

Poems / by Thomas John Ouseley.

Ouseley, Thomas John, d. 1874.

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T. Garrison

P O E M S

B Y

THOMAS JOHN OUSELEY.



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ISLE OF MAN :
MATTHEW GLOVER, NORTH QUAY, DOUGLAS.

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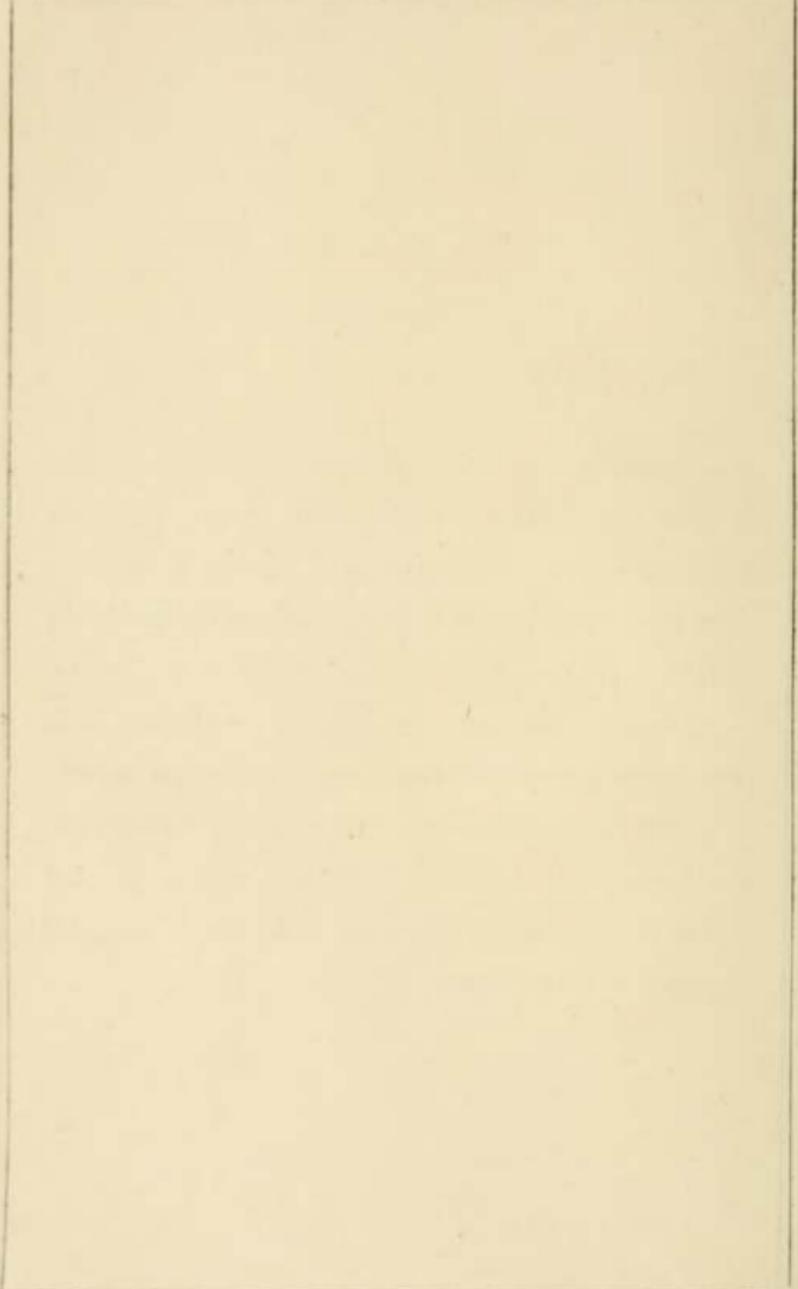
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1870

PREFACE.

THE Poems in this book range over nearly forty years. Some of them have gone through four editions, and many have appeared in the Magazines of the day at the time they were written. The English Melodies ; Songs for the People ; and Carols for Christmas and the New Year, are now, for the first time, published in a collected form. The whole volume has been written during the author's connection with journalism ; amidst much mental toil, and the vicissitudes of fortune. Probably this is his last work, and he would, therefore, claim for it the kind indulgence of his readers.

937883



THIS BOOK
IS INSCRIBED BY ITS AUTHOR
TO
CHARLES DICKENS,
AS
A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD

For one, whose prose is the poetry of the Heart. Who has made us feel a more holy appreciation of that which is good. Who has, like "The Great Master," taken little children to his bosom, and made them the theme of his loving nature, and transcendent genius. Who has, truthfully, taught the wealthy, and wise, that the poor, and ignorant, are their equals in affection, and integrity. Who has "held the mirror up to nature; shown vice her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure;" and who has given new impulses to humanity by his heart searching pathos, and rich, quaint humour. The Novelist of the Hearth; the beloved of all who have read, and pondered over, his enduring works.

God Bless Him!

ERRATA.

- For "intervene" p. 66, v. 28, read "interweave."
For "g height" p. 187, v. 4, read "giddy height."
For "subsistance" p. 272, v. 2, read "subsistence."

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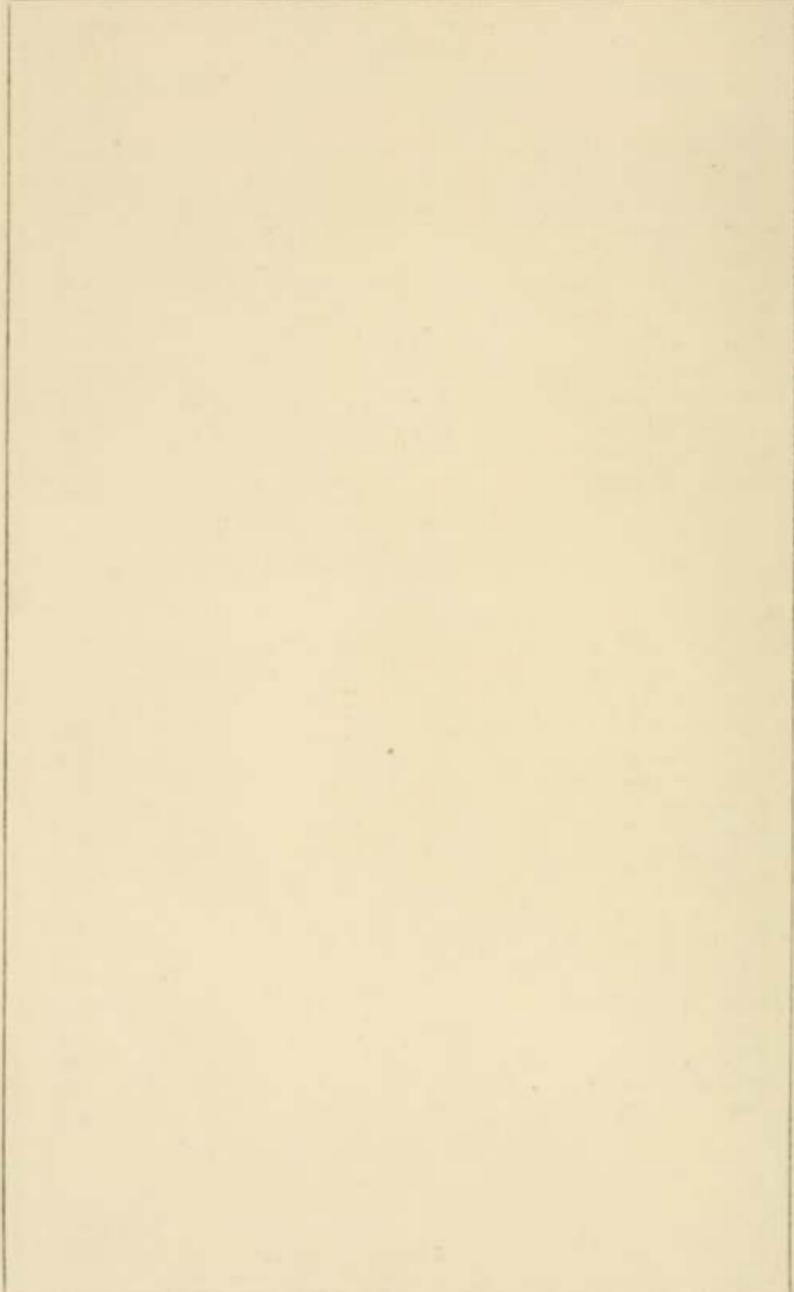
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Sacred Poems.

"And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them, over the fourth part of the earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."—Revelation vi. 8.

A VISION OF DEATH'S DESTRUCTION.

METHOUGHT I saw the monster DEATH stalk forth
Amid all things that live in this sad world;
Chameleon-like, he did so often change,
That none were guarded for his coming hour;
And being reckless of his withering touch,
Were struck when least expecting. Then methought,
I saw him leaning o'er a fair young girl,
Showing Consumption where to trace its course;
Which, like the serpent hid beneath the flower,
Took so secure a seat within her heart,
That little did she dream Death was so nigh;
But smiling, with the rose-hue on her cheek,
Seemed as though life was revelling in its prime.
By her there sat a Being, whose worn face,
Shewed nights of watching; and methought he spake,
On bended knees, with looks of agony,
And thus addressed the murderer of his peace:
"Strike not another blow on this white head,
"Thou hast ta'en all, save one, dear, only child;
"She is the comfort of my ebbing life,
"All, all, have shrunk like flowers within thy grasp,
"And would'st thou pluck that lily from my hand,
"The only flower my wint'ry year has left?
"Oh, spare for mercy! look at her young eyes
"Beaming with filial love: on my grey head,
"Whose palsied movements, and whose bitter tears,
"Coursing their passage down my furrowed cheeks,
"Should plead like angels' tongues to make thee stay
"Thy hand from this foul deed! If thou must strike,
"Let me partake the stroke that slays my lamb."
Death paused, a brighter glow came o'er her face,
And her eye shone with more than mortal light;
"Twas Faith, and Hope, and Love that glistened there.
The father thought his prayer was not in vain,
But oh! how blind is sight of mortal eye:
No sooner had he pressed her to his heart,
Than all was silent!—Death had done his work:
Methought the monster smiled—and then, intent
On other deeds of agonising woe,
Departed.

The Spirit of my Dream then led me on . . .
 To where the clang of battle-fray was heard,
 Where drum and trumpet echoed through my brain,
 With shrieks, and cries of victory, and death,
 While the wild war horse, rider-less, rush'd forth,
 Trampling alike o'er dying and the dead !
 The groans of agony that rent the air,
 The oaths of blasphemy that struck my ear,
 The prayers of those whose homes were far away,
 Of fathers for their children ; husbands, wives ;
 Sounded as though black hell had broke its chain,
 And desolation swept the very earth.

But oh, one shriek did strike me more than all ;
 It was a voice so strong, and yet so sweet,
 Pleading with Death to hold his bloody hand ;
 But the hard tyrant would not hear her sigh ;
 A voice of agony sent up to heaven,
 Calling on Him whose love is chastisement,
 To send His aid of comfort to her soul :
 A widow's prayer of wretched misery !
 I saw her as she knelt and wept by him,
 Who had to her been all the world held dear ;
 For there the gallant soldier gave his breath,
 To glory, honour, and his country's fame :
 I saw her place her first-born by his side,
 His look of peace shed comfort o'er her soul ;
 But oh, that face would never beam again,
 Those lips to her's would never more be press'd,
 Those arms on which her head so oft had lain,
 Were cold and helpless ; one hand grasp'd a sword,
 Whose bloody-broken point did plainly tell
 How he had dealt destruction on the foe.
 The cry of Husband ! met with no response :
 She knelt, indeed, alone ; save but to Him
 Who is the Father of the fatherless ;
 And as she held her orphan up to heaven,
 Calling on God to shield its innocence,
 All, all was hush'd ! nature seem'd wrapt in sleep ;
 The field of war was silent as the grave,
 No noise, no breath, no motion, spoke of life :
 How awful was the silence of that hour !

And then methought I heard a murmuring sound,
 Like the soft-sighing of a summer's breeze ;
 I saw a dark spot moving through the air,
 And as it nearer came upon my sight,
 Millions of angels hovered o'er the earth,
 And with the wafting of their snowy wings,
 Blew such a gale, that heaven's vault was rent :
 A flood of light outdaz'd the golden sun :
 And then I saw a throne with rainbows crown'd,
 Whereon the God of Mercy took his seat ;

A robe of glory shut his face from view,
 'Twas studded with the countless stars of heaven,
 And the sweet music of unnumbered tongues,
 Singing ecstatic praise to him above,
 Fleeted along the vast Abyss of Space ;
 When, at a signal from his mighty arm,
 The widow's prayer was ushered to its home,
 The babe fell from her grasp in death's cold sleep,
 The mother's spirit followed it to heaven.

The Spirit of my Dream still urged me on,
 To follow in the monster's murky track ;
 His iron breast was proof to misery,
 His ruthless step would never stay its pace.
 The lordly palace and the beggar's hut,
 The pauper's pallet, and the mat of straw,
 The gilded couch, and bed of softest down,
 Met no distinction from his equal hand.

The tyrant laughed with thrilling ecstasy,
 Some new destructive thought had struck his mind ;
 Lo ! at the echo of his mighty voice,
 Which made the very earth beneath him shake,
 Spirits arose to serve him at command,
 And thus his incantation dark began :—

God of Love, it is thy part,
 To subdue a maiden's heart,
 Who has never felt thy power ;
 Make her stubborn bosom cower !

Teach her eye to weep,
 From its lid take sleep !
 Teach her breast to sigh,
 That 'twere bliss to die !
 Let night to her be,
 As eternity ;
 And the day so bright,
 To her dark as night !
 With thy sting,
 Probe her heart ;
 Speed thy wing,
 Quick ! depart !

Now, Deception, hear my say,
 Steal that maiden's heart away ;
 Tell her you are more than love,
 Swear it by the God above !

Let thy false heart wile,
 From her cheek a smile ;
 Let thy false lip speak,
 With an accent meek !
 Use a cunning eye,
 And a deep-drawn sigh ;
 When you've done the deed,
 Her soft heart will bleed :

Then forsake ;
When she's won,
Her heart break ;
Haste ! begone !

No sooner was the mandate ushered forth,
Than Love took wing towards a blest abode ;
Where Paradise in miniature did stand,
And there, reclining in a rosy bower,
(Deception hidden 'neath his wily wing,) He waited for the coming of his prey.
The victim came, in blushing innocence,
With heart untainted, and with mind as pure
As angels' thoughts on holy mission sent ;
Her face and form, so fair, so beautiful : I could but weep that she had e'er been born,
To be a sacrifice to deed so damned.
There as she stood in all that sunny bower,
No rose could vie or match her beauteous cheek.

Assuming form of man, Deception knelt,
In humble attitude before the shrine ;
Pouring such strains of magic in her ear,
As ne'er were heard since paradise was lost ;
When the first Tempter sang of bliss to Eve ! Her eyelid quivered, as she faintly breathed,
Her blood, a burning flood of lava grew,
And rushing through her heart, stained a pure cheek,
With mortal passion, and with mortal woe.
She loved ! Oh, none but those who feel can tell,
The misery that little word involves :
Love is an April day, with sunny showers,
For tears and love are mixed in one sad draught,
And they who drink, must sip from sorrow's cup !
They loved ! at least she loved ! he spoke of love ;
She answered not, but with a deep-drawn sigh,
From the sweet fountains of her inmost soul,
Proclaimed her heart was stricken to its core.
Ah ! little thought she of her coming doom,
As the false Judas kissed her trembling lip ;
Ah ! little deemed she that so sweet a breath
Was pouring blight upon her happiness ;
But so it was, he gained the object sought,
And then forsook the poor heart-wounded dove.
Lonely she pined, her mate had fled its nest,
Whither she knew not ; and she watched in vain,
The rise and setting of the glorious sun !
The night, the starshine, and the pensive moon,
Thinking of him whose love to her was life ;
While silent tears would steal adown her face :
Sometimes a gleam of hope would light her eye,
That he, at that same hour, might think of her ;
Looking, like her, upon the orb of night :

Then a dark cloud would gather o'er her brow,
 And deep Despair would wrestle with her life ;
 When Hope and Faith had left her in his toil.
 One thought of him ; one firm-set trust in heaven ;
 One sound, as calm as infant's breath in sleep ;
 And then she sank to bliss beyond the stars.
 The deed was done ! a yell of fiendish joy
 Declared the consummation of Death's wish,
 A broken heart lay in his purpled hand,
 On which the Fiend in exultation gazed,
 Quenching his eyes of fire with drops of blood !

The Spirit of my Dream then carried me
 To where the mind had lost its hold on man ;
 Where Reason had forsook her tenement,
 Whilst diving deep to seek poetic fire.
 Days, nights of study, all for paltry fame,
 Whose loudest trumpet-sound is but a breath
 That's wafted into nothingness by time !
 Whose yearnings sink to vanity and pride,
 E'en when the sternest need compels them on.
 I saw a Being thus, whose care-worn face,
 (Which ever and anon grew deadly pale,)
 Whose burning forehead, and whose fiery eyes,
 Betokened more or less of human weal.
 He started from a silent reverie,
 Clanking his chains on high, with horrid laugh,
 And cursing the Creator of his life.
 Then would he kneel him down, and pray, and weep,
 So humbly piteous, that an infant's moan
 Were mockery to his plea of misery.
 And then stand up a prophet, and pour forth
 Language so fine, as almost to persuade
 Reason to wish for madness. And he looked
 Sublimely beautiful ; his jetty locks,
 Rivalling the raven's wing ; his bold, bright eye
 Facing the sun, with more than eagle strength ;
 His attitude a picture of command,
 Like Joshua when he stretchèd forth arm,
 Bidding the sun and moon to stay their course,
 Whilst Israel's children smote the Amorites.
 But this prophetic fury lasted not ;
 Death, jealous that he could not slay the mind,
 Placed his cold hand upon that noble brow ;
 The maniac gave a shrill, convulsive cry,
 A cry of joy, at his supposed success,
 To laurel crown and immortality !
 But wreaths of cypress with the bays were twined ;
 That tongue was palsied, ne'er to speak again !
 That hand, which gave to thought a surer stay
 Than the poor flimsy fabric of a brain,
 Was clenched by Death, within those raven locks !

Hark ! hark ! I hear a most unearthly voice,
 Yet it is one of earth's in agony,
 Casting defiance to the god of heaven,
 One whom the world doth call an **ATHEIST**,
 Better an Idiot, for the fool alone
 Is blind to reason's light. O, blasphemy,
 Why dost thou take thy course from human lips,
 And breathe damnation on mortality ?
 An oath—a curse—Omnipotence defied,
 The great Creator of the universe,
 Beneath whose throne, sun, moon, and stars, do shine
 In pitchy darkness, by His light eclipsed,
 Whose whisper is the thunder's loudest crash,
 Whose eye, ah, who can e'er describe that eye,
 All seeing, though unseen ? Who, with a look,
 Shoots forth his forked lightnings on the blast,
 Rending the earth with quakes ; the sea with floods :
 At whose command, the Angel of Destruction
 Crusheth a world into a formless wreck.
 Whose whisper is to cheer the drooping soul,
 With faith on Him who died to save mankind ;
 Whose eye looks down with mercy upon all,
 Shedding its light to comfort human woe :
 Whose breath speaks pure forgiveness to the worm,
 That pleads for it, with earnestness of heart,
 Sending repentance to the throne of grace,
 Where mediation ne'er is made in vain.

Infatuate blindness ! How can mortal man
 Look at the smallest thing that crawls on earth,
 Without acknowledging a Power Divine ?
 In the still night, watch thou the firmament,
 If thou canst count the stars that shine therein,
 If thou canst bid the moon to stay her light,
 If thou canst reach it even in thy thought,
 If thy conception can create a heaven,
 And if thy mind can work the universe,
 Then being more than man, thou may'st have doubt ;
 But when thy puny mind is overwhelmed
 With wonder and with awe ! when thy poor brain
 Is strained to bursting, to conceive a thought !
 Then must thy heart respond, there is a God !
 And fear and love must then encircle thee.

He raved, there was no God ! yet God there was !
 He strove to pray, yet oaths did cheek his speech ;
 He laughed in ecstasy ; and then he wept ;
 He dar'd death ! but yet he fear'd to die ;
 And then his eyes turn'd to an ashy pale ;
 Then would they change to livid balls of blood :
 His face, which once was fair to look upon,
 Looked bloated, black, envenomed like his mind ;
 And the rank steam, that left his maddened brain,
 Would trickle, cold as ice, adown his cheek.

Oh, horror! if thou hadst no other sight
But dying man without a hope of bliss;
Thou'dst have enough to make the stoutest heart
Quail with a chilly sense of misery.

This was a merry pastime for the Fiend;
He tortured him, but let him struggle on
For hours upon the rack of agony.
More blissful far to linger ever thus,
With the fond hope, repentance might avail,
Than be cast off to an enduring life,
Midst endless years of never-dying pain!

And then, methought I heard a voice in prayer,
(Strong in its weakness, whispering its faith);
Whilst angels hovered round a dying man,
Fanning his mortal agony away,
And with the glory of the Seraphim
Lighting the weary spirit to its home.
Death would have passed, unheedful of his pain,
But the soft aspirations of true love
For Him who shed His blood to save mankind;
From one who bore his rankling agony
In meekly imitating that good God
Who took our nature on his spotless soul,
Rose to the glory of the highest heaven.

And then methought a silence reigned above,
When the great Book of Truth was opened wide,
Wherein all good and evil deeds are writ;
And the benignant angel, Mercy, stood
Upon the right hand of the throne of Him
Who swayed the eternal spheres His breath had made;
And pleaded immortality of bliss,
For him whose name was registered therein.
Though born in sin, as one of Adam's sons,
He had received, in infancy, the mark
That linked him to the Saviour of the world:
And from the upward course from manhood's state,
Had, 'gainst the frailty that stains mortal things,
Struggled with firmness to subdue the fiend
Who lurks about to tempt the pure of heart,
When left unguarded, by his subtle power.
A child of duty to his earthly tribe,
Blessing the age of those who watched his youth,
A husband keeping faith in promises
Sworn by him at the altar's sacred shrine;
A father fostering in his children's hearts,
Worship of Him who reigns the God of all;
But yet a man of sorrow, no, of toil,
For sorrow could not touch his cheerful heart:
He knew it was decreed from the first sin,
That man should sweat and burden on the earth;
And with that load borne meekly on his back,

Walked steadfastly upon his duty's path,
Till hoary Time blew coldly on his blood,
And sat him down the grand sire of a race,
Like to a patriarch of olden days :
E'en then, his never-tiring spirit strove
To exalt the pledge bestowed by God on man.
Surrounded by a flock sprung from his loins,
He preach'd the Word of Truth each rising sun,
And with the sinking of its latest beam
Knell down in penitential prayer and love.

The world might scoff ! that unbelieving mass,
Who feel not what their senses cannot touch ;
Who trust alone to organs of decay,
As though with them they sank to nothingness ;
Letting the soul lie dormant in her cell,
Extinguishing the very light of life,
Which should throw lustre o'er the shroud of clay,
That cases in the soul of heavenly birth.

The world *did* scoff—the covenanted sects
That look with piteous contempt on those
Who will not follow their dogmatic track,
Shook not the firmness of that withering man :
He, like a sturdy oak, had braved the storm
Of many winters with adversity,
And now that faith was strengthened by ripe age,
He did not fear to face the unkind blast :
All, he would fain believe, were Christian men
That read the blessed book of holy writ ;
Having the good Messiah for their trust,
Howe'er they might fall off from that great tree.
No soul to him was past salvation's hope ;
He dared not question the Most High command,
Nor judge, lest judgement should envelope him ;
But the conclusion of his deepest thoughts
Was that the good, the just Omnipotent,
Would shew His mercy whereso'er He would.

And then, methought the blood shed by the Lamb,
Fell as a tear drop on the Book of Life,
And blotted out those sins entailed on him,
When he first wailed his advent to the earth.
The dying Christian feared not Death's approach,
But with a soft sweet smile received the boon,
That made immortal the mortality.
He stood before the presence of his God,
Clad in the vesture of immortal life,
Pure from all earthly stain and earthly care :
The face of Him whom man yet never saw,
Shone on the faithful servant of his trust,
And made him messenger from glory's throne,
A blissful angel in the state of heaven !

The Spirit of my dream forsook me not ;
 Death terribly kept up his wage with life ;
 No sooner had Destruction struck one blow,
 Than his untiring arm, dyed red with blood,
 Was raised to quench another vital flame.

—I saw a warrior, thick-set in fight,
 With helm and cuirass wrought of finest steel,
 His nodding plume waved gaily in the wind,
 Like some fair lady beckoning to her love ;
 As with a battle-axe he hewed his path
 Through the dense ranks of many a valiant foe ;
 His war-shout, Liberty ! each cry a death !
 Oh ! how that word inspires the patriot's heart ;
 How the blood mantles o'er a freeman's brow,
 Giving a double strength to every blow,
 When charging through the ranks of despotism.
 Embayed, encompassed by the tyrant host,
 With mounds his sword and axe had scattered round,
 Nature gave way before the stroke of him
 Who, valuing no degree of good or ill,
 Strikes with the same unerring, heartless aim,
 The brave and free, the coward and the slave.
 He sank in glory's arms. Fame held a wreath
 Of never-dying laurel o'er his head ;
 And with the life's-blood ebbing from his wounds,
 His knightly banner in his left hand clenched,
 And in his right, with broken sword upraised,
 He shouted, Freedom ! Victory ! and, God !
 And fell the topmost of a heap of slain,
 Crowning the conquest with a Patriot's death.

O Liberty ! thou nature's second god,
 Let but a bondsman see thy glorious light,
 And he will more than feel his galling chain.
 Thy spirit is the dearest friend of man ;
 The diadem that glitters on the front
 Of tyrant monarchy, sits heavier far
 Upon its tottering, uneasy throne,
 Than doth the cap of meagre poverty,
 When freedom animates the human soul.
 Why should Creation's noblest, grandest work
 Stand less accounted than the brutes of earth ?
 But so it is ; some minds are basely born,
 And the dull slug is drunk to sense of shame,
 And clings to slavery. O Patriotism,
 Thou that art deeply graven on the hearts
 Of rudest men, all nations and all climes
 Confess thy loving power ! The savage hordes
 Look on the soil where life first dawned on them,
 With more than common love ; for Want itself
 Forsaketh not its hut of misery,
 Without a sigh for days gone past recall :
 All things of life cling to their first of home

By instinct, and shall man, who is endowed
 With reason, yield to brute ? Oh, blushing shame,
 Draw thy thick veil of darkness o'er his form ;
 Despised, let him live a lingering life,
 Friendless, alone, and hopeless in the world ;
 No woman's love to cheer his dawn of day,
 No good man's prayer to soothe his dying hour.

Another victim waits his final doom :
 Hark ! how he mutters on that bed of straw
 Misery's outcast ; Poverty is marked
 On every feature of that haggard face,
 On all surrounding that poor hapless form.
 Yet he is happy, aye, more happy far
 Than they who live in splendid luxury.
 He fears not death, he counteth not on time,
 His heart, his soul, his god is made of GOLD !
 It glitters on the mouldy crust he eats,
 And feedeth both his body and his mind :
 It shines upon the dank straw where he sleeps,
 Which is to him a bed of eider-down ;
 The very rags that hide his squalid form,
 Are plates of sterling gold that warm his heart :
 They hide his treasure, they conceal his joy,
 They get more for him than a fur-robed gown ;
 At sight of them compassion melts men's hearts,
 From whom he melteth endless stores of bliss.
 And he is rich, the chink of gold ! gold ! gold !
 Is sweeter music to his panting soul
 Than Orpheus ever tuned upon his lyre ;
 Lulls him to rest, and wakes him on the morn :
 And he philosophises ; making much
 Of things which are as nought to other men.
 The smallest fragments from his musty bread
 Are swept back for another luscious feast.
 He counts his rice grains, and he thinks it sin
 To exceed a certain item of his food,
 The which he calculates so closely on,
 As not to add an atom to his flesh,
 For fear of making that same gain a loss.
 List ! how he counts his gold, as Death counts hours,
 "A hundred thousand, all but one rich pound !"
 "Oh, I shall never get that precious coin !"
 "Yes ! yes !—I'll sell my straw ; the earth is warm ;
 "Tis blind extravagance, that I should fare,
 "And clothe, and feed, and sleep so sumptuously :
 "Sure, sure, I have been mad ! now I'll be wise,
 "Such ill becomes so poor a wretch as me !"
 He counts again, and poring o'er each piece,
 Sees new-found treasure in the glittering dust,
 Making imagination feed his soul ;
 He sees not Death ; no, no, he sees but gold !

Oh, Avarice, thou worst of human ill,
 Thou never-dying vulture of the mind ;
 Woe ! woe ! to him that takes thee to his breast,
 Religion ne'er can soothe his troubled soul,
 His adoration cannot fix on heaven,
 He never thinks upon futurity.
 Love, woman's love, might perish in the blast,
 Ere his heart's warmth would ever nourish her :
 Affection is denied him to mankind,
 All feelings, senses, hopes, and fears are wrapt
 In that one fatal poison to men's souls.
 The strongest hold that Satan has on man ;
 Whose weight doth make the hand of Justice shake,
 Buys penitential pardon from the priest ;
 Even after death it damns the bigot fool,
 Bequeathing masses for his guilty soul.
 Man lifts his arm to slay his fellow man,
 Murders committed in the face of heaven,
 Millions are slain in honourable war,
 Freemen made slaves, and desolated homes ;
 Affections bartered at the altar's foot,
 Dowry, not love, the marriage perjured vow,
 A son imagining a father's death,
 Reading the Will, Sorrow a cloak for Joy,
 All, all, for gold ! Honour is bought with it ;
 It hideth sin too deep for eye of man ;
 The rich alone are wise, and cannot err.
 Accursed error, that the work of God
 Should be admeasured by its depth of dross ;
 That outward ornament should visor Vice,
 And Virtue be enwrapped in poverty.
 Death could not tarry, and he would be seen,
 He would be heard, and felt, and be obeyed ;
 The miser still kept clinging to his wealth,
 And with the pains of death upon his heart
 He murmured, " Oh, my coffin and my grave,
 " 'Twill ruin me, my gold ! my darling gold !"
 Gave an hysterick cry, a groan, and died.

Like some tall ship scudding before the gale,
 Whose spars are creaking in the tempest's howl ;
 Death sailed majestically on his course,
 Cleaving the air with his unwearied wings :
 I followed in the shadow of his trail,
 Destruction heralding his stern approach,
 As men, like reeds, bent down before his breath.
 He sat enthroned on pestilential air,
 And those, who homage paid unto his state,
 Withered like years before the scythe of Time ;
 He drank libation from a cup of tears,
 Which Grief had mingled from Affliction's fount ;
 Their very bitterness to him was sweet
 As purest nectar banqueted by gods.

A murderer stood in horrible dismay,
With blood of innocence upon his soul;
Remorse had set its seal upon his face;
The bones protruded from his shrivelled skin;
His eyes sunk deep within a tortured brow;
Parched lips, with unstrung nerves, and clotted hair,
He stood a skeleton of living flesh;
His aspect spoke that conscience had cut deep
Within an agonized repentant breast.

The man of blood groaned and entreated Death
To grant him shelter in some lonely grave,
To hide him from that greatest fear, himself!
Behold the power of conscience o'er the mind,
It is the voice of God that speaks therein;
And though sin may be hid from mortal sight,
Yet the All-seeing Eye will search it out,
And in the guilty bosom plant a worm,
That gnaws fell retribution from the heart.
His prayer was heard, the cold sod covered him,
Hemlock and night-shade flourished o'er his corse;
The owl screeched as it passed the unhallowed ground,
The raven, flitting through the moonlight gloom,
Croaking its sluggish course, looked like a sprite
Of evil, that was watching for its prey;
And the deep howl of many an hungered wolf,
That scented blood upon the midnight breeze,
Sounded the requiem of the murderer!
No grass shed verdure on the dreary spot;
And, save the moaning of the chilly wind,
Which sighed amid the dismal leafless trees,
His epitaph was writ by Solitude!

