

(Fac-simile)

THE
GRAVER & THE PEN



THE
GRAVER & THE PEN,
OR
Scenes from Nature with
Appropriate Verses

BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

author of

The New Arabian Nights,' 'Moral Emblems,
'Not I,' 'Treasure Island,' etc.

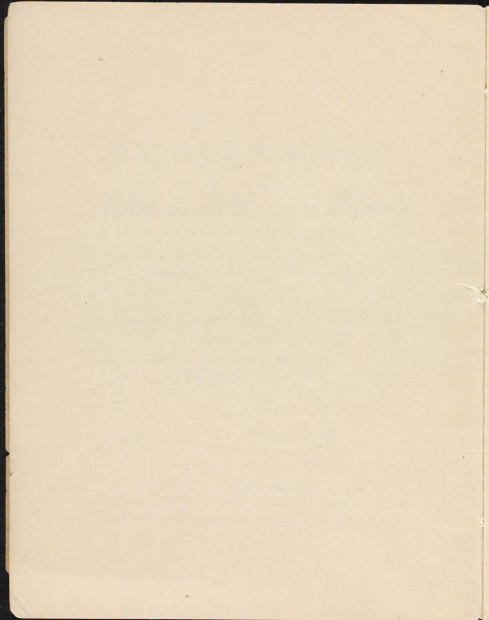
Illustrated.

EDINBURGH

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No. 17 HERIOT ROW.

[It was only by the kindness of Mr. CREEAR of Kingussie that we are able to issue this little work—having allowed us to print with his own press when ours was broken.]



PROEM.

Unlike the common run of men, -
I wield a double power to please,
And use the GRAVER and the PEN
With equal aptitude and ease.

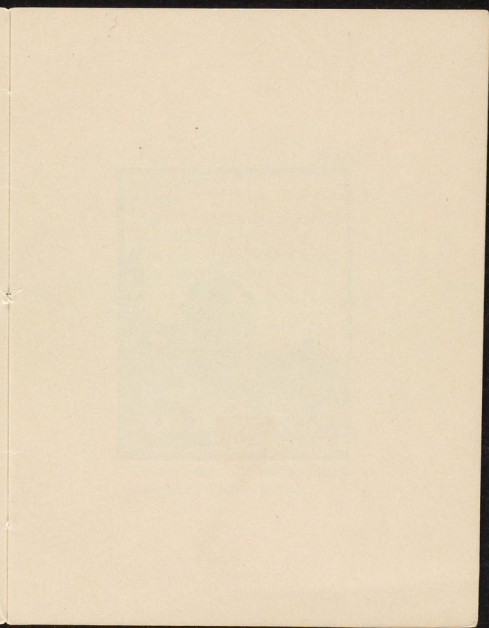
I move with that illustrious crew;
The ambidextrous Kings of Art;
And every mortal thing I do
Brings ringing money in the mart.

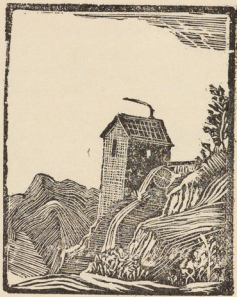
Hence, in the morning hour, the mead
The forest and the stream perceive
Me wandering as the muses lead—
Or back returning in the eve.

Two muses like two maiden aunts,
The engraving and the singing muse,
Follow, through all my favorite haunts,
My devious traces in the dews.

To guide and cheer me, each attends;
Each speeds my rapid task along;
One to my cuts her ardour lends,
One breathes her magic in my song.







The Precarious Mill.

Alone above the stream it stands,
Above the iron hill,
The topsy-turvy, tumble-down,
Yet habitable mill.

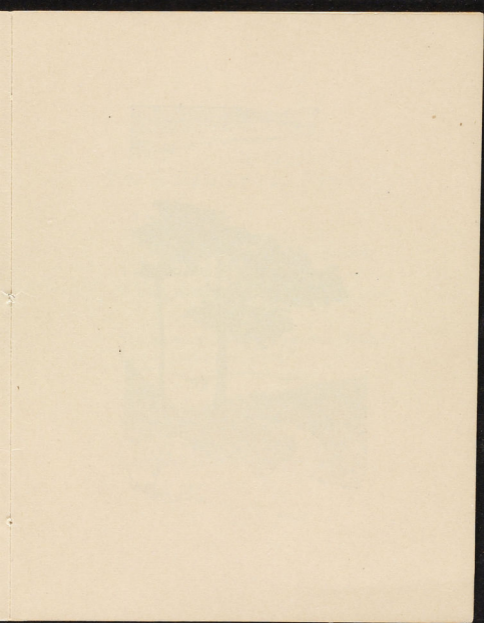
Still as the ringing saws advance
To slice the humming deal,
All day the pallid miller hears
The thunder of the wheel.

He hears the river plunge and roar
As roars the angry mob;
He feels the solid building quake.
The trusty timbers throb.

All night beside the fire he cowers:
He hears the rafters jar:
O why is he not in a proper house
As decent people are!

The floors are all aslant, he sees,
The doors are all a-jam;
And from the hook above his head
All crooked swings the ham.

“Alas,” he cries and shakes his head,
“I see by every sign,
“There soon will be the deuce to pay;
“With this estate of mine.”





The Disputatious Pines.

