose password is not "ought,"  
 May go without, or enter in.

J. R. LOWELL.

42.           A light, busy foot astir  
 In her small housewifery, the blithest bee  
 That ever wrought in hive.

MITFORD.

43. Practised to lisp and hang the head aside,  
 Faint into airs, and languish into pride.

[93]

POPE.

44.           She is ever fair, and never proud,  
 Hath tongue at will, and yet is never loud.

*Othello.*



45. I call her richly blest,  
In the calm meekness of her woman's breast,  
Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies;  
And for her household love, which clings  
Unto all ancient and familiar things,  
Weaving from each some link for home's dear charities.

HEMANS.

46. She's peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

47. No simplest duty is forgot;  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

J. R. LOWELL.

48. Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprizing what they look on;—and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

49. With despatchful looks  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order so contrived as not to mix  
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change.

[94]

MILTON.

50. None so gay as she;  
Up hill and down, morning, and noon, and night,  
Singing or talking; singing to herself  
When none give ear.

ROGERS—*Italy.*

51. The green  
And growing leaves of seventeen  
Are round her;—and half hid, half seen,  
A violet flower;  
Nursed by the virtues she hath been  
From childhood's hour.

HALLECK.

52. Blest with temper whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:  
Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,  
And mistress of herself though china fall.

POPE—*Characters of Women.*

53. Seldom she speaks, but she will listen  
With all the signs of soul;  
Her cheek will change, her eye will glisten,  
As waves of feeling roll.

[95]

DR. GILMAN.

54. She bears a purse; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.

*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

55. You are as rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

56. Oh, she is a golden girl,  
But a man—a *man* should woo her!  
They who seek her shrink aback,  
When they should like storms pursue her.

BARRY CORNWALL.

57. She is soft as the dew-drops that fall  
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea;  
Perhaps when she smiled upon all,  
Thou hast thought that she smiled upon thee.

MACKENZIE—*Man of Feeling.*

58. She is the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons disinherited.

SHERIDAN.

59. All her strain  
Is of domestic gladness, fire-side bliss,  
And household rule; nor thought loose, light, or vain,  
Stains her pure vision of meek happiness.

[96]

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

60. She loves, but 'tis not you she loves,  
Not you on whom she ponders,  
When in some dream of tenderness  
Her truant fancy wanders.  
The forms that flit her vision through,  
Are like the shapes of old,  
Where tales of Prince and Paladin  
On tapestry are told.  
Man may not hope her heart to win,  
Be his of common mould.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

[97]

### WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF HIM WHO LOVES YOU?

Something that may serve to set in view  
The doings, observations which his mind  
Had dealt with—I will here record in verse.

WORDSWORTH.

[98]

### WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF HIM WHO LOVES YOU?

[99]



f manners gentle, of affections mild,  
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

POPE.

2. He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough; he's one of the soundest judgments, and a proper man of person.

*Troilus and Cressida.*

3. Love, fame, and glory, with alternate sway  
Thrill his warm heart, and with electric ray  
Illume his eye; yet still a shade of care,  
Like a light cloud that floats in summer air,  
Will shed at times a transitory gloom,  
But shadow not one grace of manly bloom.

MRS. K. WARE.

4. He wounds no breast with jeer and jest, yet bears no honey'd tongue,  
He's social with the gray-hair'd one, and merry with the young.

[100]

ELIZA COOK.

5. A shallow brain behind a serious mask,  
An oracle within an empty cask;  
He says but little, and that little said  
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.

COWPER—*Conversation.*

6. Fearless he is, and scorning all disguise;  
What he dares do, or think, though men may start,  
He speaks with mild, yet unaverted eyes.

SHELLEY.

7. A lofty spirit his, and somewhat proud;  
Little gallant, and has a sort of cloud  
Hanging forever on his cold address.

LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini.*

8. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words,  
Swears brave oaths, and breaks them as bravely

*As You Like It.*

9. In truth he is a strange and wayward wight,  
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene;  
In darkness and in storm he finds delight,  
Nor less than when on ocean's wave serene  
The southern sun displays his dazzling sheen.

BEATTIE—*Minstrel.*

10. There is in him so much man, so much goodness,  
So much of honor, and of all things else  
Which make our being excellent, that from his store  
He can enough lend others.

[101]

MASSINGER.

11. He draweth out the staple of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

*Love's Labour Lost.*

12. His words are strong, but not with anger fraught,  
A lore benignant he hath lived and taught;  
To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness  
And good example is his business.

CHAUCER.

13. The monarch-mind, the mystery of commanding,  
The god-like power, the art Napoleon  
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding  
The hearts of millions, till they move as one.

HALLECK.

14. Devout, yet cheerful; pious, not austere;  
To others lenient, to himself severe.

DR. HARVEY.

15. With scrupulous care exact, he walks the rounds  
Of fashionable duty; laughs when sad,  
When merry weeps, deceiving is deceived,  
And flattering, flatter'd.

POLLOK.

16. A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

[102]

*Hamlet.*

17. Erect, morose, determined, solemn, slow;  
Who knows the man can never cease to know.

CRABBE.

18. Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,  
To relish a joke, and rejoice in a pun!

GOLDSMITH.

19.                   He is a man  
Among a thousand. Unassuming, he  
May yet assume unquestion'd. Gentleness,  
And a strange strength, a calm o'erruling strength,  
Are mix'd within him so, that neither take  
Possession from the other,—neither rise  
In mastery or passion, but both grow  
Harmoniously together.

W. G. SIMMS.

20. For beauty and fortin' the laddie's been courtin',  
Weel featured, weel tochered, weel mounted and brow!

BURNS.

21. He will pick a quarrel for a straw,  
And fight it out to the extremity.

CHARLES LAMB.

22. He cannot flatter and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and coy,  
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy.

[103]

*Richard III.*

23. A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more.

WORDSWORTH.

24. His young bosom feels the enchantment strong  
Of light, and joy, and minstrelsy and song.

PIERPONT—*Airs of Palestine.*

25. If he has any faults he leaves us in doubt,  
At least in six weeks we can't find them out.

GOLDSMITH.

26. The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
The friend of age, the guide of youth;  
Few hearts like his with virtue warm'd,  
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd.

BURNS.

27. If his body were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea,  
I'll eat the rest of his anatomy.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

28. He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
You never can please him, do a' that you can;  
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows.

BURNS.

29. An ample soul,  
Rockbound and fortified against assaults  
Of transitory passion, but below  
Built on a surging, subterraneous fire,  
That stirs and lifts him up to high attempts.

[104]

TAYLOR.

30. His very manners teach to amend,  
They are so even, grave and holy;  
No stubbornness so stiff, nor folly  
To license ever was so light,  
As twice to trespass in his sight;  
His look would so correct it when  
It chid the vice, yet not the men.

BEN JONSON.

31. He thinks,  
That he who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day.

BUTLER—*Hudibras.*

32. He keeps his honesty and truth,  
His independent tongue and pen,  
And moves in manhood, as in youth,  
Pride of his fellow-men.

HALLECK.

33. His life doth flow  
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,  
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure  
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill  
May hover round its surface, glides in light,  
And takes no shadow from them.

[105]

TALFOURD—*Ion.*

34. He is too costly for every day,  
You would want another for working days.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

35. Strange, that his nobly fashion'd mould,  
In which a very god might dwell,  
Should only live to dig for gold,  
And perish in its narrow cell!

BOWRING.

36. He has no party rage, no sectary's whim;  
Christian and countryman is all with him.

CRABBE.

37. Valiant he as fire,  
Showing danger more than ire.  
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,  
And as honest as his birth;  
All his actions they are such  
As to do no thing too much;  
Nor o'erpraise, nor yet condemn,  
Nor outvalue, nor contemn,  
Nor do wrongs nor wrongs receive,  
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave.  
From all baseness to be free,  
As he durst love truth and thee.

[106]

38. He snuffs far off the anticipated joy,  
Turtle and venison all his thoughts employ.

COWPER.

39.                   In his strength  
The mighty oak has likeness; gentleness  
In him is like the rosy parasite,  
The flush Spring gives it wrapping it around  
With sweetest color and adorning grace.  
His soul, refined beyond the rustic world,  
Has yet no city vices. He has kept  
Its whiteness unprofaned.

W. G. SIMMS.

40. He'll never learn his bark to steer  
'Mid passion's sudden, wild career,  
Nor try at times to tack and veer  
                  To interest's gale,  
But hoist the sheet, unawed by fear  
                  Though storms prevail.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

41. A fair example of his own pure creed,  
Patient of error, pitiful to need,  
Persuasive wisdom in his thoughtful mien.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

42.                   One of that stubborn sort he is,  
Who if they once grow fond of an opinion,  
They call it honor, honesty, and faith,  
And sooner part with life than let it go.

[107]

ROWE—*Jane Shore*.

43. Virtue's his path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow  
For his vast soul, and then he starts wide out,  
And bounds into a vice that bears him far  
From his first course, and plunges him in ills.

DRYDEN—*All for Love*.

44.    A man whom storms can never make  
Meanly complain, nor can a flattering gale  
Make him talk proudly.

DR. WATTS.

45. He'll prattle shrewdly with such witty folly,  
As almost betters reason.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

46. Heed not, though at times he seem  
Dark and still, and cold as clay;  
He is shadow'd by his dream,  
But 'twill pass away.

BARRY CORNWALL.

47. He quick is anger'd, and as quick  
His short-lived passion's over-past,  
Like summer lightnings, flashing thick,  
But flying ere a bolt is cast.

E. D. GRIFFIN.

48.                   Oh, he's as tedious  
As a tired horse, a railing wife,  
Worse than a smoky house.

[108]

*Henry IV.*

49.                   Love, the germ  
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,  
Expanding with its progress; as the store  
Of rainbow color, which the seed conceals,  
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury  
To flush and circle in the flower.

TALFOURD—*Ion*.

50. He is—but what need I say that or this,  
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!

RAMSAY—*Gentle Shepherd*.

51. With maids he's softer than the clouds in May;  
But had you seen him, lady, in his ire,  
When, like one born of thunder, he did march  
And strike down men as stubble sinks in fire—  
But then he hath a tongue could wile  
The laverock from the cloud.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

52.                   Within his soul  
Ssprings up a deep sense of the beautiful,  
The holy, the exalted, and a love  
Embracing in its circle all creation.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

53. He so light is at legerdemain,  
That what he touches comes not to light again.

[109]

SPENSER.

54. Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere;  
Modestly bold, and humanely severe.

POPE.

55. To express his mind to sense,  
Would ask a heaven's intelligence,  
Since nothing can report that flame  
But what's of kin to whence it came.

BEN JONSON.

56. A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,  
That holds his precious self his dear delight,  
And loves his own smart shadow in the street.

BURNS.

57.           No caprice of mind,  
No passing influence of idle time,  
No popular show, no clamor from the crowd  
Can move him, erring, from the path of right.

W. G. SIMMS.

58. Wasting his life for his country's care,  
Laying it down with a patriot's prayer.

BARRY CORNWALL.

59. A man whose sober soul can tell  
How to wear her garments well,  
Her garments that upon her sit  
As garments should do, close and fit;  
A well-clothed soul, that's not oppress'd  
Nor choked with what she should be dress'd;  
A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,  
Through which all her bright features shine.

[110]

CRASHAW.

60. And still we gaze, and still the wonder grows,  
That one small head can carry all he knows.

GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village*.

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## WHAT SEASON OF THE YEAR DO YOU LOVE?

[111]

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January gray is here,  
Like a sexton by a grave;  
February bears the bier,  
March with grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps; but oh, ye hours,  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

SHELLEY.

The seasons of the year,  
----some arm'd in silver ice that glisten,  
And some in gaudy green, come in like masquers.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[112]

[113]

## WHAT SEASON OF THE YEAR DO YOU LOVE?



he bold *March* wind!  
The merry, boisterous, bold March wind!  
Who in the violet's tender eyes  
Casts a kiss,—and forward flies.

BARRY CORNWALL.

2. The beautiful spirit of *Spring*,  
When the demons of Winter before her fly,  
While the gentle fan of her delicate wing  
Repels the ardor of Summer's eye.

JAMES NACK.

3. Thou lovest the merry *Summer* months of beauty, song, and flowers,  
Thou lovest the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers!  
Up, up, thy heart, and walk abroad, fling cark and care aside,  
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide,  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,  
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

[114]

MOTHERWELL.

4. The *eventide of Summer*, when the trees  
Yield their fresh honors to the passing breeze,  
And woodland paths with autumn tints are dyed;  
When the mild sun his paling lustre shrouds  
In gorgeous draperies of golden clouds.

MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

5. When on the breath of *Autumn* breeze,  
From pastures dry and brown,  
Goes floating, like an idle thought,  
The fair white thistle-down.

MARY HOWITT.

6. A day of *Winter* beauty. Through the night  
The hoar-frost gather'd o'er each leaf and spray,  
Weaving its filmy net-work, thin and bright,  
And shimmering like silver in the ray  
Of the soft sunny morning;—turf and tree  
Prank'd in delicate embroidery,  
And every wither'd stump and mossy stone  
With gems encrusted and with seed-pearls sown!

MRS. WHITMAN.