A mist came o'er my sight, concealing all,
Save the huge form of him who swayed my dream,
Whose eyes shot streams of fire, that lit my path,
Like torches, through the fog of the dense air,
As I proceeded spell bound, on my way.
Methought the veil fell from before my eyes,
And the wide world of waters met my view;
The sun was rising from his bed of night;
No breath of air to stir the mighty deep;
As he came forth the God of all the spheres,
Like a gay bridegroom decked in nuptial 'tire,
Smiling upon the mirror of his pride.
A beauteous brigantine sat on the wave,
Bowing her head to meet the gentle swell,
As the calm water rippled round her prow;
The snow-white sails were flapping on her yards,
And softest zephyrs kissed her panting sides:
Slowly she glided, like a stately swan,
Along her smooth and still unvaried course.
The happy Mariner sang forth his lay,

In sweet though homely strain, his thoughts on love,
 And her who plighted him a lasting faith,
 To voyage with him through the unkind world,
 Her breast his pillow, and his heart her home.
 Such was the scene ; but far more beautiful
 Than frail imagination can depict.
 Ah, little thought he, or his comrades there,
 How many hearts were doomed to rue that day,
 How many tears would flow in bitterness,
 How fathers for their children would despair ;
 Of first affections blighted in their prime,
 Of widows, orphans, old men childless left,
 Of bubbling waters, and of gurgling throwsts,
 His thoughts were set on far more happy scenes.

The black clouds gather o'er the clear blue sky,
 And stern Fate frowns upon the destined bark ;
 Not one poor straggling sun-beam gives its light ;
 Still she floats solemnly upon the wave,
 Her white sails shaded to obscurity ;
 While the foul tempest broods above her head,
 Waking destruction to terrific deeds :
 A moaning, rushing sound, the spray darts up,
 Striking her foresail to its baptism
 Of after woe and desolation.
 A dreadful crash, the foremast by the board !
 Clew every sail, and lay her to the wind !
 She hides her trembling head beneath the wave,
 Afraid to meet the black, tempestuous sky.
 See, see, she dances in the briny air ;
 Her black spars creaking in her shattered hold ;
 Now, like a cormorant diving for its prey,
 She pitches headlong down the depthless sea,
 A momentary wreath of snowy foam,
 Thrown by the eddying whirlpool, marks her tomb,
 And all is hushed, save the dread water's moan.
 Hark ! what a frightful shriek now rings her knell :
 I saw two beings clinging to a spar,
 One shroud bound both the husband and the wife ;
 The hot blood trickled from his mangled wounds
 Down her cold breast, as though to give it warmth ;
 But Death had chilled her bosom with his breath ;
 They lay in one embrace, with face upturned,
 As if upbraiding heaven for their doom.

Death rode along in form of majesty,
 Upon a wave some thousand fathom steep ;
 Whose top appeared to kiss the weeping sky,
 As it poured forth the vial of its wrath :
 The rainbow his triumphal arch of fame,
 And the loud thunder echoing his power,
 Howled concert to the foaming, hissing sea :
 A crown of purest gold bedecked his brow,

The branch from which Eve plucked the fatal fruit,
With the foul serpent clinging round its stalk,
Was his unerring sceptre of command.

Upon the horizon, broke a streak of light :
And then, methought, I saw an arm'd fleet,
Which stretched beyond where sight of man could reach
Each spar, each sail, each object black as night ;
As though the spirits of the damned were there ;
And as they passed in terrible review,
The bright transparent water turned to blood
And the dark squadrons changed to deadly white ;
For Fear had clad them in this pallid pall.
The red spray splashing on their snowy sides,
And the deep moans their rocking ribs sent forth,
Out-stretched both sense of hearing and of sight,
Making a sickly throb crawl o'er my heart.
Methought at last, Death sighed to see his work,
His breath of pity withered every bark,
And, phantom like, they slowly sank from view,
Beneath the gaping, stagnant, crimson flood.
The Serpent's eye glistened with ecstasy,
To think how death charmed to compassion, slew
Fresh provender to gorge his hellish maw.
The wily Adder left the fatal stem,
And, casting off concealment from his guise,
Stood forth in fond companionship with Death ;
His stature awful, dignified, and grand,
His face was formed and featured like to man,
With every evil passion writ thereon,
The beaming drop of mercy floated not
Upon those fierce remorseless eyes of blood :
Invulnerable was the armour made,
That clad his warlike and defying form ;
Snakes hung in slimy clusters on his head,
Spitting in streams their poison down his breast,
Which lodging there congealed and formed his heart :
His voice was soft, subtle, and changeable,
His power unbounded as his lust for sin.
He spake with Death to bid the burning sun
Suck up the waters of the mighty deep,
And lay the wonders of creation bare :
The glorious orb obeyed the tyrant's call,
And oh ! what horrid sights encompassed me,
Mountains of rotten and decaying bones,
The scattered fragments of some thousand ships,
The tenants of the deep gasping in death ;
Unnumbered bodies in corruption lay,
Emitting stench to scent the pit of hell :
SATAN marked out his own, and then passed on,
Assisting Death's completion of his task :
Whole cities fell in ruins at his breath,
Huge rocks, whose sides the tempest's howl defied,

Were crushed beneath his feet, plagues swept the land ;
 The herbs of earth withered at his approach,
 No voice of man, nor insect hum was heard ;
 An universal scene of solitude :
 Nought now was seen to indicate that life
 Had e'er sojourned upon this land of woe,
 But the black earth of many a new-turned grave ;
 Silence spoke misery.

And then methought,
 I heard a noise of strife that shook the earth ;
 SATAN would bear no co-mate in his power,
 Within his dread eternity.

They fought !
 The monster DEATH poured forth a flame of fire
 From out his withering and destroying eyes ;
 From cankered lips he blew his pestilence ;
 And with Destruction's well-tried, tempered sword
 He showered blows of wrath as thick as hail,
 But all was vain, no stroke he gave could harm ;
 SATAN, impenetrable, laughed to scorn
 So weak an enemy, for he had warred
 With the OMNIPOTENT, and could not die,
 But with the curse of everlasting life,
 Grafted upon his disobedient heart ;
 He made his onset. Fiercely there they stood,
 Like tigers panting to renew the fight ;
 They both were equal. Then, methought, I saw
 The veil fall from before the vault of heaven ;
 The sun and moon lay ranged with the bright stars,
 Beneath the footstool of a beauteous throne,
 On which the ALPHA and OMEGA sat :
 Millions of angels gathered round his feet,
 Chaunting His praises through the choir of heaven.
 And then a sound pierced through the crystal air,
 Which shook the very centre of the globe ;
 Like the loud challenge of a herald's trump,
 Pouring a strain that made the trembling earth
 Give up her dead ! The Archangel of all life,
 Then breathed forth his Spirit : and they lay
 Prostrate before the throne of the great Judge.
 He spake, DEATH was no more. And then I saw
 SATAN stand damnlessly and boldly forth,
 Claiming his kingdom's subjects, shrieks and wails,
 Mercy with Justice pleading, — but in vain.
 My trance dissolved, but with the memory
 Of DEATH'S DESTRUCTION clinging round my brain.

THE CREATION.

"By the word of the Lord were the heavens made ; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth."—
Psalm xxxiii. 6.

SPACE infinite ! expanse of nothingness ;
Eternity of Time, yet Time not come,
Not made as now, to have an end in space ;
Dark, lone, and void ; it is of thee I sing,
And thy Creator, who made worlds unknown,
That have rolled on their course in other spheres,
Before thou wast ; ere Chaos rose to form.

God undefinable, who by thy word,
Proclaimed there should be light, and light there was ;
Whose presence is that light which giveth life,
To thee I bend ! And oh, direct my heart,
Lest I blaspheme, by daring to ascend,
Beyond the summit of this mountain Earth,
And plunge myself in streams of fancied power,
Making conception picture out Thy work ;
And span the measure of Thy awful strength,
The glories and the beauties of Thy hand.
I cannot look upon yon starry plain
Of living gold that waves in liquid light,
Upon yon deep ethereal space of blue ;
I cannot watch the day, and slumbering night,
The summer's sun, which warmeth Nature's heart,
And giveth winter vegetation life ;
The autumn leaf which droppeth from the tree,
To shew new beauties to the coming spring ;
Falleth as we fall from the tree of life,
When Death, that mighty autumn withers all ;
When wintry age has sunk beneath his grasp ;
Preparing way for other flowers to rise,
To droop and fall beneath the scythe of Time ;
I cannot look on Nature's lovely garb,
Without imagination swelling forth,
Stretching my senses far beyond my strength

To ponder on Thy greatness and Thy power,
 And feel what language never can describe ;
 While from my humble heart this prayer doth rise,
 Blessed art Thou, and holy is Thy name.

Chaos, confused mass, unbounded space,
 He breathed His voice o'er thee, and thou wast made.
 Earth—thy inanimate existence grew,
 Through thy Creator's will a formless heap ;
 And when he spake, the waters oozed forth
 From out thy dark unfathomable womb,
 And o'er thy surface spread their limpid streams,
 As though to weep their birth away in tears.
 The day and night, attent upon thy wants,
 Shone at command to cheer and nourish thee,
 Archangels waited on thy fashioning ;
 Millions of Cherubim sang forth the praise
 Of thy great Maker, thy Creator's power :
 And when the Day, the greater light arose
 For the first time, and kissed the sleeping Night,
 Thou hadst thy being, and He called thee EARTH.
 There thou didst roll, a shadow of thyself,
 Thy mountains naked, and thy loneliness
 Sacred to Solitude.—Thy barren hills,
 Proud monuments of desolatedness,
 Speak of the future, but the past recall :
 For thou shalt perish e'en as thou wast made,
 Unfruitful, ruined, a convulsive mass,
 When thy apportioned hour is blotted out
 From off the callendar of hoary Time.

GOD SPAKE !—The firmament enclad thee round ;
 A robe ethereal encompassed thee,
 And thy sweet singing rivulets rushed forth
 To gaze upon the soft, transparent sky,
 And on thy bosom formed a boundless space,
 A rushing torrent and a depthless gulph,
 Cresting their rippling smiles to giant waves,
 Whose frowns poured proudly down their foaming sides,
 Which swelling seemed to spurn thy confined bounds,
 As though they'd burst their wrath and strike through heaven.
HE SPAKE ! and called your gathering of power
 By name of SEAS ! and mated ye to Earth.

How grand, majestic, awful, and sublime,
 How full of beauty, yet how fraught with dread,
 Is the great moving world of waters formed.
 How sweet to contemplate the still, calm sea,
 When Nature whispers with her softest breath,
 And smiles upon this child of her create :
 When her warm eye, the glorious orb of day,
 Peeps out behind the curtain of the night,
 Making thy surface like a silvery bed,

On which Content might fearless seek repose :
 But oh, how false thy slumbering innocence !
 How dreadful when thou wakest from thy sleep,
 When in the passion of the storm thou ravest,
 Sending forth desolation with its howl,
 Which recklessly destroyeth all it meets,
 How the poor vessel groans in her distress,
 While test by tempest on the foaming sea,
 When the wind whistles forth a solemn dirge,
 To warn the mariner of life's brief span :
 And the huge waves roll to the dismal knell,
 Black with the shadow of the angry sky,
 Whose sable cloak envelopes misery.
 The forked lightning spits its lurid glare,
 Shining in ghastly mockery of woe,
 Like a fell smile upon a murderer's cheek.

What can withstand the tempest when the storm,
 Darts with its direst fury on the main,
 Striking the blow of Vengeance in its wrath,
 When the black waters rise to mock the clouds,
 Foaming like some blood-thirsty beast of prey
 That hunger'd maddened in the wilderness,
 Its eyes turned bloodshot by the lightning's glare,
 And its deep roar, the trembling thunders crash ?

If the poor Stormy Petrel could but speak,
 To tell the wondrous tale of thy great power
 Oh Sea, it would unfold a tale of might
 For it doth live when craft of man is lost,
 And wrecked, and broken, whirling down thy maw !
 It would then tell of waters whose high peaks
 Of snowy foam have spat upon the sky,
 And plunged headlong down a yawning gulf,
 A deep abyss of darkness and of dread,
 Where Desolation sits to brood o'er woe.
 Who can withstand His arm, who yields the spheres,
 And with His will can make the raging storm
 As still, as hushed, as slumbering innocence ?
 The waters movéd on thy face, O EARTH !

Again HE spake !—and lo, a lovely robe
 Of beauteous flowers concealed thy nakedness :
 All clad in innocence they bowed their heads,
 And sighing o'er thee with their sweetest breath,
 Called thee their Mother, Mother of us all.
 The mountain pine then reared his lofty top,
 The sturdy oak spread forth his gnarled boughs,
 And braved the fury of the angry gust,
 Like a stern warrior in his case of steel,
 Protecting ye, ye flowers, from the blast,
 Which else would nip your budding, kill your life.
 The fruits of earth grew to their plenteousness,

Ripe with their loveliness, a tempting feast,
A God-like banquet, for a God-made work :
Young Nature sang in ecstasy of joy ;
Still all was stature-like, a fixed mass,
No motion, save the vegetable life,
A death-like fixture, with an inward light
That spake its being with the sweetest scents :
Earth, Light, and Darkness, Firmament and Seas,
Green Herbs enclad with most luxurious fruits,
Ye were created, and your use approved ;
HE called ye good ! Your being was complete,
When the Third Day had run its ordained course,
And rested on the weary couch of night.

The morning wakes !—a sign is seen in heaven,
A glorious halo dazzling on the sight,
Darts forth its rays in golden streams of fire,
And breathes a warmth, a second life o'er earth ;
The trees expand their leaves to catch the light,
The new-born light of heaven !—How wonderful
To see the splendour of thy morning rise,
When thy meridian beameth in its full ;
No mortal eye can bear to face thy gaze,
Great work of glory, God of Nature's life ;
I could opine me that an Angel stood
As sentinel to watch this work of God :
That some Archangel in his glory shone,
By the command of the Omnipotent,
A fixture in the heavens to breathe on earth.
Great space of light how beautiful thou art,
Whate'er thou art, and whencesoever thou comest,
Thy composition, or thy final doom,
Is far beyond my reach of thought to grasp ;
God called thee SUN ! and throned thee in the sky.
Oh Omnipresent God of Power and Love,
To think that thou canst blow upon that flame,
And with a thought, which is obeyed when thought,
Canst quench that orb, and make it black as night.

Rejoicing now the little rivers sing
Their murmuring of praise among the stones
That line their flinty couch. Some drest in moss,
Wait on the water reeds, that bow their heads
When the soft breeze kisses the limpid stream.
All Nature joyeth, and the God-like Day,
Crowns him with chaplets made of lovely flowers,
And drinks from fountains pure to Nature's health.

Thou SUN ! most beauteous spot of heavenly light,
Thou that divideth Nature's seasoning,
From Spring to Summer is thy prime of glow ;
And then the Autumn, then bleak Winter comes,
With snow-clad cap, to greet another Spring,

And doffs it to thy majesty again,
King of all heavenly planets, thou art he.

Night comes to shew her glory, and there stands
Thy shadow, Sun, a brilliant silvery orb,
Most precious jewel in the darkling crown :
The diamond lustre twinkleth in each ray,
A soft, a speaking silence, in her gaze ;
Like the first passion, that doth first enthrall
A lover's heart : a conscience-speaking eye,
That looks upon the workings of the world,
When it is veiled in fancied secrecy.
The Murderer goes to do a deed of blood,
Beneath the shadow of the solemn night,
When she peeps out behind some marky cloud,
And points the track of Vengeance to the gaze
Of him whose hand is stained with clotted gore,
Striking remorse upon his haggard brow,
And branding conscience on his soul of sin.
The Lover speeds him to the silent grove,
And there, awaiting the appointed hour,
To meet the being where his soul lies tranced,
Counts out the weary time, and looks on thee,
Thou beauteous queen of night : thy silent gaze
Reminds him of the love that cannot speak,
That glistened in her eye ; his soul's first throb
Moved with her silence, as it moves with thine ;
Joy is so full in its own plenteousness,
That the eye fills with rapture, and the tear
Dazzles thy glory from his aching sight :
His full heart beats and throbs with more than earth ;
The purity of heaven sure lends its aid,
To bind affection in such deathless bonds.
She comes, they meet, are clasped in one embrace ;
(Chaste orb, thou didst not blush at love so pure)
One sigh of writhing joy starts from the fount
Where bliss enthroned sips, and wafts to heaven.

The tell-tale of the night looks round on all,
And gives its dew-drop nourishment to earth ;
The Moon, the MOON is up ! list to her voice,
It whispers on the tide, the serving sea
Bends to her guidance, and its pride is quashed
When she conceals her face, and wanes away ;
But when she gives her glory its full sway,
Watch thou the rippling current ; see it blaze
In little jutting mountains of bright light,
More white, more shining, than the boiling flood
Of metal that doth leave the crucible,
When it is cleansed from dross and glistens pure.

No sooner had the Moon sank from the heavens,
Than a bright robe of glory clad the sky,

Bedecked with little twinkling orbs of light,
 And myriads of worlds sang to the Night,
 Whose silent throb of bliss spoke forth its joy,
 To see these new-created beauties shed
 Their lustre o'er the earth, and deck its crown,
 The great, the glorious canopy of heaven :
 O wonderful ! to gaze on the still night,
 And watch the music of the spheres above,
 Whose silent eloquence points to a God,
 And dares the infidel to doubt that Power
 Whose will is power, and whose might is will ;
 Whose breath is vengeance, when He bids the wind
 Storm through the earth, and rend the mighty oak
 From out the hold of its poor trembling womb,
 E'en as a little child would pluck a flower ;
 Destroying rocks and mountains with its blast,
 Making the sea to quake and roll with dread,
 Afraid to meet His wrath, to face His strength :
 Oh God ! oh glory ! tremble, earth ; fear, hell.

Ye beauteous STARS, bright carpet of the heaven,
 Whereon the angel-spirits tread their path,
 Far from thy contagion, thou impure earth ;
 Ye Stars unnumbered, vast and infinite ;
 Ye distant, mighty worlds, that roll your course
 Millions of miles above this puny sphere,
 He made ye also, and so wonderful,
 That man's philosophy may never scan
 Your power and use ; your glory's only seen
 With joy, with wonder, praise, and fearfulness,
 The fourth day gave ye birth, ye beauteous worlds !

And now He looks upon the mighty deep,
 And life breathes in its bosom at His word ;
 The huge Leviathan rose out of nought,
 And swam the imperial monarch of the SEAS ;
 Its great empire, a vast, a dreadful deep ;
 Its palace the dark million-fathomed gulph.
 The roaring, rushing torrent of the tides,
 That flow beneath the surface of the sea ;
 The howling, hissing, uncontrolled wind,
 Is the sweet music of the Ocean's life.

And then, above the waters there were poised,
 Like ether, on the air, the FEATHERED TRIBE,
 From the bold fire-eyed eagle who doth soar
 Beyond the finite sight of mortal eye,
 To gaze undazzled on the burning sun ;
 To the poor innocent, and timid dove,
 That nestles 'neath the shelter of the trees,
 And 'mid luxurious foliage builds its home.
 Great, small, and various in their kind, they flew
 O'er land, o'er sea, and sent their praises forth,

In the sweet warbling music of the song,
Greeting the morning with their earliest praise,
A meet example for the after work,
For MAN, the lord of earth, the God's create!

Is 't not a lovely and a hallowed sight,
To watch the peeping of the dawning day,
And hear the various modulated sounds
Come from the grove, the rock, the field, the sky ?
To hear the bubbling of the little brook,
As it creeps slowly on its humble course ;
To smell the sweetest scents of simplest flowers
Stretching the aching senses, letting joy,
And bliss unsullied, reign through nature's life :
God blessed ye, ye immutes of the deep,
And ye sweet choristers, with swelling throats,
Joining your harmony in matin praise ;
He bade ye multiply : to fill the sea,
Ye fish, the earth, ye fowl ; and called ye good.

The sixth day rises, and the golden sun
Shines in his utmost glory : Nature waits
Her increase, and thera breathe the beasts of earth,
The cattle of the field, and creeping things,
All to their different purposes crawl forth ;
The lion walketh on his stately course,
Snuffing the morning breeze ; the forest rings
An echo to his roar : the howling wolf,
The huge gigantic mammoth, and a mass
Of other creatures, walk the soft green earth.
All nature liveth !—Oh Omnipotent.
How hast thou formed them ? Nothing hast thou made
But for some useful purport it is formed.
How intricate, how various thy work !
How wonderful the animalcule,
The sightless substance of a living worm,
The nerves, the veins, the muscles, and the bones,
The senses—all in one small compass wrapt—
As perfected as larger animals.

But there was yet another work unmade,
The Lord of the Creation, the life's soul,
The image of the Godhead—Reason, wrapt
In beauteous form and mould, a thought to grasp
All earthly attributes, an earthly god.
A silence reigned on Earth, the wind was dumb,
The sun stood still in heaven, and the moon
Shone just uplifted from the horizon's verge,
The stars ceased twinkling, but threw out their light ;
And heaven, illuminated by its worlds,
Awaited the approach of the Most High !
Immortal spirits flitted o'er the earth,
And the Jehovah, with the mighty host

Of his Archangels, with the Cherubim,
 Came down from heaven : the ground whereon He stood
 Was hallowed, and a bright cloud of glory
 Gathered beneath His presence like a mist ;
 The heavenly lights were shut out by that light
 Which knows no compare ! And the Angel choir
 Sang to the praise, the glory of their God.

The cloud dissolved in light ! And where He stood
 There knelt a Being whose uplifted hands
 Pointed beyond the world : God breathed on him ;
 He moved, he spake, and his first word was—God !
 An angel-mortal substance, there he stood
 Monarch of earth ! his bold commanding front,
 His beauteous stature, and his beaming eye,
 Which shed forth rays of intellectual light,
 Spake him the Ruler, and he stood alone,
 Except with God !—He called him MAN.

The beasts, the birds, the fishes, all of life
 Went forth in pairs ; but man was left alone.
 So the Jehovah caused the FIRST MAN sleep ;
 And whilst he lay upon the velvet ground,
 Wrapt in the shadow of entranced life,
 A being was created, and she knelt,
 And gazed upon her slumbering future lord :
 God called her WOMAN, and her name was Eve.
 And she was beautiful !—her soft blue eyes
 Vied with the ethereal canopy of heaven ;
 And she was fair, aye, as the silvery cloud
 That sails to meet the morning on its rise ;
 And her soft hair hung down in golden streams,
 And moved to and fro upon her brow,
 As the sweet playful breeze kissed her fair cheek,
 And tempted adoration from her lord.
 He woke, he gazed, he LOVED, and they were one !
 And in a lovely paradise they dwelt ;
 No toil, no care, Nature gave all of want,
 And God engrafted bliss upon their souls.
 God blessed them !—And on the seventh day
 From that on which from chaos he did form,
 Earth and its attributes—CREATION WAS.

THE SABBATH.

WHEN the First Man in Eden stood and gazed,
With pure delight upon his beauteous home ;
When peace and sunshine, joys without a pang,
Lit up his path, and thrilled within his breast,
The world's first Sabbath dawned.—The morn, the night,
Brought sweet contentment—Time knew no decay ;
The Seasons were not ; for nor heat nor cold,
Oppressive, or yet painful, gave their change ;
But an eternal summer reigned around,
Cheering each breath of life. And softest sounds,
Mingled with perfume, filled th' ambrosial air,
Making earth, heaven in its infancy.
All things were holy, for the curse of Sin
Had not brought Death. The crystal rivers ran
Untainted on their course ; the umbrageous trees
Changed not their verdure—every veiny leaf
Leapt with life's current, as the balmy breeze
Cheered with its music. Man communed with God !
No thought but was of God ! and Earth proclaimed
Herself the Temple of His holiness.
Primeval day of rest ; ere Labour's ban—
Man's heirloom from his cradle to the grave,
For disobedience—fell on all our race !
Rest let it be ; rest for the toiling frame
From the world's lures ; those evanescent joys
That look not to the future, or the blood
Shed as a sacrifice for Adam's sin.
Meet time to question o'er with earnestness
Duties omitted ; forming strong resolve,
Without delay, to purge the impure breast
From thoughts unhallowed, and thus closer draw
To Virtue, who with lib'ral hand bestows
Ample largess of interest on her sons
For every act of good—tenfold repays
For each deposit in her Treasury—
Makes rich indeed, with heart-wealth boundless peace,
All who place trust in her.

Rest let it be,
From Mammon-seeking and the tempting gauds
That Pleasure strives to win with.—On this day,

Apportioned by the Lord for Godly thoughts,
 Labour for love, with thankfulness to Him
 Who bore the Cross on Calvary, and gave
 His blood—atonement for the load of guilt
 The world groaned under; yielded up His life
 That Man, now reconciled to God, should live
 Eternal with the Father; be joint heir
 Through Faith, with the incarnate well-loved Son
 Who was before the world, and yet became
 Flesh of our flesh to testify for Truth.
 Great days of life are Sabbaths, for they form,
 Well-spent, a sure eternity of bliss.
 From this bold hill look down upon the vale,
 Amid yon trees peeps forth the village spire;
 List to the tinkling of the Sabbath bell,
 Noting the time for prayer. The gentle breeze
 Bears on its dove-like wings the peaceful call:
 From out the cottages, with guarded steps,
 Come peasants in their holiday attire;
 Women bent low with age, and grandsires too,
 With silver locks parted o'er sun-burnt brows,
 Hobbling on crutch to reach the goal of life;
 Whilst 'fore them happy children lightly tread,
 Watching their shadows in the golden sun,
 Shadows that lengthen as their years creep on,
 Yet now unthought, though type of future gloom.
 And youthful maidens, with health-tinted cheeks,
 Quicken their pace as the decreasing sound
 Proclaims the hour is come when all should be
 Gathered, within the house where God is praised.

Within the house of Prayer

All eyes intent, fixed on the preacher's face;
 O'er head, strong old oak beams support the roof.
 Windows unstained by Art's attractive lines,
 Shaded by yew and ivy from without,
 Throw subdued light upon the worshippers:
 A humble tablet here and there records
 The name and virtues of some loved one gone.
 No organ peal is heard, but simple strains
 From flute or viol, touched by rustic hand.
 Leads the uncultured choir. O sweetest praise
 Is that which flows from hearts, howe'er untuned
 By skill in melody, to please the ear.
 The very fields seem sacred; and the trees
 Scarce move their branches, as instinct with sense,
 Fearful to break the calmness of the scene.
 The cattle silent browse, or lay them down
 In undisturbed content:—No sound is heard
 Save the low trillings of the feathered choir,
 Whose songs betoken happiness serene.
 Visit the City:—all the busy hum
 Of human traffic, and the eager strife

For Mammon's favours now is hushed. No voice
 Grates on the ear ; each glittering mart is closed,
 The once o'er-crowded streets forsaken are,
 And scarce the echo of a step is heard.
 High, massive buildings stand in cold repose,
 As though the very stones were wrapped in sleep :
 The lofty spires seem looking to the sky,
 Pointing the way to heaven, whose cloudless vault
 Rests fathomless above us, its vast depth
 Tells of the power that formed it, and we feel
 Grateful for love Divine, and lift our hearts
 Yearning to God, and seek him in the skies.
 Anon from every steeple tower rings out
 Joy for the Sabbath ! whilst the multitude
 Pour forth from every house, and in brief time
 Thousands of voices join in solemn prayer,
 Or sing sweet hymns of praise for mercies shewn,
 And plead for future blessings. Sabbath days,
 To those who keep them holy, bring delight
 More exquisite than transient mortal joys ;
 The more we taste, the more the eager soul
 Longs for its sustenance—nor ever palls
 The appetite, with manna sent from heaven.