The first pine to the second said:

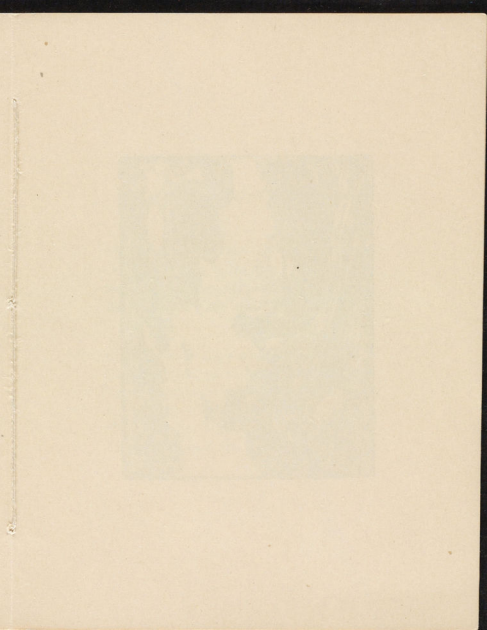
“My leaves are black, my branches red;
I stand upon this moor of mine,
A hoar, unconquerable pine.”

The second sniffed and answered: “Pooh,”
I am as good a pine as you.”

“Discourteous tree” the first replied,
The tempest in my boughs had cried,
The hunter slumbered in my shade,
A hundred years ere you were made.

The second smiled as he returned:
"I shall be here when you are burned."

So far dissension ruled the pair,
Each turned on each a frowning air,
When flickering from the bank anigh,
A flight of martens met their eye.
Sometime their course they watched; and
They nodded off to sleep again. [then





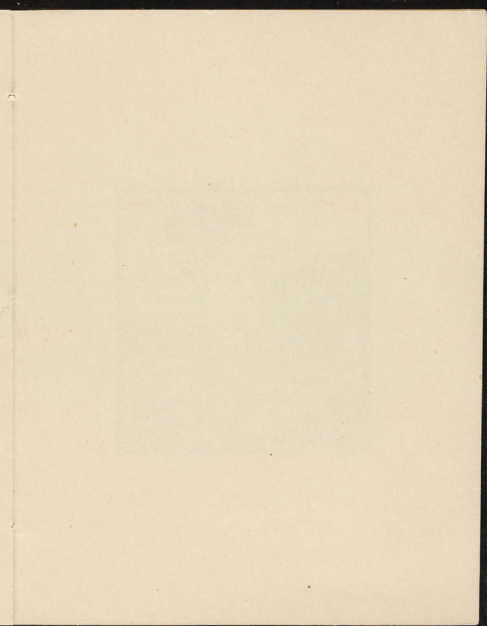
The Tramps.

Now long enough has day endured,
Or King Apollo Palinured
Seaward he steers his panting team,
And casts on earth his latest gleam.

But see! the Tramps with jaded eye
Their destined provinces espy.
Long through the hills their way they took,
Long camped beside the mountain brook;
'Tis over; now with rising hope
They pause upon the downward slope.

And as their aching bones they rest,
Their anxious captain scans the west.

So paused Alaric on the Alps
And ciphered up the Roman scalps.





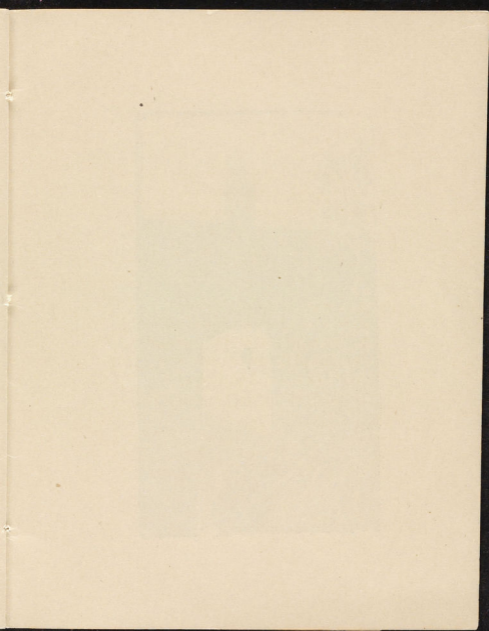
The Foolhardy Geographer.

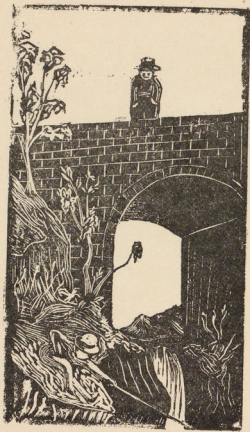
The howling desert miles around,
The tinkling brook the only sound—
Wearied with all his toils and feats,
The traveller dines on potted meats;
On potted meats and princely wines;
Not wisely but too well he dines.

The brindled Tiger loud may roar,
High may the hovering Vulture soar,
Alas! regardless of them all,
Soon shall the empurpled glutton sprawl—
Soon, in the desert's hushed repose,

Shall trumpet tidings through his nose!
Alack, unwise! that nasal song
Shall be the Ounce's dinner-gong!

A blemish in the cut appears;
Alas! it cost both blood and tears.
The glancing graver swerved aside,
Fast flowed the artist's vital tide!
And now the apolegetic bard
Demands indulgence for his pard!





The Angler & the Clown.

The echoing bridge you here may see,
The pouring lynn, the waving tree,
The eager angler fresh from town—
Above, the contumelious clown.
The angler plies his line and rod,
The clodpole stands with many a nod,—
With many a nod and many a grin,
He sees him cast his engine in.

“What have you caught?” the peasant cries.

“Nothing as yet,” the Fool replies.