7.                               When *May*,  
With her cap crown'd with roses,  
Stands in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet  
Murmur gladness and peace, God's peace! with lips rosy tinted,  
Whisper the race of the flowers, and merry, on balancing branches,  
Birds are singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.

[115]

LONGFELLOW.

8.                               *Autumn eventide*;  
When sinking on the blue hill's breast, the sun  
Spreads the large bounty of his level blaze,  
Lengthening the shade of mountains and tall trees.

GEORGE LUNT.

9. When on a keen *December* night, Jack Frost  
Drives through mid air his chariot icy-wheel'd,  
And from the sky's crisp ceiling, star-emboss'd,  
Whiffs off the clouds that the pure blue concealed.

TENNENT—*Anster Fair*.

10. When *Spring*, advancing, calls her feather'd quire,  
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;  
Musk'd in the rose's lap fresh dews are shed,  
And breathe celestial lustres round her head.

DARWIN.

11. *June* with its roses,—June!  
The gladdest month of the capricious year,  
With its thick foliage, and its sunlight clear,  
And with a drowsy tune  
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass  
Laughingly on, amid the springing grass!

[116]

W. H. BURLEIGH.

12. When *Autumn*, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside, a-weary.

LONGFELLOW.

13. *Winter*, shod with fleecy snow,  
Who cometh *white*, and *cold*, and *mute*,  
Lest he should wake the Spring below.

BARRY CORNWALL.

14. When the south wind in *May* days,  
With a net of shining haze,  
Silvers the horizon wall;  
And with softness touching all,  
Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance,  
And infusing gentle heats,  
Turns the sod to violets.

R. W. EMERSON.

15. When *Spring's* unfolded blooms  
Exhale in sweetness, that the skilful bee  
May taste, at will, from their selected spoils,  
To work her dulcet sweet.

AKENSIDE—*Pleasures of the Imagination.*

16.           The joyous *Winter* days,  
When sits the soul intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

[117]

THOMSON.

17. The *Spring*, as she passes along  
With her eye of light, and her lip of song.

W. G. CLARK.

18. *October!* Heaven's delicious breath,  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow meek, and the meek sun grows brief,  
And the year smiles, as drawing near its death.

W. C. BRYANT.

19. The *April* rain! the *April* rain!  
To list the pleasant sound,  
Now soft and still like gentle dew,  
Now drenching all the ground.  
Pray tell me why an April shower  
Is pleasanter to see,  
Than falling drops of other rain?  
I'm sure it is to thee.

MRS. SEBA SMITH.

20. *Spring*, when from yon blue-topp'd mountain  
She leaves her green print 'neath each spreading tree,  
Her tuneful voice beside the swelling fountain  
Giving sweet notes to its wild melody.

[118]

JULIA H. SCOTT.

21. A season *atween June and May*,  
Half pranked with Spring, with summer half embrown'd.

THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.*

22. When comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood, and by the stream no more.

W. C. BRYANT.

23. Brave *Winter* and thou shalt ever agree,  
Though a stern and frowning gaffer is he;  
You like to hear him, with hail and rain,  
Come tapping against the window pane;  
You joy to see him come marching forth,  
Begirt with the icicle gems of the north;  
But you like him best when he comes bedight  
In his velvet robes of stainless white.

[119]

ELIZA COOK.



24. When "adieu!" father Winter has sadly said  
To the world, when about withdrawing,  
With his old white wig half off his head,  
And his icicle fingers *thawing!*  
MISS H. F. GOULD.
25. Gentle *May*,  
She with her robe of flowers;  
She with her sun and sky, her clouds and showers!  
Who bringeth forth unto the eye of day,  
From their imprisoning and mysterious night,  
The buds of many hues, the children of her light.  
J. LAWRENCE, JR.
26. The last days of *Autumn*, when the corn  
Lies sweet and mellow in the harvest-field,  
And the gay company of reapers bind  
The bearded wheat in sheaves.  
I. MCLELLAN.
27. Drear *Winter!*  
With no unholy awe we hear thy voice,  
As by our dying embers, safely housed,  
We in deep silence muse.  
H. K. WHITE.
28. You love to go in the capricious days  
Of *April*, and hunt violets, when the rain  
Is in their blue cups, trembling as they nod  
So gracefully, to kisses of the wind.  
N. P. WILLIS. [120]
29. Merry, ever merry May!  
Made of sun-gleams, shades, and showers,  
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;  
Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested,  
Violet-slipper'd, rainbow-crested,  
Girdled with the eglantine,  
Festoon'd with the flowering vine!  
GALLAGHER.
30. When the warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,  
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,  
And the year,  
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,  
Is lying.  
SHELLEY.
31. When the angel of dread *Winter* cometh,  
But not in anger. As he speeds along,  
Borne on the chilling wind, he bids appear  
A thousand varied hues the trees among!  
What magic beauty doth his presence fling  
Round every leaf that quivers in the dell,  
Or shrub that to the mountain side doth cling!  
And the bright scene the calm lake mirrors well,  
As if within its depths were wove some golden spell.  
H. F. HARRINGTON. [121]
32. Delicious Spring!  
Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,  
Which fall from clouds that lift their snowy wing  
From odorous buds of light-enfolded flowers,  
And from enmassed bowers,  
That over grassy walks their greenness fling.  
ALBERT PIKE.
33. The Summer, the radiant Summer's the fairest,  
For green woods and mountains, for meadows and bowers,  
For waters and fruits, and for flowers the rarest,  
And for bright shining butterflies, lovely as flowers.  
MARY HOWITT.
34. When *September's* golden day,  
Serenely still, intensely bright,  
Fades on the umber'd hills away  
And melts into the coming night.  
MRS. WHITMAN.

35. When Autumn chills the foliage, and sheds  
O'er the piled leaves, among the evergreens,  
All colors and all tints to grace the scene.

RUFUS DAWES.

36. Ho! jewel-keeper of the hoary North!  
Whence hast thou all thy treasures? Why, the mines  
Of rich Golconda, since the world was young,  
Would fail to furnish such a glorious show!  
    Yes, the *Wintry* king,  
So long decried, hath revenue more rich  
Than sparkling diamonds!

[122]

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

37.                   When *Spring*  
From sunny slopes comes wandering,  
Calling violets from the sleep,  
That bound them under the snow-drift deep,  
To open their childlike, asking eyes  
On the new summer paradise.

J. R. LOWELL.

38. Autumn! how lovely is thy pensive air!  
But chief the sounds from thy reft woods delight;  
Their deep, low murmurs to the soul impart  
A solemn stillness.

MRS. TIGHE—*Psyche*.

39. When *Winter* nights grow long,  
And winds without blow cold,  
And we sit in a ring round the warm hearth-fire,  
And listen to stories old.

BARRY CORNWALL.

40.                   *Spring*;  
When blushing like a bride from Hope's trim bower,  
She leaps, awakened by the pattering shower.

[123]

COLERIDGE.

41. *Autumn* dark on the mountains; when gray mists rest on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on  
the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. The leaves whirl with the wind,  
and strew the graves of the dead.

OSSIAN.

42. When the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Fair Venus' train, appear;  
Disclose the long-expected flowers,  
And wake the purple year.  
The attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of *Spring*;  
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
Cool zephyrs, through the clear blue sky,  
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

GRAY.

43. When golden *Autumn* from her open lap  
The fragrant bounty showers.

SOMERVILLE—*The Chace*.

44. Dark *Winter* is a happy time:  
God gives the earth repose, and earth bids man  
Wipe his hot brow; the poet pours his rhyme,  
And mirth awakes.

[124]

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

45.                   When *Spring-tide* approaches;  
Leaf by leaf is developed, and warm'd by the radiant sunshine,  
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom  
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown to the breeze.

LONGFELLOW.

46.           The first day of *May*,  
When the sun is rejoicing alone in heaven,  
    The clouds have all hurried away.  
Down in the meadow the blossoms are waking,  
Light on their twigs the young leaves are shaking,  
Round the warm knolls the lambs are a-leaping,  
The colt from his fold o'er the pasture is sweeping,  
    And on the bright lake,  
    The little waves break,  
For there the cool west is at play.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

47. The desolate and dying year,  
    Yet lovely in its lifelessness,  
As beauty stretch'd upon the bier,  
    In death's clay-cold and dark caress;  
There's loveliness in its decay,  
Which breathes, which lingers on it still.

[125]

J. G. BROOKS.

48. Pale, rugged *Winter*, bending o'er his tread,  
    His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;  
His eyes a dusky light, congeal'd and dead,  
    His robe a tinge of bright ethereal blue.

CHATTERTON.

49. The uncertain glory of an *April* day,  
    Which now shows all the beauty of the skies,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

50.           When the sun  
More darkly tinges Spring's fair brow,  
    And laughing fields have just begun  
The *Summer's* golden hues to show;  
    Earth still with flowers is richly dight,  
And the *last* rose in gardens bides to glow.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

51. The pryde, the *manhode* of the yeare,  
When eke the ground is dight in its most deft<sup>[B]</sup> aumere.<sup>[C]</sup>

ROWLEY—(*Chatterton.*)

[B] Ornamental.

[C] Mantle.

52.    An *Autumn* night  
    With a piercing sight,  
And a step both strong and free;  
    And a voice for wonder,  
    Like the wrath of the thunder,  
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

[126]

BARRY CORNWALL.

53.           When *Spring's* first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie.

MRS. HEMANS.

54.           When  
The breath of *Winter* comes from far away,  
    And the rich west continually bereaves  
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay  
    Of death among the bushes and the leaves.

KEATS.

55. When *Spring* pours out his showers, as is his wont,  
And bathes the breathing tresses of meek eve.

COLLINS.

56. *Autumn* skies, when all the woods are hung  
With many tints, the fading livery  
Of life, in which it mourns the coming storms  
Of winter; when the quiet winds awake  
Faint dirges in the wither'd leaves, and breathe  
Their sorrow through the grove.

PERCIVAL.

57. Sweet *Spring*, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie.

OLD HERBERT.

58. When a soft haze is hanging o'er the hill,  
Tinged with a purple light. How beautiful,  
And yet how cold! 'Tis the first robe put on  
By sad *October*.

[127]

W. G. SIMMS.

59. *Spring* doeth all she can, I trow;  
She brings the bright hours,  
She weaves the sweet flowers,  
She dresseth her bowers  
For all below.

BARRY CORNWALL.

60. *Spring time*,  
Which crumbles Winter's gyves with tender might,  
When in the genial breeze, (the breath of God,)  
Come spouting up the unseal'd springs to light,  
Flowers start from their dark prisons at our feet,  
And woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet.

BRYANT.

[128]

[129]

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### WHAT HOUR DO YOU LOVE?

---

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear! A simple train  
Yet so delightful, mix'd with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined,  
Shade unperceived so softening into shade,  
And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.

THOMSON.

The winged Hours!  
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
The sun's bright portals, and the skies, command;  
Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,  
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

[130]

[131]

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### WHAT HOUR DO YOU LOVE?

---



hen, from ebon streak,  
The *moon* puts forth a little diamond peak,  
No bigger than an unobserved star,  
Or tiny point of fairy cimenter;  
Bright signal, that she only stoops to tie  
Her silver sandals, ere deliciously  
She bows into the heavens her timid head.

KEATS.

2. When *morning* cometh, with a still  
And gliding mystery, on the breaking gray  
Of the fresh east.

W. G. SIMMS.

3. When the *stars* are out—  
Cold, but still beautiful,—a crowded choir,  
Harmonious in their heavenly minstrelsy.

RUFUS DAWES.

4. When blue-eyed day  
Has yielded up her regency, and *night*,  
Exceeding beautiful, resumes her right  
As solemn watchman.

[132]

5. When sunk the sun, and up the eastern heaven,  
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,  
Moves the meek star of eve.
- MILMAN.
6. When *Phœbus*, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,  
Comes dauncing forth, shaking his dewie hayre,  
And hurls his glistering beams through gloomy ayre.
- SPENSER.
7. When on the sunlit limits of the night,  
Her white shell trembling amid crimson air,  
Glides the *young moon*.
- SHELLEY.
8. When clouds lay cradled near the *setting sun*,  
And gleams of crimson tinge their braided snow.
- WILSON.
9. When the glorious sun has gone,  
And the gathering darkness of *night comes on*;  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.
- H. WARE, JR.
10. You love the deep, deep pause, that reigns  
At *highest noon*, o'er hills and plains.
- [133]
- CARRINGTON.
11. When the stars do disappear,  
With only one remaining,  
The morning star alone;  
Just like a maid complaining,  
When all her hopes are gone.
- WILLIAM CRAFTS.
12. When climbs above the eastern bar  
The *horned moon*, with one bright star  
Within the nether lip.
- COLERIDGE.
13. When comes forth the *glorious day*,  
Like a bridegroom richly dight,  
And before his flashing ray  
Flies the sullen, vanquish'd night.
- S. G. BULFINCH.
14. When Apollo doth devise  
new apparelling for western skies.
- KEATS.
15. Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And like phantoms, grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light,  
Dance upon the parlor wall.
- LONGFELLOW.
16. When like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
The *moon arises* on the murky earth.
- [134]
- SHELLEY.
17. *Morning* in your garden, when each leaf of crisped green  
Hangs tremulous in diamonds, with em'rald rays between.  
It is the birth of nature, baptized in early dew,  
The plants look meekly up and smile as if their God they knew.
- MRS. GILMAN.
18. Ah, let the gay the roseate morning hail,  
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,  
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale,  
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade.  
Sweet is the lucid morning's opening flower,  
Her choral melodies benignly rise;  
Yet dearer to your soul the *shadowy hour*  
At which her blossoms close, her music dies.