Reverse the picture ! oh that e'er reversed
 Such bliss should be ! Go to the scorner's home,
 Wherein ne'er enters the calm step of Truth :
 Where hope ne'er tarries, and where gentle Faith
 Holds not the cup of comfort to the lips
 Of sturdy unbelief : where Care and Want
 Crouch on the hearth ; and Indolence, with eyes
 Bent on vacuity, wears out the time,
 Deeming the precious hours too slow and dull :
 Or riotous Debauch, with frenzied mien,
 Passes rude jests, and with unhallowed tongue
 Profanes the day, draining the drunkard's cup
 To cheer the wretched moments as they fly.
 Yon woman who, in rags, hangs o'er her babe,
 With wan and sunken cheeks, whose fevered breath
 Taints e'en the infant to her bosom pressed,
 Whose eyes emit no ray of love or joy,
 Was, few years gone, a godly virtuous maid,
 With ever-smiling face ; those eyes, now dim,
 Were wont to brighten with affection's smile ;
 The darling of her circle, the delight
 Of all the village,—an example too ;
 God-fearing in her every act of life.
 One Sabbath broken ! and the priceless chain
 Fell link by link, till shattered in the dust,
 Ne'er to regain its pristine beauty more.
 The man, the husband, murderer of her peace,
 The deadly Upas tree whose poisonous breath
 Blighted her happiness. The tender plant,

Nurtured in misery to school with vice,
Accursed by thee, his parent will grow up
A pestilence like thee,—and thus thy crime,
Like some black, yawning gulph encompasses
Her of thy bosom, and the innocent babe
Sprung from thy loins. O fool, oh wretched dolt;
Blind as the beast that perishes ;—more blind,
For the poor brute no future has to fear :
Thy future, and the future of thine home,
Doomed to perdition ; thy polluted soul
Dare not look up at the last awful day
Or hope for Mercy. Leper of the heart,
Estranged from man, rejected by thy God,
What art thou but a self-created curse,
A piteous spectacle for human eyes,
A dread example, a foul loathsome weed
Thatrots on earth, where Amaranths should bloom
And waft rich incense to the throne of heaven.
Talk we of heathen lands, of missions sent
With England's treasures to far distant climes,
Yet leave our own to perish !—Look around
The filthy suburbs of our native towns,
Enter the dwellings of the Godless poor,
Children half naked, ignorant, and vile,
To whom prayer is unknown, who never heard
The name of Jesus, and whose infant tongues
Blister'd with blasphemy, would flush with shame
The simple savage in his native wilds :
Talk we of God, yet let His creatures rot
In dens of infamy; see human hearts
Fest'ring with crime, nor stretch the saving hand
To pluck them from destruction. We who know
The blessings of the Gospel, we who read
That little children should be brought to Christ,
For that of such is heaven's kingdom formed;
We who give outward semblance of our faith,
Yet act not in the spirit, but pass by
The perishing who lack the food of life,
Have great account to give for every soul,
Lost past redemption, when a warning voice
Might save, might snatch from an eternal doom.
Duties omitted are but sins glossed o'er,
Mere golden varnish hiding metal base,
Which wears away and leaves but worthless dross.
Knowledge imparted is for gen'ral use,
Nor should be hoarded with niggard hand ;
The miser's treasure, like a blind man's eyes
Yields no return, once bring it to the light,
And blessings follow on its temp'rate use.
Faith is man's best physician, simple Faith,
Whose sole diploma is the book of Truth,
Who ministers to all without a fee.
'Tis not the poor alone, the poor whom fate

Has placed his burden on, to toil and sweat
 From day to day, 'mid penury and care ;
 'Tis not the poor alone who desecrate
 God's Holy Sabbath.—Lured by pleasure's blaze,
 Moth-like, to the destruction of their souls,
 Riches ensnare the heart with surer bonds,
 Spread by the hands of Vanity and Power,
 More than the strong temptations that surround
 The hapless child of Poverty. For much,
 Much greater is the crime where knowledge ripe
 Has smoothed the way to Virtue ; where no need
 Breaks down the spirit, that cannot withstand
 Temptation, urged by ignorance to sin.
 Those gilded flies of fortune, who eke out
 Their days in sloth, their nights in luxury,
 Those slaves to Fashion who make Self their God.
 And pander to their appetites alone ;
 No thought beyond the present—every day
 The present to their future—every joy
 Precursor but of other joys in store.
 Advise, admonish, urge with gentleness
 The unblest ones who earn their daily bread
 By racking labour ; whose o'er-wearied limbs
 Toil with their aching through the short repose
 That night brings to them.—Pity those cast out
 To grope their way in darkness, whose rough minds
 Uncultured, yield no store to bless their age ;
 Strangers to Wisdom, and the flowery paths,
 That lead to Virtue, rarely formed for them :
 But those who know the good and evil fruit,
 Nursed in the lap of Peace, with Plenty crowned,
 Tutored in Godliness, yet froward stand,
 And mock the light cast o'er them : aye, for these
 What angel's voice shall plead at Mercy's throne ?
 What gentle spirit may its eyes upraise
 And cry for pardon ? Those who duty spurned,
 Gave all to pleasure, not one prayer to God ;
 Who wait till age subdues the body's lust,
 And count on death-beds to ensure them peace ;
 Death-beds, the Paradise of fools, who find,
 Too late, the Eden of their hope is lost.—
 For these what help ? Destroyers of themselves ;
 Not of themselves alone but other souls,
 Led by example to Perdition's brink.
 The worth of man is in his weight of good ;
 Kings may ennable and make proud our dust,
 Wealth bestows power, grandeur wins respect ;
 Yet these are but as bubbles on the sea,
 That mount the wave a moment—and are gone !
 The worth of man and true nobility,
 Lies in the heart, shrined from the vulgar gaze ;
 Its keeper, conscience ; its reward, content,
 Its crown immortal ; its bright home in heaven,

Greater than monarch's, greater than all time,
 It has no end, eternity its goal,
 It lives when worlds expire, it never dies.
 How great a boon the Sabbath is to man ;
 Ordained to toil, the penalty of sin,
 One day of respite in the seven is given
 For peace and rest.—One day of sweet repose
 When man may hold, all undisturbed by strife,
 Converse with God ! When heaven gives audience
 To every soul's ambassador ; for there
 The poorest wretch that crawls beneath the sky
 An entrance finds ; no form of precedence
 Withholds the beggar ; nor the rich one ranks
 Above his fellow mortal.—Faith alone,
 With humbleness, the eldest born of faith,
 Sufficient passport.—Great the boon indeed,
 To stand, in spirit, face to face with God ;
 To feel His presence ; to regain afresh
 Strength for the battle with the world and sin :
 Invulnerable armed, proof against death,
 They never die whose hopes are fixed in heaven !
 The grave is but our journey's resting place,
 From which we rise refreshed and halt no more.
 Sabbaths are wings of Angels that upbear
 The weary hearted when they breathe new life,
 Casting their load of sorrow back on dust ;
 Sabbaths are sunbeams that burst on the gloom,
 When the world's tempest battles o'er our heads ;
 The beacons that point out the dangerous shore,
 Where sins, like sunken rocks, await to wreck
 The wandering bark, and drown us in despair.
 The child is precious to a parent's heart,
 Wealth has its votaries in every clime,
 Power is a meed to which Mankind aspire,
 Love has its blissful moments, Youth its bloom,
 Fame, the bright goal for which men strive, and burn
 The midnight oil, and sweat the struggling brain ;
 Attractions these of life ; yet all will fade,
 Are unsubstantial as a passing thought,
 And melt away like vapour into air.
 But Sabbaths never perish, they survive
 In heaven's record, 'fore the throne of God.
 Keep holy, then, the Sabbath ; weigh each thought,
 Weigh well each word thou speakest, turn thine heart
 Meekly to God, search deep His blessed Book,
 Pray earnestly for grace to understand
 His word, when read, go constant to His house ;
 At home, within your chamber, ponder o'er
 His truths expounded. When you walk abroad,
 See Him in everything. The smallest flower,
 The tiny blade of grass, the massive tree,
 The mountain and the stream, each insect, bird,
 Each cloudlet, and the myriad pendant worlds

Shining upon the night, proclaim aloud,
 The greatness and the goodness of the Lord !
 In youth, in age, in sickness, and in health,
 In poverty, with riches, morn and eve,
 Praise the Omnipotent ! Prize every hour,
 Strive to make all days Sabbaths, and resolve,
 With heart, and soul, t' obey the great command,
 "Thou shalt keep holy God's appointed Day!"

Thanks be to God,
 That He to poor and lowly minds has shewn
 Exceeding grace ; drawn many to the light
 Of the pure Gospel ; and by humble means,
 Humble as the Disciples of His Son,
 Raised up in Britain such a Sabbath heart
 As shall spread o'er this highly favour'd land,
 Peace, the world knoweth not. From Scotia's hills
 Resounds the much-loved name of HENDERSON !
 Great champion of the Sabbath ;—much to thee
 Our nation's debt : aye, much to thee in store,
 When the Great Day dawns on a sinful world,
 Thy Sabbath Prizes shall be priceless gems
 Set in a crown of glory on thy brow
 By Him who gave the Sabbath to our race.
 The Poet's, Warrior's, and Stateman's fame,
 Thou hast eclipsed, thine honoured name shall live,
 When marble monuments resolve to dust ;
 Live in the heart of labour, live whilst man
 Knows God and serves Him. Thousands now proclaim
 The blessings thou hast sent them ; thousands pray
 That God may bless thee for their soul's release :
 He has shewn wisdom to the poor through thee,
 True wisdom that has birth in Sabbaths blest
 By man's obedience. Hold fast to the faith,
 Hold with a death-grasp,—let no single day
 Pass without gratitude for mercies sent.
 All who do this—have founded on a rock,
 A tower of refuge reaching to the skies,
 Which they shall climb in safety, and find rest
 In one eternal Sabbath !

THE LAST MAN.

A FRAGMENT.

*"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal,
and lo, there was a great earthquake ; and the sun became
black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood.—
Revelations VI. 12.*

HE laughed! he shrieked, he groaned, he called on man,
But no voice answered him :—he called on heaven,
The thunder made response !—and its weak tone
Seemed but a mockery of sound, and died—
He stood upon a mountain, whose steep height
Could whisper to the clouds ; but all was vain :
He lay him down, exhausted ; nature moaned,
As though the agonies of death were wrapt
Around his shrivelled form, shrouding his pain.
Earth trembled, and belched forth her flaming fire,
Volcanoes lit where sun-light was denied ;
And the poor shivering moon lay deep entranced !—
The eagle, wheeling low on heavy wing,
Spoke with its powerless screech of misery,
That prey was preyless. It's bold eye was dim,
And dare not face the sun, as it was wont :
The wolf's howl floated faintly on the breeze,
And could not cater for its craving maw.—
He called on Death ; the monster only smiled,
And JUSTICE stopped the breath to MERCY sent.
He prayed, blasphemed. His prayer and oath were vain,
A sulphurous scent, a suffocating air,
Shrouded his mocking.—The great earth was bare ;
Naked as when created,—and white stones
Rolled from her rotten sides with hideous crash.—
The flowers had faded, ne'er to bloom again ;
The oaks of centuries, the pines of years,
Lay in one common mass, a blasted heap ;
Seathed by the lightning, rended by the storm.—
He strove to plunge into eternity,
And fell down fathoms : but 'twas all in vain :

One jutting point, one crag that kept its hold,
 Though tottering to fall, upheld his life ;
 He hung 'twixt sea and air,—'twixt earth and heaven.
 He fell!—the waters caught him but to save.
 Stagnant, and covered o'er with putrid mass,
 Of the great inmates from the yawning sea,
 He was upheld.—He strove, but could not sink !
 He rose, and walked to earth, to find a grave,
 Earth was one grave, but tenantless and lone :
 White bleached bones lay crumbled into dust :
 A vulture stood upon a fleshless skull ;
 And when a worm crawled from its slimy hold,
 It could not strike—famine had mastered it.—
 He knelt him down. The Sun wept blood on earth—
 The Moon had lost its power to madden him ;
 Yet he was mad, despair had seized his heart.
 The Moon was sick, and spumed water forth,
 In rank black torrents ; her life's blood was chilled !
 He stood alone, sweat curdling on his brow,
 And his dank hair hung down in clotted lumps :
 Alone ! alone ! oh, horror-touching thought ;
 Immortal, though 'midst death.—The lion roared ;
 The forest echoed his rage in vain,
 It was too weak to pierce the dun thick air ;
 He crawled to life, he scented living man,
 And would not die alone where life did breathe.
 The tiger passed him by, and the thick throng
 Of beasts of blood, and birds of fleshy prey,
 Gathered around the lone one and the Last !
 The bones protruding through their pining skins,
 With panting tongues, whose surface parched and black,
 Sucked in the poisonous air to slake their thirst ;
 With hideous whine they raise their feeble heads,
 And looked compassion, but the look was vain ;
 Like the last ray of HOPE when MERCY's gone,
 He was compassionless and helpless too.
 One fiercer than the rest, a lion that had crawled
 From out the wilderness, raised his huge paw,
 And strove to strike, but nature failed the blow ;
 It was a mockery, deceiving hope.
 The last one thought to die, and laughed with joy!
 Death had no terror to his living hell :
 Oh ! 'twould have been a bliss to have been torn,
 And writhed, and mangled, in the maws of beasts :
 He would have plucked his heart from its retreat,
 And fed the monster, but was powerless ;
 And the poor brute, more blessed than he who lived,
 Gave one deep moan, and, struggling, sank to peace.—
 The carrion vulture tried to pluck his eyes.
 But 'twas as if a little murmuring rill
 Had struck a mountain, it so feebly fell
 Upon his starting balls of blood-shot sight.
 One dreadful groan and flutter spoke their doom ;

"Twas over, and the lone one stood alone.
Oh, agony! Oh, horror! Damned hour!
He shrieked! again he raved! he clenched the air;
And with his last, and maddened effort, forced
His bony fingers through his withered hands!—
Death sighed with pity, and grew merciful;
His heart-strings cracked; the lone one gave a groan,
His tongue swelled from his mouth, as though 'twere touched
With aspic poison! and the LAST MAN fell!

THE MERCIFUL REPROOF.

AT early morn within the temple sat,
Surrounded by the people, One who taught,
With the soft fervent eloquence of truth,
The only way to everlasting life,
God's Holy word. The Scribes and Pharisees
Entered the sacred place, and with them brought
A woman, as in bonds—for some offence,
And placed her in the midst, that all might see.
She, guilty-stricken, with a blushing cheek,
And panting bosom, veiled her lustrous eyes
With the long silken lashes which drooped from
Their smooth transparent lids, and threw a shade
Of roseate hue upon her beauteous face.—
He felt her presence, but He noted not
That she was there. When presently they said,
Thinking to tempt Him to transgress the law,
That they might 'gainst Him accusation bring,
"Master, this woman in adultery
"Was found by us, e'en in the very act.
"Moses commanded that such dreadful sin
"Should punished be by stoning unto death;
"What sayest Thou?" He heeded not their words,
But stooping, wrote a something on the ground,
In the dust, with His finger. They again
Urged on the question, when He slowly rose,
And looking on them with His eyes of thought,
Which searched as with a ray of heavenly light
Their inmost souls, with earnestness replied,
"Let him among you that is without sin
First cast a stone at her." He then again
Stooped to the floor, and musingly wrote on.
When His reflective mood was o'er, He turned,
And there beheld the woman as at first,
Right in the midst, alone: near Him she stood,
For her accusers, one by one, had gone
Out from the place, touched by His probing words.
He gazed on her with tenderness. She ne'er
Lifted the snowy curtains of her eyes,
But mutely like a statue held herself.
At length He spoke, and with mild accent said,
"Woman, thou hadst accusers, where are they?

"Hath no man yet condemned thee?" With a sigh
From her o'erladen breast, she answer made,
Most sorrowfully, "No man, Lord." Then rose
Her head from off her bosom, and looked up
To Him, beseechingly;—her humid eyes
Met His, but shrank not back, for there she saw
Hope and forgiveness, mercy and sweet love,
A refuge from despair; and then she felt
The sacrifice accepted of a heart
Contrite and humbled at her Saviour's feet.
Lifting His hands above her drooping head,
As in the act of blessing, thus He spake,
"Neither do I condemn thee." And with voice,
Like a fond parent to an erring child,
Gave this injunction—"Go, and sin no more."

THE PASSOVER.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh ! dreadful was the wail that rent the air,
When morning shone upon that awful night,
Marking the devastating angel's flight ;
Whom the great God of Israel sent forth,
To slay the "first-born" of proud Egypt's sons.—
From Pharaoh on his throne of tyranny,
To the poor shackled wretch of grief and crime,
The blow of retribution was dealt out.—
Dread was indeed the cry of Egypt's king,
As he lay mourning o'er the pallid corse
Of what had been his hope, his pride, and love ;
(If heart so hard could love, or dare to hope,)—
Deep was his grief !—The cloth of 'broidered gold,
The jewelled cup, the wine of purest draught,
The sweet perfumes that rose from sweetest flowers,
The softest melody that music speaks,
When sent upon the breath from beauty's lips,
Touched not the pent-up sorrow of his soul ;
But only served to shew his daring mind,
How little bliss vain pomp, alone, can give ;
That deep deception lurketh in the vine,
Stealing the sense of drowning Reason's light,
And though the sweet scent of the plants of earth
May cheer the flagging spirit of dull life,
And the soft music of a Syren's voice
May rouse the sleeping heart to wakeful joy ;
Still, from the lovely flower poison creeps,
And music oft-times rings the knell of hope.—
Oh ! 'twas a court of splendid misery ;
Sackcloth shut out the light of heavenly day,
And solemn torches lit the room of state,
Giving each mournful face a ghastly glow :
No voice of mirth, no sound of revelry,
Echoed throughout the lofty marble halls ;
Grief sat enthroned on the state of Pride :
No stir was heard save groans of agony,
That burst their bubbling current through the hearts
Of myriads whose bosoms were bereft
Of their fond offspring by that judgment stroke,

That shewed Jehovah's awful power o'er man,
Striking foul desolation to the throat
Of him, who dared to face the living God.—
At last he spake, and sent his servants forth,
To call the leaders of the Israelites,
That they might comfort speak unto his soul.
Moses and Aaron came at his command,
And death-like silence whispered to despair,
As thus the humbled heart of Pharaoh spake :—
“ Oh ! Men of Israel, take your people hence,
“ Let not a bondsman's footstep mark this land,
“ For sure the eye of God doth watch thy tribe ;
“ Oh, linger not, I pray thee, longer here ;
“ Your wives and children ! all that you possess,
“ Depart, nor light more curses on my head ;
“ Sorrow hath bowed me to the very dust.
“ Nay, I will give thee jewels—raiment—gold !
“ But tarry not, or death will sweep my race.
“ Hence I beseech—speak to the Lord thy God,
“ And bless thy servant ere thou dost depart,
“ For he repenteth of his evil way !”

He knelt most lowly to the men of God—
A murmuring prayer of agony arose,
Like to the distant thunder's wakening,
When it sends warning of its rising ire :
All joined in supplication with their king ;
The captains of the host bent their proud necks.
And Mercy ! Mercy ! sprang from every lip.
An awful pause—grief was too deep for words,
Lethargic horror crept o'er every heart,
All, all was still—Nature exhausted lay,
Whilst, with an outstretched arm and solemn voice,
That struck conviction with its sound of truth,
The holy prophet, Moses, spake to him :—
“ The God of Israel is merciful ;
“ Humble thy hardened spirit to His will ;
“ Trust not to idols made of wood and stone,
“ That cannot hear or aid thy impious prayers ;
“ Nor to the beasts of earth, for they are made
“ Subject to man, fit for his use and help ;
“ Things born with instinct—senseless, though alive—
“ So dare not mock thy great Creator's power ;
“ He is a jealous God ! beware his wrath,
“ And let repentance plead thy pardoning.
“ Should not the scourges thy hard heart hath caused,
“ The plagues that have so torn thy wretched land,
“ Have been a warning to thy reckless soul,
“ That thou should'st never tempt the God of heaven ?
“ For no man living can withstand His frown,
“ Or bear the fury of his kindled rage.
“ We will depart, and I will bless e'en thee,
“ And pray to Israel's God to turn thy heart.”

The great lawgiver blessed the abject king,
And gather'd his tribes to quit the land :—
It was a glorious, a solemn sight,
To see some hundred-thousand beings freed
From the hard chains of toil and griping want,
From hapless bondage, by th' Eternal hand :
And, as the mass of living joy went forth,
A shout of glory to the King of Kings
Rang to the very topmost vault of heaven,
Praising the God of mercy for his aid.

Within the walls of great Rameses stood
Unnumbered monuments of deep despair ;
The howl of mourning shook the very earth ;
For, ere another sun had set thereon,
The Angel of Destruction's wing was spread,
Wafting dread ruin o'er that fated race ;
Egypt was desolate !

THE BIBLE.

PAGE of life, of light and truth ;
Prop to age, and guide of youth ;
Let me now thy leaves unfold,
Precious more than gems or gold ;
Read, and feel, thy prophet strain,
Immortality to gain :—
Awful is thy mystery,
Ope mine eyes thy light to see ;
Ope mine heart thy truth to feel,
To my soul thy bliss reveal :
Man may err, and man may read,
Wrongfully thy blessed creed ;
Understanding may not pry,
Through thy depths of prophecy,
Yet the eager thirsty soul
Draws life from thy blessed scroll :
Life immortal, lamp of joy ;
Living light without alloy,
Passing with the cherubim,
Far from sorrow, pain and sin :
Creeds may differ, hearts may change,
Sect, 'gainst sect, in anger range,
Swords be drawn in vengeful fight,
Persecution strive for might ;
Though the Maker of thy law,
First forbade the hand to draw
Steel of enmity, to prove,
Peacefulness of holy love.
Thy command is “read and learn,”
Not thy fellow mortal spurn :
Shall man his own judgment trust,
Dare to judge his brother dust,
And in anger on him turn,
Who himself is but a worm ?
Martyrs at the stake have burnt,
Yet what lessons have we learnt ?
Life is nought to those who fear
Him who dries the mortal tear ;
Pain can never change the heart
Where His presence doth impart,

Power above the sweat of death,
 Life beyond the fleeting breath !
 From example let us learn,
 Man can never conscience turn.—
 Founder of the christian's creed,
 Thou who for man's sin did bleed ;
 Crucified on Calvary,
 Bowed thine head for sin to die ;
 Thou didst pray to Him who gave,
 Death to thee—their souls to save :
 What is man, that he should raise
 Arm 'gainst arm in enmities ;—
 Dare to claim a christian state,
 When his heart is fraught with hate,
 Bend the knee, and lisp the prayer ;
 When his nature is at war,
 With the precept sent from heaven
 "Forgive as thou 'dst be forgiven !"
 Outward seeming doth blaspheme,
 Him who died man to redeem ;
 If we do not inward feel,
 All the truths thy words reveal.
 States and nations perish, must,
 And like man unite with dust :
 Sway imperial, crouching want,
 Luxury, and pittance scant,
 Gold bound brow, uncover'd head,
 Pillow each on earthy bed.
 Sombre reason, idiot smile,
 Depth of thought, and folly's wile,
 Beauty, and deformity,
 Love, and hate, together lie ;
 Time the mighty chronicler,
 Leaves no trace of what they were.
 Holy work ; thou ne'er canst die,
 Thou art of eternity !
 Ere thy Light can cease to shine,
 Heaven and earth shall mould with time
 Sun, and moon, the stars, this world,
 Into endless chaos hurl'd ;
 Heaven expand, the trumpet blast
 Proclaim, time has breath'd his last :
 All but Thou and Thine will fall,
 Wreck'd with this terrestrial ball.
 Holy word—thy blest abode
 Is the presence of thy God :
 —“Father—thou of all, I pray,
 Lighten thou my darksome way ;
 Give me heart to hear Thy word,
 Faith to keep when I have heard ;
 Strength of soul, that I may be
 Everlasting child of Thee.”

THE WELL OF LIFE.

AMID the clear blue sky, at noon of day,
The Sun resplendent shone on Sychar's vale ;
The emerald leaves upon the fruitful trees
Just motioned, as with life, beneath the breath
Of the mild summer breeze.—Beside a well
Sat one upon the ground, with eyes downcast
As though in pensive mood. Mayhap He thought
How at this spot of verdant beauty stood
Abram, who tarried here when on his way
To Canaan, from Haran.—This the ground
That Jacob gave to Joseph : hence the spring
Was called Jacob's Well. Mayhap He saw
The great past in the present, and beheld,
As in a vision, the famed Patriarch stand
Beside the altar he first built to God,
And dedicated, in his faith and love,
To the strong God,—the God of Israel.
'Twas here God promised the good Patriarch
The land to all his seed.—Here on the hill
Gerizim, full of faith, the father bound
Isaac, his son, and lifted up the knife
To slay him as a sacrifice to God.
Near, Dothan's valley lies—where in a pit
Joseph was by his cruel brethren cast,
And after sold to slavery ; and here
The bones of Joseph, brought from Egypt, lie.
Mayhap these passed before him as a dream.
His reverie was broken suddenly ;
The sound of a light footstep met His ear,
When, gently raising up His head, He saw
A woman with a waterpot, who came
According to her customary wont
To fill from out the well. His face divine
Beamed with a holy, mild, and heavenly light :
His silken gold-tinged locks flowed widely o'er
The well-formed shoulders and the open brow
Gave token of a pure and truthful heart ;
His eyes with liquid tenderness were filled :
Being athirst, with accent meek, He said
“ Give me to drink.” The tone was not command,

Nor deep entreaty earnest, but a calm
And kind request, heart-touching, musical ;
He was alone, for his companions were
Gone to the city to buy meat. She paused,
And for a moment spoke not, her black eyes,
Lustrous with beauty, dimmed before His gaze,
Struck by His looks, and softened by His tone,
She answered, and desired to know how He,
A Jew, could think of asking drink from her,
A woman of Samaria ? The Jews
In those days holding no communion with
The cursed Samaritans ; who, they all thought
Should in the Resurrection have no part.
Rising from off the ground, he looked on her
With tenderness, such as a dove's mild eyes
Would fix upon its mate, and gently said,
"If thou did'st know who asketh thee, thou would'st
"Soon ask of Him, and He to thee would give
"Water so pure thou ne'er shouldst thirst again."
Not knowing what He meant, she quick replied,
"Give me this water that I thirst no more,
"Or hither come again to draw."—He then
Bade her to bring her husband ; when she said,
"I have no husband."—On that true reply,
He told her she had had five husbands, that
The one she now had was, in verity,
No husband.—And from this He spoke to her
Of her whole course of life, e'en as her heart
Would commune with herself. She went her way
Back to the city, and proclaimed aloud
The wond'rous meeting, and besought that all
Should go with her and see the very Christ,
Who told her all things that she ever did.
The multitude went with her, and beheld
Jesus and His disciples,—and they drank
From His sweet lips th' eternal living font,
Water of life, and many then believed,
Their hearts being opened to the light of truth,
By His persuasive eloquence divine.
Thus, without worldly force,—or stratagem,
With meekness, mercy, and a heart of love,
Many were brought into the heavenly fold,
By the sweet shepherd JESUS.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

He groaned,—earth trembled,—and in heaven fell
Prostrate, the angelic host—all there was mute;
Whilst He, the Son, to God the Father prayed:—
“Father, forgive, they know not what they do.”
Hell shriek’d!—for Satan and his host lay foil’d
Beneath his Conqueror,—the glorious Christ.
The ransomed millions by His blood set free,
Spread consternation through the ranks of hell,
As the arch-fiend in fury gnashed his teeth,
Shrieking defiance mingled with despair:
Whilst the Omnipotent ope’d wide the gates
Of his own bosom,—to receive the Son
And His redeemed,—to everlasting life.
Yes, He on Calvary, who bore the scourge
All uncomplaining; who endured the scoff
Of man; when clothed with power, he could have called
Legions of angels!—who in Gethsemane
Fell on his face in mortal misery,
And prayed the cup of bitterness might pass;
Died to save man—endured the cruel cross—
The pangs of lingering Death—lent his meek mind
To quivering agony—and his pure flesh
To darkness and the grave.

Dread was the hour
When God the Son, the very God and man,
To God the Father,—on the altar nailed
The Sacrifice for man’s atoning sin;—
Cried—“Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani?”

* * * * *

The sun grew dark—the Temple’s vail was rent,
Earth to her centre yawned—huge rocks were crushed,
And universal darkness spread her pall,
To cover man’s iniquity from man.—
God mourned—again He cried and yielded up
His pilgrimage on earth—to reign in heaven.
For us He died—to save us from the grave
Th’ eternal Grave of ne’er repentant Hell.

* * * * *

THE NEW YEAR.

'Tis midnight, and a solemn silence reigns,
Whilst millions waiting for the knell of time,
With outstretch'd ears, list for the coming hour.
Thou tardy sentinel haste on thy pace ;
And with thy iron tongue proclaim the deed,
That leaves a wreck of human misery.—
The clock strikes twelve,—and on each stroke there lies
An awful summons :—now the gaping crowd,
With indrawn breath and expectation tired,
List to thy last fell stroke. Oh warning dread
Yet dreadful—joyful—thy vibrating sound,
Thou lone last stroke, is caught as welcome news,
For at thy death hearts live, and joyful throats
Pour forth the greeting of a Good New Year!
The merry pealing bells join in the shout,
As ecstasy upon triumphant wing,
Soars to the future ; as the Eagle soars,
To gaze upon the mid-day glorious sun.—
Man—giddy—reckless man, hears not the knell,
Of human hope, of wither'd joyless joys ;
To him 'tis music—and a father's bones,
Though scarcely rotted from the clammy shroud,
Cannot recall a child's despairing sigh.
The future is the God of human bliss,
The future is the fortune of the poor,
The future is security 'gainst woe :
Oh error, fatal, that can lead the heart,
To build upon so unstable a theme.—
The year is past, and with it what is gone ?
Ask thou the widowed heart,—the Orphan's sigh,
The early grave—and early steep'd in crime ;
The thing of yesterday—a blooming flower,
To day's rank weed, cast to the callous worm.—
Where is the mother, who when last this hour
Struck joy to all her home ?—where is she now,
Who smiling sat the guide of youthful love ?
Go to the church-yard, and a little mound,
With one white stone upraised at its head,
Points to her home ; while Time, the chronicler,
Cries, here she lies ; the loving—and the loved.

Where the child,—the parents' dearest hope,
 That hisp'd the name of father and was blest ?
 The new made Bride ?—the Bridegroom in his bloom ?
 The pure—the spotless—honourable man ?
 Go ask the grave, call Death and let him tell.
 Some by disease, by pestilence have fallen ;
 Some on the scaffold, some by sudden stroke,
 Honored and loved—dishonored and despised ;
 All good—all evil mix'd with filthy death.
 Corrupting, and corrupted :—rusty skulls,
 Where fair flesh shed the roseate hue of health ;
 Socketless eyes, where fire and colour strove,
 To master passion, and dart forth despair.—
 The proud in life, are scarce blown out and puff'd,
 By tinsel ornament and gaudy show,
 'Ere the fell monster comes and strips them bare.
 Oh, human frailty, how grand thou art ;
 Unharness'd warriors, and unfrocked priests ;
 Grovelling beneath the cold and silent sod :
 And yet the pride in death's proud mockery,
 Is more presumptive—raising monuments,
 The marble urn, the carved sculptur'd stone ;
 Fame's record, and a perishable trust.
 How truly pitiable to see the corse,
 Deck'd out with marble ; and a gaudy name
 Emblazon'd on its face like wedding gear,
 While flattery's pencil deeply draws her line,
 And writes of virtues—genius—love—and wealth,
 Tells of deeds past, as guides to deeds to come ;
 Till Time, with rusty finger blots them out,
 Leaving a formless fragment, and a void ;
 Then farewell honour,—pride is truly slain.
 But what heeds man, what warning will he take ;
 The past is gone, he cries,—the future smiles ;
 With sparkling cup half drained, and vacant stare,
 He quaffs a health to all—a merry year ;
 Shuts sorrow out as past, and pain to come,
 Digs his own grave—and poisons his own life ;
 Luxurious suicide—fain will you yet
 Recall these ill-spent hours—the song, the jest,
 The table uproar—frenzied—rolling eye,
 The pledge to love, to glory ;—Friendship, then,
 Will prove dishonour, hate, and fulsome praise.
 The New Year wakes ! another feather moults
 From off the wing of Time—and on its shaft
 Millions have perished—true, yet fatal stroke—
 Nature's decree—man's curse—the oath of God.
 Think not I preach, would I could preach in truth ;
 Cause tongues that call for wine cups—speak in prayer ;
 Usher new hours as minutes should be spent,
 As precious streams of light that flow from heaven,
 Letting the weary soul commune with God,
 Stamping a blessing where a curse would prey.

I said Time's shaft had flown—Time's shaft will fly—
E'en now 'tis gone; Death sits upon the barb,
And with his fatal breath blights out his path,
As doth the lightning—many fall e'en now;
Art thou exempt? Thou smilest at thy youth,
Thy strength, and health; have not as young as you,
Untimely slept, untimely fled the world?
Cast off the mockery of mortal joy,
Repent in time, prepare thyself for heaven.
But why to youth alone this warning give,
Is age so proof, impervious to wrong,
That it should heedless join the giddy mass,
Obtain a second childishness in life,
And be exempt from worse than childish sin?
Oh shall the furrows on the withered cheek,
Where threescore years and ten have marked their track,
Acquire new strength to wrestle with hard death,
And mock his coming? Shall the palsied arm
By length of years defy the span of Time?
Oh! aged men, ye grandsires of the tomb,
Take warning by your prototypes now gone;
Set up your souls and throw a deeper cast;
Than reckless folly, led by mad-brained youth;
Let worms and sepulchres, note Time's dread tread;
Shut out the world, ope wide the book of life,
Life's own true precept—everlasting day.

Mona's Isle.

F

*"I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashed round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion?"*

SHELLEY.

MONA'S ISLE.

Canto First.

DOUGLAS.

I.

BRIGHT emerald, from the Amethystian sea,
Beautiful Mona, rising from the deep ;
All who love nature needs must worship thee,
Sunlight and joy are thine ; the heart will leap
With a wild rapture as the eye doth sweep
Over thy fertile and majestic hills :
Thy rocks of ages—mighty, jagged and steep,
The sparkling of thy many crystal rills,
Scenes of enchantment form—the heart with rapture fills !

II.

Beautiful Mona robed in ambient air :
Isle of the Sea Nymphs who around thee play ;
Brave men hast thou, and women passing fair,
And peaceful valleys on thy sunny way,
Tempting us never from thy shores to stray ;
Clear are the waters that around thee flow,
Pure as the cloudless sky at noon of day ;
Upon thy sea-girt hills wild flowers grow,
Whilst sparkling waves and sands are dallying far below.

III.

The beauteous bay spreads forth its crescent arms
To welcome all who hail its lovely shore ;
From DOUGLAS head to Clay head nature's charms
Win every heart :—e'en when the tempests roar,
And on St. Mary's rock the waters pour,
Burying beneath their waves the Refuge Tower,
As on high wing the sea-gulls wildly soar ;—
With awe we pause, and breathless scan the power,
That floods the heaven with light, or darkness round doth lour.

IV.