19. The *middle watch* of a summer's *night*,  
When earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;  
Naught is seen in the vault on high,  
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,  
And the flood, which rolls its milky hue,  
A river of white on the welkin blue.

[135]

DRAKE.

20. When little birds begin discourse,  
In quick, low voices, *ere the streaming light*  
Pours on their nests from out the day's fresh source.

R. H. DANA.

21. *Morning*, when the sun pours his first light  
Amid a forest, and with ray aslant,  
Entering its depth, illumes the branchless pines,  
Brightening their bark, tinging with redder hue  
Its rusty stains, and casting on the earth  
Long lines of shadow, where they rise erect  
Like pillars of a temple.

SOUTHEY—*Madoc*.

22. *Sunrise*, slanting on a city, when  
The early risen poor are coming in,  
Duly and cheerfully to toil, and up  
Rises the hammer's clink, with the far hum  
Of moving wheels, and multitudes astir,  
And all that in a city murmur swells.

N. P. WILLIS.

23. When the *west*  
Opens her golden bowers of *rest*,  
And a moist radiance from the skies  
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
Of some meek penitent, whose last  
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
And whose sweet tears o'er wrong forgiven,  
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven.

[136]

MOORE—*Lalla Rookh*.

24. The *midnight* hour, when  
Slow through the studious gloom, thy pausing eye,  
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around  
The sacred volumes of the dead.

AKENSIDE—*Pleasures of the Imagination*.

25. When *evening's virgin Queen*  
Sits on her fringed throne serene,  
And mingling whispers, rising near,  
Steal on the still reposing ear.

H. K. WHITE.

26. When the moon riseth as if dreaming,  
Treading with still white feet the lulled sea.

*From the Etonian*.

27. When day hath put on his jacket, and around  
His burning bosom button'd it with stars.

O. W. HOLMES.

28. *Morning*, with all her attributes; the slow  
Impearling of the heavens, the sparkling white  
On the webb'd grass, the fragrant mistiness,  
The fresh airs, with the twinkling leaves at sport,  
And all the gradual and emerging light,  
The crystalline distinctness settling clear,  
And all the wakening of strengthening sound.

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MILMAN—*Lord of the Bright City*.

29. Her *twilight* robe when nature wears,  
And evening sheds her sweetest tears,  
Which every thirsty plant receives,  
While silence trembles on the leaves.  
From every tree, and flower, and bush,  
There seems to breathe a soothing hush,  
While every transient sound but shows  
How deep and still is the repose.

MRS. FOLLEN.

30. When as the *evening shades prevail*,  
The moon takes up her wondrous tale,  
And, nightly, to the listening earth  
Proclaims the story of her birth.  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

ADDISON.

31. When thronging constellations rush in crowds,  
Paving with fire the sky.

SHELLEY.

32. A *beautiful sunset*, when warm o'er the lake  
Its splendor, at parting, a summer eve throws,  
Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take  
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes.

[138]

MOORE—*Lalla Rookh*.

33.                   The *midnight hour*,  
The starlight wedding of the earth and heaven,  
When music breathes in perfume from the flower,  
And high revealings to the heart are given.

S. L. FAIRFIELD.

34. Weel may'st thou welcome the night's deathly reign,  
Wi' souls of the dearest ye're mingling then;  
The gowd light o' mornin' is lightless to thee,  
But, oh! for the *night* wi' its ghost revelrie.

WILLIAM THOM.

35. Come, stir the fire, and close the shutters fast;  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So will you welcome cheerful *evening* in.

COWPER—*Task*.

36.                   When the *moon*  
Bends her *new* silver bow, as if to fling  
Her arrow lustre through some vapor's wing.

PARK BENJAMIN.

37. Be it the *summer noon*; a sandy space  
The ebbing tide has left upon its place,  
While the broad basin of the ocean keeps  
An equal motion, swelling as it sleeps,  
Then, slowly sinking, curling to the strand,  
Faint, lazy waves o'er-creep the ridgy sand.  
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd, for they glide  
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide.

[139]

CRABBE.

38. Night; when the stars are gemming heaven,  
And seem like angels' eyes,  
Resuming still their silent watch  
Within the far-off skies.  
When tenderly they gaze on us,  
Those children of the air,  
While every ray they send to us  
Some message seems to bear.

MISS LEWIS.

39.                   The *Sabbath morn*  
So sweet;—all sounds save nature's voice are still;  
Mute shepherd's song-pipe, mute the harvest horn,  
A holier tongue is given to brook and rill;  
Old men climb silently their cottage-hill,  
There ruminatè, and look sublime abroad,  
Shake from their feet, as thought on thought comes still,  
The dust of life's long, dark, and dreary road,  
And rise from this gross earth, and give the day to God.

THOMAS MILLER.

40. When the fair young moon in a silver bow  
Looks back from the bending west,  
Like a weary soul that is glad to go  
To the long-sought place of rest.  
When her crescent lies in a beaming crown,  
On the distant hill's dark head,  
Serene as the righteous looking down  
On the world from his dying-bed.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

41. When gleaming through the gorgeous fold  
Of clouds, around his glory roll'd,  
The *orb of gold*, half hid, half seen,  
Swells his rays of tremulous sheen,  
That, widely as the billows roll,  
Glance quivering on their distant goal.

SOTHEBY—*Constance de Castile*.

42. When, like lobster boiled, the *morn*  
From black to red begins to turn.

BUTLER—*Hudibras*.

43. When in mid air, on seraph wing,  
The paly *moon* is journeying  
In stillest paths of stainless blue.  
Keen, curious stars are peering through  
Heaven's arch this hour; they dote on her  
With perfect love, nor can she stir  
Within her vaulted halls apace,  
Ere, rushing out with joyous face,  
These Godkins of the sky  
Smile as she glides in loveliness,  
While every heart beats high  
With passion, and breaks forth to bless  
Her loftier divinity.

[141]

MOTHERWELL.

44. When comes still evening on, and twilight gray  
Hath in her sober livery all things clad,  
Silence accompanying.

MILTON—*Paradise Lost*.

45. When calm the grateful air, and loth to lose  
Day's grateful warmth, though moist with falling dews;  
Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;  
Look up a second time, and one by one  
You mark them twinkle out, with silvery light,  
And wonder how they could elude your sight.

WORDSWORTH.

46. When your fire, with dim unequal light,  
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall  
Sombrous and strange upon the darkening wall,  
Ere the clear taper chase the deepening night.

W. L. BOWLES.

47. When the sun's broad orb  
Seems resting on the burnish'd wave,  
And lines  
Of purple gold hang motionless,  
Above the *sinking sphere*.

[142]

SHELLEY.

48. *Morn* breaking in the east. When purple clouds  
Are putting on their gold and violet,  
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.

N. P. WILLIS.

49. When the day  
In golden slumber sinks, with accent sweet  
*Mild evening* comes, to lure the willing feet  
With her to stray,  
Where'er the bashful flowers the observant eye may greet.

H. PICKERING.

50. The light of *midnight* skies  
When the red meteor rides the cloud.

MISS LONDON.



51.                   When at *noon*,  
High on his throne, the visible lord of light  
Rides in his fullest blaze, and dashes wide  
Thick flashes from his wheels

J. G. Percival.

52. *Night* on the waves, when the moon is on high,  
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,  
Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds as they pass her to light.

[143]

J. K. HERVEY.

53. When yonder *western throng of clouds*  
Retiring from the sky,  
So calmly move, so softly glow,  
They seem, to fancy's eye,  
Bright creatures of a better sphere,  
Come down at noon to worship here,  
And from their sacrifice of love  
Returning to their courts above.

G. D. PRENTICE.

54. When the *moon*, her lids unclosing, deigns  
To smile serenely on the charmed sea,  
That shines, as if inlaid with lightning chains,  
From which it hardly struggled to be free.

EPES SARGENT.

55.     The *high festival of night*,  
When earth is radiant with delight,  
And fast as weary day retires  
The heaven unfolds its secret fires,  
Bright, as when first the firmament  
Around the new-made world was bent,  
And infant seraphs pierced the blue,  
Till rays of heaven came shining through.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

56.                   When the *sun*  
*Rises*, visiting earth with light, and heat,  
And joy; and seems as full of youth, and strong  
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the stars  
Of morning sang to his first dawn.

[144]

POLLOK—*Course of Time*.

57. Let others hail the oriflamme of morn,  
O'er kindling hills unfurl'd, with gorgeous dyes,  
Oh, mild blue *evening*, still to thee we turn,  
With holier thoughts and with undazzled eyes.

R. C. SANDS.

58. *Night*; when a cloud, which through the sky,  
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career  
The rolling moon;—to watch it as it comes,  
And deem the deep opaque will blot her beams;  
But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs  
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes  
The orb with richer beauties than her own;  
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.

SOUTHEY—*Madoc*.

59.                   Thine own loved *moon's*,  
That every soft and solemn spirit worships;  
That lovers love so well; strange joy is *hers*,  
Whose influence o'er all tides of soul hath power.  
She lends her light to rapture and despair;  
The glow of hope, and wan hue of sick fancy,  
Alike reflect her rays; alike they light  
The path of meeting or of parting love;  
Alike on mingling or on breaking hearts  
*She* smiles in throned beauty.

[145]

MATURIN—*Bertram*.

60. *Sunrise;*  
 Rolling back the clouds into  
 Vapors more lovely than the unclouded sky,  
 With golden pinnacles and snowy mountains,  
 And billows purpler than the ocean's, making  
 In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,  
 So like, we almost deem it permanent;  
 So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught  
 Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently  
 Scatter'd along the eternal vault; and yet  
 It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,  
 And blends itself into the soul, until  
 Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch  
 Of sorrow and of love.

BYRON—*Sardanapalus*.

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### WHAT MUSICAL SOUNDS DO YOU LOVE?

Oh for some soul-affecting scheme  
 Of *moral* music.

WORDSWORTH.

Music, round her creep—  
 Seek her out, and when you find her,  
 Gentle, gentlest music, wind her  
     Round and round,  
     Round and round,  
 With your bands of softest sound.

BARRY CORNWALL.

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### WHAT MUSICAL SOUNDS DO YOU LOVE?



he sweet and solemn sound  
 Of Sabbath worshippers.

W. C. BRYANT.

2. The *bugle*, silver-tipp'd,  
 That with a breath, long-drawn, and slow-expiring,  
 Sends forth that strain, which, echoing through the wilds,  
 Tells of a loved one's glad return.

SOUTHEY.

3. The voice of *waters*, and the sheen  
 Of silver *fountains* leaping to the sea.

N. P. WILLIS.

4. The *humbee* singing  
 Drowsily among the flowers,  
     Sleepily, sleepily,  
 In noontide swayeth he,  
 Half balanced on a slender stalk.

J. R. LOWELL.

5. *One voice*, in its low, musical depth,  
 More dear and thrilling than the crowds' applause;  
 Even as the far-off murmur of the surge,  
 Heard at hush'd eve, is sweeter than the homage  
 Of waves tumultuous, dashing at your feet.

MRS. ELLET.

[150]

6. *Small voices*, and an old *guitar*,  
 Winning their way to an unguarded heart.

ROGERS—*Italy*.

7. When soft music comes to thine ear, as thou liest at night, thine eyes half closed in sleep, and thy soul as a stream flowing at pleasant sounds. It is like the rising breeze that whirls at first the thistle's beard, then flies dark-shadowy over the grass.  
 OSSIAN.
8. Kissing cymbals making merry din.  
 KEATS.
9. *Merry cricket*, twittering thing!  
 How you love to hear it sing!  
 Chirping tenant, child of mirth,  
 Minstrel of the poor man's hearth.  
 ELIZA COOK.
10. The wild enchanting *horn!*  
 Whose music up the deep and dewy air,  
 Swells to the clouds, and calls on echo there,  
 Till a new melody is born. [151]  
 GRENVILLE MELLEEN.
11. *Soft Lydian airs*  
*Married to immortal verse;*  
 Such as meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked with sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the cords that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony.  
 MILTON—L'Allegro.
12. Words to the witches in Macbeth unknown;  
*Hydraulics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics,*  
*Chlorine, and iodine, and ærostatics.*  
 HALLECK.
13. *The light guitar;*  
 Its holiest time the evening star,  
 When liquid voices echo far.  
 J. G. PERCIVAL.
14. *Cataracts* that blow their trumpets from the steep!  
 WORDSWORTH.
15. Through your very heart it thrilleth,  
 When from crimson-threaded lips  
 Silver-treble *laughter* trilleth.  
 TENNYSON.
16. The *cricket's* chirp, and the answer shrill  
 Of the gauze-winged *katydid*. [152]  
 J. R. DRAKE.
17. Naught as the music of *praise* and *prayer*  
 Is half so sweet.  
 BOWRING.
18. *Notes heard far off;* so far, as but to seem  
 Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.  
 MOORE.
19. A solemn *dirge;* now swelling high  
 In lofty strains, and now in cadence soft,  
 Seeming to die away upon the ear;  
 Then swelling loud again, reaching the skies,  
 As if to mingle with the music there.  
 MRS. DANA.
20. *Distance-mellow'd song,*  
 From bowers of merriment.  
 SOUTHEY.
21. The melancholy strain of that sad *bird*  
 Who sounds at night the warning note, that shuts  
 The delicate young flowers.  
 W. G. SIMMS.
22. The glad voice, the laughing voice of *streams,*  
 And the low cadence of the silvery *sea.*  
 MRS. HEMANS.

23. *Old songs* of love and sorrow.

MARY HOWITT.

[153]

24.                   The lively air  
When love enlists the *serenader's* skill.

MRS. DANA.

25.           The musical confusion  
Of *hounds* and *echo* in conjunction.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

26. When o'er the clear still water swells  
The music of the *Sabbath bells*.

W. C. BRYANT.

27. A deep and thrilling *song*,  
Which seems with piercing melody to reach  
The soul, and in mysterious union  
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.

SOUTHEY.

28.                   Ever wakeful *echo*;  
The nymph of sportive mockery, that still  
Hides behind every rock and every dell,  
And softly glides, unseen, from hill to hill;  
No sound doth rise but mimic it she will.

THEODORE FAY.

29.           The sounding *Viol*;  
When eyes with speaking glances,  
Kindle high with pleasure,  
As rings the well-known strain;  
With easy gliding motion,  
involved in graceful fancies,  
Of light uncertain measure,  
Responds the fairy train.

[154]

J. G. PERCIVAL.

30.                   Low *whisperings in boats*,  
As they shoot through the moonlight, with drippings  
of oars.

MOORE.

31.                   The *hunter's shout*,  
When clanging *horns* swell their sweet winding notes,  
The *pack wide-opening* on the trembling air  
With various melody.

SOMERVILLE—*The Chace.*

32.   The sounds awaken'd there  
In the *Pine leaves* fine and small,  
Soft and sweetly musical,  
By the fingers of the air.

J. G. WHITTIER.

33. The song of *spirits* that will sometimes sail  
Close to the ear, a deep, delicious stream,  
Then sweep away, and die with a low wail.

CROLY—*Angel of the World.*

34.                   The roar  
Of *ocean's* everlasting surges,  
Tumbling upon the beach's hard-beat floor,  
Or sliding backward to the shore,  
To meet the landward wave, and slowly plunge once more.

[155]

J. R. LOWELL.

35.                   The *rivulet*, which  
Sending glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed  
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,  
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice  
In its own being.

W. C. BRYANT.

36.                   *A damsel singing to herself*  
*A song of love by snatches*; breaking off  
If but a flower, an insect on the wing  
Please for an instant, then as carelessly  
The strain resuming.

ROGERS—*Italy.*

37. The sound of the *church-going bell*,  
When it bursts on the ear with its full, rich swell.  
MISS M. DAVIDSON.
38. The brisk, awakening *viol*,  
Whose sweet, entrancing voice you love the best.  
COLLINS.
39. The *blackbird's merry chant*. Bold plunderer!  
How sweet to hear his mellow burst of song  
Float from his watch-place on the mossy tree,  
Close at the cornfield's edge!  
[156]  
J. McLELLAN.
40. The sound of music at even-fall,  
Filling the heart  
With a flow of thought and feeling sweet,  
When *lips that we love* breathe forth the song.  
LOUISA P. SMITH.
41. The harp Eolian;  
Faintly at first it begins, scarce heard, and gentle its rising,  
Low as the softest breath that passes at summer evening;  
Then, as it swells and mounts up, the thrilling melody deepens,  
Till a mightier, holier virtue comes with its powerful tone.  
SOUTHEY.
42. The chirp of *birds*, blithe *voices*, lowing *kine*,  
The dash of *waters*, *reed*, or rustic *pipe*,  
Blent with the dulcet, distance-mellow'd *bell*.  
HILLHOUSE.
43. A *song of love and jollity*,  
To drive away dull melancholy.  
SPENSER.
44. *Preluding low*, soft notes that faint and tremble,  
Swelling, awakening, dying, plaining deep;  
While such sensations in the soul assemble,  
As make it pleasant to the eyes to weep.  
[157]  
MRS. MARIA BROOKS.
45. *Song of maids* beneath the moon,  
With fairy *laughter* blent.  
W. C. BRYANT.
46. To hear the glorious swell  
Of chanted psalm and prayer,  
And the deep *organ's* bursting heart  
Throb through the shivering air.  
J. R. LOWELL.
47. A noise like of a *hidden brook*,  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.  
COLERIDGE.
48. Approaching *trumpets*, that with quavering start,  
On the smooth wind come dancing to the heart.  
LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini*.
49. A *laugh* full of life, without any control  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from the soul.  
MOORE—*Lalla Rookh*.
50. *Fifes, cornets, drums*,  
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold  
Heroic deeds.  
[158]  
SOMERVILLE—*The Chace*.
51. A *little song*,  
Neither sad nor very long.  
BARRY CORNWALL.
52. A voice of music in the rustling leaves,  
When the green boughs are hung with living lutes,  
Whose strings will only vibrate to His hand  
Who made them.  
MISS H. F. GOULD.

53. The drums beat in the mornin', afore the screech o' day,  
And the wee, wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet the morn is gray.

MOTHERWELL.

54. The unseen *hawk*  
*Whistling* to clouds, and sky-born streams.

WORDSWORTH.

55. The low, sweet *shell*,  
By whose far music shall thy soul be haunted.

MISS LANDON.

56. The *trumpet's* war-note proud,  
The *trampling* and the *hum!*

MACAULAY.

57. A pattering sound  
Of ripen'd *acorns*, rustling to the ground  
Through the crisp, wither'd leaves.

[159]

MRS. WHITMAN.

58. *Birds* and *brooks* from leafy dells,  
Chiming forth unwearied canticles.

WORDSWORTH.

59. When the *organ peal*, loud rolling, meets  
The halleluiahs of the *choir*; sublime,  
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,  
As if the whole were one; suspended high  
In air, soaring heavenward, afar they float,  
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch.

GRAHAME—*The Sabbath.*

60. Tinklings of a vigilant guitar,  
Of sleepless lover to a wakeful mistress.

BYRON.

[160]  
[161]

## WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FLOWER?

I would I had some flowers of the Spring that might  
Become your time of day; and yours;—and yours.

*Winter's Tale.*

I send thee flowers, oh dearest, and I deem  
That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet words,  
Whose music, sweeter than the voice of birds,  
When breathed to thee alone, perchance may seem  
All eloquent of feelings unexpress'd.

PARK BENJAMIN.

A garland lay him by, made by himself  
Of many several flowers,  
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness  
Delighted me.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[162]  
[163]

## WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FLOWER?



the *sensitive plant*, the earliest  
Up-gathered unto the bosom of rest,  
A sweet child, weary of its delight,  
The feeblest, and yet the favorite,  
Cradled within the embrace of night.

SHELLEY.

2.                    *The jasmine;*  
Pride of Carolina's early Spring!  
                        Fairy land  
Is not more beautiful, than when, full blown,  
The jasmine, gilt by the Creator's hand,  
Hangs all around us.
- MRS. DANA.
3. *Hyacinths*, ringing their soft bells  
To call the bees from the anemonies,  
Jealous of their bright rivals' glowing wealth.
- MISS LONDON.
4.                    *Primroses,* [164]  
Which, when the lengthen'd shadows fall  
Like soft dreams o'er the earth,  
And all around a sabbath reigns  
As at creation's birth,  
Burst the magic bands of clay,  
And greet with smiles the sun's last ray.
- MISS M. E. LEE.
5. The chaste *camelia's* pure and spotless bloom,  
That boasts no fragrance, and conceals no thorn.
- W. ROSCOE.
6. The light *snowdrops*, which, starting from their cells,  
Hang each pagoda with their silver bells.
- O. W. HOLMES.
7. A *tulip*, which Titania may have chosen  
For rest or revelry, to feast or doze in.
- MISS MOISE.
8.                    *Roses,*  
Beautiful each, but different all;  
One with that pure but crimson flush,  
That marks a maiden's first love blush;  
                        *One,*  
Pale as the snow of the funeral stone;  
*Another*, rich as the damask die  
Of a monarch's purple drapery;  
And *one* hath leaves like the leaves of gold [165]  
Worked on that drapery's royal fold.
- MISS LONDON.
9. The *hare-bell* on the heath,  
The forest tree beneath,  
Which springs like elfin dweller of the wild;  
Light as a breeze astir  
Stemm'd with the gossamer,  
Soft as the blue eyes of a poet's child.
- MARY HOWITT.
10. Thou sweet *daisy*, common-place  
Of nature, with that homely face,  
And yet, with something of a grace,  
Which love makes for thee!
- WORDSWORTH.
11. The good old *passion-flower!*  
It bringeth to thy mind  
The young days of the Christian church,  
Dim ages left behind.
- MARY HOWITT.
12. *Sweet peas* on tiptoe for a flight,  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers, catching at all things,  
To bind them round about with tiny rings.
- KEATS.
13. *Heart's ease*. One could look for half a day [166]  
Upon this flower, and shape in fancy out  
Full twenty different tales of love and sorrow,  
That gave this gentle name.
- MARY HOWITT.

14. The humble *rosemary*,  
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed  
To scent the dead.  
MOORE.
15. The *primrose*, all bepearl'd with dew,  
So yellow, green, and richly too.  
Ask you why the stalk is weak,  
And bending, yet it doth not break?  
I must tell you these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a lover.  
CAREW.
16. Those greater far than all  
Our blessed Lord did see,  
The *lilies* beautiful, which grew  
In the fields of Galilee!  
MARY HOWITT.
17. A little flower, which  
Before the bolt of Cupid fell milk-white,  
Now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it *love-in-idleness*.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*.
18. The *lilac*, various in array—now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set  
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if,  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved  
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all.  
[167]  
COWPER.
19. *King-cup*, with its canary hue;  
'Twas from this goblet Psyche drew  
The nectar for her butterflies.  
MISS MOISE.
20. *Jasmine*, with her pale stars shining through  
The myrtle darkness of her leaf's green hue.  
MRS. NORTON.
21. The *water-lilies*, that glide so pale,  
As if with constant care  
Of the treasures which they bear;  
For those ivory vases hold  
Each a sunny gift of gold.  
MISS LONDON.
22. *Daffodils*,  
That come before the swallow dares,  
And take the winds of March with beauty.  
*Winter's Tale*.
23. Sweet *wild-flowers*, that hold their quiet talk  
Upon the uncultured green.  
MRS. GILMAN.
24. The virgin *lilies* in their white,  
Clad but with the lawn of almost naked white.  
[168]  
COWLEY.
25. The *hyacinth*, for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue.  
BURNS.
26. Blue *pelleoret*, from purple leaves up-slanting  
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden,  
Shining beneath dropp'd lids, the evening of her wedding.  
DRAKE.
27. A *tulip* just open'd, offering to hold  
A butterfly gaudy and gay,  
Or rocking its cradle of crimson and gold,  
Where the careless young slumberer lay.  
MISS GOULD.



28. She comes—the first, the fairest thing  
That heaven upon the earth doth fling,  
Ere winter's star has set;  
She dwells behind her leafy screen,  
And gives as angels give—unseen,—  
The *violet*!
- BARRY CORNWALL.
29. The rich *magnolia*,  
High priestess of the flowers, whose censer fills  
The air.
- MRS. SIGOURNEY.
30. CEREUS,  
Who wastes on night's dull eye a blaze of charms.
- [169]
- DARWIN.
31. The *scarlet creeper's* bloom,  
When 'midst her leaves the humbird's varying dyes  
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.
- DR. S. H. DICKSON.
32. You love the sweet GERANIUM's smell,  
Its scollop'd leaves, and crimson flower;  
Of days long passed it seems to tell,  
And memory owns its magic power.
- MISS MARIA JAMES.
33. The *wayside weed* of homeliest hue,  
Looking erect up to the golden blue.  
For thus it speaketh to the thinking mind—  
"O'erlook me not: I for a purpose grew;  
On us one sunshine falls!"
- THOMAS MILLER.
34. The last *violet*  
That sheds its fragrance on the chill, damp air  
Of a November morn, like love in death.
- LADY FLORA HASTINGS.
35. The *peony*, with drooping head,  
Which blows a transient hour,  
And gently shaken in the breeze,  
Descends a crimson shower.
- MISS MARIA JAMES.
36. The *blue fleur-de-lis*, in the warm sunlight shining,  
As if grains of gold in its petals were set.
- [170]
- MARY HOWITT.
37. The pale and delicate *narcissus'* flowers,  
Bending so languidly, as still they found  
In the pure wave a love and destiny.
- MISS LONDON.
38. The *violet's* azure eye,  
Which gazes on the sky,  
Until its hue grows like what it beholds.
- SHELLEY.
39. The *evening primrose*,  
O'er which the wind might gladly take a pleasant sleep,  
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
Of buds into fresh flowers.
- KEATS.
40. The *clematis*, all graceful and fair;  
You may set it like pearls in the folds of your hair.
- MRS. A. M. WELLS.
41. The *tulip*,  
Whose passionate leaves with their ruby glow  
Hide the heart that is burning and black below.
- MISS LONDON.
42. The *almond*, though its branch is sere,  
With myriad blossoms beautiful;  
As pink, as is the shell's inside.
- [171]
- MARY HOWITT.