Fair Onchan like a cloulet calmly lies,
Studding the hill above the glassy bay;
A tiny hamlet bosomed in the skies;
Its dwellings seeming on a summer's day
Like sheep when on a mountain's brow they stray,
Dotting the distant verdure,—snowy white:—
Here Mona's fairest Maid, so Manxmen say,
Dwells the admired of all, a fairy sprite,
A glimpse of heaven on earth, is she, to mortal sight.

V.

I have seen many women, beauties too—
Tall, short, dark, fair, from North, South, East, and West—
Some with complexions of the olive hue;
But ne'er on human features did eyes rest
So spirituel:—her sylph form is imprest
Upon my heart for ever. Could I wed,
(I really am in earnest, not in jest,)
And be by Grace, and Beauty, ever led,
My heart would yearn to thee, sweet, modest Mary S****.

VI.

I would to thy dear praise a song now write,
But all that Poet's fancy ever penned,
All that their soul of souls did e'er indite,
Byron, Moore, Shelley,—aye, names without end,
Cannot a lustre to perfection lend:—
Old bachelors and greybeards perhaps may smile,
Their smiles by no means will the matter mend,
So if you'll have but patience for awhile,
I'll do my best to sing—the Maid of Mona's Isle.

1

The Lassie of Onchan, oh, who can portray,
In words, or with pencil, her figure and face?
Her smile is like sunrise just kissing the day,
Enchanting her motion with each varied grace.
Mary-ineen My-Chree.

2.

Her blue eyes beam dove-like, her voice it is clear
As tones of a lute on a calm summer sea;
The storms of life's voyage that sweet voice would cheer;
Child-like is her heart in its innocent glee.
Mary-ineen My-Chree.

3.

Her laugh is a joy, and a glance from her eyes
Enraptures, yet purifies every heart:
Like rich pearls her teeth, such as monarchs would prize;
Rose-dyed are her lips, gently breathing apart.
Mary-ineen My-Chree.

4.

Thy life is one beauty, beloved Mona's child,
A paragon thou, an undying desire ;
As modest as beautiful, soul undefiled,
A saint on thy bosom might yearn to expire.

Mary-ineen My-Chree.

VII.

Ceased is my song, but thou canst never cease
To hold a fond place in my memory :
In the far past thou shin'st a star of peace
Like Eve's fair planet, which we love to see
Peep from the sky when garish day doth flee :
Old men and women will their children tell,
How in their youth they loved to gaze on thee,
How pure and beautiful thou wert ; the Belle
Of Mona's fairy Isle—its flower of hill and dell.

VIII.

Near thy bold land-mark, Douglas,—one reclined
Upon the mossy turf, 'mid wild heath flowers ;
His face turned seaward to the gentle wind,
Basking in sunlight ; reckless of the hours
Which greedy Time unceasingly devours :
High o'er his head the mottled cloudlets hung,
Braided with light.—Crystalline ether towers
From heaven's vast concave battlements were swung,
And 'mid this scene of grandeur, thus the Wanderer sung :—

1.

Beauty around,—sea, mountains, sunshine, calm,
Sky cloudless as an infant's smiling face ;
Wild thyme and field flowers shed their precious balm ;
The breath of Nature all the scene doth grace :
Alone I sit, but not alone ;—my race
Far from me, yet have I communion sweet
With the fair spirits of sea, earth, and sky,
And in my solitude I converse meet
With all that can the soul's best feelings purify.

2.

Is this the bliss of human hearts ? Ah no ;
Thoughts will arise to call us back to earth ;
E'en as the tide upon the shore will flow,
Fond thoughts that other days have given birth,
And clasped undying, even in our mirth,
Come o'er us, and the form we love appears,
Like some pure spirit, with a holy smile,
Renewing youth, till joy's unbidden tears
Flow from their crystal wells ;—gems precious, without guile.

3.

Ocean is spread before me,—on the sea
 Zephyrs are sporting,—every tiny wave
 Sheds forth a smile,—that smile falls not on me ;
 My life, is of my life the lonesome grave,
 One feeling only struggles hard to save
 My heart from death's corruption ; 'tis not love,
 But soul's idolatry,—a lamp whose flame
 Burns at thy shrine as pure as stars above ;
 Whose light shall ne'er be quenched, fed by thy hallowed name.

4.

Oh, that thou wert beside me, that thy head
 Was pillow'd on my bosom, and thine eyes
 Blended with mine,—mine arms around thee spread ;
 Our voices but the mingling of our sighs,
 Like rainbow clouds melting in sunset skies ;
 That I might hear the pulses of thy heart
 Whisper that thou art mine ; might know, might feel,
 That of thy life mine own did form a part,
 No other bliss would I that Heaven could e'er reveal.

5.

Yes, would that thou wert near me—that the light
 Of thine enchanting eyes should on me fall !
 Each glance with varied beauty, pure yet bright,
 Soul-speaking, deeper would my heart enthrall :
 And the rich fulness of thy lips withal,
 The rosy banks which thy bright orbs illume
 With magic radiance would my joy enhance ;
 Thy breath the incense of some rare perfume
 Filling the air around, my senses would entrance.

6.

Oh that thou wert beside me ! All I see
 Is fraught with beauty, grandeur, power divine ;
 The humble flowers, high rocks, the mighty sea,
 The depthless heavens, the fleecy clouds that shine,
 Th' horizon, with its circling purple line ;—
 Each object is a wonder, a delight,
 A marvel to mine eyes, a mystery ;
 I revel in the scene so passing bright,
 Find poetry in them,—but heaven, alone, with thee.

7.

Again, would thou wert near me : Once again
 I breathe the wish of my soul's fond desire :
 Alas ! my prayer for thee is like the rain
 That droppeth on the ocean,—to expire
 In the vast depth of waters ;—I aspire
 For that which only can contentment give :
 In vain I call upon thy name,—thou art
 In spirit with me,—I should cease to live
 Could the remembrance of thee fade from this lone heart.

8.

The world may call this madness,—be it so ;
 Yet 'tis not of the world,—for few may feel
 The pangs of an unutterable woe,
 Enduring thought, 'neath which the brain will reel,
 Struggling the consuming fire to conceal
 That burns unceasing—till, by slow degrees,
 Life's hopes are sapped, Reason forsakes her throne,
 And to a wilderness of horror flees,
 Leaving the wreck of mind—unwept, unloved, unknown.

IX.

Half-way adown the hill a creek is seen,
 With lofty spiral rocks on either side ;
 Which form a shady and retired screen :—
 Upon the pebbly shore the lucid tide
 With its long folding waves now softly glide ;
 Here the bold swimmer plunges to display
 The cunning of his art—with arms spread wide,
 Head, breast erect, he buffets with the spray,
 Until he gains his point, the bosom of the bay.

X.

A winding path leads to this little creek,
 Supported, seaward, by a low stone wall ;
 It looks, seen from the bay, a thread-like streak,
 And almost perpendicular its fall,
 Enough the stoutest hearted to appal ;
 Upon this path, just 'neath the mountain's brink,
 A natural well is formed,—'tis very small ;
 Into this rocky cup the waters sink,
 Yielding to all who thirst, delicious, crystal drink.

XI.

The mellow dipping of the distant oars,
 The swelling sails, gleaming all snowy white ;
 The muffled thunder of the surf that roars
 Upon the lighthouse rock :—The dazzling light
 Streaking the waves like molten silver, bright ;
 Blending with shadow of some passing cloud :
 From pleasure-seekers, songs of pure delight
 Fall on the ear, with greetings long and loud,
 Till Night lights up her golden lamps and spreads her shroud.

XII.

The Night, the summer night, with balmy breath
 Kissing the twilight veiled amid the sky ;
 Watching with tenderness the earth beneath :
 The crystal moon floating in ether,—high
 Above the frosted silver clouds ; whilst nigh
 Venus, or Jupiter, whose brilliant light
 With a soft lustre heaven doth beautify :
 Or when sweet Luna hides her presence bright,
 Myriads of stars burst forth,—entrancing to the sight.

XII.

The Night,—when silence reigns in depths profound,
The Night,—when Earth is hushed in placid sleep ;
The Night,—when nature only breathes around ;
The Night,—when fishermen upon the deep
'Mid toil and danger anxious watchings keep :
The Night,—when tortured bosoms gain repose,
When weary hearts upon the pillow weep ;
The Night,—when happy dreams around us close,
The Night,—great mighty soother of all human woes.

XIV.

The jewelled curtain rises!—O'er the sea,
Like breath upon a mirror ere it fade,
The distant hills of Cumberland we see;
Anon the Sun beffloods the lofty shade,
And pierces with his rays each vale and glade :
The songs of birds falls sweet upon the ear,
Melodious is their luscious serenade ;
Among the purple heather-bells appear
Wild bees—and glist'ning dewdrops, flowers and trees to cheer.

XV.

From out the gorgeous East, the fair young Morn
Looks forth, smiles beaming from his soft blue eyes;
A coronal of pearl his brows adorn,
His robe, bright silv'ry clouds, fringed with rich dyes,
Gold tinctured,—Upon wings of light he flies,
Wafting rare incense from his plumage bright;
And as he climbs the clear cerulean skies,
To gain his throne in the meridian height,
Earth hails his glorious presence, with a fond delight!

xvi

The Night, the Morn, have both engrossed my song :
Mona, that song is sung alone to thee ;
And as I wander thy loved paths among,
Let my steps stray to thy famed NUNNERY ;
Where, 'neath the shade of many a spreading tree,
Young hearts and loving eyes have erst confess
The magic of thy verdant witchery,
With stifled sobs that will not be repress.
Trembling, the head lies bowed upon the beating breast.

XVII.

Moments of bliss how brief, with joy how rife ;—
Love's first gift from a maiden are her tears ;
Such gems can fall once only in a life ;
None are so pure,—shed in our after years,
Surrounded by earth's common hopes and fears :
The timid blush, eyes downcast, the deep sigh,
The look, whose light is eloquence,—endears :
Oh, that those blissful moments e'er should fly,
That the fond dreams of youth, stern Time should falsify.

XVIII.

No more at morn or eve the groves among
Is heard the tolling of the Convent bell ;
Matins and vespers pass, no sacred song,
From young crushed hearts, upon the air doth swell,
Void is the chapel, silent is the cell :
An ivy-cover'd ruin, mouldering walls,
Old trees,—are all that of the long past tell ;
No more St. Bridget rules within her halls ;
Where knees in prayer were bent, bleak desolation falls.

XIX.

This is the very trysting-place of Love ;
When the sun's golden arrows pierce the shade
Of the thick trees ; when the blue sky above
Looks calmly down, and nestles 'mid the glade :
The variegated leaves are interlaid
Like a broad rich mosaic ;—Overhead
The playful branches form a beauteous braid,
And thus a softened light around is shed ;
Nature's cathedral nave, with lofty arches spread.

XX.

Kirk Braddan is a rural cemetery
Not far from Douglas. The churchyard contains
Some strange old monuments.—Obscurity
As to th' inscriptions on them yet remains ;
The centre of the burial ground sustains
An ancient stone-cross, hastening to decay,
This relic some rude carving still retains :
At the cross' foot some large flat stones display
A tempting seat, oft used upon a summer's day.

XXI.

Outside the church, near to the steeple's base,
Is a large circular and quaint old shield
Resting upon a stone.—On this we trace
Figures of wolves, or dogs, in part revealed :
The breath of Age its beauty has concealed ;
There's no inscription, and it bears no date ;
Attraction to the curious it may yield,
With us, antiquaries have little weight,
They only can suppose, seem knowing, and look great.

XXII.

Close to the entrance of the Church is placed
A grave-stone, which a rare inscription bears ;
It tells, the Rev. Patrick Thomson graced
Kirk Braddan parish more than forty years ;
“ At present Vicar,” on the stone appears ;
It gives the figures, sixteen seventy-eight ;
In sixteen eighty-nine, the parish tears
Fell for him most abundantly,—stern Fate
For Mr. Patrick Thomson would no longer wait.

XXIII.

How this good Pastor's body e'er could lie
 Under the stone, when he was Vicar "still,"
 Is past all comprehension.—Probably,
 The hale old fellow thought Death had his fill,
 And would not on him exercise his skill,
 He weather'd out eleven years before
 The fiction changed, and he was really ill,
 Yet during life his own loss he'd deplore,
 And wrestled with grim Death, when near upon fourscore.

XXIV.

In this Churchyard, now free from earthly woes,
 Lie many strangers to fair Mona's Isle :
 Here young and loving hearts have found repose,
 Whose presence was a beauty, and whose smile
 Would aching bosoms of their griefs beguile.
 Sweet monuments of Love, fond mottoes bear,
 Telling of goodness, piety, erewhile :
 Here placid Grief ne'er yields to wan Despair,
 Bright amaranthine wreaths the silent sleepers wear.

XXV.

In the fair summer eve to wander here,
 And muse amid the tablets to the dead,
 Will often raise the sympathetic tear,
 Gems that affection o'er the lost will shed.
 We fancy that we know each form that's fled,
 We see them as in life and watch them die ;
 Death turns to sleep, and so we lightly tread
 Over their graves. We hear the Parent's sigh,
 Or brother's or lov'd sister's parting agony.

XXVI.

Douglas again ! The bay spreads wide its arms !
 Near the broad sea proud Castle Mona stands,
 A noble structure which has many charms,
 Within a few yards of the level sands :
 It is a princely mansion, and expands
 Its wings of massive strength in stern array ;
 Its castellated form at once commands
 The attention of the stranger on his way ;
 Magnificence and strength, the building both display.

XXVII.

It was erected fifty years ago ;
 The cost exceeding forty thousand pounds ;
 Near to its base the lake-like bay does flow ;
 There are delightful gardens ; pleasure grounds,
 And beauteous scenery the place surrounds ;
 With lovely shrubberies and choicest flowers,
 This palace of a castle now abounds,
 Here many, 'mid the sylvan shades and bowers,
 Retire to seek repose, and pass the joyful hours.

XXVIII.

Upon the south side of the bay there stands,
High, on the headland perched, the famed Fort Anne ;
Some splendid scenery the site commands,
The crescent waters deep beneath it span ;
And, in the distance, far as eyes can scan,
Huge mountains rise, like giants front and rear ;
The terraces of Douglas in the van ;
And, from the sea-end of the landing pier,
Sweet, happy, laughing voices fall upon the ear.

XXIX.

There are three paintings in the dining room,
To which there is attached a strange romance ;
The one, of Bella H * * * * *, in her bloom ;
Buck Whalley (noted for extravagance)
The other is.—It was his sad mischance
To love the lady, frail as she was fair ;
For her he twenty thousand pounds did chance
With George, when Regent, then her cavalier :
He won the Syren, but the conquest cost him dear.

XXX.

There was a stipulation made, that she
Should live on Irish, not on English land ;
To this Buck Whalley did at once agree,
Imported loads of soil from Ireland,
Had them spread where Fort Anne Hotel doth stand :
So, upon Irish soil the house is built,
Fulfilling this most singular demand,
And thus he did the *rude* Regent jilt,
And took her there in all her shameless guilt.

XXXI.

In a brief space of time Buck Whalley died,
Through deadly poison, on a pen-knife placed ;
For this offence his paramour was tried ;
The crime could not to her be fully traced ;
The memory of it is not yet defaced :
'Tis said she never more was seen to smile,—
Her heart was crushed, degraded, and disgraced,—
She could not of her sins her soul beguile,
And left, ne'er to return, sweet Mona's Fairy isle.

XXXII.

The third, a painting is of George the Fourth
(By Northeote, in his eight and seventieth year),
Six hundred pounds its estimated worth,
That it's a masterpiece is very clear :
The King's bold charger under him doth rear,
A life-size picture, and to nature true,
Yet no one seems to know how it came here,
That is of little note to me or you,
I therefore bid Fort Anne, and its romance, adieu.

XXXIII.

So farewell, Douglas ;—many a happy hour
Has passed upon thy shores, and on thy hills ;
Thy pure air breathes o'er all with magic power
From the vast ocean :—Thy pellucid rills
Sing healthful music, as their water trills
Down thy huge rocks.—With exquisite delight
The eye and heart thy boundless beauty fills ;
Dream-land art thou, where, radiant with light,
Rich scenes of fairy realms glad the rapt dreamer's sight.

Canto Second.

CASTLE TOWN.

I.

FROM south Barrule a gentle river flows,
Upon whose banks, on either side, arise
Near to the sea, the dwellings that compose
The ancient Bailey-chashtal,—otherwise
Rushen or CASTLETOWN. The Castle lies
Between the square and river :—from its height,
When the air 's purified by cloudless skies,
A scene enchanting breaks upon the sight,
Combining placid beauty,—with gigantic might.

II.

Firstly, near Langness Point, the town's deep bay
With Scarlet Point forming its term, south-west ;
Rounding this, Port le Mary sweeps its way,
Then lofty Spanish Head, the eyes arrest,
Where jagged rocks with roaring waves contest :
Beyond the Calf, Port Erin's Bay is seen ;
The frowning hills of Bradda lift their crest ;
From south to north vast mountains intervene,
Celtic and Saxon hills add to the charming scene.

III.

Here in the olden days, ere England's sway,
The Kings retired with pomp of barbarous power ;
Here in their savage, stern, warlike array
They deemed impregnable fastness tower ;
Here, like the labyrinths of Rosamond's bower,
Are winding passages ;—and lofty walls,
Sombre enough to make the bravest cower ;
Here Derby's Countess, captive, paced the halls ;
Scenes of rude strife and woe, this ancient place recalls.

IV.

Here, in the chamber of the potent Keys,
Was William Christian, of Ronaldsway tried ;
A man beloved by men of all degrees,
Whose patriotic motives were belied ;
Branded a traitor, foully villified ;
'Twas said that he assumed to rule the Isle,
Depose the Countess Derby,—and defied
The Legislature.—He was free from guile ;
His judges were unjust, unmerciful, and vile.

V.

He was found guilty, and condemned to die,
A Royal respite to the Keys was sent ;
With that command the Court would not comply ;
On his destruction all their minds were bent ;
He quailed not,—firm was every lineament,
Death had no terror for his dauntless heart ;
He knew, he felt, that he was innocent,
And played the man, as well as martyr's part ;
Resigned himself to fate,—and turned him to depart.

VI.

A soldier's death was his.—On Hango Hill
He firmly stood, and asked, not to be bound,
This favour was accorded to his will ;
And calmly gazing on the people round,
He spoke :—“ In man I have no mercy found,
To God I give my spirit, pray for me ;
My death throughout this island shall resound,
And wake your hearts to Nature's Liberty,
A little while and then, I join eternity.

VII.

“ Trouble ye not for me, I dare face death ;
Come in whatever shape, I will not start
At fire or bullets, or abate my breath :
Mark this white paper pinned just o'er my heart,
Hit this, and do your work and mine.—The part
Of duty is now yours.—I do forgive
You freely,—and may God His grace impart :
This unjust fate mine honour will survive,
I would not, if I could, that honour's pride outlive !”

VIII.

Stretching his arms, he gave the fatal sign ;
One ringing crash, one spring, and all was o'er ;
Th' immortal soul had winged to realms divine ;
From his brave heart welled streams of crimson gore ;
Yet calm his face, no pang of pain it wore ;
He lay as placid as a child in sleep,
So tell the Manxmen in the days of yore :
They say his spirit nightly watch doth keep
On Hango Hill ;—where maidens go to sigh and weep.

IX.

The castle keep is now the island jail,
"To what vile uses may we not return;"
Here, where the warrior clanked in coat of mail,
Debtors and criminals, confined, sojourn :
Here, where bold spirits for the fray would burn,
The culprit ekes the hours in lonesome cell ;
Harsh voices greet his ears,—his eyes look stern ;
No watchword—measured step of sentinel,
No pomp of War—all silent is the citadel.

X.

A sun-dial, opposite the George Hotel,
Was once the only source to mark the time ;
That horologe some marvels sure might tell ;
If it could speak in prose, or jingling rhyme :
Of strife, rejoicings, revelry, and crime :
The castle clock was given by good Queen Bess,
Long years have marred its beauty—it looks grim ;
Clocks are like women's tongues, ne'er motionless—
Time tells on both alike, however gay their dress.

XI.

Near Balley-chashtal are exciting themes,
There's Port-le-Mary,—a romantic place ;
Upon the beach a fertile quarry teems
With fine block marbles, some of which now grace
St. Paul's Cathedral, in the open space,
Forming the grand and massive flight of stairs :
On Polovash strand amid the rocks we trace
A never-failing spring, that constant wears
A tempting crystal clearness—which Time ne'er impairs.

XII.

And chasms wild, with precipices steep,
Appalling in their grandeur and their height :
The lashing waves, and roaring of the deep,
Thousands of sea-fowl screaming in their flight ;
The stout hearted quails, whilst dizzy grows the sight :
Huge grey rocks cleft, gulfs black and fathomless,
Rent by the solemn earthquake's dreadful might ;
Two paths, alone, to these will gain access,
Known only to apt guides,—in this black wilderness.

XIII.

The beetling crags that overhang the sea ;
The cheerless, desolate, and barren land :
Clouds that on terror's pinions seem to flee
When the fierce howling winds their wings expand ;
The savage wildness of the scene is grand :
Yet when the air is calm, the senses feel
Entranced as by some great Magician's wand,
With ecstasy the joyous brain will reel,
Whilst o'er the wondering mind sweet sympathies will steal.

XIV.

Beyond lies Spanish Head,—a dangerous coast,
Terrific headland, where the fleet of Spain,
At least a portion, struck, and here was lost :
The Great Armada,—in a hurricane
Was cast upon this shore. The mighty main
Uplifted its dire breast and hurl'd them down ;
England's free shores that fleet could never gain ;
The haughty Philip sought to win renown,
And place upon his brow Britannia's peerless crown.

XV.

Near the south promontory there appears,
About five hundred yards from off the shore,
The Calf of Man.—The storms of many years
Have detach'd rocks, through which the surges pour,
With fearful fury, as its billows roar :
Upon this Isle no verdant trees are seen,
For man's requirements there is little store,
Yet, here and there, are some small spots of green,
That speak of human culture in this wild demesne.

XVI.

Some high columnar rocks surround the Calf ;
Two, called the "Stacks," one towering crag, the "Eye,"
Each would well form a Sea-King's cenotaph,
The Stacks are massive and exceeding high ;
There is no building of antiquity,
Except, upon the loftiest spot of ground,
A little ruin, that exposed doth lie
Near to a rugged cliff. The waters round
Make ever solemn music, from the depths profound.

XVII.

This ruin is called "Bushel's House."—Tis said,
At least tradition tells us, at this place
Dwelt Thomas Bushel, who a vow had made
To live three years in solitude, for grace ;
And that he did a hermit's life embrace,
Persuaded thereto by the sage advice
Of Chancellor Lord Bacon,—to deface
By fasting, and all worldly sacrifice,
A life of sinfulness, debauchery, and vice.

XVIII.

His object also was to lengthen life ;
His feeble system to re-animate ;
So he retired at once from human strife,
And of the humblest viands always ate,
Herbs, oil, and honey would his hunger sate ;
Water his beverage,—most scanty fare ;
In consequence of which he grew sedate ;
Was not particular about his hair,
Or of the fashion of the garments he should wear.

XIX.

A man who was distinguished at the Court
Of Queen Elizabeth, and nobly born,
Sought shelter here, so goeth the report,
Heartbroken ;—to himself a thing of scorn,
His solemn plighted faith he had forsown ;
He killed, through jealousy, a beauteous maid ;
Fled to this spot dejected and forlorn ;
Of his own shadow he became afraid,
And in the midnight gloom was haunted by her shade.

XX.

Amid the lone recesses and wild caves,
He lingered out a life of misery ;
No human speech to greet his ear ;—the waves,
The falling rocks, the sea-bird's piercing cry,
Each sound his stricken soul would terrify ;
At length he died ; he had no sepulchre,
His bones lay bleach'd beneath the open sky,
And were discovered by an islander,
With writings that his name, and rank, and crime aver.

XXI.

Famed for its mines, and well-known Fairy Hill,
Kirk Rushen shortly breaks upon the view ;
Here Elfins danced to the melodious trill
Of the sweet falling of the moonlight dew ;
Here, deck'd in flowers of the richest hue,
The Fairy Queen held her fantastic court,
And on the sward a magic circle drew,
Round which they carried on the merry sport ;
Here to all sorts of blandishments they would resort.

XXII.

These Faries played some diabolic feats ;
By minstrelsy, lured many a wandering wight
Into the precincts of their loved retreats :
A farmer, who was wandering home one night,
Had lost his way, which sore did him affright :
At length he heard sweet music, and was led
To a large hall, where, to his great delight,
He saw a feast magnificently spread,
And friends whom once he knew,—but they, alas ! were dead.

XXIII.

Numbers of little people, jovial boys,
Who ate and drank, and asked him to take wine ;
They laughed and jested, making merry noise ;
But one who knew him told him to decline ;
He held the silver cup, and made a sign
That he would drink, with countenance quite bland,
But to the ground the liquor did consign :
The music ceased ; gone was the fairy band,
Leaving the gorgeous goblet in the farmer's hand.

XXIV.

When he got home he visited the priest,
Related everything that had occurred,
Showed him the cup presented at the feast,
And told him all that passed there word for word ;
Begged pardon, hoped sincerely he'd not erred ;
But wished to know what he should with it do ;
The priest to answer, not the least demurred,
" Give it the Church," quoth he, " the De'il subdue :"
This very cup is now in use, at Kirk Malew !

XXV.

The famous William Christian's buried here,
Within the chancel of this little place ;
And, carved in wood, upon the walls appear
The various ensigns of the Stanley race,
And monumental slabs,—On one we trace
The name of " Elin Corwyn ;" she was wife
Of Stafferton ; and fell in death's embrace
In the prime beauty of her spotless life,
Ere she had known a pang of worldly care and strife.

XXVI.

Her monument has weathered many years,
She died in fifteen hundred seventy-eight,
Therefore the inscription traced upon it bears
Of any in the Isle the oldest date :
Her husband was Receiver of the State.
From Cumberland 'tis said the lady came ;
Her father was a man of good estate,
Howbeit, unknown for any deeds of fame,
The tablet states that Robert Corwyn was his name.

XXVII.

Port Erin's bay presents a sandy shore,
A contrast to the rocks of Bradda Head ;
A precipice, two hundred feet or more,
Frowns from the south from its rough ocean bed ;
This coast, in tempests, is the seaman's dread :
The bay lies facing Ireland,—Ardglass,
And thus is named Port Erin, it is said :
For full five miles extends the rocky mass,
Few scenes its magnitude and boldness can surpass.

XXVIII.

Here's a first-class hotel, the Falcon's Nest ;
From which, at sunset, on a summer's eve,
Through the gold-tinted cloudlets of the west,
The hills of Ireland you can perceive ;
Glorious the view when colours intervene,
As the day-god the western wave descends ;
'Tis such a picture Turner might conceive
When o'er the sea the gentle twilight bends,
Then lo ! the silver moon,—Night's placid Queen, ascends.

XXIX.

This is, in truth, a very fairy scene
(So small, compact, and lovely is the bay),
That is when Nature's in her mood serene,
Not when the tempest howls, and sends its spray
High o'er the rocks, and stoutest hearts dismay :
But in the Summertide, when all is calm,
And Zephyr's kiss the hot brow in their play ;
The heart is soothed as by some precious balm,
Music seems in the air, chanting life's joyous psalm.

XXX.

Not far from hence old Rushen Abbey stands ;
'Twas founded seven hundred years ago,
(The King of Mann, KLEINING, gave the lands),
A gentle stream just at its base doth flow :
The monks no pleasures of the world did know,
Wore neither shoes nor shirts, and ate no flesh,
But passed their lives in self-inflicted woe ;
The trout, at all events, was always fresh—
Not caught as now with flies, but tangled in a mesh.

XXXI.

"To what vile uses may we not return ?"
The Abbey House is used as an hotel ;
Those who love quiet come here to sojourn,
Far happier they than monk in silent cell.
Here many cares of life you may dispel :
For honeymoons this is the very place ;
'Tis as retired as Eden,—Ere man fell,
And Eve brought trouble upon all our race :
It will not suit fast men,—who like to "go the pace."

Canto Third.

P E E L .

I.

ROMANTIC Peel ; thy hills and rocky isle,
The palace of the Stanley's mouldering walls,
The ruins of thy castle,—will beguile
A summer's day from morn till twilight falls,
With ancient legends that the past recalls :
St. Germain and St. Patrick lie in dust,
Their columns on the ground, decayed their stalls,
Ivy and weeds conceal their gothic crust,
The grandeur of days gone is crumbling 'neath Time's rust.

II.

The castle once was walled by lofty towers,
And warlike battlements frowned on the foe ;
Age, with his withering arm, all strength detours,
All earthly things decay beneath his blow ;
The tides between it and the mainland flow :
The entrance is upon the southern side,
Of easy access when the water 's low,
The channel, that the islet doth divide
From the small busy town, is but a few yards wide.

III.

Stone steps, worn out by Time, and iron-bound,
Lead o'er the rocks to a storm-beaten gate,
Near which a strong and vaulted guardroom 's found :
A legend to this strange place doth relate,
Of which the guide to visitors will prate ;
An apparition called the MODDEY DHOO,
Or large black dog, used horror to create ;
'Twas seen by hundreds,—not by one or two ;
And Manxmen still assert the story is quite true.

IV.

This dog, of spaniel breed, had shaggy hair,
 At night would lay him down before the fire ;
 The soldiers soon to this accustomed were,
 And lost the fright his presence would inspire ;
 They dare not bid the fearful brute retire,
 And never swore while Moddey Dhoo was by ;
 They did not in the least the dog admire,
 Yet paid him great respect, they knew not why ;
 They all were steeped in thought, when the black fiend was nigh.

V.

The castle keys were every night conveyed
 To the guard's captain, when the gates were locked ;
 Alone to do this each man was afraid,
 So two went with them as twelve struck the clock ;
 Against their ribs their trembling hearts would knock ;
 The way led through the church, a solemn place,
 Lonesome enough the boldest man to shock ;
 They sped their errand at no sluggish pace,
 Like timid hares, when hounds are on them at full chase.

VI.

One night a soldier, valiant made by drink,
 Jeered his companions, and alone would go ;
 Laughing, he snatched the keys and made them clink,
 And swore that were it dog or devil he'd know.
 Instant he went, his bravery to show ;
 After some time a dreadful noise was heard,
 The man returned with face as white as snow,
 They spoke to him,—he answered not a word,
 And from that moment, ne'er from out the guard-room stirred.

VII.

He lived three days, but never made a sign :
 His comrades ne'er could learn what he had seen ;
 He ate not, drank not—this brave libertine :
 His haggard brow with trembling hand's he'd screen
 The glances from his eyes were fiery, keen ;
 Each feature was distorted as in pain ;
 At times he pressed his hands his knees between,
 And gnashed his teeth ; sweat poured from him like rain,
 He died,—and Moddey Dhoo was never seen again.

VIII.

Some say the fiend his spirit has infused
 Into the body of the man,—they saw,
 When steadfastly his face they would peruse,
 The look of Moddey Dhoo ;—his lower jaw
 Protruded, as when dogs a bone do gnaw ;
 His eyes looked wistful with unearthly light,
 Gleamed most mysterious on all he saw,
 He crouched him by the fire in the night,
 And, when the morning beamed, he shrank from human sight.

IX.

The Earl of Warwick was imprisoned here
For treason, some five centuries ago ;
The accusation was not proven clear,
As he was afterwards recalled. His foe,
The Earl of Wiltshire, history will show,
Without a trial, suffered death. The room
May now be seen, rank weeds within it grow ;
It must have been a place of doleful gloom ;
These walls enclosed a palace, and a living tomb.

X.

The wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, too,
Was in a dungeon fourteen years confined ;
Her crime was witchcraft, and the end in view,
King Henry's crown on Gloucester's brow to bind ;
Her temper was impetuous, and her mind
Ever dissatisfied and turbulent,
With fourteen ribs the dungeon roof is lined,
All forming pointed arches ;—the descent
Is made by eighteen steps, in utter darkness pent

XI.

'Twas here she died ;—hers was a dreadful fate ;
No ray of light to cheer the languid hours ;
Air was admitted by an iron grate ;
Here fell no summer sun or genial showers ;
Heaven's face was blank to her, as earth's sweet flowers ;
'Tis said that since her death, at midnight chime,
Her step is heard amid the mouldering towers,
That up and down the stone stairs she would climb,
Like a perturbed spirit, mourning for some crime.

XII.

From the round tower the view's expansive, grand :
Large ships appear like buoys upon the deep ;
The distant hills of Wales and Ireland,
With Scotland's coast, the searching eye may sweep ;
Here, it is said, the warders watch would keep :
In tempests, o'er the tower the hissing spray,
Wild in its fury, fearfully will leap,
The howling storm with blackness veils the day,
And hardy seamen shrink, in undisguised dismay.

XIII.

'Mid the Cathedral ruins are the graves
Of shipwrecked mariners, with rude-carved stones,
Showing the names of some the stormy waves
Have cast upon the coast ; hearsed are their bones
Where the storm-spirit a sad requiem moans ;
Strangers lie there, yet sleep in tranquil rest,
Their kindred know not of them, their loved tones
No more will charm the ear or soothe the breast ;
O'er these no graven slab, name, age, or sex attest.

XIV.

Within the area of the grounds, and based,
 With sides that point due North, South, East, and West,
 A mound formed pyramidal is placed ;
 It is supposed that here the ashes rest
 Of those whom fame or fortune most had blest ;
 Some think here mustered all the men-at-arms,
 Whom the chief warrior from this spot addressed,
 When circumscribed by foes, mid war's alarms ;
 Whichever tale be true, it hath romantic charms.

XV.

Soft is the sward about this ancient mound,
 Like velvet to the tread, an emerald green :
 Such as the Faries well might gambol round,
 When fair Titania would her court convene,
 And silver moonbeams light the enchanted scene :
 Or when through the old port holes stars peep out,
 Like loving eyes, with glances sweet, serene,
 As coy young elfins sidelong look, and pout,
 Why should not sprites, like earthly maids, pretend to doubt ?

XVI.

Along the shore, both north and south, abound,
 Scooped by the constant tide, romantic caves ;
 Upon the western side a cavern's found,
 Of vast extent. In storms the furious waves
 Force entrance here, as loud the tempest raves :
 Strata, of rich and variegated dyes,
 Form in this cavern massive architraves ;
 Here substances from minerals arise,
 Encrusting the vast concave, which Time beautifies.

XVII.

Cornelians oft are found amongst the sand,
 That fringes round the bosom of the bay ;
 Agates and curious pebbles deck the strand,
 Which marvel-loving people choose to say
 Are cast there by the sea-nymphs in their play :
 By moonlight 'tis delightful here to stroll,
 And sing to one a love-beseeching lay ;
 Or e'en a simple prosaic parole,
 Tell of the hopes, the fears, and joys that rend the soul.

XVIII.

Of Peel itself but little need be said ;
 The town is old, has very crooked streets,
 Like some Scotch sea-side village ;—its chief trade,
 The herring fishery.—They place stone seats
 In front of almost every house.—One meets
 A tail-less cat beside each cottage door,
 Which never, when the sun shines, thence retreats.
 The population appear very poor,
 Speak Manx, drink spirits, smoke, and all life's ill's endure.

XIX.

The fishermen, a hardy-looking race,
Rough jackets wear, and trowsers, all of blue ;
Hats, with pitch'd canvas cover'd, their heads grace :
When fishing's over, and there's nought to do,
They lounge in idleness, and smoke or chew ;
At times, half-naked children they will nurse,
A rugged picture for an artist's view,
To ease their tempers often swear and curse—
Men usually get snappish with an empty purse.

XX.

To mark the time they had a simple way :
Near to the entrance of the Castle gate,
There used to be, to get the noon of day,
A space, ten feet by one, it bears no date,
Whitewashed, with one black line drawn down it straight,
Four inches broad, right in the centre placed :
Till the gate's shadow reached this they would wait,
When twelve o'clock was by the dial traced ;
From this the true meridian time was always based.

XXI.

Near Peel there is a lone sequester'd dell,
Called Glen Meay. A gentle rivulet,
Descending from the hills, doth hither well ;
By underwood and wild flowers 'tis beset :
With daffodils, the primrose, violet,
Is formed a shady and delightful bower ;
From this cascade the silver streamlets jet :
O'er a huge ledge of rocks, with uncheck'd power,
The crystal gurgling waters musically shower.

XXII.

This is the very trysting-place of Love ;
The light falls mellowed through the emerald leaves,
Distilled from the sweet floral wreath above :
The ivy o'er the rock a network weaves,
To which with constancy each tendril cleaves :
The trickling water lulls the heart to rest,
Eyes speak with thought, the conscious bosom heaves,
The head falls silent on the loving breast,
Words would dispel the charm, the truth is all confess.

XXIII.

Love is the Child of Beauty ; all we see,
That purely falls upon our outward eyes,
Wins from the heart the fondest sympathy :
The rainbow spanning with its arch the skies,
Flowers from whose lips rich fragrances arise :
The moving shadows from the clouds above,
O'er the ripe golden grain.—The varied dyes
Of trees most beautiful ; list from the grove,
How songsters trill sweet notes ;—all Nature breathes of Love.

XXIV.

Here 's Tynwald Hill, that famous antique spot,
Where promulgated are the Island's laws ;
Revered by Manxmen, 'twill ne'er be forgot ;
For on this mound did Freedom plead their cause.
Solemnity reigns here,—no rude applause
Disturbs the gravity that should prevail ;
Here, breathless multitudes attent would pause,
Whilst life or death were pending in the scale,
And many would the fate of one poor wretch bewail.

XXV.

Tradition tells us the condemned to die
Might a remission of their sentence gain,
If through the crowd of people they could fly,
On the lake side, and Timwall Stone attain ;
Many have run the race for life in vain.
The cone, in height, measures about twelve feet ;
It bears no ornament, is very plain ;
Here the officials in due order meet,
According to his rank each takes th' appointed seat.

XXVI.

The mound's circumference is eighty yards,
Three terraces in circles round it twine ;
Here, seated, the chief Judges make awards ;
A flight of steps to the mound's top incline
In a direct and straight unvarying line ;
The summit of the hill is six feet wide,
None can exactly tell its origin,
Many opinions on this theme divide,
The learned in ancient lore cannot the point decide.

XXVII.

This was the site of a great battle-field,
'Twixt the two sons of Goddard, King of Man ;
The contest for the crown, and which should wield
Sole sovereign sway over the Island clan :
On Valentine's famed day the fray began :
Olave was victor, Reginald was slain,
Towards the coast his routed forces ran,
Thousands of slaughtered warriors strewed the plain ;
The vanquished tyrant's corpse in Furness Abbey's bain.

XXVIII.

More than six hundred years have winged their flight,
Since Reginald was slain. Historians say
That he was treacherous,—a hypocrite ;
Vindictive, cruel ; ready to betray
His dearest friends, stood any in his way ;
Did homage to King John, and lowly bent,
Yielding submission to the Papal sway,
Oppressed the people wheresoe'er he went,
Till irksome to the Isle became his government.

XXIX.

The Norway scribes relate that he was brave,
A famous Warrior of undaunted mien :
That quarter he ne'er asked, nor ever gave :—
For full three years or more was never seen
To enter any house where fire had been,
The common practice of a pirate's life ;
His frame was muscular, eyes fierce and keen ;
He gloried in the stir of battle strife,
Like a wild wolf he prowled, where most the prey was rife.

XXX.

In former days, the Statute Book records
The laws were promulgated with display ;
Rich crimson velvet, trimmed with golden cords,
Formed a large canopy of proud array,
Placed on the top of Tynwald Hill, they say.
Here, seated on a throne, with sword in hand,
The chief his island subjects would survey,
With face turned to the east :—whilst near would stand
The Officers of State—waiting for his command.

Canto Fourth.

R A M S E Y .

I.

A PRETTY, quiet, neat, clean, homely town
Is Ramsey ; on the margin of a bay
To which it gives its name :—has no renown,
Or antique monuments with visage gray ;
Or old Cathedral tumbling to decay :
Its sweet, retired, and modest-looking face
Wins upon all who hither chance to stray ;
The mouth of Sulby River at this place
Kisses the sapphire sea,—and flows to its embrace.

II.

Some lovely villas on its outskirts lie,
Delightful cultured grounds around them spread ;
And variegated is the scenery ;
The country towards the west, a garden bed,
Fertile and level wheresoe'er we tread :
The walks are pleasant.—From Sky Hill is seen
The obelisk and lighthouse of Ayr-head,
And when the air is clear, the day serene,
The headlands of the neighbouring coasts the eye may glean.

III.

The pier runs a considerable way
Into the sea.—And ten miles in extent,
Forming a half-moon, is the beauteous bay ;
O'erlooking it is Albert's monument,
Erected there to celebrate the event
Of the Queen's husband's visit to the Isle :
From it there is a view magnificent ;
Here may the tourist pleasing hours beguile,
By gazing o'er the sea and land for many a mile.

IV.

The glens of Milntown, Sulby, and Balure,
Are calm romantic spots.—Here some retire
From the loud busy world ; and all secure,
The votaries who solitude admire
May, undisturbed, enjoy their soul's desire :
Here, in some shady and sequestered nook,
Where all is silent save the feather'd choir,
'Tis sweet to pore o'er some old favourite book,
Or muse on days gone by, ere peace the heart forsook.

V.

The little village of Kirk Maughold stands
On the north-east promontory, its name
Derived from one who led stout pirate bands
Some fourteen centuries ago.—He came,
So state the heralds of his saintship's fame,
In a small wicker boat, which drifted 'fore
The north wind to the Island. He became
Most eminent for piety, and wore
Sackcloth, ate roots, drank water, and life's joys forswore.

VI.

He lived in mountain caves, was most austere,
And in the year four hundred ninety-eight,
The Manx people, who piety revere.
Finding him godly-minded and sedate,
Made him their Bishop ;—such is wayward fate.
People from far-off countries came to see
The man whose touch alone would consecrate :
St. Bridget, hearing of his sanctity,
Received from him the veil of her virginity.

VII.

This village once was a fine noble town,
Where pilgrims would resort to Maughold's shrine ;
A place in those days of world-wide renown,
The saint being thought less only than divine ;
Now it has fallen into sad decline :
The Church stands on a lofty eminence ;
When viewed from off the sea, the picture's fine ;
A record of the bandit's penitence,
That good deeds may secure an earthly recompense.

VIII.

Not far from the old Church ; upon the brink
Of a huge precipice, is Maughold's well,
The water sickly people oft will drink,
Supposing that disease it will expel,
As Maughold sanctified it, so they tell ;
That it contains a most potent charm,
And acts against the Elfin like a spell ;
Those who possess it are secured from harm,
But those who have it not, the fairies sore alarm.

IX.

The virtues of this water all believe,
And many stories are extant thereon ;
No more the Fairies can their pranks achieve,
Once touch them with it, and away they're gone :
No other well can bear comparison
With old St. Maughold's ;—one brief incident,
A sort of legend, we shall verse upon ;
If any from the truth of it dissent,
The fault is theirs, not ours ; the trifle is well meant.

RODRI MAUR, AND MONA IRIN.

One summer's night, the month was June,
Before uprose the silver moon ;
Young Rodri Maur, the handsome, bold
Was crossing near famed Kirk Maughold :
When lo ! he saw upon the ground,
Strange lights that glimmered all around ;
And Elfins heard in high debate,
Discussing Mona Irin's fate.
He paused, and heard an elfin say ;
" 'Twere best ere break of morrow's day
That two to Mona's cot shall go,
And plead a piteous tale of woe ;
The maiden, who is blithe and kind,
Will soon the cottage latchet find ;
The entrance gained, present this flower,
It all her senses will o'erpower ;
Her golden locks divide in twain,
Then bring her hither o'er the plain ;
Once place her in our charmed ring,
Once waft her with the mouse-bat wing,
Whilst cold doth pinch, and heat will burn,
She never homeward will return."
Rodri no sooner heard the plan,
Than swift to Maughold's well he ran ;
Dipt in his flask and quickly bore
The water to the cottage door ;
Alas 'twas open, and within
Two women bent o'er fair Irin ;
One parting from her forehead fair,
The silken tresses of her hair ;
The other watching with delight,
The maiden in her lornly plight ;
A flower was drooping on her breast,
Whilst open lay her snowy vest ;
She looked just like a sleeping child,
And in her dream of joy she smiled.
Quick to the maid brave Rodri flew,

And o'er the hags some water threw ;
 Yelling with fury and affright,
 They faded instantly from sight ;—
 He then knelt down and viewed her charms,
 As she lay death-like in his arms ;
 He spoke, blood mantled o'er her cheek ;
 He kissed her, but she did not speak ;
 He clasp'd her to his fond embrace,
 The water dropped upon her face :
 Her bosom heaved, some deep drawn sighs
 Well'd from her heart; at length her eyes
 Look'd from their ivory lids and smiled—
 With rapture then was Rodri wild.
 She spoke, and wondered he was there,
 And questioned where the women were ;
 Told him she'd dreamt of fairy bowers,
 Where she had culled the sweetest flowers ;
 That he had wandered by her side,
 And talk'd of love, and called her bride ;
 'Twas cruel of him thus to creep,
 Beside her and dissolve such sleep :
 Soon Rodri told what he had seen,
 What he had heard,—described the scene ;
 And bade her strangers ever shun,
 After the setting of the sun ;—
 Then urged his suit.—With eyes down bent
 At length she whispered fond consent :
 Next day to Maughold's church they sped,
 And by some holy Priest were wed.
 The selfsame cot may now be seen,
 Not far from Maughold's fairy green :
 To keep the elfin host at bay,
 There always is, by night and day,
 A jar of water in the place,
 To guard against the fairy race ;
 That water is a magic spell,
 If drawn from good St. Maughold's well.

X.

Some few years after Bishop Maughold died,
 A bloody battle in the north was fought ;
 When all the people to Kirk Maughold hied,
 And thither they their gold and jewels brought ;
 That sacred place, th' affrighted people thought,
 Would keep their riches from the plunderer's hands ;
 Before the battle Gilliecolumn sought
 Permission from his father for his bands
 To ransack e'n the Kirk,—to sate his dire demands.

XI.

His father, Somerled, would not withhold
Permission,—yet said “ Let this business rest
Between your conscience and good St. Maughold.
I'll not share in the booty, and protest,
Against a deed with sacrilege imprest.”
The work of pillage very soon began,
The booty was secured without contest;
About the church the robbers yelling ran,
Rejoicing that they could the wealthy hoard trepan.

XII.

The first watch of the night was nearly past,
And sentinels to guard the church were sent;
When Gilliecolumn, with brow overcast,
Retired to rest within his warlike tent :
Quickly to sleep the hardened spoiler went ;
When St. Maughold appeared in angry mood,
Threatening the plunderer with punishment
Eternal, which he swore to by the rood,
And vowed that misery should ever o'er him brood.

XIII.

In a cold sweat of terror he awoke,
Sent for the priests, the property restored ;
Said that he would not heaven's wrath provoke,
And for their pardon earnestly implored,
That all his sins he fervently deplored ;
Thus did the saint, though dead, some good achieve,
And more than ever was his name adored :
This miracle old Manxmen still believe,
And no fine art of reasoning can them undecieve.

XIV.

Near the Kirk Gate stands old St. Maughold's Cross,
An ancient relic rudely sculptured o'er ;
Its form quadrangular, it will engross
The minds of those who study antique lore,
Who on the far-gone pass delight to pore ;
On one side, Bridget's kneeling to the Saint,
Who veils her from the world for evermore,
She is no beauty, certainly, *sans* paint ;
The pirate, too, looks old, and likewise very quaint.

XV.

Behind this is a crucifix, whereon
The death of Christ the sculptor has pourtrayed ;
This is a scene too sad to dwell upon :
On the third side we find the lovely maid
St. Bridget kneels as though imploring aid,
Her eyes look up to heaven ; her mild, sad face
Seems as if Grief on her his hand had laid ;
Upon the fourth side nothing clear we trace,
Some think it is St Maughold landing at this place.

XVI.

Upon a shield, three legs, the arms of Man ;
 Thus making arms of legs, and legs the arms ;
 'Tis rather an eccentric sort of plan,
 Yet such device throughout the Island swarms.
 Three legs must better prove in wars' alarms
 Than two, if people wish to run away ;
 One, the poor cripple with exertion warms :
 Spurs, with large rowels, these three legs display ;
 What was the body of these legs no one can say.

XVII.

From Ramsey Bay, as southward on we pass,
 There is a pretty creek and waterfall ;
 The name of this sweet spot is Ballaglass ;
 The creek is beautiful, though very small ;
 Howe'er, these pleasing objects are not all :
 There is a lovely and fine wooded vale,
 Whose leafy shades Arcadian scenes recall ;
 Here, when the sultry summer days prevail,
 The wanderer seeks repose, the cool air to inhale.

XVIII.

On the ground rising south-west may be seen,
 A Druid's circle,—which the people name
 The Castle of King Orry ;—it has been,
 Doubtless, a place of Druidical fame ;
 Here oft to Beii rose the sacred flame ;
 The stones have here survived the worshippers ;
 Forgotten, almost, is their idol's name,
 Ruin alone past greatness registers,
 The white-robed priests have mouldered in their sepulchres.

XIX.

About two miles from hence, below the bridge
 Of the Doon rivulet, a fine cascade,
 The highest in the Island falls ;—the ridge
 Is very lofty,—a delightful shade
 Veils o'er the stream,—the trees sweet bowers braid,
 The water singeth like the drowsy hum
 Of bees, with sounds by tinkling cymbals made :
 Sometimes its music on the ear will come
 Like the deep solemn rolling,—of a distant drum.

XX.

The pretty little village, Laxey, lies
 Embosomed in a glen of some extent ;
 'Twas once one of the Isle's celebrities,
 A town of note that merchants would frequent ;
 In its rich lead mines silver 's prevalent ;
 'Twas celebrated for its paper mills ;
 The scenery romantic, and is blest
 On the south, west, and north with lofty hills ;
 From every point of view the eye with beauty fills.

XXI.

At Ballaneille was born the great Castine,
A noted military chief of France :
He joined a British regiment of the line,
Was made a sergeant for his vigilance,
Got leave of absence after his advance,
Returned here, married fair Helen Colance,
When he gave way to gross intemperance,
Outstaid his furlough, and, to avoid disgrace,
Escaped on board a smuggling lugger from this place.

XXII.

Landing at Dunkirk, Castine joined the French :
By acts of valour rose to high command ;
He fought and bled in many a field and trench,
Was made the colonel of a gallant band,
When the Republic ruled the Gallie land ;—
In seventeen ninety-two, when Dumourier
Was sole commandant of the Army Grand,
He gained a higher step in his career,
Was General made, and stood almost without compeer.

XXIII.

Defended Mentz, the bulwark of the Rhine,
Where'er he went was heralded by fame ;
Vict'ry would laurels round his brow entwine ;
A talisman of glory was his name,
And yet he perished by a death of shame :
For some political offence we glean,
Obnoxious to the people he became,
In seventeen ninety-three, with dauntless mien,
He fell beneath the knife, of the foul guillotine.

XXIV.

Near Laxey two delicious springs arise,
St. Patrick's, on the west by Shargey-grave ;
The pureness of its stream with crystal vies ;
The other, called Lord Henry's Font, doth lave
The southern beach and mingles with the wave :
One mile north, is a cavern unexplored,
Hard iron rocks at once both roof and pave ;
'Tis said that here bold pirates booty stored,
That wretched captives here, in vain for life implored.

XXV.

Sweet Onchan with its pretty cottage homes,
Commanding beauteous views of land and sea,
Of rocks whereon the angry ocean foams,
The richly-cultured landscape on the lea ;
Lov'd garden flowers, the ripe fruit-laden tree ;
With healthful breezes cheering all around ;
The laugh of children in their playful glee ;
Joys such as these fair Onchan's hill surround—
Such calm and pure delights are not in cities found.

XXVI.

The village crowns the hill ;—the town and bay
Of Douglas lie beneath : like a choice fold
Of milk-white lambs, the cottages display
Their snowy fronts, as bright beams manifold
From the uprising sun bathe them in gold,
All pure, yet radiant ; whilst the clear blue sky,
Like a rich mantle does the mount infold :
The scene, thus viewed, at midsummer, may vie,
With the much-boasted land of classic Italy.

XXVII.

My rapid flight around the Isle is o'er,
Douglas again, with its sweet bay appears :
Now must I dwell on Mona's ancient lore,
The monuments and deeds of far-gone years,
The superstitions of the mountaineers,
The Druids and the customs of the age,
Fairies, the black art, and the mighty Seers :
These subjects will the curious engage,
And lend some interest to the tourist's pilgrimage.

Canto Fifth.

ANCIENT MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

I.

TIME worketh changes with all things of earth ;
Who can look back upon the past and find
No cause for gratulation, that his birth
Has fallen in days when Fortune is more kind,
When sage experience has informed the mind,
And brought us nearer to the perfect state ;
Opened the eyes that Ignorance would blind,
Made man to trust more to himself than fate,
And loftier aspirations in his heart create.

II.

Whilom when Scandinavians ruled in Man,
Their customs were uncultivated,—rude ;
They had a horrible and barbarous plan,
By which their children early were endued
To bear life's trials with stern fortitude :
When newly-born to frost they were exposed,
Then placed before a fire of magnitude,
Thrown in hot water, then in cold ;—reposed
On the bare rugged earth,—their eyes by misery closed.

III.

No mother's voice to sing the lullaby,
No mother's tender care to soothe each pain ;
Never upon them fell the watchful eye ;
The loving glance that suffering will sustain
Was never theirs, but looks of cold disdain
Met their warm pleadings for the kind caress :
Well were they tutored never to complain ;
No prayer of hope their infant steps to bless ;
E'en from the very breast, their life was bitterness.

IV.

In the sweet, tender, early morn of life,
 Long ere the period of manhood's years,
 They drank the very dregs of mortal strife ;
 Whipt at the altar by the priests till tears
 Ceased to flow from their eyes, till human fears
 Were checked within their bosoms, till no groan
 Followed the lash, and fell upon the ears
 Of those who flogged them :—not a single moan
 Passed from their lips,—they stood inanimate as stone.

V.

The boys were taught to hold, raise, and depress,
 Or turn obliquely in their hands the bow ;
 To shoot their arrows with such steadiness,
 That to the centre of the mark they'd go :
 Should one be lost amid the grass or snow,
 Another dart was in the same course sent ;
 Thus they the place of the lost one would know :
 To those who hit the mark they would present
 A girdle or a bow,—or fine habiliment.

VI.

So skilful were they, it is said they'd hit
 "A halfpenny, or needle" placed as far
 As they could see—the smallest stem would split
 With their sharp darts. When they were trained for war,
 No obstacles their energies could mar ;
 Could throw the javelin, and wield the spear,
 Weapons in those days the most popular ;
 Unknown to their brave hearts a sense of fear,
 They felt invincible, and dared the foe when near.

VII.

In the last century the bow and sling
 Were much in use, and parishes would meet
 For shooting matches, when each place would bring
 Their best, picked men, for prizes to compete ;
 Rewards and praise the conquerors would greet :
 The prize sometimes has been a fair young maid,
 When rivals struggled for approval sweet ;
 Then was the cunning of the art displayed,
 The victor crowned with flowers, the vanquished, lorn, dismayed.

VIII.

A story is extant, that one May-day,
 Two youths, Hugh Camain and Theodrick Sayle,
 Met to decide the which should bear away
 As his fond bride the beanteous Ellen Quayle ;
 The place, a piece of greensward in the vale
 Where Laxey lies.—Theodrick was a fair
 And comely youth with golden locks, yet frail
 Compared with Hugh Camain,—still was his air
 That of a noble spirit, that e'en death would dare.

IX.

Hugh was of lofty stature, and his frame
 Well-knit and muscular ;—his jet-black eyes
 Flashed like the lightning,—Emulous for fame
 Was stamped upon his brow ;—life's energies
 Seemed moulded in his form, disdain would rise
 On his proud lip to hear a doubt expressed
 Of aught that he attempted : he was wise
 In his great self-conceit ; such was imprest
 On all who heard him speak, the cruel, bitter jest.

X.

He vowed that he would win sweet Ellen's hand ;
 Talked of Theodrick as a beardless boy,
 Said that with shame his baby brow he'd brand ;
 That he looked womanish ;—was fit to toy
 With girlhood only, he so slim and coy ;
 That manly weapons he should cease to wield,
 His time in household matters should employ ;
 Handle the needle, not the warrior's shield,
 Leave men to stem the tide, or battle on the field.

XI.

Theodrick was a modest gentle youth,
 Who never boasted of his well-known skill ;
 Still he was valiant-hearted, and in sooth
 One of a quiet yet determined will ;
 Gentle his tongue as the sweet murmur'ring rill ;
 Ellen he loved from boyhood's early days,
 Her smile his soul with purest joy would fill,
 He sang to her the old chivalric lays,
 She listened with delight to hear dear Mona's praise.

XII.

She loved him from the depths of a pure heart ;
 His footfall was like music to her ear ;
 'Twas misery for her with him to part,
 And boundless joy to know that he was near.
 To her he was of earthly things most dear :
 Her waking thoughts were with him ; in her dreams
 Of unconnected visions he'd appear ;
 Wandering far with him by bright fairy streams,
 And wake to mourn his absence 'mid the morning beams.

XIII.

Like rich twin ebon diamonds flashed her eyes ;
 Her hair outshone the Raven's glossy wing ;
 Love fluttered o'er her bosom with sweet sighs,
 Lips that would mock a moss-rose blossoming :
 Her presence was a beauty, like the Spring,
 Gladd'ning the pulse of every heart within ;
 Her voice tuned like a lute's melodious string ;
 Her beauteous features votaries would win ;
 Cupid's light finger left,—a dimple on her chin.

XIV.

Hugh once had saved the maiden's father's life,
When they were wreck'd and struggling with the wave ;
He asked consent that she should be his wife,
The which the old man generously gave,
Deeming her worthy of a man so brave ;
He woo'd, but could not win her gentle hand,
Her heart to loved Theodrick was a slave,
To one sole idol could that heart expand,
And she besought him not to urge his stern demand.

XV.

He heeded not her tears, but pressed his claim,
Taunted her father with ingratitude ;
The more the maid implored, the more the flame
Of passion burned within his bosom rude,
A passion not so easily subdued :
The father urged in vain ;—her pleading sighs
Were the sole answer ;—she sought solitude,
Tears gemmed the silken lashes of her eyes,
Smiles from her face had fled, and all earth's gaieties.

XVI.

To leave it to the trial with the bow,
At length reluctantly she gave consent ;
And promised that she would her hand bestow
On him who won the match.—Her heart was rent
With dread forebodings as to the event.
The time was fixed, the first of sunny May ;
Hugh of the victory was confident,
Whilst Theodrick walked humbly on his way,
With heart and hand well nerved to meet the coming day.

XVII.

The hour arrived, the target firm was placed ;
The best of three shots would decide their fate ;
Hugh with a clouded brow Theodrick faced,
In his black heart was crouching scorpion Hate,
With maddening drink howe'er he felt elate :
First to the line went Hugh, and took his aim,
The arrow from his bow flew sure and straight,
Struck the true centre of the mark,—became
To him a bright presage of victory—and fame.

XVIII.

At this, long loud huzzas were instant given ;
Theodrick calmly stepped into his place ;
One look to Ellen and a glance to heaven,
A smile of beauty beaming on his face,
Whereon no shade of tremor eye could trace ;
His steady hand the pointed weapon drew
Close to his shoulder, with a classic grace,
Quick as the lightning to the goal it flew,
And split the arrow of his vaunting foe in two.

XIX.

The bars were drawn, the shots proclaimed a tie ;
 "More drink," cried Hugh, "that was a lucky hit—
 Go on, boy, do not look so very shy."
 With words like these he exercised his wit,
 Theodrick heeded not the unmanly twit ;
 Calmly again he drew the tensive string ;
 A breathless pause, swift did his arrow fit,
 Fixed in the very centre of the ring ;
 Its feathers trembling,—like a lark's upon the wing !

XX.

Ha ! ha ! laughed Hugh, and plied again the drink,
 Walked to the mark, and shot wide of his aim ;
 'Twas then observed his heart began to shrink ;
 He spoke no more ;—mayhap he felt a shame,
 Or that his soul was stricken by th' acclaim
 "One for Theodrick!"—Then he drew a dart,
 And, as the youth advanced the hit to claim,
 The arrow from the felon's bow did start,
 And pierced the good Theodrick through his guileless heart.

XXI.

The crowd was hushed ;—each breast was fraught with pain ;
 Save a deep, universal throb of woe,
 That whispered from their lips like distant rain,
 As they beheld blood from Theodrick flow ;
 The very sunlight had a lurid glow ;
 When mid the silence rose an awful cry,
 Like one whom Death had slain by sudden blow ;
 'Twas Ellen, with her arms upraised on high,
 A statue of Despair,—in writhing agony.

XXII.

One shriek alone came from her broken heart ;
 Oh, would that at that hour the maid had died ;
 With her white hands she held the hair apart
 O'er her hot brow ; whispered, "Theodrick's Bride
 Is waiting for his presence by her side ;
 Where art thou, dear one, whither art thou flown ?
 Quick, dearest, come, thine Ellen will not chide."
 She sank upon the earth ; a childish moan
 Escaped her quivering lips,—Reason had fled its throne.

XXIII.

Hugh moved not,—drew a poignard from his vest,
 And cried aloud, "Revenge, revenge is sweet !
 The first who dare approach me soon shall test
 My weapon's point ; here do I humbly greet
 The beauteous bride,—the bridegroom at my feet ;
 May his soul endless tortures feel in hell,
 Thus, thus, do I the laws of Mona cheat :"
 And instant, with a horrid fiendish yell,
 He cleft his vengeful heart,—to earth the murderer fell.

XXIV.

On that day twelve-months was a maiden seen
 Robed in a bridal dress, yet ashy pale ;
 She came to view the sports upon the green,
 No soft entreaties could with her prevail,
 No words of lov'd remonstrance would avail
 To stay her steps, or curb her strong desire ;
 At the same hour when fell Theodrick Sayle,
 Her head bent o'er the shoulders of her sire,
 Sweet Ellen's spirit fled ; quenched was the mortal fire.

XXV.

The peasantry, in ancient days, would tie
 Their hair behind, bound with a leathern thong ;
 This head-gear was supposed to beautify,
 Therefore they always wore it very long ;
 Their clothing was of woollen cloth and strong ;
 Stockings all footless, brogues of coarsest hide,
 Over the instep these were laced along ;
 Such the extent of their rude native pride,
 A hardy race were they, who popery would deride.

XXVI.

The women, gowns of linsey-woolsey wore,
 Short petticoats, dyed of a darkish red
 With moss that grew upon the rocks ;—and more,
 A winding sheet !—so Bishop Meryk said,
 Whene'er they went abroad, around them spread,
 Just to remind them of mortality,
 By grave-cloths, the sad vestments of the dead :
 Of this record we doubt the verity,
 And think 'twas but a plaid worn by the peasantry.

XXVII.

Deemsters and Coroners could once compel,
 On payment of a very trifling fee,
 Persons of either sex with them to dwell
 In servitude ;—this was done by decree,
 They called it *yarding*, for which Waldron see.
 The Sumner o'er the shoulder laid a straw,
 Proclaimed the Deemster's name, or barony,
 And all refusing to obey the law
 Had only barley-cake and water for their maw.