43. Lilies for a bridal bed,  
Roses for a matron's head,  
Violets for a maiden dead—  
*Pansies* let thy flower be.
- SHELLEY.
44.           The *barberry-bush*,  
Whose yellow blossoms hang,  
As when a child by grassy lane  
Along you lightly sprang.
- MRS. GILMAN.
45.                   The shower  
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower  
One half so lovely as the *sweet brier*;  
    — for it grows along  
The poor man's pathway, by the poor man's door.
- BRainerD.
46. The low dwarf *acacia*, that droops as it grows,  
And the leaves, as you gather them, tremble and close.
- MRS. A. M. WELLS.
47. The *cowslip*, that, bending  
    With its golden bells,  
Of each glad hour's ending,  
    With a sweet chime tells.
- [172]  
MISS LANDON.
48. The beautiful *clover*, so round and red;  
    There is not a thing in twenty,  
That lifts in the morning so sweet a head,  
Above its leaves on its earthly bed,  
    With so many horns of plenty.
- MISS H. F. GOULD.
49.                   A *lily flower*,  
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark  
Of joy immortal, and of pure affection.
- WORDSWORTH.
50. *Mignonette* the little nun,  
    In meekness shedding soft perfume.
- MISS P. MOISE.
51. The *heliotrope*, whose gray and heavy wreath  
    Mimics the orchard blossom's fruity breath.
- MRS. NORTON.
52. The timid *jasmine-buds*, that keep  
    Their odors to themselves all day,  
But when the sunlight dies away,  
    Let the delicious secret out.
- MOORE.
53.                   *Violets* dim,  
but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
or Cytherea's breath.
- [173]  
*Winter's Tale.*
54. *Fox-glove*, whose purple vest conceals  
    Its hollow heart.
- MISS MOISE.
55.                   The *housatonia cerulea*,  
    Its snowy circle ray'd  
With crosslets, bending its pearly whiteness round,  
While the spreading lips are bound  
    With such a mellow shade,  
As in the vaulted blue  
Deepens at midnight, or grows pale  
When mantled in the full moon's slender veil.
- PERCIVAL.
56.                   The *lily*,  
Imperial beauty, fair unrivall'd one!  
What flower of earth has honor high as thine,  
To find thy name on *His* unsullied lips  
Whose eye was light from heaven!
- MISS H. F. GOULD.

57. The little *windflower*, whose just open'd eye  
Is blue as the Spring heaven it gazes at;  
Startling the loiterer in naked paths  
With unexpected beauty.

W. C. BRYANT.

58. The trailing *arbutus*, shrouding its grace,  
Till fragrance bewrayeth its hiding-place.

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MRS. SIGOURNEY.

59.                   The *woodbine wild*,  
That loves to hang on barren boughs remote  
Her wreaths of flowery perfume.

W. MASON—*The English Garden*.

60. The Naiad-like *lily of the vale*,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green.

SHELLEY.

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### WHAT GRATIFIES YOUR TASTE OR YOUR AFFECTIONS?

[175]

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"We like not most what most is twin to self,  
"But that which best supplies the void within."

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### WHAT GRATIFIES YOUR TASTE, OR YOUR AFFECTIONS?

[176]

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Go walk in *choice gardens*,  
And from variety of curious flowers  
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders.

MASSINGER.

2. You love to wander by old *ocean's* side,  
And hold communion with its sullen tide,  
To climb the *mountain's* everlasting wall,  
And linger where the *thunder-waters* fall.

SPRAGUE.

3.     *Happy children at their play*,  
Whose hearts run over into song.

J. R. LOWELL.

4.           *Dogs of grave demeanor*,  
All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb.

ROGERS—*Italy*.

5. *Old legends* of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age  
And character of eld.

[178]

LONGFELLOW.

6. GENTLEMAN.— A *lock*, a *leaf*,  
That some dear girl has given;  
Frail record of an hour, as brief  
As sunset clouds in heaven,  
But spreading purple twilight still  
High over memory's shadow'd hill.

O. W. HOLMES.

6. LADY.—There's little that you care for now,  
Except a simple *wedding ring*.

THOMAS MILLER.

7.           *Fruits that have just begun*  
To *flush* on the side that is next the sun.

H. F. GOULD.

8. GENTLEMAN.—You do wish that you could be  
 A *sailor*, on the rolling sea;  
 In the shadow of the sails  
 You would ride and rock all day,  
 Going whither blow the gales,  
 As you've heard the seamen say.
- L. S. NOBLE.
8. LADY.—By the *low cradle* thou delight'st to sit  
 Of sleeping infants, watching their soft breath.
- [179]  
 CHARLOTTE SMITH.
9. You like a *ring*, an ancient ring,  
 Of massive form, and virgin gold;  
 As firm, as free from base alloy  
 As were the sterling hearts of old.
- G. W. DOANE.
10. There's a room you love dearly, the sanctum of bliss,  
 That holds all the comforts you least like to miss;  
 Where, like ants in a hillock, you run in and out,  
 Where sticks grace the corner, and hats lie about,  
 With book-shelves, where tomes of all sizes are spread,  
 Not placed to be look'd at, but meant to be read.
- ELIZA COOK.
11. GENTLEMAN.—Ah, how glorious to be free,  
 Your good *dog* by your side,  
 With *rifle* hanging on your arm,  
 To range the forest wide.
- E. PEABODY.
11. LADY.— To look into the smooth  
 Clear glass,  
 Where as you bend to look, just opposite,  
 A shape within the polish'd frame appears  
 Bending to look on you.
- [180]  
 MILTON, *modified*.
12. Your sociable piazza,—you prize its quiet talk,  
 When arm in arm with one you love you tread the accustom'd walk,  
 Or loll within your rocking-chair, not over nice or wise,  
 And yield the careless confidence where heart to heart replies.
- MRS. GILMAN.
13. An eye that will mark  
 Your coming, and look brighter when you come.
- BYRON.
14. Give you a slight *flirtation*,  
 By the light of a chandelier,  
 With music to fill up the pauses  
 And nobody very near.
- N. P. WILLIS.
15. Give all things else their honor due,  
 But *gooseberry-pie* is best.
- SOUTHEY.
16. An ever *drizzling* raine upon the lofte,  
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sownde  
 Of murmuring bees.
- SPENSER—*Fairy Queen*.
17. Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,  
 'Tis sweeter far to thee,  
 To walk together to the kirk  
 With a goodly company.
- [181]  
 COLERIDGE—*Ancient Mariner*.
18. The world below hath not for thee  
 Such a fair and glorious sight,  
 As a noble *ship* on a rippling sea  
 In the clear and full moonlight.
- ELIZA COOK.

19. GENTLEMAN.—                    *A noble horse,*  
With flowing back, firm chest, and fetlocks clean,  
The branching veins ridging the glossy lean,  
The mane hung sleekly, the projecting eye  
That to the stander near looks awfully,  
The finish'd head in its compactness free,  
Small, and o'er-arching to the bended knee,  
The start and snatch, as if he felt the comb,  
With mouth that flings about the creamy foam,  
The snorting turbulence, the nod, the champing,  
The shift, the tossing, and the fiery tramping.

LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini.*

19. LADY.—                    Your witless puss;  
While many a stroke of fondness glides  
Along her back and tabby sides,  
Dilated swells her glossy fur,  
And softly sings her busy pur;  
As timing well the equal sound,  
Her clutching feet bepat the ground,  
And all their harmless claws disclose  
Like prickles of an early rose,  
While softly from her whisker'd cheek  
The half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

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JOANNA BAILLIE.

20. The tall larch sighing in the *burial place*,  
Or willow trailing low its boughs, to hide  
The gleaming marble.

W. C. BRYANT.

21.                    The dance,  
Pleasant with graceful flatteries.

MISS LONDON.

22. You rather look on *smiling faces*,  
And linger round a *cheerful hearth*,  
Than mark the stars' bright hiding-places,  
As they peep out upon the earth.

MRS. WELBY.

23. Wreathy *shells*, with lips of red,  
On a beach of whiten'd sand.

HOSMER.

24. When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, *eruptive, through the cloud*,  
And following slower, in explosion vast,  
The *thunder* raises his tremendous voice.

THOMSON—*Seasons.*

25. GENTLEMAN.— "'Tis heaven to lounge upon a couch," said Gray,  
"And read new novels through a rainy day."  
Add but the Spanish weed, the bard was right.

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SPRAGUE.

25. LADY.—Your moralizing knitting-work, whose threads most aptly show  
How evenly around life's span our busy threads should go;  
And if a stitch perchance should drop, as life's frail stitches will,  
How, if we patient take it up, the work will prosper still.

MRS. GILMAN.

26. 'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear  
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,  
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,  
Then listen to the perilous tale again,  
And with an eager and suspended soul  
Woo terror to delight us.

SOUTHEY—*Madoc.*

27.                    The *moon*,  
Which kisseth every where, with silver lip,  
Dead things to life.

KEATS.

28. The *insect*, that when evening comes,  
Small though he be, and scarce distinguishable,  
Unsheaths his wings, and through the woods and glades  
Scatters a marvellous splendor.

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29. When down the green lane come heart-peals of laughter,  
 For school has sent its eldest inmates forth,  
 And when a smaller band comes dancing after,  
 Filling the air with shouts of infant mirth.

MRS. SCOTT.

30. *A couch near to a curtaining,*  
 Whose airy texture, from a golden string  
 Floating, into the room permits appear  
 Unveil'd, the summer heaven, blue and clear.

KEATS.

31. Dear to your heart are the scenes of your childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view,  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,  
 And every loved spot which your infancy knew.

WOODWORTH.

32. To seek the patient *fisher's* silent stand,  
 Intent, your angle trembling in your hand;  
 With looks unmoved to lure the scaly breed,  
 And eye the dancing cork and bending reed.

POPE.

33. *Converse*, which qualifies for solitude,  
 As exercise for salutary rest.

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YOUNG—*Night Thoughts*.

34. GENTLEMAN.—To follow, fleetest of the fleet,  
 The *red deer*, driven along its native plains,  
 With cry of *hound* and *horn*.

WORDSWORTH.

34. LADY.—One wild-flower from the path of love,  
 All lowly though it lie,  
 Is dearer than the wreath that waves  
 To stern ambition's eye.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

35. The laugh-provoking *pun*; absurd  
 Though it be, far-fetched, hard to be discern'd,  
 It serves the purpose if it shake our sides.

GRAHAME.

36. You have a wish, and it is this—that in some uncouth glen,  
 It were your lot to find a spot, unknown by selfish men,  
 Where you might be securely free, like eremite of old,  
 From worldly guile, from woman's wile, and friendships brief and cold.

MOTHERWELL.

37. You love the fields, the woods, the streams,  
 The wild-flowers fresh and sweet,  
 And yet you love no less than these  
 The crowded city street;  
 For *haunts of men*, where'er they be,  
 Awake your deepest sympathy.

[186]

MARY HOWITT.

38. Sleep,—soft closer of our eyes,  
 Low murmurer of tender lullabies.

KEATS.

39. You love the sweet *Sabbath*, that bids in repose  
 The plough in its mid-furrow stand.

DR. GILMAN.

40. Pleasant it is when woods are green,  
 And winds are soft and low,  
 To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
 Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
 Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
 Alternate come and go.

LONGFELLOW.

41. GENTLEMAN.—To beat the surges under you,  
And ride upon their backs; to tread the water  
Whose enmity you flung aside, and breast  
The surge most swollen, that meets you; your bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves keeping, and oar  
Yourself with your good arms, in lusty stroke  
To the shore.

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*Tempest.*

41. LADY.—Beside the dimness of the *glimmering sea*,  
with a dear friend to linger,  
Beneath the gleams of the silver stars.

SHELLEY.

42. To pluck some way-side flower,  
And *press it* in the choicest nook  
Of a much-loved and oft-read *book*.

J. R. LOWELL.

43. A wheel-footed *studying-chair*,  
Contrived both for toil and repose,  
Wide-elbow'd, and wadded with care,  
In which you both scribble and doze.

COWPER.

44. GENTLEMAN.—Hurrah for you! the wind is up, it bloweth fresh and free,  
And every chord, instinct with life, pipes out its fearless glee;  
Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss the spray,  
As proudly through the foaming surge the sea-king bears away.

MOTHERWELL.

44. LADY.—To place your lips to a spiral shell,  
And breathe through every fold;  
Or look for the depth of its pearly cell,  
As a miser would look for gold.

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MISS H. F. GOULD.

45. GENTLEMAN.— The soil to tread  
Where man hath nobly striven,  
And life like incense hath been shed  
An offering unto heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

45. LADY.—The old *study-corner* by a nook,  
Crowded with volumes of the old romance.

N. P. WILLIS.

46. Ay, 'tis to you a glorious sight  
To gaze on *ocean's* ample face;  
An awful joy, a deep delight,  
To see his laughing waves embrace  
Each other, in their frolic race.