XXVIII.

Old customs now have nearly passed away,
 The Christmas revelries, and New Year's eve,
 Sporting and garlanding in sunny May,
 With flowers that youth for beauty would inweave ;
 The feastings for the dead when all should grieve ;
 Wedding processions,—and the osier wands
 With which the groomsman would the bride receive,
 Marching thrice round the church in little bands,
 And dancing in the moonlight—on the silv'ry sands.

Canto Sixth.

THE DRUIDS.

I.

SILENCE,—no breathing save from lips of flowers ;
Day peeps from out the East ;—a glimpse of light
From the horizon,—tells the Morning Hours
Earthward are wending, as the solemn night
Closes his raven wings, and shrinks from sight :
O'er the broad ocean myriad golden beams
From heaven's great orb, on lofty hills alight,
Waked from their slumbers are the crystal streams,
And from the emerald woodland luscious music teems.

II.

On Glen Darrah, the calm pellucid Morn
In placid beauty smiles. The diamond dew
Glitters on every leaf. The perfumed thorn,
Deck'd with May's blossomings, delights the view,
And richest flowers of every varied hue,
A carpet form for youthful Summer's tread ;
Who comes with gentle steps, his eyes of blue,
Radiant with love, about his beauteous head
A coronal of pansies,—bound with silver thread.

III.

A solemn sound was borne upon the breeze,
Like distant thunder muttering its ire ;
As though instinct with life the gnarl'd oak trees
Moved mournfully,—portending something dire ;
In the far distance gleamed the fitful fire ;
Nearer it came, till one vast multitude
Approached,—as though impelled by strange desire
To consummate some dreadful deed,—subdued,
But yet not quenched,—the longings of these people rude.

IV.

Foremost th' Arch Druid walked in regal state ;
 Upon his head a tiara of gold
 Placed o'er an oaken wreath. The Arch Druaught,
 Wore on his breast, encased in richest mould,
 The adder-stone, so fabulous of old,
 His breacan of six colours ; in his hand
 A golden bill-hook ; used as we are told,
 To rend the mistletoe. None could withstand
 The mandate he sent forth,—or his stern reprimand.

V.

A venerable man was he, his beard,
 A silver-grey, reached to the middle breast ;
 His very look the superstitious feared,
 As his fierce, piercing eyes on them would rest ;
 Next came the sacerdotal order,—drest
 In white robes, emblematical of truth
 And holiness,—the which they had imprest
 On all their followers. Old age and youth
 Believed alike on them ; that what they said was sooth.

VI.

In sky-blue robes, the sweet device of Peace,
 Followed the Bards who sang in Beil's praise ;
 And as they sang their fervour would increase,
 With rapture they to heaven their eyes would raise,
 Which awed and hush'd the multitude ; those lays
 Were called cairn tunes, each Bard was deemed inspired
 As upward flew the consecrated blaze :
 Next came Disciples, variously attired,
 In dresses, blue, green, red—by servitude acquired.

VII.

The sacred circle gained ; a mystic prayer
 Was muttered by the chief.—A sign then made,
 When lo ! from out the crowd a damsel fair,
 Bound was brought forth, on the stone table laid,
 Lamblike, yet fearless, was the gentle maid ;
 Th' Arch Druaught drew a dagger from his vest,
 And midst dumb silence sheath'd the keen-edged blade
 Up to the hilt in the poor victim's breast ;
 No cry escaped her lips,—the spirit was at rest.

VIII.

Within the centre of the Temple stood
 "The awful stones of power," whereon was lain,
 Surrounded by large piles of seasoned wood,
 The body of the sacrifice just slain ;
 The blood was suffered from the corpse to drain
 Whilst the designing priests professed their skill,
 By subtle scrutiny to ascertain,
 The course of things to come ; and by their will
 Bring greatest good to pass, or see impending ill.

IX.

Thousands have perished by the hand of man,
By man, man's blood has lavishly been shed ;
Priesteract has proved humanity's stern ban,
At idol altars human flesh has bled ;
Gross Superstition has the murderer led
To blur the knife with the heart's crimson tide ;
Glen Darragh's vale has been a scene of dread ;
Forgetfulness the past may never hide ;
Horror must strike each breast,—and e'er on it abide.

X.

Sacred the groves,—to Fiends, but not to God ;
Fountains polluted, valleys the retreats
Of human butchers ;—the sweet verdant sod
Stained with life's essence by brute priestly cheats ;
The black pollution Satan's heart concretes,
Infesting the most beauteous spots of earth ;
In vain the victim Mercy's aid entreats ;
A human sacrifice was food for mirth,
Once happy homes were blasted—left a gloom, a dearth !

XI.

Here the last human sacrifice was slain,
On this fair Isle, so beauteous to the sight ;
Yet will the memory for aye remain
Of many a horrid deed. Here the forked light
Fed by flesh human, startled ebon Night,
And bid earth's glorious day shrink back dismayed ;
Here from the cairns on many a dizzy height,
The unholy fires their dreadful deeds displayed,
And here the Vampyre's thirst for blood at length was stayed.

XII.

Now look upon the scene. The shadow lies
Athwart the old grey stones,—which the bright sun
Kisses with silver lips,—and purifies
The dark past with the present. Time hath spun
His woof of light and shade since deeds were done
That sicken as we think. The gentle streams
Sing plaintively, as on their course they run ;
The solitude around the place beseems
The sadness of the hour, like pain scarce felt in dreams.

XIII.

Away, away the past ! the present hour
Is fraught with joy, to all with souls to feel
Loved Nature's beauties ; who in each small flower
See priceless gems that o'er the senses steal ;
And balmy breath inhale, the mind to heal :
Altar most sacred is the pure of heart,
Love, undefiled, the shrine where all should kneel ;
Mammon, the world, the gay and busy mart,
Allure but to destroy,—true bliss these ne'er impart.

XIV.

Thus have I glanced, though briefly, o'er thy charms.
Beautiful Isle, retreat from toil to peace,
To thy loved hills and dales my heart still warms ;
Thine image only with my life can cease ;
May happiness from year to year increase
To the indwellers of thy joyous home ;
Thou art indeed sweet Nature's masterpiece,
Free as the sea-breeze, or old ocean's foam,
No sunnier clime could tempt me from thy shores to roam.

XV.

Farewell, dear Mona,—farewell, happy hours,
Ye lofty crags, farewell, and fairy dales ;
Farewell, ye leafy woods and rainbow flowers,
And fare ye well old legendary tales ;
Farewell, ye elfins sporting in green vales,
Mysterious cairn, and Druidical well ;
Farewell, ye odorous and spicy gales ;
Love, beauty, all of joy that tongue may tell,
To ye I breathe a sad adieu,—Good night,—Farewell !

Miscellaneous Poems.

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MY MOTHER.

I.

I LOOK around, but never see
One living face so dear to me,
Nor hear a voice with tones so sweet
As thine, my Mother, which I greet
With all the fervency of truth,
That link'd my heart to thine in youth.

II.

Though Time thy brow has wrinkled o'er,
Years only bind me to thee more ;
Though age has dimmed thy loving eyes,
Their latent sparks I fondly prize :
Though feeble be thy steps, they're dear
To me,—I know my Mother's near.

III.

When absent, far from sight apart,
Thy form lies pictured on my heart ;
Thy gentle voice, and tender smile,
My musing moments oft beguile ;
I dream of days when I was prest
Upon my Mother's yearning breast.

IV.

No face, however fair it be,
Can lure my heart away from thee ;
No voice, however sweet its tone,
Breathes such lov'd music as thine own ;
No eyes, however warm and bright,
Can, like my Mother's, glad my sight.

V.

No step, however light its fall
Upon mine ear, can e'er recall,
My senses, like thy tread, with care,
Uneven sounding on the stair ;
No kiss so pure, no love so true,
My Mother,—as I give to you.

VI.

Have you a Mother ?—Prize her well,
Her loss the motherless can tell ;
Cling to her with a loving heart,
The day will come when you must part ;
Comfort thy Mother, be her stay,
Lighten her griefs on Life's dark way.

LIFE—WHAT IS LIFE?

I.

LIFE,—what is life?
 A sunbeam creeping through a dungeon's gloom,
 On which the hapless captive looks intent :—
 The portal to the dark and lonesome tomb,
 A sturdy swimmer with his strength near spent ;
 Emblem of strife.
 In Youth,—a glorious summer, whose sweet breath
 Comes o'er the senses with delicious thrill ;
 Earth fraught with incense, crown'd with flowery wreath,
 Gold on the mountain,—crystal on the rill,
 Heart with joy rife.

II.

Manhood's strong hour ;
 Health laughing through the veins with ruddy glow ;
 The eye on beauty feeds,—no care, no thought,
 All looks sublime above, around, below ;
 No pang a crease upon the brow has wrought ;
 Grief hath no power
 To check the onward current of delight ;
 No cloud upon the horizon's circle's seen
 The soul expands with love in its pure flight ;
 The very air transparent, and serene
 With heaven's rich dower.

III.

Entrancing Fame !
 The Poet's verse,—the Sculptor's cunning art ;
 The Painter's glowing canvas,—and the tongue
 Inspired by Eloquence :—Glory, the Mart ;
 Music, whose silver chords are ne'er unstrung,
 A deathless name :
 Honour,—a bauble title :—homage paid
 By man to man ; dust kneeling before dust,
 The sun behind a cloud will cast a shade,
 Time wafts his wing, and smites down with the gust,
 Quench'd the bright flame !

IV.

Few, little years,
Melt e'en as flakes of snow upon the earth ;
Like them we fall, and with the past expire ;
The future recks not of us,—and our birth
Unknown, or unremembered ;—each desire
Soon disappears
Mid the vast multitude.—The flesh decays
Beneath the verdant sod,—we pass away
And leave no void ; fond memory's balmy rays
Shine not o'er us :—the long-forgotten clay
Can claim no tears.

V.

Vain fleeting life !
Created but to perish ;—what art thou,
That men should worship thee like some rich gem,
Priceless above eternity,—and bow
Before thee, e'en as though thou wert to them
All peace—no strife ?
As if thou didst not bring disease and pain,
Heart pangs and hopeless yearnings, with despair
To rack the bosom :—greater loss than gain,
An evanescent robe, though tempting fair,
Art thou—oh Life !

A DREAM OF THE FAIRIES,—ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN.

DAY on his silver pinions sped
O'er the confines of earth ;
Leaving a glory on his track,
Like an enamell'd star,
Fashioned from precious jewellery,
Upon the brow of Eve :—
Around the beauteous colors rose,
And mingled into one
Effulgent mass, so glorious,
As though th' Almighty's arm
Had dash'd—millions of rainbows on the western vault.

From his purpureal throne afar,
Bright Hesperus look'd down ;
And smiling o'er the blooming earth,
Called forth his blushing Bride,
The meek young Twilight, who uprose
Spreading her ambient wings
Over the languid, drooping flowers,
And fanned with incense choice
Their closing leaves ; till, lulled to sleep,
Drops of crystalline dew
Lay on their fringed lids,—like tears on childhood's cheek.

There was a balmy hush around,
As, one by one, the stars
Lift up their burnish'd silver lamps
In heaven's blue concave dome—
A burst of tremulous lustre then
O'erflowed the atmosphere ;
For the vast jewellery of night
Hung like rich diamond-drops,
Pendant upon rare amethysts.
The Angel of the flowers
Shook out his fragrant plumes,—and showered perfume round.

The summer-tide was in its prime,
Earth from her fruitful womb
Brought forth her varied beauteous stores ;
And Tutelina wav'd,
Over the full and ripening grain,
Graceful, her golden wand.

From her voluptuous Eastern couch
 Crescented Luma rose,
 When from the Emerald lime trees poured
 A flood of melody,
 Which rolled in luscious cadence to the heavenly Queen.

The banks that deck Sabrina's stream
 Were laced with light, that trickled through
 The foliage, with many a gleam ;
 And danced upon the infant dew,
 Which trembling stood on every blade,
 Like pearl-lets shower'd :—each ripple seemed
 A silver curve, with beryl shade,
 And rich with flowing glory teemed.

* * * * *

On truant, pouting, lotus leaves,
 Adown the bubbling current—sailing came
 Forms exquisite,—of rarest mould,
 And beauty feminine, in whose soft eyes
 Lingered sweet smiles, 'neath moony tears :—
 With yellow hair, o'er snowy shoulders thrown :
 Some had their tiny hands upraised,
 Whilst others crossed them o'er their beating breasts,
 Like images of fond despair.
 Some spread their gauzy wings to catch the breeze,
 Which sighed upon them from the south.
 A sound of voices, such as might awake
 The wild bee from his nest of thyme,
 Came whispering from the myriad throng ; when lo !
 Appeared, in garments white as snow,
 Six virgins, whose pure beauty breathed out rays
 Of radiant glory o'er the scene :—
 On reeds, that flushed like yellow gold, they bore
 A Water-Lily ;—in its vase
 There lay a harebell, whose cerulean heart
 Enshrined the matchless, beauteous, form
 Of the young Fairy Queen—asleep in death.
 Up by the Quarry's* meadow bank,
 The Fairy choir drew in a crescent form :—
 From either point, on outspread wings,
 They floated to the shore,—where, in a ring
 All sacred to the regal rites,
 The costly burden gently down was laid
 In the true centre ; and the host
 Stood tip-toe on the circle, save the six

* This beautiful promenade occupies a rich sloping meadow of about twenty acres. It is planted with a bold clump of magnificent horse-chestnut, and lime trees. The principal walk is a noble avenue of lofty lime trees, whose tops unite, and form a gorgeous arch of traceried leaf-work, through which the mellowed light is distilled, and falls softly on the eye, whilst the music of their millioned leaves, trembling in the breeze, steals to the heart with a charm almost magical.

Of chosen loveliness, they formed
 An inner curve around the precious gem.
 Their silver wands were raised on high,
 When all was mute, and every wing was hushed :
 A circle then of five was made,
 When one advanced, and thus sang her lament :—

FIRST FAIRY.

I.

Sadly we mourn thee, sweet Sister, our love,
 And weep distilled dew o'er thy flow'ret grave ;
 Sighs, echo'd by pearl-shells, around thee are wove,
 So soft not a gossamer fibre would wave ;
 And purely, and gently, we breathed o'er thee dead
 As we bore thee along to thine own regal bed.

II.

The heart of the harebell enshrines thee at rest,
 And violets watch thee, with heavenly eyes ;
 Bright gold-dust is shower'd from the beautiful breast
 Of the wild bee that floats through eve's radiant dyes ;
 Uncloined we shrouded thee, in the last ray
 Of the white flashing Sun, at meridian of day.

III.

Oh never again wilt thou greet with a smile,
 The insects of earth on the transparent air,
 Nor thy streaming locks shake, in the moon-beams the while,
 The twilight breeze kisseth thy forehead so fair ;
 Thy chalcedony wings will not fan thee away,
 To welcome night's shade, on the threshold of day.

IV.

Awake thee, sweet Sister, the stars are so bright,
 And quiver mellifluous music above ;
 The night flowers have opened their lips to the light,
 And sing perfumed lays as a pledge of their love ;
 Whilst a glow-worm procession is passing along
 The green sward, to light up the dance, and the song.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Awake thee, Sweet Sister, arise ! arise !
 One word from thy lips,
 One smile from thine eyes,
 Ere the Day-god strips,
 From the Wrekin[§] the shade
 Of Night, to enfold
 Each tree, flower, and blade,
 With his mantle of gold.
 Awake thee, Sweet Sister, arise ! arise !

[§] This hill is celebrated from the circumstance of its detached situation. It rises in a flat part of the country, and is about 1,200 feet above the level of the Severn. From the top a most beautiful map of landscape is presented to the view, and the Welsh hills, in the distance, add to the loveliness of the prospect.

In vain the appeal, no sign of life was given :
 No sounds save what the whispering moonbeams made,
 When dallying on the Severn's gentle breast ;
 Or the light fanning of the elfins' wings,
 When the air pressed too rudely. Lo!—at length,
 From the charmed circle, with slow steps, advanced
 Pearlet, of all the sprites most beautiful ;—
 And, throwing from her forehead her fair hair,
 With soft blue eyes, down turned, whose ivory lids
 Seemed jealous of the light that lodged therein—
 She knelt close by the lov'd lamented one :
 And then was heard, a low delicious sound
 Of music—which seemed melted into air.

PEARLET.—SECOND FAIRY.

I.

Return to us once more,
 Belov'd as thou art—our beauteous queen ;
 Life to all hearts restore ;
 Look from thy azure sheen,
 Be as thou wert, when first upon the throne,
 We hailed thee, mistress dear,
 When round thy waist, a zone
 Of smiles from the young stars was clasped—ah, where,
 Say, whither art thou flown ?

II.

Once, o'er thy graceful head
 We flung a crown, bedecked with thousand rays,
 With precious jewels spread,
 Formed from the inmost blaze
 Of rubies—topaz—diamond—crysolite,
 Onyx—emerald—sapphire,
 Showering one flood of light,
 And bathing all around with rainbow fire,
 Entrancing to the sight.

III.

Thy matchless garb was wove
 By the young moonbeams, at the noon of night ;
 Its woof the breath of Love,
 Whose power is more than might :
 And when we robed thee, the sweet stars retired,
 Blushing—with half-closed eyes,
 And every flow'ret quired
 Thy earth praise—which was echo'd by the skies,
 Like harmony—inspired.

IV.

Yes, Sister—dearest—wake,
 Without thee—laughter has no joy to bring ;
 Oh, do not thus forsake,
 Or ne'er more may we sing

Strains of sweet melody, to greet thine ear,
 When morning's first pure ray
 Whispers that Sol is near,
 And when the Evening kisses the tired Day ;
 Shall we not mourn thee dear ?

Oh joy,—great joy, a voice is heard,
 That thrills each heart with ecstasy :
 Alas,—not limb or feature stirred
 Of the young Queen, who calmly lay
 As though in dreamless sleep, but yet
 That well-known voice had power to move ;
 Once heard, what ear could e'er forget,
 Such sounds of purity and love ?

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

I.

Weep not, sweet sisters, weep ye not for me,
 Let not tears flow,
 Away with woe,
 Bend not the knee,
 My spirit lives, but its home is afar
 In the light—and love of—yon bright star.

II.

Ere Day will have outspread his silver wings,
 Flooding the sky,
 To beautify
 Terrestrial things,
 To ye I return, yet my heart 's afar
 In the light, and love—of you bright star.

No sooner had the spirit ceased,
 Than all the Elfin host
 Drew nigh, for Morning gave the sign
 Of his refreshed approach.
 Lo ! the bright star dissolved in light,
 When a soft sigh was heard,
 When a sweet smile was seen to play
 O'er lips and blushing cheeks,
 When bright eyes slowly rose their lids,
 Disclosing to the view,
 Beauty, and loveliness, and life.
 A shout of joy arose :
 But ere the echoes died away,
 A well-belov'd voice
 Awoke at once to earth and love
 The Slumberer,—who lay
 Upon the Quarry's verdant bank ;
 And thus dispelled th' enchantment of the POET'S DREAM.

THE ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

SHE comes adown the pale blue depths of heaven ;
 Above her head an undim'd wreath of light
 Spans the deep ether dome. In either hand
 A vase of frosted silver, whence arise
 Transparent clouds of incense. On her head
 A coronal of snowdrops, like gemm'd tears
 New fallen from sad loving spirits' eyes.
 Her spotless wings, like sun-illumined snow,
 Fan the Ambrosial air, as seedlings rise
 In beauty infantine, spreading their leaves
 To catch the luscious sighs. She gently comes,

To kiss her sister, May,
 Who, robed in hawthorn, white,
 Like a young fairy sprite,
 Sings her enchanted lay.
 From honeysuckle bells
 The air with perfume swells ;
 And from the woodland spray
 The songster's joy-notes trill,
 As the low whispering rill
 Breathes forth its calming music till the close of day.

The beauteous pansies rise
 In purple, gold, and blue,
 With tints of rainbow hue,
 Mocking the sunset skies ;
 The modest violets,
 Under the hedge-row sets,
 Lift up their soft blue eyes ;
 And the meek daisies show
 Their breasts of satin snow,
 Bedeck'd with tiny stars of gold 'mid perfume sighs.

Moon-dyed primroses spread
 Their leaves her path to cheer,
 As her step draweth near ;
 And the bronzed wall-flowers shed
 Rich incense ; summer hours
 Are by the sweet bell-flowers
 Ushered to life, and fed
 By the young Zephyrs' wing,
 Who elfin music ring,
 Luring the bees from out their thyme-wove fragrant bed.

From their calm limpid cells
 Fair Naiades arise,
 With laughing sunny eyes ;
 Casting their witching spells
 The beauteous one to greet,
 And lave her iv'ry feet ;
 At their bright crystal wells
 Young buds pout forth their leaves—
 Earth a green garland weaves—
 New life and joy, from Nature's lovely bosom swells.

She comes with smiles upon her blushing cheeks—
 With fragrance breathing from her rosy lips ;
 A paragon of beauty—a desire—
 An Angel she of Gladness * * * *

P O E T S .

I.

POETS are Passion-flowers,
 That turn where'er the sun
 Brightest shines—the showers
 And shadows they will shun ;
 Hearts of gold they offer,
 At Beauty's crystal shrine,
 Hands of faith they proffer,
 Sweet words that sound divine.
 Once the sun departed,
 The flower its leaves will close,
 And the golden-hearted
 No more with brightness glows.

II.

Poets are things of earth,
 With minds of varied dyes,
 Like birds that float to birth
 In oriental skies ;
 What though their thoughts ascend,
 On light and gorgeous wing,
 O'er earth and heaven wend,
 And Love, immortal, sing,
 They are but dust, and all
 Their beauty they enfold,
 Like birds 'neath Luna's thrall,
 Pluming their wings of gold,

III.

Poets are rainbows crowning
 Earth with their glorious hues ;
 Hearts mid tears are drowning,
 Smiles, lonely grief subdues.
 Words of guile may banish
 Young Sorrow from her night ;
 Smiles, like rainbows, vanish,
 Their memory is but bright :
 Trust not then their luring
 With light, not heat, they burn,
 Pangs are past enduring,
 When hope may not return.

IV.

Poets have treasures rare ;
 Their thoughts are silver stars,
 Wand'ring in ambient air,
 Beyond heaven's sapphire bars ;
 They form from unseen things,
 Creations of delight,
 A quaff from hidden springs
 Nectar ambrosial bright.
 Like deep rich-laden ships,
 Thoughts undulating rise ;
 There's music on their lips,
 And magic—in their eyes.

THE MUTABILITY OF LOVE.

CALL not Love divine.—
 He is a God of Earth, and Beauty's slave ;
 Around his brow, a wreath of flowers twine,
 Flowers that soon perish in their summer grave.

Aye, in the bloom of years,
 When smiles, beneath the chaplet, dimpling play ;
 The gem colours will fade, and the leaf sears ;—
 An emblem are the flowers of Love's decay.

We kiss the lip of youth,
 E'en as we press a rose to taste its sweets ;
 When tasted, the fond tender vow of truth,
 Flees from the fulness of excess it meets.

The hand whose thrilling touch,
 Once struck like lightning through the very heart ;
 Feels weighty, and falls listless, LOVE is such,
 Nor from the well-known flower regrets to part.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

SPRING.

I.

THE soft green grass is growing,
 O'er meadow and o'er dale ;
 The silvery founts are flowing
 Upon the verdant vale :
 The pale snow-drop is springing,
 To greet the glowing sun ;
 The primrose sweet—is flinging
 Perfume the fields among ;
 The trees are in the blossom,
 The birds are in their song ;
 As Spring upon the bosom
 Of Nature's born along.

So the dawn of human life, doth green and verdant spring ;
 It doth little ween the strife, that after years will bring ;
 Like the snow-drop it is fair, and like the primrose, sweet ;
 But its innocence can't scare the blight from its retreat.

SUMMER.

II.

THE full ripe corn is bending,
 In waves of golden light ;
 The new mown hay is sending
 Its sweets upon the night ;
 The breeze is softly sighing,
 To cool the parched flowers ;
 The rain, to see them dying,
 Weeps forth its gentle showers :
 The merry fish are playing,
 Adown yon crystal stream ;
 And night from day is straying,
 As twilight gives its gleam.

And thus manhood in its prime, is full, and ripe, and strong ;
 And it scarcely deems that time, can do its beauty wrong.
 Like the merry fish we play, adown the stream of life ;
 And we reck not of the day, that gathers what is rife.

AUTUMN.

III.

THE flowers all are fading,
 Their sweets are rifled now :
 And night sends forth her shading,
 Along the mountain brow ;
 The bee hath ceased its winging,
 To flowers at early morn ;
 The birds have ceased their singing,
 Sheaf'd is the golden corn :
 The harvest now is gathered,
 Protected from the clime ;
 The leaves are seared and withered,
 That late shone in their prime.

Thus when fourscore years are gone, o'er the frail life of man,
 Time sits heavy on his throne, as near his brow we scan ;
 Like the Autumn leaf that falls, when winds the branches wave ;
 Like night-shadows daylight palls, like all, he finds a grave.

WINTER.

IV.

THE snow is on the mountain,
 The frost is on the vale,
 The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
 The storm rides on the gale ;
 The earth is bare and naked,
 The air is cold—and drear,
 The sky with snow-clouds flakèd,
 And dense foul fogs appear :
 The sun shines not so brightly,
 Through the dark murky skies,
 The nights grow longer—nightly,
 And thus the Winter dies.

Thus falls man, his season past, the blight hath ta'en his bloom ;
 Summer gone, the Autumn blast consigns him to the tomb ;
 Then the Winter, cold and drear, with pestilential breath,
 Blows upon his silent bier, and whispers—*This is Death.*

WELCOME TO AUTUMN.

I.

SPRING has departed, fair Summer has fled,
 Autumn uplifts his luxuriant head ;
 With a wreath of green
 And orange between
 The thin leaves of gold,
 And yellow, that fold
 His bright auburn hair ;
 Whilst his breast so fair,
 Like a hard-pressed doe,
 Beateth to and fro,
 As his eyes, twin stars in a pale blue sky,
 Twinkle and flash, and in brilliancy die.
 And his scentless breath,
 A calm, living death,
 Doth fan, with a chill,
 Each valley and hill ;
 And he sings his lay
 In a cadence gay,
 Though the last deep tone
 Is a parting moan :
 Yet looks he all life, and glitters as gay
 As a pansy's breast in the month of May !

II.

Now his robe is dim, and the gorgeous hue
 Is a faded hope that the heart doth rue—
 As glories appear
 When viewed through a tear,
 Or a blushing bride
 Subdued in her pride,
 The fond moment past,
 The brightest—the last.
 See colours arise
 In heavenly dyes ;
 Ha ! now they dissolve like stars that expire,
 And melt in the blaze of the day-god's fire.
 Like a dolphin's throes,
 When its life-breath flows ;
 Or a meteor's flash,
 Or a wavelet's dash,
 Like a rainbow's span,
 When the sun grows wan ;
 He's bright, and then gone
 To his darksome home—
 Yet is he more lovely in death to view,
 Than Midsummer's zenith of gold and blue.

III.

He is dying now—shall we weep ? Ah no,
Let 's bury him deep in the taintless snow—

Till Spring shall arise,
With warm, laughing eyes,
And melt with their light
Th' unstained shroud from sight ;
And Summer come down
With her Iris crown,
To pant in her bowers,
Mid music from flowers ;

Again, yes again, shall Autumn uprise,
And flush his full robe of orient dyes.

In a pangless sleep
To his grave he'll creep—
Like a sun-touched cloud,
Is his veily shroud ;
Or an echo sweet,
In a pearl's retreat,
He fainteth with pain
To revive again ;

Ha ! ha ! we rejoice—wherefore should we weep,
Or awaken his eyes from dreamless sleep ?

A REVERIE.

WHEN Day reposes,
The flow'ret closes
Around its timid heart the modest leaves,
Nor unclasps its cup,
Till the Morn is up,
Strewing its sweets amid the gold-corn sheaves ;
When thou art away,
The joy light of day
Leaves me—I bow my head upon my breast,
Till thy footsteps near,
And thy voice I hear,
My morn of happiness—my pangless rest.
Be thine eyes beaming,
Like a swan's dreaming,
The calming sunset of my summer's night :
And those eyes smiling,
Hope's fears beguiling,
Sunrise—beflooding all my life with light :
Near thee reclining,
With thine arms twining
Round me—I thrill with ecstasy divine ;
Heart to heart pressing,
Thy looks confessing,
Dearest—beloved one—that thou art mine.

YOUTH, THE FOUNTAIN, AND AGE.

A CARELESS child ran down a mountain side ;
 He laughed with joy,
 That happy boy,
 His healthful heart with grief had never sighed :
 From the mountain,
 Sprang a fountain ;
 Lucid as crystal was the limpid stream ;
 And as it flowed,
 The boy's cheeks glowed
 With rapture :—yet how soon 's dispelled joy's dream.

" Whither, sweet fountain, do thy waters flow ?"
 So spoke the child,
 In accents mild,

As he lay down upon the sward below,
 Watching the spray,
 In the sun's ray,
 Of the clear sparkling drops that fell around ;
 Like diamonds thrown,
 Or pearl-lets strown,
 Richly o'erspreading the soft emerald ground.

The breeze was hushed ; the very leaves were mute,
 Not e'en a bird,
 Within them stirred :
 When, lo ! a voice,—soft as a mellow flute,
 Breathed out in sighs
 Soft symphonies ;
 Which stole upon the senses of the child ;—
 His fluttering breath
 Came calm as death ;
 The fountain spake in doleful accents—mild.

" As thou art, so am I—of earth,
 Who caused thy being, gave me birth ;
 I've flowed, aye, for a thousand years,
 Amidst a vale of human tears :
 From me great rivers trace their source,
 To the mighty sea my waters course ;
 Storm and wreck, and death I've seen,
 And fearful things my mates have been :
 And so life's changes, child, will be
 To thee a rough tempestuous sea ;

Youth is the fountain-spring of life,
 That rushes to the sea of strife ;
 When manhood comes thou'l sadly know
 Whither thy life's sweet waters flow."

Then all was silent, save the rippling sound
 The waters made :
 A transient shade
 Flush'd o'er the spirit of the boy, who found,
 He knew not why,
 A deep—drawn sigh
 Gush from his heart :—the pang soon fled away,
 'Midst breathing smiles
 E'en such sweet guiles,
 As sunbeams lighting up an April day.
 Onward he flew, along his merry path,
 Unheedful he
 Of destiny ;
 And those dark cankering griefs which sorrow hath
 Garner'd for man,
 Through his brief span :
 Away, away, the rosy laughing boy
 Danced o'er the flowers ;
 Time's precious hours
 Sped priceless by,—his life knew no alloy.

* * * * *

Years merged into the nothingness of Time ;
 The golden hair,
 And beauty fair,
 Of the sweet child were gone ; for many a clime
 Had preyed upon
 The lovely one ;
 He had seen raging war, famine and plague,
 Stalk through the land,
 A ghastly band ;
 At length his mind became a chaos—vague.

Near the grey ruin of a fountain stood,
 Palsied and wan,
 An ancient man,
 Stricken in soul—yet in no sullen mood :
 "Fountain," said he,
 "Most true to me,
 Did'st thou presage my future lot of strife,
 Yet see thy tide
 Is nearly dried ;
 Thou'l ever cease,—mine is immortal life!"

THE DREAM OF THE DYING GIRL.