GEORGE LUNT.

47. You love the *pictures* that you see  
At times in some *old gallery*;  
You love them, although art may deem  
Such pictures of but light esteem.

MARY HOWITT.

48. GENTLEMAN.— A brown cigar,  
A special, smooth-skin'd, real Havanna.

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MOTHERWELL.

48. LADY.—Your quiet, pleasant *chamber*, with the rose-vine  
Woven round the casement.

MISS MITFORD.

49. *Old books* to read!  
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
The brazen-clasp'd, the vellum writ,  
Time-honor'd tomes.

HENRY CAREY.

50. A *youthful mother* to her infant smiling,  
Who with spread arms, and dancing feet,  
And cooing voice, returns an answer sweet.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

51. GENTLEMAN.—To be toss'd on the waves alone, or mid the crew  
Of joyous comrades, now the reedy marge  
Clearing, with strenuous arm dipping the oar.

WORDSWORTH.

51. LADY.—When the sail is slack, the course is slow,  
That at your leisure, as you coast along,  
You may contemplate, and from every scene  
Receive its influence.

ROGERS.

52.           An antique *chair*,  
Cushion'd with cunning luxury.

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N. P. WILLIS.

53. You love a hand that meets your own  
With grasp that causes some sensation;  
You love a voice whose varying tone  
From truth has learn'd its modulation.

MRS. OSGOOD.

54. When each and all come crowding round to share  
A cordial greeting, the beloved sight;  
When welcomings of hand and lip are there,  
And when these overflowings of delight  
Subside into a sense of quiet bliss,  
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

SOUTHEY.

55. Oh yes, the poor man's garden!  
It is great joy to thee,  
This little, precious piece of ground,  
Beside his door to see.  
For in the poor man's garden grow  
Far more than herbs and flowers,  
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,  
And joy for weary hours.

MARY HOWITT.

56. To be sad, and say nothing.

*As You Like It.*

57. Sweet *poetry*, the alchymy  
Which turneth all it toucheth into gold.

[191]

MRS. DANA.

58. GENTLEMAN.— With a *swimmer's* stroke  
To fling the billows back from your drench'd hair,  
And laughing from your lip the audacious brine;  
——rising o'er  
The waves as they arise, and prouder still  
The loftier they uplift thee; then, exulting,  
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep  
The long suspended breath, again to spurn  
The foam which breaks around thee, and pursue  
Thy track like a sea-bird.

BYRON—*The Two Foscari.*

58. LADY.—A *needle*, which though it be small and tender,  
Yet it is both a maker and a mender,  
A grave reformer of old rents decay'd,  
Stops holes, and seams, and desperate cuts display'd;  
And for your country's quiet, you would like  
That womankind should use no other pike.  
It will increase their peace, enlarge their store,  
To use their tongues less, and their needles more.  
The needle's sharpness profit yields and pleasure,  
But sharpness of the tongue bites out of measure.

JOHN TAYLOR—*Needle's Excellency.*

59.           *Infant charms*,  
Unconscious fascination, undesign'd;  
The orison repeated in your arms,  
The book, the bosom on your knee reclined,  
The low sweet fairy lore to con.

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CAMPBELL—*Gertrude of Wyoming.*



60. With *Shakspeare's self* to speak and smile alone,  
And no intruding visitation fear  
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop your sweetest tear.

CAMPBELL—*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

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**FOR WHAT HAVE YOU A DISTASTE OR AVERSION?**

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"I do not like you, Dr. Fell—  
"The reason why I cannot tell;  
"But this I know full well,  
"I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

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**FOR WHAT HAVE YOU A DISTASTE OR AVERSION?**

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ENTLEMAN.—Three loud talking women,  
That are discoursing of the newest fashion.

JOHN TOBIN.

1. LADY.—Ye say, "There is naething I hate like the men,  
But the deuce gae wi'm to believe me."

BURNS.

2. The banquet-hall, the play, the ball,  
Have lost their charms for thee.

G. P. MORRIS.

3. It's hardly in a body's power  
To keep at times frae being sour,  
To see how things are shared;  
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,  
While coofs on countless thousands rant,  
And ken na how to wair't.

BURNS.

4. Oh, it is sad to look upon  
The play-place of our youthful hours,  
And mark what *wasting change* hath run  
As fire amid its bowers,  
And sear'd its greenwood tree, and left  
A trunk all blacken'd and bereft!

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J. W. MILLER.

5. Conversation, when reduced to say  
The hundredth time what you have said before.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

6. You never speak the word *farewell*  
But with an utterance faint and broken,  
A heart-sick yearning for the time  
When it shall never more be spoken.

BOWLES.

7. GENTLEMAN.—Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's your utter aversion.

GOLDSMITH—*Haunch of Venison.*

7. LADY.—An *exquisite* of the highest stamp.

ALBERT PIKE.

8. To see  
Things of no better mould  
Than thou thyself art, greedily  
In Fame's bright page enroll'd.

MOTHERWELL.

9. Weaving spiders.—  
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!

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*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

10. You have no taste for *pomp* and *strife*,  
Which others love to find;  
Your only wish, that bliss of life,  
A poor and quiet mind.

CLARE.

11. You like not this *phrenology*,  
This system of unfolding  
The secret of a man's desires  
To every one's beholding.

R. M. CHARLTON.

12. The sullen passion, and the hasty pet,  
The swelling lip, the tear-distended eye,  
The peevish question, the perverse reply.

HAYLEY—*Triumphs of Temper.*

13. Nor do you love that common phrase of guests,  
As, *we make bold*, or, *we are troublesome*;  
*We take you unprovided*, and the like;  
—nor that common phrase of hosts,  
*Oh, had I known your coming, we'd have had*  
*Such things and such*; nor blame of cook, to say,  
*This dish or that hath not been served with care.*

THOMAS HEYWOOD AND RICHARD BROOME—  
*The Late Lancashire Witches.*

14. Tales of love were wont to weary you;  
I know you joy not in a *love-discourse*.

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*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

15. 'Tis a dreary thing to be  
*Tossing on the wide, wide sea*,  
When the sun has set in clouds,  
And the wind sighs through the shrouds,  
With a voice and with a tone  
Like a living creature's moan!

EPES SARGENT.

16. *To hear the French talk French* around you,  
And wonder how they understand each other;  
To hearken, and find all attempts confound you  
At guessing what they mean by all their pother.

BYRON—*Giuseppino.*

17. *Books!* out upon them; faithless chroniclers  
Mere wordy counsellors—cold comforters  
In the hour of sorrow.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

18. Your curse upon the venom'd slang  
That shoots your tortured *gums* along,  
An' through your lugs gies mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance;  
Tearing your nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racking engines.

BURNS.

19. As for stupid *reason*,  
That stalking, ten-foot rule,  
She's always out of season,  
A tedious, testy fool.

[199]

MRS. FOLLEN.

20. GENTLEMAN.—That most active member of mortal things,  
A *woman's tongue*; something like a smoke-jack,  
For it goes ever, without winding up.

JOHN TOBIN—*Honey Moon.*

20. LADY.—You would rather hear your dog bark at a crow,  
Than a man swear he loves you.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

21. Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through  
broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain; the  
traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

OSSIAN.

22. To have *odd quirks* and remnants of *wit* broken on you.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

23. Whenever a change is wrought,  
And you know not the reason why,  
In your own or an old friend's thought.

BARRY CORNWALL.

24. You are weary of the endless theme of Cupid's smiles and sighs,  
You are sick of reading rigmaroles about "my lady's eyes;"  
You cannot move, you cannot look around, below, above,  
But men and women, birds and bees, are prating about love.

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R. M. CHARLTON.

25. You hate *ingratitude* more in man,  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*Twelfth Night.*

26. There are haughty steps that would walk the globe  
O'er necks of humbler ones;  
*You* would scorn to bow to their jewell'd robes,  
Or the beam of their *coin-lit* suns.

MISS L. P. SMITH.

27. You'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree,  
And that would set your teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as *mincing poetry*.

*Henry IV.*

28.                   In your soul you loathe  
All *affectation*. 'Tis your perfect scorn,  
Object of your implacable disgust.

COWPER—*Task*.

29. GENTLEMAN.—To pick up fans and knitting-needles,  
And list to songs, and tunes, and watch for smiles,  
And smile at pretty prattle.

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BYRON—*Werner*.

29. LADY.—An a lover be *tardy*, you had as lief be wooed of a snail; for though the snail comes slowly, he carries his house on his head.

*As You Like It.*

30. That the *king* should reign on a throne of gold,  
Fenced round by his power divine;  
That the *baron* should sit in his castle old,  
Drinking his ripe red wine;  
While below, below, in his ragged coat,  
The *beggar* he tuneth a hungry note,  
And the *spinner* is bound to his weary thread,  
And the *debtor* lies down with an aching head.

BARRY CORNWALL.

31.                   Lighted halls,  
Cramm'd full of fools and fiddles.

R. C. SANDS.

32.                   To hear  
The roaring of the raging elements,  
To know all human skill, all human strength  
Avail not; to look round, and only see  
The mountain wave, incumbent with its weight  
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark;—  
Oh, God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!  
And he who hath endured the horror once  
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm  
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,  
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

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SOUTHEY—*Madoc*.

33. I perceive you delight not in *music*.

*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

34. You hate the gold and silver which persuade  
Weak men to follow *far-fatiguing trade*;  
Who madly think the flowery mountain's side,  
The fountain's murmur, and the valley's pride,  
The river's flow, less pleasing to behold  
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to *gold*.

COLLINS—*Eclogues*.

35. To climb life's worn and heavy wheel,  
Which draws up *nothing new*.

YOUNG—*Night Thoughts*.

36. To tax a *bad voice* to slander music. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they  
would have hanged him.

*Much Ado About Nothing*.

37. It moves you more perhaps than folly ought,  
When some *green heads*, as void of wit as thought,  
Suppose themselves monopolists of sense,  
And wiser mens' ability pretence.

[203]

COWPER.

38. GENTLEMAN.—A *woman moved*, which like a fountain troubled  
(Is) muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,  
And in no wise is meet or reasonable.

*Taming of the Shrew*.

38. LADY.— The heavens preserve me  
From that dull blessing, an *obedient husband*.

TOBIN—*Honey Moon*.

39. You're tired of *visits, modes, and forms*,  
And *flatteries* paid to fellow-worms;  
Their conversation cloys.

DR. WATTS.

40. The *spider*, that weaver of cunning so deep,  
Who rolls himself up in a ball to sleep.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

41. A *fly* that tickles the nasal tip.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

42. *Man* delights not thee; no, nor *woman* neither.

*Henry IV*.

43. Church-yards *unadorn'd with shades*  
And *blossoms*—Naked rows of graves  
And melancholy ranks of monuments;  
—where the course grass between  
Shoots up its dull green spikes, and in the wind  
Hisses;  
—where the neglected bramble  
Grows near the dead.

[204]

BRYANT.

44. You all *punctilios* hate,  
Though long familiar with the great.

SWIFT.

45. That he who's right, and he who swerveth,  
Meet at the goal the same,  
Where no one hath what he deserveth,  
Not even an empty name.

BARRY CORNWALL.

46. Wooing, wedding, and repenting.

*Much Ado About Nothing*.

47. Soft-buzzing *slander*—silky moth that eats  
An honest name.

THOMSON.

48. The blood-extracting bill and filmy wing,  
The light pump, and freckled feet—  
Of the *musquito*.

BRYANT.

49. You do not like *but yet*;  
*But yet* is as a jailer to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor.

*Antony and Cleopatra*.

50. GENTLEMAN.— You'd rather  
Ride a day's hunting on an outworn jade,  
Than *follow in the train of a great man*  
In his dull pageantries.

[205]

BYRON—*Werner*.

50. LADY.—Never yet did housewife notable  
Greet with a smile a *rainy washing-day*.

MRS. BARBAULD.

51.           Thou dread'st to see  
The glowing summer sun,  
And balmy blossoms on the tree  
Unfolding one by one;  
They speak of things which once have been,  
But never more can be:  
And earth all deck'd in smiles again  
Is still a waste to thee.

SARAH H. WHITMAN.

52. Softest winds are dreary,  
And summer sunlight weary,  
And sweetest things uncheery,  
You know not why.

J. R. LOWELL.

53.                   *The Guinea-hen,*  
Which keeps a piercing and perpetual scream.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

54. Sleep, infested with the burning sting  
Of *bug* infernal, who the live-long night  
With direst suction sips thy liquid gore.

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ROBERT FERGUSON.

55.           When you behold a spider  
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,  
Or view a butcher, with horn-handled knife,  
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,  
Indeed, indeed you're very, very sick!

HORACE AND JAMES SMITH—*Rejected Addresses*.

56. Where'er that place the priests ca' hell,  
Whence a' the tones of misery yell,  
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,  
In dreadfu' row,  
Thou, *toothache*, surely bear'st the bell  
Amang them a'!

BURNS.

57. You scorn this hated scene  
Of masking and disguise,  
Where men on men still gleam  
With falseness in their eyes,  
Where all is counterfeit,  
And truth hath never say,  
Where hearts themselves do cheat,  
Concealing hope's decay,  
And, writhing at the stake,  
Themselves do liars make.

MOTHERWELL.

58. You call the time misspent that is bestow'd  
On loud-tongued orators, whose art it is  
To launch their hearers upon passion's tide,  
And drive them on by gusts of windy words.

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CUMBERLAND—*Calvary*.

59. You do despise a *liar* as you do despise one that is false, or as you despise one that is not true.  
*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

60.           *Songs and unbaked poetry,*  
Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,  
That has no weight, nor wheel to move the mind,  
Nor indeed nothing but an empty sound.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Elder Brother*.

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**WHERE OR WHAT WILL BE YOUR RESIDENCE?**

The World was all before her, where to choose  
Her place of rest, and Providence her guide.

MILTON.

The *mind* is its own place, and of itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

MILTON.

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## WHERE OR WHAT WILL BE YOUR RESIDENCE?

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ear some fair town you'll have a *private seat*,  
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;  
It shall within no other things contain,  
But what are useful, necessary, plain;  
A little garden grateful to the eye,  
While a cool rivulet runs murmuring by.

*Pomfret's Choice.*

2.                   Amongst the vines,  
See'st thou not where thy *villa* stands? The moonbeam  
Strikes on the granite column, and mountains  
Rise sheltering round it.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

3. Child of the *town* and *bustling street*,  
What woes and snares await thy feet!  
Thy paths are paved for many miles,  
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles.

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ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

4. *A warm but simple home*, where thou'lt enjoy  
With one, who shares thy pleasures and thy heart,  
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph  
Which neatly is prepared.

COWPER.

5.                   *Low in the glen*,  
Down which a little stream hath furrow'd deep  
'Tween meeting birchen boughs, a shelvy channel,  
And brawling mingles with the western tide.  
Far up the stream, almost beyond the roar  
Of storm-bulged breakers, foaming o'er the rocks  
With furious dash, your lowly dwelling lurks,  
Surrounded by a cirlet of the stream.  
Before the wattled door, a greensward plat  
With daises gay, pastures a playful lamb.  
A pebbly path, deep-worn, leads up the hill,  
Winding among the trees, by wheel untouch'd.  
On every side it is a shelter'd spot,  
So high and suddenly the woody steeps  
Arise. One only way, downward the stream,  
Just o'er the hollow, 'tween the meeting boughs,  
The distant wave is seen, with now and then  
The glimpse of passing sail; though when the breeze  
Cresteth the distant wave, this little nook  
Is all so calm, that on the limberest spray  
The sweet bird chanteth motionless, the leaves  
At times scarce fluttering.

[213]

GRAHAME—*Birds of Scotland.*

6. Neat is your house; each table, chair, and stool  
Stands in its place, or moving, moves by rule;  
No lively print or picture grace the room,  
A plain brown paper lends its decent gloom.

CRABBE.

7.                   *A summer lodge amid the wild*,—  
'Tis shadow'd by the tulip-tree, 'tis mantled by the vine;  
The wild plum sheds its yellow fruit from fragrant thickets nigh,  
And flowery prairies from the door stretch till they meet the sky.

BRYANT.

8. *Beside a public way,*  
Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream  
Of people hurrying to and fro.

SHELLEY.

9. Crowning a gradual hill, your mansion swells  
In ancient English grandeur; turrets, spires,  
And windows, climbing high from base to roof,  
In wide and radiant rows, bespeak its birth  
Coeval with those rich cathedral fanes,  
(Gothic ill-famed,) where harmony results  
From disunited parts; and shapes minute,  
At once distinct and blended, boldly form  
One vast majestic whole.

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W. MASON—*The English Garden.*

10. In a *proud city* and a rich,  
A city fair and old,  
Fill'd with the world's most costly things,  
Of precious stones and gold;  
Of silks, fine wool, and spiceries,  
And all that's bought and sold.

MARY HOWITT.

11. I see, I see the *rustic porch*,  
And close beside the door  
The old elm, waving still as green  
As in the days of yore.  
I see the wreathing smoke ascend  
In azure columns up the sky,  
I see the twittering swallow  
Around in giddy circles fly.

T. McLELLAN.

12. A house, whence, as by stealth, you catch  
Among the hills a glimpse of busy life,  
That soothes, not stirs.

ROGERS.

13. In stately dwelling built of squared *bricke*.

SPENSER.

14. A *city*, that great sea whose ebb and flow  
At once is deaf and loud.  
In its depth what treasure—you will see.

[215]

SHELLEY.

15. In a fair and *stately mansion*, with old woods  
Girdled around.

HOWITT.

16. *A low, Sweet Home,*  
A Pastoral Dwelling With Its Ivied Porch,  
And Lattice, Gleaming Through the Leaves.

HEMANS.

17. You shall dwell in some bright little isle of your own,  
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.

MOORE.

18. You scarce upon the borders enter,  
Before you're at the very centre.  
Though small your farm, it has a house  
Full large to entertain a mouse;  
But if it's enter'd by a rat,  
There is no room to bring a cat.  
Round your garden is a walk  
No longer than a tailor's chalk;  
One salad makes a shift to squeeze  
Up through a tuft you call your trees,  
And, once a year, a single rose  
Peeps from the bud, but never blows.  
In vain then you'll expect its bloom,  
It cannot blow for want of room.  
In short, in all your boasted seat  
There's nothing but *yourself* that's great.

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SWIFT.

19. Your *island* lies nine leagues away;  
Along its solitary shore  
Of craggy rock, and sandy bay,  
No sound but ocean's roar,  
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,  
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

R. H. DANA.

20. Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights all sounds excelling;  
Oh, 'tis a ravishing spot, form'd for a Poet's dwelling!

DRAKE.

21. *A city*  
Where trade and joy in every *busy street*  
Mingling are heard, and in whose *crowded ports*  
The rising masts an endless prospect yield.

THOMSON.

22. A *valley*, from the river shore withdrawn,  
Shall be your home—two quiet woods between,  
Whose lofty verdure overlooks the lawn;  
And waters, to their resting-place serene,  
Come freshening and reflecting all the scene.

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CAMPBELL.

23. Please step in  
And visit roun' an' roun';  
There's naught superfluous to gie pain  
Or costly to be foun',  
Yet a' is clean.

ALLAN RAMSAY—*Gentle Shepherd*.

24. A whitewash'd wall, a nicely sanded floor,  
A varnish'd clock that clicks behind the door,  
A chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged on the chimney, glisten in a row.

GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village*.

25. How beautiful it stands,  
Behind its elm-trees' screen,  
With simple attic cornice crown'd,  
All graceful and serene!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

26. O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Your thoughts as boundless and your soul as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey your empire, and behold your *home!*

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BYRON.

27. A *pastoral scene* of your own land,  
Groves darkly green, neat farms, and pastures gay  
With golden flowers; brooks stealing over sand,  
Or smooth-worn pebbles, murmuring light away;—  
Blue rye-fields, yielding to the gentle hand  
Of the cool west wind; scented fields of hay,  
Falling in purple bloom!

PERCIVAL.

28. A pleasant aspect shall your *parlor* wear,—  
Pictures, and busts, and books, and flowers,  
And a light hearth where one may sit for hours,  
And feel the minutes in their rapid flight,  
Yet never think to count them as they go;  
The mind, in converse sweet, beguiled so.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

29. A light commodious *chamber*  
Looking out to the hills, and where the shine  
Of the great sun may enter.

MARY HOWITT.

30. It is a *chosen plot of fertile land*,  
Emongst wide waves sett, like little nest,  
As if it had by nature's cunning hand  
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,  
And laid forth for ensample of the best.



31.           *A mansion, where domestic love*  
 And truth breathe simple kindness to the heart;  
 Where white arm'd childhood twines the neck of age;  
 Where hospitable cares light up the hearth,  
 Cheering the lonely traveller on his way.

MRS. GILMAN.

32. Thine be a *cot beside the hill*:  
 A beehive's hum shall sooth thine ear;  
 A willowy brook that turns the mill  
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

ROGERS.

33.           The dense city's roofs  
 Throng around thee, and the vertic' sun  
 Pours from those glowing tiles a fervid heat  
 Upon your shrinking nerves.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

34.           *A lodge of ample size,*  
 But strange of structure and device;  
 Of such materials, as around  
 The workman's hand has readiest found.

SCOTT.

35. Among the jumbled heap of murky buildings.

KEATS.

36. You will be blest as now you are with friends, and home, and all  
 That in the exulting joy of love your own you fondly call;  
 Beloved and loving faces, that you've known so long and well,  
 The dear familiar places where your childish footsteps fell,  
 Where you join'd with careless heart and free your playmates' blooming band,  
 As happy still as now in this,—you'll *tread your native land.*

MRS. OSGOOD.

37. On the well-sloped banks arise trim clumps,  
 Some round and some oblong, of shrubs exotic;  
 While, at respectful distance, rises up  
 The red brick wall, with flues and chimney-tops  
 And many a leafy crucifix adorn'd.  
           The smooth expanse,  
 Well cropp'd, and daily, as the owner's chin,  
 Not one irregularity presents,  
 Not even one grassy tuft in which a bird  
 May find a home and cheer the dull domain.

GRAHAME—*Birds of Scotland.*

38.           The city's gloom, that falls  
 Where the same window fronts the same dull walls;  
 To see new, weary idlers tread once more  
 The mud or dust, which crowds have trod before,  
 Or the gay chariot loiter to await  
 Some fool you scorn, or envious flirt you hate.

DR. BROWN—*Bower of Spring.*

39. *A lone dwelling, built by whom, or how,*  
 None of the rustic island people know.  
 The isle and house are thine.—  
 Nature, with all her children, haunts the hill;  
 The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight,  
 Before thy gate.—Be this thy home in life.

SHELLEY.

40. In a city vast and populous,  
 Whose thronging multitude  
 Sends forth a sound afar off heard,  
 Strong as the ocean flood;  
 A strong, deep sound of many sounds,  
 Toil, pleasure, pain, delight,  
 And traffic, myriad-wheel'd, whose din  
 Ceases not day and night.

MARY HOWITT.

41.           *A simple home,*  
 A plain well-order'd household, without show  
 Of wealth or fashion.

42. All day within your dreary house  
 The doors upon their hinge will creak,  
 The blue-fly sing in the pane, the mouse  
 Behind the mouldering wainscot creep,  
 Or from the crevice peer about.

TENNYSON.

43. *Upon a green bank side,*  
 Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,  
 Whose waters seem unwillingly to glide,  
 Like parting friends, who linger ere they sever.

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DRAKE.

44. Where *streets are stifling, bustling, noisy, dry;*  
 Hot are the pavements as an oven floor;  
 Dingy-red brick grows tiresome to the eye.

MARY HOWITT.

45. *Refinement's chosen seat,*  
 Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat.

SPRAGUE.

46. I know the spot;  
 The curtain'd windows half exclude the light,  
 Yet eager still to make their way,  
 A thousand elfin sunbeams bright,  
 Glittering about the carpet play.  
 But what attracts you chiefly there  
 Is *one* who in a cushion'd rocking-chair  
 Doth sit and read.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

47. The wild wind sweeps across your low damp floors,  
 And makes a weary noise and wailing moan;  
 All night you hear the clap of broken doors,  
 That on their rusty hinges grate and groan;  
 And then old voices, calling from behind  
 The worn and wormy wainscot, flapping in the wind.

[223]

THOMAS MILLER.

48. In simple *western* style,  
 With all your chambers on the lower floor;  
 In fact, of stories you will boast no more  
 Than simply one. 'Tis at the river's side,  
 And near it grows a noble sycamore;  
 A velvet lawn of green, outspreading wide,  
 Slopes smoothly down, to meet the ever-rippling tide.

MRS. DANA.

49. It is a *home to die for*, as it stands  
 Through its vine foliage, sending forth a sound  
 Of mirthful childhood o'er the green repose  
 And laughing sunshine of the pastures round.

HEMANS.

50. Gay apartments,  
 Where mimic life beneath the storied roof  
 Glows to the eye, and at the painter's touch  
 A new creation glows along the walls.

ARTHUR MURPHY—*Orphan of China*.

51. Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,  
 Where round the cot's romantic glade are seen  
 The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green.

CAMPBELL.

52. *A lonesome lodge,*  
 That stands so lowe in lonely glen.  
 The little windowe dim and darke  
 Is hung with ivy, brier, and yewe;  
 No shimmering sun here ever shone,  
 No halesome breeze here ever blewe.  
 No chair, no table may you spye,  
 No cheareful hearth, no welcome bed,  
 Naught save a *rope* with running noose,  
 That dangling hangs up o'er your heade.

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PERCY'S RELIQUES—*Heir of Linne*.

53. The mountains, the mountains! amidst them is your home;  
To their pure and sparkling fountains impatiently you come;  
Their bleak and towering summits invade the dark blue sky,  
But o'er their rudest ridges your fancy loves to fly.

DR. S. H. DICKSON.