ONE, whose fair form of youthful beauty gave
 A sweetness to affection, such as flowers,
 That with their loveliness blend rich perfume ;
 One, whose brief day of life was waning fast,
 Even in its early spring,—who had received
 Th' insidious blow that gently steals a life,
 Woke from her slumber.—It was eventide,
 Just as the sun sank panting from his toil :
 The woodbine through the latticed window crept,
 To feed upon the rival blush that stained
 That maiden's cheek : a tall laburnum shook
 Its golden bell cups in the fragrant air ;—
 The very pulse of nature seemed to beat
 Subdued, serene. Near that fond girl there stood,
 Pale as a marble statue in the shade,
 Her widowed mother ; grief had bowed her soul :
 The girl's eye flashed, bright from its depth of blue ;
 Her soft lip swelled, as the full crimson tide
 Rushed to its sweetness, and a gentle smile,
 That spoke of hope, to cheer the mourner's heart,
 Moved o'er her features, as the moonlight moves
 Upon the summer waters. Rising then,
 She gently lay propped on her pillow'd couch,
 Her snowy hands crossed o'er her silent breast ;
 And then she lifted up her eyes and wept,
 Not as we weep—for pain, but as the dew
 Of morning lights upon the flower Love calls
 "Forget-me-not"—bathing with tears of joy
 Its short-lived beauty, trembling with sweetness.
 The accents of her crystal voice then fell,
 Faint as the echo of a fairy's step,
 And thus she spake :—

"Mother—dearest—kiss me,
 Not on my cheek, but on my forehead, there !
 Delightful feeling, fresh, light, cool, and free,
 My being soars in air ;
 I am all spirit, strong without the pain
 Of feeling strength ; new life thrills o'er my brain ;
 The blessed sleep—when will it come again ?

"A very rainbow dream,
Chequer'd throughout with beauty, even the shades
Mellowed to softness, like the bright sun's beam
Shining in glorious braids,
Through the stained glass, on some fair altar-stone;
So musical, yet mournful was its tone :
Weep not, sweet mother, I am yet thine own.

"Methought I was upborne
On snowy pinions by an unseen power,
To lands whose light is everlasting morn ;
Where Night can never shower
Her inky tears on the day-face of Joy ;
Nor Autumn, with its withering breath, destroy
Spring's loveliness :—pleasure without alloy.

"Beauty o'er all things breathed :
A warm pure glow suffused the atmosphere ;
Earth-heart hath never in its strength conceived
The quiet of that sphere :—
Above,—the vernal airs impregnated.
With the perfume from loveliest flowers shed,
Th' Eternal hand that canopy had spread.

"Below,—an emerald plain,
Winding through which, clear silver rivers stole :
Trees, with bright leaves, that shook like golden rain ;
The universal whole
Commanded adoration ; and I knelt,
And prayed aloud to the Great Power, then felt
The earthly nature from my spirit melt.

"And then before me stood
Two figures, clothed with a transparent cloud ;
I thought, fond mother, of thy widowhood ;
My faint heart beat aloud,
When, lo ! the mist dissolved, and I beheld
You and my father, and my bosom swell'd
With joy ecstatic, never yet excelled.

"You and my father, drest
In garments fairer than the untrodden snow ;
A pure immortal beauty did invest
Your being, and a flow
Of light and music poured on all around,
Light, such as mortal eye hath never found ;
And harmony, the essence of all sound.

"My fond dear father spoke
Of the bright glorious land where we had met ;
That hearts by sorrowing sighs were never broke ;
That Joy its seal had set
On all things there ; that Death and Pain no more
Could slay or torture ; but the free soul soar,
Unutterably blest for evermore.

"And then he passed away,
Surrounded by a glory, and I strove,
But could not follow—and a voice did say
'Thou shalt return, sweet love!'
My father's voice in its own purity;
Kind as when first he placed me on his knee,
And taught me prayers to the Divinity.

"I felt no parting pain;
Some hidden impulse told me I was blest;
My blood, like light, trickled through every vein,
You smiling came, and prest
Your lips upon my forehead, and made sign
That I should follow; and your face did shine
With more than human love,—am I not thine?

"Methought we wandered o'er
Interminable space, in full delight,
Till I beheld at distance the dim shore
Of earth, in mid-day light;
The spell that bound my fancy gently broke—
'Thou art but dust,' some whispering spirit spoke;
I tried to speak, the effort me awoke.

"'Thou shalt return, sweet love!'
Those words are prophecy, for now my ear
Gladness the pulses of my heart, which move
As in the happy sphere.
Come, mother, let me kiss thee, do not weep;
A pale, thin cloud over my eyes doth creep;
I am returning to the blessed sleep."

* * * * *

She ceased to speak, but gazed with her full eyes
Upon the golden rays of drooping eve.
The dosing day was sinking to its rest,
Emblem of her,—in glory. All was still,
Save the sweet humming of the laden bees,
And the low moan of agonized despair.
The breeze fanned gently the fair maiden's brow,
Ruffling the silken tresses which fell down
O'er her pale shoulders; then her beauteous face
Sank gently on her breast. The watcher came
With cautious step, to kiss the slumbering girl.
The life had left the flower, her child was dead.
Some said that she had loved, one formed to love;
Yet none knew whom, though most professed to know.
The true tale may be told, strange though it be:
She loved!—not one of earth; the form was built
By her imagination, in her heart,
Of strength and beauty; with that beauty, strength
Of human life did fail, and so she fell
Like rich fruit from the overladen bough,
Her life expired beneath the enchanting swell
Of thought.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL,
AND
CHANTREY'S SLEEPING CHILDREN.

I.

AN awful stillness whispereth around,
Amid the lofty columns,—as the light
Breaks through the painted windows :—not a sound,
Save the faint echo of the voice, whose flight
Fades—as it floats up the majestic height :
The Sun's rays, mellowed, linger on the walls,
Like Eve's fair chaplet on the brow of Night ;
In the dim distance frown the stone-carved stalls,
What memories of the past, the hallowed scene recalls.

II.

Beneath the fretted roof how many hearts
Have bowed, in prayer contrite, to the most High ;
And voices, that sweet melody imparts,
Sang strains of lovèd praise ; which purify
The soul :—where are they now ? The speaking eye
Is quenched, the tuneful tongue is mute, the mind,
That every thought was wont to beautify,
Has fled : ah, where ? we search mid chaos blind,
And breathe our wavering doubts, e'en as the changing wind.

III.

Imagination hears the light foot-falls
Of damsels fair, enclad in rich array :
And the deep tramp of Knights, ere honour calls
Life service—to the battle's bloody fray :
(The rustling robes of those who kneel to pray)
And sombre tones from the great organ pour
Like distant thunder at the close of day :—
Now is the silence broke ;—the service o'er
Again the armour clangs upon the marble floor.

IV.

Imagination sees the cavalcade
Of glittering pomp, bedeck'd with cloth of gold ;
Whilst many a matron, many a loving maid,
Their hearts' pure throbs in secret do unfold ;
('Tis strange the heart's affections can grow cold)
Ah ! where are they who mid that pageant throng
Walked proudly through the aisle, whose high birth told
In the bright mantling blood, whose current strong
Rushed o'er the cheek and brow, the boast of ancient song ?

V.

In the hushed transept lie the effigies
 Of mitred Bishops, famed in days of yore,
 (But 'neath Time's hand all sculptured beauty dies)
 With crosiers, too,—as though in death they bore
 Swayed temporal, when they had passed earth's shore:
 And other memories, in bass relief,
 Creep from the ponderous walls:—the chequered floor
 Tells of life's changes, beautiful, yet brief,
 A woof of light, and shade, a dream of joy,—and grief.

VI.

In sombre grandeur, yet, with beauty rare,
 The massive lofty fluted pillars rise;
 And near the altar, stained windows; where,
 In colours rich as orient sun-set skies,
 The Life of Christ is painted:—which comprise
 The chief events of his pure pilgrimage;
 Filling the heart with a checked, mute surprise;
 The master-work of art in a past age,
 Which Time's envenomed breath, will blot from nature's page.

VII.

Yet is there more than these to touch the soul,
 And bid fond nature own her mortal birth;
 At sight of which, the heart's full tears have stole
 Silent, adown the cheek:—for things of earth
 That call up the affections, leave a dearth
 That mocks at grandeur, and Art's subtle lures;
 Home, its lost joys, the loved domestic hearth,
 The forms that memory's pencil portraiture
 Are spells of holiness, which time, and thought matures.

VIII.

Two Children, sleeping, whom death's wing had fanned
 Ere the sweet buds of life had burst to bloom:—
 From marble sculptured. In one little hand
 A lily broken,—emblem of the doom
 Of her who held it:—yet is there no gloom
 Expressive, in their features:—but it seems,
 (Which you might fancy leaning o'er the tomb)
 That Angels' lips were whispering their dreams,
 So life-like is the look, that from their slumber beams.

IX.

The younger girl, lies with her cherub cheek
 Upon her Sister's bosom. One fair arm
 Thrown o'er that Sister's breast, as if to seek
 Her home of bliss. They seem to breathe, so warm
 So sweet the embrace:—the marble has a charm
 Of innocence so perfect, that the heart
 Melts from its inmost core, and would disarm
 Hate of its victim:—for it doth impart
 Love in all purity,—the triumph this of art.

X.

And many a Parent—tribute here has paid,
 With trembling ecstasy, and joyous sighs —
 And Brothers' tears have flowed ;—and many a maid
 Has seen a Sister's form before her rise,
 One well-remembered in their infancies,
 On every heart a powerful spell is wrought,
 A spell that grosser nature deifies :—
 And when again the Minster's grandeur 's sought,
 Its glories fore these children melt away to nought.

XI.

CHANTREY, the fame be thine ; thy cunning hand
 Has given to marble,—form of excellence
 Chaste as the cygnet's down : thy magic wand
 Waved o'er the stone, has shaped intelligence,
 And we regard their "heaven-loved innocence"
 As though two seraphs wearied,—with long flight
 Earthward,—lay slumbering :—a love intense
 Breathes o'er the heart—with a subdued delight :—
 Thine, **CHANTREY**, be the fame,—Entrancing is the sight.

W A T E R.

I

On Earth, in the Spring time,
 When Summer is near ;
 Thou shinest forth brightly
 In drops crystal clear :
 Like the Moon at her full,
 When harvests unfold,
 So rich, yet so placid,
 Their mantle of gold.

II.

On a violet's breast,
 O'er laden with dew ;—
 In the purple of eve,
 When nightingales woo ;
 Through the meads, and wild flowers
 Still gliding along,
 Thy sweet voice may be heard ;—
 A rippling of song.

III.

Like far planets that shine,
 When frost crisps the night,
 With a lustre that showers
 Star spangles of light ;

Thou appearest in the eyes
 Of maiden Love's fears,
 When Hope's lightning glances
 Illumine Joy's tears.

IV.

O'er Earth in a tempest,
 When trees are upturn'd,
 Loud howling and raging
 And hissing like scorn :
 To Heaven ascending,
 A mountain of awe ;
 Then deep plunging adown
 The inky gulph's maw.

V.

When Old Time shall have ceased,
 And Earth fades away ;
 Thy youth in its freshness
 Will smile at decay ;
 And thy pure life uprise
 In glory as bright
 As plumage of Angels ;
 A rainbow of light.

VI.

Like all that is precious,
 And all that is sad ;
 For ever thou'rt changing,
 The mourning, the glad ;
 Tiny dew-drop on flower,
 Rough wave on the sea,
 Oh, what is so restless,
 So lovely as thee ?

VII.

Thou great symbol of Life,
 The brow of a Child,
 When 'tis sprinkled with thee,
 Is thought undefiled :
 And, dread symbol of Death,
 When Ocean doth rave,
 Strong men quail, and shrink from
 Thy fathomless grave.

OLD DREAMS.

I.

To sunny lands, away, away,
 Where golden hills and crystal streams
 Blend like the scenes of childhood's dreams ;
 Where sweet Italia's glowing day
 Wakes like a blushing maid from sleep,
 Whose modest looks at once disclose,
 The love that lived in her repose,
 As she with trembling joy doth weep ;
 Take Fancy, and create such bowers
 Of bliss and beauty, that the mind
 Cannot conceive, with all its powers,
 A land more fair for earthly kind :—
 Then loose the heart, and it will fly,
 Far from that ever sunny sky,
 Back to OLD DREAMS with Memory.

II.

The spot where first the early years
 Of life were passed, 'neath Nature's smile,
 Ere the young heart had tasted guile,
 Ere the flushed cheeks were sered by tears,
 Will claim a place of holy rest,
 E'en when the clamour of a world,
 With its gay lures and pomps unfurled,
 Shuts all else from the human breast.
 The brightest visions Time achieves,
 The greatest glories Hope has won
 Are but as wreaths of faded leaves
 That fall and wither, one by one.
 Then loose the heart, and it will fly
 To its first, best, and purest tie,—
 Back to OLD DREAMS with Memory.

III.

Yes, yes, Old Dreams, ye call us back
 To love the shadows of the past,—
 Age following happy Childhood fast,
 Each step upon the youthful track :
 And though that track to gloom may lead,
 To home of buried joys and grief,
 Still shall it bring the heart relief,
 Though that poor heart with anguish bleed.
 For, ne'er did molten sunbeams rain
 In golden showers on kingly domes,
 With such rich splendour, void of stain,
 As on thatch-cover'd peasant homes.
 Then loose the heart, and it will fly,
 On eager wings—by Hope plumed high,
 Back to OLD DREAMS with Memory.

PRIDE AND GLORY.

HUMAN pride, and human glory,
Title-page of fable story,
Which appears so glittering bright
To the eye of mortal sight :
But, alas ! the gilded toy
Hides beneath a base alloy.—
Watch us in our infancy ;
What so helpless born as we ?
Watch us in maturer years,
Fraught with endless hopes and fears ;
Till, at last, the vital flame
Is quenched by Death's unerring aim ;
Then the worm doth food provide
From the corse of human pride.—
Where is pride, and where is power ?
On a throne, or lady's bower ?
Shall the Spring of beauty's bloom
Claim exemption from the tomb ?
Shall the star of glory shine,
When there is an end of time ?
Shall Fame's trumpet lead the way,
On the awful Judgment Day ?
No, an equal all there stand,
Rich and poorest of the land.
Then the meek and humble heart
Will take a great, a glorious part.—
What is man, and what is life ?
Birth of peril ! living strife !
From the cradle to the grave,
Passion marks him for its slave ;
Yet the crawling, abject worm
Dare its fellow-being spurn.—
Human pride and human glory,
Thou'rt, indeed, a fable story.

THE GIPSY'S WARNING.
—

Kiss not, play not, with the lip,
Smile not, guile not, with its sip ;
Press not, grasp not, with the hand,
Trust not, mould not, such a band.
Kisses sweet, and grasp, and smile,
Hands that meet are human guile.

Tell me not of lover's sighs ;
Tell me not of speaking eyes ;
Tell me not of beating hearts ;
Tell me not of Cupid's darts ;
Cupid's darts and eyes will wile ;
Beating hearts !—all, all, are guile.

Man doth look on beauty's cheek,
Passion through bright eyes doth speak ;
Woman's love, and tender look,
Soon forsaketh, soon 's forsook ;
Beauty's cheek and passion's smile,
All ! yea, all ! are human guile.

Kiss not, play not, with the lip ;
Smile not, guile not, with its sip ;
Press not, grasp not, with the hand ;
Trust not, mould not, such a band.
Kisses sweet, and grasp, and smile,
Hands that meet are human guile.

So spake the Gipsy, and her prophecy
Quailed on the heart beneath her searching eye.

LINES

ON READING "THE GIAOUR," BY LORD BYRON.

"A great Eternity of Time is his."

I.

Oh for a spark of that bright fire,
 Which leaped along the Poet's lyre ;
 And shed such splendour o'er his strain,
 As hearts may never know again ;
 Steeping the soul in realms of light,
 Where all is beautiful and bright ;
 And deeds of arms, and woman's love,
 At once the soul and spirit move.

II.

Oh, for a spark like this to blaze,
 That I might scan with eagle gaze,
 The secret springs of human life,
 Love, Hate, Ambition, Vengeance, Strife,
 That I might search the secret mine,
 Where all is hid of lore divine ;
 And burst the trammels that now bind,
 The longings of an eager mind.

III.

Oh for a spark of that bright flame,
 That owns not kindred, owns not name ;
 That is a portion without space,
 Infused in some of human race ;
 Whose strength shall never fail or fall,
 E'en when the Universal ball
 Of nature sinketh to decay,
 When Earth and Heaven melt away

DO I FORGET THEE ?

Go, in the summer when the morning breaketh,
 And all around is lull'd 'midst placid light ;
 When the sweet tiny field-flower awaketh,
 And softly sighs its perfume exquisite :
 Behold the lark—up to the clear sky winging,
 Trilling aloud his luscious free-born notes ;
 From his bright speckled breast the dew-drops flinging,
 Away, away, till lost to sight, he floats :
 Doth not the field-flower love the coming morning,
 Unclosing every leaf to drink the light ?
 Doth not the lark's eye swell to meet the dawning,
 His wings spread strong, to reach his airy height ?
 If flower and bird change not, why question me—
 Do I forget thee ?

Go, in the noon-tide, when the sun is gleaming,
 To the deep forest—watch the panting deer ;
 Under the trees umbrageous, watchful dreaming,
 Timidly startling at each sound they hear :
 List to the thrush and the blackbird singing,
 Whilst the calm breathing wind just rocks the leaves,
 The emerald wood with melody is ringing,
 As light with shade and music interweaves,
 Do not the shy deer court the boughs o'ershading,
 Their wide hot nostrils snuff the welcome bowers ?
 The songsters of the grove are serenading,
 Each to its mate the joyful tiding pours :
 If such as these change not, why question me—
 Do I forget thee ?

Go, in the evening—watch the streamlet flowing,
 O'er pebbly banks, through green and velvet meads ;
 The sportive fish, in gold and silver glowing,
 Flash in their crystal home as day recedes :
 And mark the sun-flower, when the west is streaming
 With rainbow clouds of light, as Sol retires,
 Turneth its face to catch his last smile beaming,
 Then bowing to its grave, the earth, expires :
 Do not the sportive fish, when day's descending,
 Leap to the streamlet's bosom in their play ?
 Doth not the sun-flower—faithful in its tending,
 Linger to catch the last departing ray ?
 Beloved, if these change not, why question me—
 Do I forget thee ?

DIRGE ON S. T. COLERIDGE.

A VOICE cried come!—he went,
To where his crystal day dreams ever drew
The fount of living waters:—Heaven had lent,
Not given his soul; recall'd, it backward flew,
All heavenward his spirit's flight was bent;
A voice cried come!—he went.

Earth, thou hast lost a spark!
Not of dull fire like thine own *Ætna's* blaze,
But one immortal!—E'en the sun were dark
Clad in a robe of mist through night's dim haze—
Compared to light like his—tremble, ah—hark,
Earth, thou hast lost a spark!

Grave, thou hast honoured dust,
Wrapt in thy cold, blanch'd bosom's dark embrace,
Thou hold'st the mortal part in sacred trust;
Man—God's own image—death shall not deface;
The soul can never see corruption's rust,
Grave, thou hast honoured dust!

"The Ancient Mariner"
Has launched his bark upon th' eternal sea;
He needs no compass now, the voyager
Steers through all space, the star Eternity
Guides out his path, he has no sepulchre
"The Ancient Mariner!"

TIME, from thy glass has run,
A mountain grain;—more than ten thousand fold,
The common course since nature first begun;
Ages have passed, and centuries have roll'd,
But seldom hast thou mark'd that such an one,
Time, from thy glass has run.

On! on! beyond the skies,
He plumes his wing,—e'en where his mortal flight
Struck through new worlds;—the soul's uplifted eyes
Traced chaos out, and from the confined sight
Burst the weak fetters that would chain its rise,
On! on! beyond the skies.

THE LATTER SEASON.
—

I COME not upon emerald wings,
But upon frosted silver pinions,
Spread to inhale the north wind's breath ;
And from my lofty snow's dominions,
Float o'er the earth, and strike with death
Lovely—and beauteous things.

The forest trees, that mighty spread
Their giant iron arms abounding
With leaves that mock the amber sky
When summer sunsets are surrounding
The portals where eternity
Dwelleth beyond the dead :

And man, in all his pride and bloom,
And virgin beauty charms unfolding,
And childhood, with its laugh of joy,
The fairest gem of nature's moulding,
I, with a touch, at once destroy,
The shadow of the tomb.

The waters deaden when I gaze
Upon the vast and depthless ocean ;
The shrivell'd leaves drop from the trees ;
The hot blood pauses in its motion ;
The Sun himself grows cold, and flees,
Veiling his piercing blaze.

My name is Winter—I come forth
With hoary brow, and visage clouded ;
With teeth of adamant ; my wand—
An ice-pole by dense fogs enshrouded.
Let tempests roar o'er sea and land,
I mock them from the north.

Yet, though most terrible, I bring
The seed of life, and it is planted,
Thick-strewn upon the breast of earth,
Tow'rs which the sun's bright rays are slanted,
And in due season blooms to birth
The golden smile of Spring.

And human life compared may be
 In all its chequer'd scenes surrounding,
 The infant's cradle, and the man
 Whose heart with strength and hope is bounding ;
 He sinks into the grave, a span,
 Then—clasps eternity.

'Midst life, and light, and boundless space,
 The soul upsoars, eternal winging
 From the cold clouded shroud of Time,
 Like fruits and flowers from darkness springing,
 So Man—in his immortal prime
 Joineth the Angel race.

A D I R G E .

SPIRIT where art thou ?
 Lov'd one, oh speak, I pray,
 Whisper thy presence ;
 Art thou sweet near me ?—say.
 Summer is breathing,
 Roses on beauty's cheek ;
 Flowers are wreathing,
 Fair brows with rainbow streak :
 All seemeth joyous now,
 Woe is me !—where art thou ?

Spirit where art thou ?
 That wert so pure and fair ;
 Come, let me breathe thee,
 Mix with the balmy air ;
 Mingle our breaths, love ;
 Choking and scorching pains,
 Worse e'en than death's, love ;
 Run through my fever'd veins :
 Cold sweat hangs on my brow,
 Woe is me !—where art thou ?

Spirit, where art thou ?
 Not 'neath the silent sod,
 Why should I weep thee ?
 Thou art gone to thy God ;
 May flowers are springing,
 Over thy silent rest ;
 Spirits are winging,
 Through the blue ether, blest :
 Earth has no comfort now,
 Woe is me !—where art thou ?

Spirit, where art thou ?
 Speak — let me hear thy voice ;
 Spread thy light o'er me,
 Bid my faint soul rejoice ;
 Hark ! — bells are ringing,
 Joy to some wedded pair,
 Summer is flinging,
 Perfume upon the air :
 Death is my bridegroom now,
 Woe is me ! — where art thou ?

Spirit, where art thou ?
 Hush, I can feel thy breath !
 Yes, thou art near me,
 Weave, weave the bridal wreath !
 Joy ! joy ! my sweetest ;
 Never more will we part ;
 (Lov'd hours are fleetest,)
 Gone ! — break, thou wretched heart :
 Grave, take thy victim now,
 Woe is me ! — where art thou ?

CANOVA'S MAGDALENE.

Over the cross she bends, with mournful heart,
 Lamenting Him who gave her drooping soul
 Refreshing words of comfort, when she wept,
 And with grief's tears, repentant, washed the feet
 Of humble Jesus, the poor sinner's friend.
 Upon her knees, within relaxed hands,
 The emblem of her Saviour's cruel death,
 Resting upon a skull. Luxuriant hair
 Flowing down either shoulder, her head bowed,
 With deep dejection, shadowing her face ;
 Whence hope of life, and hope of earthly joys
 Has fled for ever. Sorrow on that brow
 Sits brooding gloomily : poignant pain
 Plays round her beauteous lips, and those dim eyes
 Look through their veils of sadness mournfully ;
 For he who touched the latent spark, within
 Her breast of sinfulness, and bid it glow
 With holy radiance, lay within the tomb ;
 Whither her doleful heart has followed him.
 Gifted CANOVA, from this incident
 Of touching beauty, thou hast wrought a work
 That shall exist so long as Genius culls
 Immortal flowers from the things of Earth.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

MUST I leave thee, must I leave thee, all endearing as thou art,
 With a love that burns unquenchable within this bursting heart ?
 Must I leave thy robe of emerald, so beautiful, so bright,
 And shroud me in a colder clime,—steep my blossom in the blight ?

Yes, thy rash misguided sons have wet with blood thy verdant sod,
 And thy valleys green, and mountains, are by stranger footsteps trod ;
 For the naked knife is dripping and the torch is blazing high
 And the midnight murderer points out the time for men to die.

Oh, heed them not ; oh, list them not ; for they lead thee to despair,
 And a fiend is watching, ready to engrasp thee in his lair :
 Oh, think upon the harp of gold, and thy shamrock ever green,
 Now, oh, think of what thou art ! and more, of what thou might'st have
 been.

Thy song hath ceased, the plaintive strain hath now ta'en the place of
 mirth,
 And thou stand'st a monument of degradation to the earth ;
 Now uprouse thee, oh, uprouse thee, and once more be men again,
 To thy noble ancient banner up ! and wipe away the stain.

I must leave thee, I must leave thee, all endearing as thou art,
 With a love that burns unquenchable within this bursting heart.

STANZA TO THE HON. MISS —

SWEET Lady have you seen,
 When the Iris arch is thrown
 O'er valley, and o'er hill,
 Like a rich, enamelled, zone ;
 How majestic—yet how calm,
 Is the beauty of its light,
 Like a paradise of flowers,
 Or an Angel—in his might ?
 Then, Lady, strive to be
 In thy life's young golden hours,
 An Iris, shedding hope around
 Earth's serpent-wreathed bowers ;
 Let virtue be thy guide,
 Walk thou firm in wisdom's light,
 And though Woman's be thy strength,
 Thou shalt wield an Angel's might.

THE ONLY CHILD.

ONE summer eve, in the sweet prime of May,
 When the warm sun was sinking from the earth,
 And glowed upon the western horizon,
 Like a broad shield of fire, whose millioned rays
 Trembled in glory, bathing with emerald—gold
 The quivering aspen leaves, which shook a rain
 Of molten fire, enmixed with fretted silver ;
 The Day-God peered through the broad giant oaks
 As through a veil, showering his brilliant rays
 In arrowy streaks. In the far shaded copse
 The cuckoo sang its echo to the star
 That kisses the loved Twilight, ere the moon
 Breaks on the silence, and the crushing note
 Of the sweet wood dove calleth to its mate
 With amorous trillings, touched by plaintive wail.
 The streams, struck by the gentle wing'd air,
 Laved the long grass that fringed their pebbly sides,
 Murmuring in quiet cadence. All was calm,
 Calm as the breath of Solitude, when Joy
 Sits deep entranc'd, wearied with Happiness.
 On that delightful eve, a lovely girl,
 In childhood's pure maturity, knelt down
 Before her parents on a hillock side,
 Where they had sat t'inhale the healthful air,
 And view the landscape beauties far around.
 This child, upon whose sinless head had shone
 Some thirteen summers, saw that grief was mark'd
 Upon her mother's features; that her sire
 Was sad;—that still and solemn calm that throws
 A shade of gloom, e'en as a passing cloud
 Will tint, not ruffle, a becalmed lake
 With a deep blush, when all is smooth without,
 Alike, affected each parental brow.
 Between the two she knelt, and for some time
 Drank in their looks of vacancy, and felt
 Herself a sorrow, till the glistening tears
 Stood in her deep blue eyes like dew drops showered
 Upon twin violets; her nut-brown hair,—
 Parted with nicest art, was straggling down
 Her neck and shoulders, like vine tendrils freed
 And sporting with young Zephyrs in their play.
 Her cheeks were flushed, and rested on the palms
 Of her fair hands, like roses careless thrown
 Upon a bed of lilies.—When she heard
 Her mother sigh, and saw her father press
 That mother's hand, to comfort,—then she spoke :—

O

"Why do ye look so sad
 My fond sweet mother, and my father dear ?
 Ye were not always thus, but smiling, glad,
 Your laugh right merrily would greet mine ear ;
 Why do ye look so sad ?

"See the green fields and trees
 Are fluttering in the Summer's breath so fair :
 MAY kisses with her rich perfumed breeze
 All things of earth, water, and ambient air.
 See the green fields and trees !

"Young birds are on the wing,
 Chirping and twittering with shrill delight :
 And flowers their beauty, and soul-incense fling ;
 Whilst varied landscapes glow upon the sight :
 Young birds are on the wing !

"Nature is kind and good ;
 The broad fields teem with happiness and life ;
 List,—the dove's soft note floating through the wood ;
 The tiny cloudlets sail with joy most rife.
 Nature is kind and good."

She paused, the father's eyes now turned
 Full on the dear child's face, and spoke
 Of loving thoughts which inward burned,
 Although the heart was nearly broke ;
 Whilst on her forehead fair he placed
 His hands, and gazed into her eyes,
 Where purity and beauty graced
 The innocent with heavenly dyes,
 Which floated in the changing light
 Of the pure orbs the soul that shrine ;
 Nor waning dim, nor burning bright,
 But half-quenched, like a thought divine :
 Yet for a moment o'er his brow
 A smile devotional did play :
 Like sunbeams when they kiss the bough
 Deep-shaded at the close of day ;—
 It told of exquisite delight,
 That one so good, so dear was left,
 To fill with hope the cheerless sight,
 And comfort speak to the bereft.
 The Mother could not bear to look,
 And draw afresh the twin-born face ;
 Which stamped in nature's lovely book,
 Each sweet expression she could trace :
 So on her breast she bowed her head,
 Whilst scalding tear-drops stained her cheek,
 It was the memory of the dead,
 Too deep for tongue of grief to speak.
 A monument of saddest gloom,

Thus youth and age together clung ;
 A picture of despairing doom,
 And thus the mournful father sung :—

“ CHILD, in thy heart of love,
 Which hath not known a sorrow, scarce a pang,
 The past is lost, the present sole doth move
 In cloud, or sunshine o'er thee, and the fang
 Of Misery's sharp tooth
 Has never probed with poison, to make mad
 The o'recharged heart :—the undimmed eye of youth
 Is too bright for the gloom.—Why am I sad ?

“ The fields and trees, to me
 Are no more beautiful.—The Summer's breath
 Sounds but a requiem of the past, now SHE
 Thy Sister, my beloved, lies with death
 In iey bondage bound :
 The once pellucid rivulet hath now
 No sweet and hushing cadence in its sound ;
 Sunshine has left my heart, and light my brow.

“ The landscape's varied glow,
 The song of birds, and scent of beauteous flowers,
 To my thoughts' eyes no charm of joy can show ;
 And I feel weary of the dallying hours :
 Her gentle silver voice
 Was harmony inspired with soul :—she spoke
 In tones whose echoes did themselves rejoice ;
 Would that sweet voice again could be awoke.

“ The dove's soft am'rous note
 Is a repeated dirge, whose solemn sound,
 From out the wood's heart, as it on doth float,
 Gives doleful shadows to all things around :
 I, the poor parent bird,
 Thy mother my loved mate, thou my sole child,
 Mourn with a prayer thy soul hath never heard :
 The curse and blessing glare upon us wild !

“ The calm unruffled wing
 Of Twilight veiling the o'erwearied Day
 Is spread above us, and our hearts should spring
 Upwards ! but that we cannot burst the clay
 The love of fleshy form :
 Down in the grave, with silent heart and eyes,
 A banquet, aye a pray, for the vile worm ;
 The cheek and breast that warmed this bosom lies.

“ Wife, child, come, let us kneel ;
 We need no prayer of words, for He can hear
 The pulses of our wounded souls, and heal
 With a refreshing comfort, if sincere
 We ask His mercy smile :

Angels are waiting, blessings to convey
 To all whose hearts would shut out sinful guile :
 We bend, oh God !—for her—for us we pray!"