54.                           A lowly roof;  
Thou know'st it well, and yet 'twill seem more low  
Than it was wont to seem, for thou wilt be  
A visitant of loftier domes and halls,  
Meet for the feet of princes.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

55.     Your house a *cottage more*  
Than *palace*, and will fitting be  
For all your use, not luxury. [225]  
      Your garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not Art's, will pleasures yield  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

COWLEY.

56. You'll think yourself superbly off, though rather cramp'd in bed,  
If your garret keep the winter rain from dropping on your head.

ALBERT PIKE.

57. A snug thack house; before the door a green,  
Hens on the midding, ducks in pools are seen.  
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre,  
A peat-stack joins, an' forms a rural square.  
The house is yours,—there shall we see you lean  
And to your turfy seat invite a frien'.

ALLAN RAMSAY—*Gentle Shepherd*.

58. It is a quiet picture of delight,  
Your humble cottage, hiding from the sun  
In the thick woods. We see it not till then,  
When at its porch. Rudely but neatly wrought,  
Four columns make its entrance; slender shafts,  
The rough bark yet upon them, as they came  
From the old forest—  
      —Prolific vines  
Have wreath'd them well, and half obscured the rinds  
Unpromising that wrap them. Crowding leaves [226]  
Of glistening green, and clustering bright flowers  
Of purple, in whose cups throughout the day  
The humming-bird wantons boldly, wave around  
And woo the gentle eye and delicate touch.  
This is the dwelling, and 'twill be to thee  
Quiet's especial temple.

W. G. SIMMS.

59.                           That dear old home!  
Something of old ancestral pride it keeps,  
Though fallen from its early power and vastness!  
The sunlight seems to thy eyes brighter there  
Than wheresoever else.

FANNY KEMBLE.

60. In a vale with dwellings strown,  
One is standing all alone;  
White it rises mid the leaves,  
Woodbines clamber o'er its eaves,  
And the honeysuckle falls  
Pendant on its silent walls.  
'Tis a cottage small and fair  
As a cloud in summer air.

PARK BENJAMIN.

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### WHAT IS YOUR DESTINY?

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You unconcern'd  
And calm, can meet your coming destiny,  
In all its charming, or its frightful shapes.

DR. WATTS.

I have an ear that craves for every thing,  
That hath the smallest sign or Omen in it.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Let me deem that  
Some unknown influence, some sweet oracle,  
Communicates between us though unseen,  
In absence, and attracts us to each other.

BYRON.

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## WHAT IS YOUR DESTINY?

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e'll draw a bonny silken purse;  
Ye'll ca' your coach, ye'll ca' your horse.

BURNS.

2. Of the present much is bright,  
And in the coming years I see  
A brilliant and a cheering light,  
Which burns before thee constantly.

W. D. GALLAGHER.

3. A better cellar nowhere can be found;  
The pantry never is without baked meat,  
And fish and flesh, so plenteous and complete:  
It snows within your house of meat and drink,  
Of all the dainties that a man can think.

CHAUCER.

4. GENTLEMAN.—Thine never was a woman's dower  
Of tenderness and love!  
Thou who canst chain the eagle's power,  
Canst never tame the dove.

[230]

E. C. EMBURY.

4. LADY.—Let me gaze for a moment, that ere I die  
I may read thee, lady, a prophecy.  
That brow may beam in glory awhile,  
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile,  
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,  
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.

MISS L. DAVIDSON.

5. The best establishment in the city,  
Coaches and horses, hounds and liveried servants.

MARY HOWITT.

6. Thou seest only what is fair,  
Thou sippest only what is sweet;  
Thou wilt mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.

R. W. EMERSON.

7. Ye build, ye build, but ye enter not in!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

8. I'll warrant thee from drowning, though thy  
Ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

*Tempest.*

9. The sea of ambition is tempest-toss'd,  
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;  
But when sails are shiver'd and rudder lost,  
Then look to the light of *home!*

[231]

MRS. HALE.

10. Your life's a summer even,  
Whose sun of light, though set  
Amidst the clouds of heaven,  
Leaves streams of brightness yet.

BOWRING.

11. In a narrow sphere,  
The little circle of domestic love,  
You will be known and loved; the world beyond  
Is not for you.
- SOUTHEY.
12. Thou dwell'st on sorrow's high and barren place,  
But round about the mount an angel-guard—  
Chariots of fire, horses of fire—encamp,  
To keep thee safe for heaven!
- MRS. ELLET.
13. To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest,  
To lull the weary on the couch of rest,  
To warm the traveller, numb'd with winter cold,  
The young to cherish, to support the old,  
The sad to shelter, and the lost direct—  
These are your cares, and this your glorious task;  
Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?
- SIR WILLIAM JONES.
14. The sordid cares in which you dwell  
Shrink and consume your heart.
- [232]  
BRYANT.
15. A wide future is before you;  
Your heart will beat for fame,  
And you will learn to breathe with love  
The music of a name,  
Writ on the tablets of that heart  
In characters of flame.
- J. O. SARGENT.
16. To grow in the world's approving eyes,  
In friendship's smile, and home's caress,  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness.
- MOORE.
17. Sorely harass'd, and tired at last with fortune's vain delusions, O,  
You'll drop your schemes like idle dreams, and come to this conclusion, O,—  
The past was bad, the future hid, the good and ill untried, O,  
But the present hour is in your power, and so you will enjoy it, O.
- BURNS.
18. You will be blest exceedingly; your store  
Grow daily, weekly, more and more,  
And peace so multiply around,  
Your very hearth seem holy ground.
- [233]  
MARY HOWITT.
19. With steady aim your fortune chase,  
Keen hope let every sinew brace,  
Through fair, through foul, urge on your race,  
And seize the prey;  
Then cannie, in some cozie place,  
Thou'lt close life's day.
- BURNS.
20. In your dreams a form you'll view,  
That thinks on you and loves you too;  
You start, and when the vision's flown  
You'll weep that you are all alone.
- H. K. WHITE.
21. Quiet by day,  
Sound sleep by night, study and ease  
Together mix'd, sweet recreation,  
And innocence which most doth please,  
With meditation.
- POPE.
22. GENTLEMAN.—A gentle lover shalt thou be,  
Sitting at thy loved one's side;  
She giving her whole soul to thee,  
Without a thought or wish of pride,  
And she shall be thy cherish'd bride.
- J. R. LOWELL.

22. LADY.—Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,  
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

SHAKESPEARE.

23.                   Every day  
A little life, a blank to be inscribed  
With gentle deeds, such as in after time  
Console, rejoice, whene'er you turn the leaf  
To read them.

ROGERS.

24. Through many a clime 'tis yours to go,  
With many a retrospection cursed;  
And all your solace is to know,  
Whate'er betide, you've known the worst.

BYRON.

25. Rouse to some high and holy work of love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,  
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow,  
In many a branching stream, and wider flow.

CARLOS WILCOX.

26. You shall go down as men have ever done,  
And tread the pathway worn by common tramp.

A. C. COXE.

27. Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,  
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn  
Succeeding years their happy race still run,  
And age unheeded by delight come on.

[235]

PRIOR.

28. GENTLEMAN.—She's fair and fause that caused your smart,  
You will lo'e her mickle and lang;  
She will break her vow, she will break your heart,  
And ye may e'en go hang.

BURNS.

28. LADY.—Gay hope is yours by fancy led,  
Less pleasing when possess'd,  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast.

GRAY.

29. Single as a stray glove.

FANNY KEMBLE.

30. GENTLEMAN.—You will not waste your spring of youth  
In idle dalliance. You will plant rich seeds  
To blossom in your manhood, and bear fruit  
When you are old.

HILLHOUSE.

30. LADY.—To shrine within your heart's core one dear image,  
To think of it all day, to dream all night.

MARY HOWITT.

31. The duties of a wedded life  
Hath heaven ordain'd for thee.

[236]

SOUTHEY.

32.                   To love,  
Love fondly, truly, fervently, and pine  
When you have told your love, and sue in vain.

WORDSWORTH.

33. Hope, and health, and "learned leisure,"  
Friends, books, thy thoughts.

BARRY CORNWALL.

34. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing;  
Each morn will see some task begun,  
Each evening see it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Will earn a night's repose.

LONGFELLOW.

35. You will go east, you will go west,  
 To seek for what you will not find,—  
 A heart at peace with its own thoughts,  
 A quiet and contented mind.  
 You will seek high, you will seek low,  
 But your search will be in vain.
- LONDON.
36. A course of days composing happy months,  
 And they as happy years; the present still  
 So like the past, and both so firm a pledge  
 Or a congenial future, that the wheels  
 Of pleasure move without the aid of hope.
- [237]  
 WORDSWORTH.
37. You will tread the path of fame,  
 And barter peace to win a name.
- S. G. GOODRICH.
38. Each hour, each minute of your life  
 Shall be a golden holiday; and if a cloud  
 O'ercast thee, 'twill be light as gossamer.
- G. COLEMAN.
39. A little, and content;  
 The faithful friend, and cheerful night,  
 The social scene of dear delight,  
 The conscience pure, the temper gay,  
 The musing eve and busy day.
- THOMAS WARTON.
40. Live where your father lived, die where he dies;  
 Live happy, die happy.
- POLLOK.
41. You'll use up life in anxious cares,  
 To lay up hoards for future years.
- GAY.
42. You think of all the bubbles men are chasing;  
 They dream them worlds, because they're bright and fair;  
 You sit down with your book, your fireside facing,  
 And laugh to think of the wealth to which you are heir.
- [238]  
 CRANCH.
43. Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
 Some fleeting good that mocks thee with the view.
- GOLDSMITH.
44. You'll have a clear and competent estate,  
 That you may live genteelly, but not great;  
 As much as you can moderately spend,  
 A little more, sometimes, to oblige a friend.
- Pomfret's Choice.*
45. Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd if poor;  
 Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more.
- SIR H. WOTTON.
46. GENTLEMAN.— You love  
 A blooming lady, a conspicuous flower,  
 Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised,  
 Whom you have sensibility to love,  
 Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.
- WORDSWORTH.
46. LADY.—I fain would give to thee the loveliest things,  
 For lovely things belong to thee of right.
- J. R. LOWELL.
47. Oh, you will still enjoy the cheerful day,  
 Till many years unheeded by have roll'd;  
 Pleased in your age to trifle life away,  
 And tell how much you loved ere you grew old.
- [239]  
 HAMMOND—*Love Elegies.*
48. Endless labor all along,  
 Endless labor to do wrong.
- DR. JOHNSON.

49. A fearful sign stands in thy house of life,  
An enemy;—a fiend lurks close behind  
The radiance of thy planet:—Oh, be warn'd!  
COLERIDGE.

50. Thy God, in the darkest of days, will be  
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.  
BARTON.

51. You were not meant to struggle from your birth,  
To skulk and creep, and in mean pathways range;  
Act with stern truth, large faith, and loving will,  
Up and be doing.  
J. R. LOWELL.

52. GENTLEMAN.—To die 'midst flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightning from the mountain cloud.  
HALLECK.

52. LADY.—                    Death shall come  
Gently, to one of delicate mould like thee,  
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom  
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.  
BRYANT. [240]

53. I know that pleasure's hand will throw  
Her silken nets about thee,  
I know how lonesome friends will find  
The long, long days without thee;  
But in thy *letters* there'll be joy,  
The reading, the replying;  
They'll kiss each word that's traced by thee,  
Upon thy truth relying.  
BAYLEY.

54. Your life shall be as it has been,  
A sweet variety of joys.  
R. H. WILDE.

55. Neither poverty  
Nor riches,  
But godliness so gainful  
With content.  
No painted pomp nor glory that  
Bewitches;  
A blameless life is your best monument,  
And such a life that soars a—  
Bove the sky,  
Well pleased to live, but better pleased to die.  
HUGH PETERS.

56.                            A life you'll lead  
Which hath no present time, but is made up  
Entirely of to-morrows.  
JOANNA BAILLIE. [241]

57. GENTLEMAN.—I see Lord Mayor written on your forehead.  
MASSINGER.

57. LADY.—A marriage in May weather.  
LEIGH HUNT—*Rimini*.

58. You'll have never a penny left in your purse,  
Never a penny but three;  
And one is brass, and another is lead,  
And another is white money.  
PERCY'S RELIQUES—*Heir of Linne*.

59. You will double your life's fading space,  
For he that runs it well, runs twice his race;  
And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy state,  
You will not fear, nor wish your fate;  
But boldly say each night,  
"To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
"Or in clouds hide them; *I have lived to-day*."  
COWLEY.



60. Yet haply there will come a weary day,  
When, over-task'd at length,  
Both Love and Hope beneath the weight give way.  
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,  
Stands the mute sister Patience, nothing loth,  
And both supporting, does the work of both.

[242]

COLERIDGE.

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Obvious typographical errors and punctuation errors have been corrected after careful comparison with other occurrences within the text and consultation of external sources. Many missing periods were added.

Except for those changes noted below, misspellings by the author, misquotations, and inconsistent or archaic usage, have been retained.

[Pg 14.](#) 'MACAULY' replaced by 'MACAULAY'.

[Pg 14.](#) 'MACNEIL' replaced by 'MACNEIL'.

[Pg 43.](#) Note: author George Lillo is not listed in 'Catalogue of Authors' at the front of the book.)

[Pg 61.](#) 'MACAULEY' replaced by 'MACAULAY'.

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