They knelt in humble attitude, upon
 The grassy carpet of the summer earth.
 Both parents looked to heaven, but she, the girl,
 Fixed a fond, searching steadfast gaze upon
 Her mother's eyes ; for sadness, so she thought,
 Could find no refuge but where joy did spring :
 The father wept, the tears fell slow adown
 His pallid cheeks, but the grieved mother's face
 Gave token of a touch of that blest charm,
 Which resignation gives the troubled heart.
 At length the father smiled ; a cheerful look
 Beamed o'er his face, for God had lit his mind
 With rays from Comfort's sacred-healing torch.
 He spoke, and blest the trial of his faith ;
 And pressing to his breast the lovely girl,
 Who had crept near to soothe him in his woe,
 Exclaimed in tones of fervour and of truth,
 " **MY ONLY CHILD**, God is all just and good!"

HEBE.

ALONE she stood beneath the silent night ;
 Upon her face fair Luna's rays were shed
 All silver dipp'd.—Her beauteous auburn hair
 Lay in rich curls apart a brow of snow ;
 Adown her neck the flowing tresses ran
 In one pure stream of beauty. Her soft eye,
 Clasp'd with a star of light, beamed heavenly,
 As from its canopy, of blue, the Soul,
 Look'd up adoring.—By her side a Lute,
 (Whose latest sound had struck her heart's sweet chords)
 Lay listless—with it ; her voice had ceased ;
 But not her thought of voice,—feelings more deep
 Than plaintive song, can tell of plaintive woe,
 Spell-bound enwrapt her ! Her soul's earthly fire
 Was purified ; and a beatitude
 Of holy ecstasy, lit her to peace.

THE FAITH TRIAL.

"Ridley experienced a more lingering and excruciating departure than had tried his brother Latimer,—and the heart sickens at the thought of the remainder of that frightful scene. Beneath the heap of fagots by which he was to be consumed, a large quantity of furze had been placed, and the flames burnt furiously amongst these—whereas the wood and sticks were slow in taking fire. Hence his lower extremities were reduced to ashes before the devouring element could reach the vital part."—Life of Ridley, by the Rev. R. B. Horne, M.A.

I.

The Autumn morn in smiles arose,
From off his Oriental throne;
Waking all nature from repose,
As forth his glance of beauty shone:
Earth from her thousand hills gave sign
Of living glory, and the skies
Rang with a harmony divine,
Like whisperings of Paradise.

II.

Yet, ere the noon of that same morn,
Red Slaughter had prepared his hand—
The bigot's jest, and laugh of scorn,
The faggot, stake, and cursed brand:
When LATIMER and RIDLEY stood,
Before the walls of Balioi,
Around them piled the horrid wood
'Midst which their martyr'd flesh should fall.

III.

There LATIMER, the aged drew
His person to its utmost height,
As though his strength had come anew,
And bared him for the dreadful rite—
Whilst, RIDLEY, standing on a stone,
Gave thanks to God that he should die
Faithful to Him who did atone
With blood, man's sin to purify.

IV.

Soon was the blazing fagot placed
 At RIDLEY's feet, when at the sight
 Old LATIMER, his brother, faced ;
 And spoke of comfort, and the light
 That should through England from them shine ;
 A light the which he had no doubt,
 When fostered by the hand Divine,
 No persecution should put out.*

V.

With LATIMER short was the pain,
 The flames around his form did roll ;
 He prayed, the prayer was not in vain,
 " Father of heaven receive my soul :"—
 And RIDLEY, midst his agony,
 Called on the Lord ! but oh the fire
 Burnt slowly, and he could not die,
 Still Faith his spirit did inspire.

VI.

Yes, slowly crept the biting blaze,
 As piece by piece, his ashy flesh
 Dropped from him, but he still would praise,
 For God his spirit did refresh.
 At length the fire uprose, when he
 Bow'd to the welcome flame his head,
 One gentle sigh, his soul was free,
 On Latimer the saint fell—dead.

VII.

With vengeful hearts and gleaming eyes,
 THE BLOODY PRIESTS OF POPERY
 Enjoyed the human sacrifice,
 And, laughing, hailed each groan and sigh.
 Is the fiend BIGOT dead ? ah no,
 Guant SUPERSTITION yet doth yell,
 And waits " fit time " to strike the blow,
 Again to ring the MARTYR'S knell.

* " Be of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day
 light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as shall I trust never be put out."
 —HORNE'S LIFE OF RIDLEY.

THE REPENTANT.

I.

They met, and on each other's eyes
Gazed in one light :—Love's mysteries
Unfolded stood—the beating heart
Proclaimed those links could never part,
That bound their souls in unison,
And made their life's sweet being one.
They did not speak, for words were vain ;
Yet would a blush her fair cheeks stain ;
They did not kiss or press the hand,
Yet eyes the lips could understand :
Aye, as those lips just breath'd apart,
They spoke the language of the heart.
They did not smile, for smiles will die,
But with a spirit-searching eye,
Pledged their fond hopes, their lasting truth,
With all the fervent trust of youth.

II.

Again they met, her form was changed,
From him her heart had fled, estranged ;
Another's smile, another's vow,
Had made her trusting spirit bow.
Her cheek was pale, that eye, once bright,
Had lost its pure and holy light ;
The pure bright flame that lights the mind
Was gone, no trace was left behind,
Save that of retrospective thought,
Of joyous days, all heartward brought ;
Yet ah, how soon it fled to prove,
The curse that waits on perjured love ;
Her smitten soul was still the same,
She was another's but in name ;
Each to the other lost, no hope,
His life a blank !—her spirit broke.

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE.

I KNEW thee, ere thy heart had felt
 The breathing of a single sigh ;
 Before thy spirit's joy did melt
 Within the cup of misery :
 Yes, ere the veil of life was drawn,
 Ere beauty's smile was passion's dawn.

Aye, like the breath of Summer's day,
 When light of gold and silver hue,
 Rains from the east, o'er flower and spray,
 To drink from each the crystal dew,
 Wert thou ; but ah ! the tender flower
 Has lost its bloom in Sorrow's bower.

And still I know thee, and I feel,
 How sad soe'er the change is now ;
 A light through Memory's cavern steal,
 That fright's Care's furrows from my brow ;
 And I can smile with calmness yet,
 Remembering when first we met.

For shall we not at evening's close
 Look out beyond the mid-day storm,
 And see the morning as it rose,
 Clad in its glory multiform ?
 Though Time has breathed upon thy face,
 Thy mirror'd heart has virtue's grace.

Yes, though thine eyes have lost their fire,
 For ever fled the raven tress ;
 Yet there's within thee pure desire,
 A life of Faith and Godliness :
 My love is deeper for thee now
 Than when youth smiled upon thy brow.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

OH what a contrast here !
 The deep dark hopelessness of one whose grief
 Is almost pangless with excess of pain,
 The mind all withered like an Autumn leaf :
 And Childhood's sorrow, which, like April rain,
 Smiles from beneath a tear.

THE SOLITARY CELL.

(SONG OF THE FEMALE CONVICT.)

I.

To see no change of day,
 No new dreams in the night,
 No cloud or tree, no human face,
 To glad my aching sight :
 I think of those I love,
 Till dizzy grows my brain,
 Until I quite forget their forms,
 Then weep them back again—
 Oh, is it well—oh, is it well,
 To kill the mind in lonely cell ?

II.

The penalty of crime,
 How merciless it falls,
 Where Hope smiles not, and wan Despair
 Looks from the whitened walls.
 I cannot trace a thought
 Upon those walls of sin,
 How lightly beat the hearts without,
 Mine breaking here within.
 Oh, is it well—oh, is it well,
 To kill the mind in lonely cell ?

III.

There is no mercy here,
 Crushed is the bruised reed,
 Man, who should soothe my woman's heart,
 Has left it now to bleed ;
 Man, who first lured me down
 The path that leads to vice,
 Has no compassion for my fall,
 But shuns his sacrifice—
 Oh, is it well—oh, is it well,
 To kill the mind in lonely cell ?

IV.

How can I—can I pray ?
 Oh, how can I believe
 The truth of what the chaplain speaks,
 Whilst lonesome here I grieve ?
 Why tell of Jesus meek,
 Forgiveness for the bad,

If they repent and come to Him,
And yet they drive me MAD!—
 Oh, is it well—oh, is it well,
 To kill the mind in lonely cell?

V.

To see no change of day,
No new dreams in the night,
No cloud, or tree, no human face,
To glad my aching sight:
I think of those I love,
Till dizzy grows my brain,
Until I quite forget their forms,
Then weep them back again—
 Oh, is it well—oh, is it well,
 To kill the mind in lonely cell?

THE UNFORGIVEN ONE.

"COME nearer, nearer, father; oh, come closer, father, nigh;
And let me press thy hand again once more before I die:
Oh, do not frown so angrily; oh do not hate me now,
For death is coming o'er me, and his damps are on my brow.
I feel, I feel, I cannot last to see another sun;
Oh bend thy spirit, father, ere my earthly course is done.
My life may have offended thee, undutiful and wild;
But art thou not my father? Yes; and am I not thy child?
If heavenly love can look upon repentant mortal man,
Wilt thou not melt thy heart of flesh? Come father while you can.
A little, little, longer, and you can't recall the past;
Come nearer, father, press my hand; oh, it will be the last."

So spake he, as he lay upon the thorny bed of death,
So whispered forth his wretched prayer, with an expiring breath.
The father would not hear that prayer, unmovingly he stood,
As the rock on which the ocean wave doth beat at every flood;
He would not list the sigh that rose, the sigh of agony,—
And thus the wretched youth exclaimed, "Oh, father, now I die!"
He spake no more: you might observe a slight convulsive start,
'Twas over, for a FATHER'S CURSE had crush'd a broken heart.

SOLITUDE.

I.

It is not Solitude to be
Alone, apart, from human kind ;
For then in nature's God we see,
Wonders that purify the mind :
'Midst the still night, or blaze of day,
The silent stars, the noontide flowers,
The ruin sinking to decay,—
The moon-lit ivy-mantled towers :
There is not solitude in these,
For where the foot of man hath trod
We hear a spirit on the breeze :
The voice, the presence of a God,

II.

Down to the woodland in the vale,
List to the murmuring of the brook,
Or Philomela's love-lorn tale ;
Read nature's God in nature's book ;
The giant oak, the stripling tree,
The water-lily on the stream,
The singing of th' industrious bee,
Or dove-note in the evening sheen :
Each, all, aye, everything proclaims
The master-hand ; no culture rude
The stony heart of man reclaims ;
Sweet converse this, not Solitude.

III.

Amid the city's crowded throng,
The banquet-hall, the ball-room gay ;
Where Passion casts her spells among
The pleasure-seekers of a day ;
Music may lure with dulcet sounds,
And song enrapture Folly's ear,
The spirit chained to earthly bounds,
Joy's wild loud laugh, or Sorrow's tear :
Of these 'tis solitude to feel
The after-pangs of keen regret ;
Pangs that reflection cannot heal,
Nor the lost darkened soul forget.

WHAT ARE THE SWEETEST FLOWERS?

WHAT are the sweetest flowers ?
Not those that deck the beautiful, the bright,
Nor those that bloom in rapture's blissful bowers ;
That crown the ball, the banquet of the night,
Such are the world's—not ours.

Not such as Youth and Love,
Are wont to wear upon the festive scene,
As 'midst gay throngs the joyous spirits move ;
Such are not those for souls of life I ween ;
They spring not from above.

Nor such as deck the Bride,
Wreathed o'er the brow of bright-eyed Innocence ;
They bloom and wither, mock, and hearts deride,
Droop, die, and fall, their beauty leaves the sense ;
With such—e'en Love has died.

The flowers that I would crave,
Are those that grow upon the grassy bed,
Where silence reigns, except when yew trees wave,
Where slumber comforteth the weary dead :
Those that bloom o'er the grave.

The rose on Beauty's breast,
May look more lovely 'neath the loved one's glance,
But flowers that shine above the dead one's rest,
A hallow'd thought for those we love enhance,
We feel them with the blest.

The flowers of simplest kind
Then give to me—the daisy, violet,
Such as in lone retreats a shelter find ;
The primrose, buttercups with pearl-dews wet,
To God they call the mind.

What are the sweetest flowers ?
Those that are culled o'er the dear forms we love ;
Those that are bathed by the still evening showers,
By tears that deep affection's well-springs move ;
Thoughts all of heaven—not ours.

THE DAWN OF GENIUS.

I.

No, not a sound—the gentle atmosphere
 Breathes upon all things with a tender light,
 The blush 'twixt day and twilight, yet so clear
 That the arched heavens look depthless, as the sight
 Drowns itself in the azure infinite :
 Whilst fretted silver, fleecy, cloudlets lie,
 In shapes fantastical becalmed—and bright
 With gorgeous hues, the glorious western sky
 Gleams—like the jewelled portals of Eternity.

II.

There is a hill that looks as tho' it rose
 In play—from out the valley at its base,
 From which the beauteous landscape in repose,
 In varied lights and shadows we may trace,
 Until it melts into the Sun's embrace :
 From that sweet upland—on the lovely scene,
 Gazes a GIRL, in whose still, soul-lit face
 Are thoughts too deep for words, whose eye serene,
 Beholds a visioned paradise—Earth hath not seen.

III.

Upon her head some thirteen summers might
 Have wreathed their flowers blooming, not for aye,
 But never till this moment had her sight
 Enraptured pictured glories in the sky:
 Or had she held her breath—as if to die,
 Were but to let the spirit wing its way
 Without a pang—Divinest harmony
 Swelled through the space of heaven's eternal day,
 Her soul with rapture filled; immortal in its clay.

IV.

The first dream of a life, her mortal fire
 Quenched whilst she paused to imbibe the spark,
 Th' electric spark, struck from the magic lyre,
 To whose enchanting strains, the Angels hark :
 Such sounds as first the stars sung, when the Ark
 Stood on a cloudless world, when the black veil
 Of heaven's dire wrath, was lifted from the dark
 Concave of Earth, and the despairing wail
 Of dying wretches, ceased, for shouts of joy to hail.

V.

At length she sees afar, things beautiful,
To which no name is given, to which no thought
Can give comparison : so wonderful,
Yet not to her a wonder, the charm brought
Quiet and beauty richly interwrought ;
Her brain seemed bathed with essence of rare things
Drawn from most precious spices—and she sought
To pierce beyond the everlasting springs
That flood the heavens with light, where Seraphs poise their wings.

VI.

And there are golden palaces afloat ;
Amidst vast seas of silver, whose small waves
Tremble as every cloudlet, like a boat,
Passes their burnished farrows—and dark caves,
In the far distance, shew where sapphire laves,
Emmixt with amber, crystal and rich pearl,
Their ponderous sides. The chequered floor, light paves,
And banners streaming, rainbow streaks unfurl,
As the full blazing Sun his glory round doth hurl.

VII.

And there are trees most beautiful, whose leaves
Quiver like light from emeralds.—She heard
Sounds such alone as inspiration weaves
To veil the ear of Harmony :—no bird
That e'er spread wing such notes could give, no word
From earth-loved lips could breathe such ecstasy—
As through her every pulse enchanting stirred ;
And, reeling with delight, the melody
Stole o'er her—and she felt an immortality.

VIII.

Her eyes expand as though her heart would drink,
Through the bright portals of the soul, its full
Of never-dying glory; now they shrink
Fed to satiety, the wonderful
Outshutting from the sight the cold, the dull
Things of this mortal sphere, her placid face
Lies in a sweet repose, a dreamless lull—
Yet ever and anon the eye may trace
That the mind's wings are spread, and cover boundless space.

IX.

And now she wakes ; but from this hour no thought
But mixes with the picture of her trance.
No more the girlish sport by her is sought,
She joins not in the mirthful festive dance ;
Is there, but yet not present : though perchance
The converse and the smile, from lips and eyes,
Seem to be with the time. The great expanse
Of beauty undefinable will rise,
And her unearthly soul is wrapt in ecstacies !

X.

This is the dawn of genius—who can tell
 How exquisite the pangs of after years,
 When the poor living clay confined must dwell,
 Mortal, within its life of smiles and tears
 When it would fain flee to the happy spheres,
 Where pain is not, and where eternal joy
 Thrills in eternal change of joy, and fears
 That wound the fragile spirit, no more clay,
 But freed, the soul upsoars to bliss without alloy.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

SHE looked around the lone deserted walls,
 The vacant chair then met her trembling eye ;
 And visions of the past her mind recalls,
 Mourning her dark bewildered destiny :
 The cradle where she watched her infant's brow,
 Was tenantless and lone—as her heart now.

She mourned his death, no tear bedewed her eye,
 'Twas as the raving thunder without rain,
 That blackens with its frown the stormy sky,
 And vents its vengeance :—So vents she her pain ;
 A pain that palled her bosom, till despair
 Clung to her heart—then wailing, rent the air.

It was her "first born," and her only one,
 That had been snatched from off her widowed breast ;
 And left her on the world, a being lone,
 No friendly voice on which her soul could rest ;
 No face familiar, and of hope no ray,
 Gleamed o'er her heart, that heart was far away.

She looked to heaven—and her silence spoke
 Of persecution from the hand above ;
 And then a struggling sigh and murmur broke
 From her white lips ; and then her parched tongue strove
 To pray ; and slowly kneeling on the earth,
 She bowed submission—then her tears had birth.

And now a holy calmness lights her face,
 She walketh on her humble duty's path,
 Propped by the spirit of an inward grace,
 And thanketh God for all that now she hath :
 For she possesseth more than human weal,
 The comfort of His word her heart doth feel.

TO MY MOTHER, ON HER 68TH BIRTHDAY.

I.

Thou art growing old now, Mother,
 Two years more, and then,
 Life's ripest prime you'll gain, Mother,
 Three score years and ten;
 But, oh my love for thee, Mother,
 Is as green with truth,
 As was thy love for me, Mother,
 In thy woman's youth.

II.

Thou art growing old now, Mother,
 Time has blanched thy hair,
 Yet, in thine eyes, I look, Mother,
 And see pictur'd there
 The light of love undimmed, Mother,
 Soft, yet shining still,
 With a deep holy glance, Mother,
 Which my heart doth fill.

III.

Thou art growng old now, Mother,
 Only parent thou,
 And Time has planted grief, Mother,
 On thy sainted brow;
 But from affliction sown, Mother,
 Thou wilt reap some day,
 Eternal joy and peace, Mother,
 When thou'rt called away.

IV.

God spare thee many years, Mother,
 Till I waxes old,
 That I may follow soon, Mother,
 To that happy fold;
 Where Pain, and Age, and Death, Mother,
 Cannot enter in;
 Where, when immortal, we, Mother,
 Never more know Sin.

THE MAGDALEN.

ON a hill side, skirting the sea, there stood,
 Lone as a widowed dove, a humble cot ;
 Yet beautiful in loneliness.—The hand
 Of Art had been upheld by Nature's smiles ;—
 The crescent porch festooned with jessamine,
 And infant blushing roses, loosely twined
 With the sweet woodbine. 'Neath that cottage porch,
 Watching the sun sink down the western wave,
 There sat a damsel, in the youth of years ;
 A beauteous girl, of noble, gentle, mien :
 With pale blue eyes, filled with grief's jewels, tears,
 To which the sun gave radiance :—her hair,
 In silky streams of gold-tinged auburn hue,
 Was parted o'er her brow, and fell adown
 Her shoulders, flowing in graceful beauty.
 Upon her lap there lay the Holy Book ;—
 That cup of Hope wherein despairing sighs
 Absorb to bliss :—her thin pale finger placed
 On the eleventh verse of chapter eight,
 In which the Apostle John tells of the Lord,
 When, speaking to the adulteress, he said,
 "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."
 She sighed as though her heart was rent in twain ;
 And the big drops fell slow adown her cheek,
 Like the first burst of a long-gathered storm.
 Pausing, she read of her, the sinful one,
 Who wept o'er Jesus feet, and with her hair
 Enfolded them in deep humility ;
 As, from an alabaster box, she took
 Ointment, most precious, to anoint them with ;
 To whom He said "Thy sins are all forgiven :"
 For with her many sins "she loved much."
 Again she sighed :—the sun had sunk from earth ;
 But o'er the place of his descension left
 A curtain of rich glory, brodered o'er
 With dyes ethereal, which faded down,
 As the loved Night led her meek twilight Child
 Across the ambrosial path of heaven.
 Turning the leaves of that all-Sacred Book,
 Unconscious of aught else but her deep sin,
 She paused, and read of joy in heaven proclaimed
 "Over one sinner that repenteth." Then
 She closed the Holy page, and knelt with face
 Turned to the west, and with a calming voice,
 Her eyes fixed on the sky, through which she saw,

As in'a dream, the man of Nazareth,
With hands uplifted thus she spoke, and prayed :—

“Thou who art throned above,
Look down upon the bruis'd reed, forgive,
Even as thou hast forgiven, in thy love,
A wretched, yet repentant, fugitive
From Virtue's hallowed home :
For, though my sins as scarlet glare, I know
Thou can st, in mercy, make them white as snow :
My heart is breaking, come !

“Let me not fall, a leaf
Withered before my day of life should close ;
List to my speechless agony of grief,
Night-watching weary hours of pain : disclose,
To my parched weary soul,
The well-spring of sweet comfort ; in thine eyes,
A contrite spirit thou wilt not despise :
When shall I reach the goal ?

“The goal of comfort, Lord !
Unworthy in the race, but yet with heart
Eager, with penitence, to reach Thy word ;—
To make Thy law my study, oh, impart
Full knowledge of my sin,
That I may true atonement make to Thee ;
Set thou my longing, panting, spirit free ;
To virtue my soul win.

“Passion's delirious bane
Came sudden on me, like a poisonous blight,
I struggled hard to conquer, but in vain ;
Earth-nature fell, but left my soul contrite :
The vestal robe of love
Is now a garb of sackcloth, and I heap
Ashes, where flowrets were wont to sleep,
With purity inwove.

“Far, o'er the depthless sea,
But not from this poor heart, the victor's gone :
I would not, could I call him back to me :
The victim knows her sin, and she will mourn,
And learn forgetfulness,
If thou wilt teach, and stay her spirit's wing,
From thoughts too much of dust, from wandering
Thy pure law to transgress.

“Thou, who dost shelter give
To the shorn lamb, who doth the sparrow heed,
Behold thy servant, who may not outlive
Her stricken conscience ; who doth lowly plead
Mercy !—for sin abhorred,
Vowing to keep thy word, if so thou wilt,
Thou, who for her Thy precious blood hath spilt :
Thy will be done, oh Lord !”

She spoke no more, for grief had choked her speech,
 And her heart beat aloud 'twixt hope and fear,
 Of judgment, or salvation. Then she rose,
 Resumed her seat, and buried her wan face
 In her thin trembling hands, which lay upon
 The open Bible : her long streaming hair
 Veiling the whole, e'en like a willow bent,
 Whose trailing stems encircle the wild flowers,
 And bathe with tears the lowly ones around.
 Her stifling sobs then ceased : a matron came,
 (Whose looks bespoke the mother of the girl),
 To chide her stay : in vain spoke she of Time,
 For, raising up the face of her dear child,
 She found assurance of the dreaded fate,
 Eternity had wrestled with the clay,
 And robbed it of the spirit : grief had been
 Too strong for life's weak thread—and snapt the coil
 Which wound its pulses :—the poor Magdalen
 Was Dead!

CHANGES.

A BREATH, a gentle sigh ;
 A struggle, and a cry,
 Now hush'd and mild :
 A sleep as calm as death,
 Touch cannot feel the breath :
 Born is a CHILD !

A glance of soul.—The eye,
 Inspired lifts on high,
 Its searching scan :
 Fame, honour, love, and pride,
 The throbbing heart divide,
 And this is—MAN !

Blind, childless, helpless, old,
 Skin, shrivelled, bloodless, cold ;
 Stopped is life's course ;
 A heap of withered flesh,
 Where beauty once bloom'd fresh
 A loathsome CORSE,

EVENING HOURS.

I.

How beautiful the marble-streaked Morn,
 Just when its dappled curtains float from out
 Night's ebon chamber : when the snow-white thorn
 Raineth its blossomed perfume round about :
 As, from his emerald nest, the lark upsprings,
 Trilling rich piercing notes ; with breast embossed
 Upwards he soars, and shakes from quivering wings
 Pearl dew-drops, till both form and song are lost—
 The Summer Morn, kissing the waking flowers,
 Is beautiful !

Yet give to me the quiet Evening hours.

II.

And Noon is gorgeous, with its searching glare ;
 When the full eye of the meridian day
 Bathes in a flood of light the ambient air,
 And dips in gold the mountain :—e'en the spray
 That tops the meanest shrub, partakes the light
 Of dazzling splendour ; yet the life, how brief,
 Of transient beauty, for the canker blight
 Comes when the noon is past, and slays the leaf :—
 The Noon, beneath its wreathy shaded bowers,
 Is gorgeous !

Yet give to me the quiet Evening hours.

III.

And fraught with glory is the solemn Night,
 When the great veil of heaven is spread around
 The Eternal presence, gemmed with worlds of light ;
 Unnumbered, without number ; the vast bound
 Skirting the confines of eternity :—
 Where, past the barrier, in central space
 Enthroned sits the All-seeing Deity,
 Whose form Conception's thought may never trace.
 The Night is beautiful, when Luna showers
 Her glory !

Yet give to me the quiet Evening hours.

IV.

The Evening hours are soothing to the heart ;
 Those peaceful snatches from the toil of time ;—
 When, from the turmoil of the world we part,
 And quaff the ether draught of Love sublime :—
 When all is silent, save the golden bell
 Of the laburnum tree, that scents the air,
 And lures the bee, home-wandering to the dell,

With its sweet fairy tinkling : ah ! 'tis rare,
And rich to the earth-wearied soul that lours :
They're lovely !
Yes, give to me the quiet Evening hours.

V.

The Evening hours are hallowed, and we raise
Our voices on the soul-wings of pure thought :
We converse in the spirit, and give praise,
And poor earth-vanities shrink back to nought :
The birds are silent in the lulling leaves,
The mild star floats to sight, a chastened fire,
The wimpling brooklet 'mid the moss-bank weaves :
All nature's works for nature's God inspire
A reverence, and love ;—the very flowers
Are hallowed !
Yes, give to me the quiet Evening hours.

VI.

And Evening hours are the meet time for prayer,
On bended knees, with lowly heart, to bow
Before the Omnipotent, whose parent care,
Throughout the coming night, we ask, and vow
With soul-tears,—adoration. Hours for Death
Are those that close the day ; for as the sun
Sets but to rise again, so should our breath
Fade to revive, the eternal course to run :
On angel's wings the eager spirit towers :—
Tis the meet time !
Yes, give to me the quiet Evening hours.

THE POETESS.

I.

'TWERE tempting fate, to look within
Those deep, yet fond, soul-searching eyes ;
They have a loving withering,
Like Stars that float in Winter skies :
They speak of mind, the glorious birth,
And tell us—such is not of Earth.

II.

When first life breath'd upon thy heart,
A spark of the Eternal fire
Fell on thee, and became a part
Of thoughts that Heaven, alone, inspire ;
Thoughts that may not bow down, but spring
Upwards ! like light on Seraph wing.

III.

And from that Heaven-dipp'd plumage bright,
Fain would I draw a mystic ray ;
A beam of the unquenched light,
That guides the Soul-wings on their way :—
When through the fields of ether, thought,
With Sun, and Starlit, dreams is wrought.

IV.

It is not in the voice we find
The sanctified and blissful spell ;
But in the breathings which the mind
Throws from its rich impeared shell ;
Whispering the Spirit there, to be,
Twin Sister with Eternity.

V.

Kneel, and from thy pure spirit pour,
In strains inspired, thy grateful lays ;
With fervent praise thy God adore,
Who clad thee with immortal rays :—
Lov'd Angels listen for thy voice,
Which links thee to them, and rejoice.

VI.

Yes ! o'er the Iris-gate of Heaven,
With eyes of thought, and lips of love,
They lean, with mute attention riven,
Nor feather of their plumage move ;
But drink with eager ear, the sigh,
Of their lov'd Sister Poesy.

VII.

Like those wild flowers, whose fragrance throws
A perfume, rarest, richest, round,
Art Thou ; for hidden thoughts disclose,
A Paradise, eye hath not found :—
Nature and Art may beautify,
Souls only grapple with the sky !

THE FLOWER GIFT.

Why do'st thou tempt me ? loveliest thou,
Beauty's fair Queen of Erin's isle ;
With dewy eyes, and starlit brow,
Lips rosiest—girt with sunbeam smile.
Lady, I prize the gift,—for flowers
Are thoughts of Angels, earth-ward cast :
Thoughts that first lit on Eden's bowers,
Ere Sin the crystal barrier past.

WE SOON FORGET THE DEAD.

We soon forget the dead ;
 The dearest and the best, soon pass away ;
 Time e'en can bid the sorrowing heart decay ;
 Love like the winter dieth, then the sun
 Of new-found Summer-joys its course will run :
 We soon forget the dead !

How many have we loved ?
 How many hours have passed in sweet converse
 Of kindred, friends ; we bear the stern reverse
 With stoic fortitude, we see them fall
 Like Autumn leaves, and scarce wish their recall.

How many have we loved ?

Look down into the grave,
 New made, or that of many years ago ;
 Call back a dear lost Friend, an early one,
 Parent or child, or one who was enwove
 Around the heart with many claims of love :

Look down into the grave !

Gaze on the vacant chair,
 One was, who reared and guided out our youth,
 Who watch'd the prattling lips ; whose love was truth :
 Will not a tear its course of sorrow trace,
 When fancy draws the old familiar face ?

Gaze on the vacant chair.

The well remembered voice,
 Affection's smile. Th' administering hand,
 When sickness broke the spirit.—The command
 To walk in Christian faith :—Shall we forget
 Who taught the infant prayer ? we must regret

The well remembered voice.

Oh, cruel, cruel, heart !
 That cannot live with the departed dead,
 Nor round them the soul-wings of memory spread :
 Earth shades her face in darkness ; but the Sun
 Faithful, ne'er moves his light,—'tis as begun.
 Oh, cruel, cruel, heart !

We soon forget the dead ;
 The dearest and the best, soon pass away ;
 Time e'en can bid the sorrowing heart decay ;
 Love like the Winter dieth ; then the sun
 Of new-found Summer-joys its course will run :
 We soon forget the dead !

THE HEART.

I.

THE HEART!—life's centre, birth and grave of Hope;
Joy's sunshine, and the cave of wan Despair;

The passions' palace home:—
Towering above the world with boundless scope,
Thou traversest the fields of earth and air:

Not can the heaven's dome
Out shut thee from the great beyond. Thou art
Half angel, atom dust, beautiful heart!

II.

Affection's nursing mother; they who drink
From thy warm bosom sip the purest stream:
Whilst snow-clad virtue smiles,
Scattering bright flowers, that never fade or shrink,
Radiant with quiet beauty, like the dream
That innocence beguiles,
When her sweet sister health is slumbering near,
Ere the breast feels a sigh, the cheek a tear.

III.

The heart! thou altar of the soul, whereon
The living sacrifice is daily slain;
Bleeding with every breath:
How many kneel to thee, and lay thereon
Offerings of pleasure, and the pangs of pain;
Shunning, and courting, death?—
A heavenly hell, where none may choose their part
Mysterious, deep, unfathomable heart!

IV.

The lazax house, for false-sworn vows, that break
The pure and trusting spirit; and leave, bare,
Comfort, to tread the blast:
Unclad, though deck'd in robes; a giant, weak
From an excess of strength, with idiot glare
Reading, the future past.
Thy bridal dress a shroud, and the dark grave
The couch, deceit, to fond affection gave.

V.

The heart! haven of rest for pilgrim feet,
Where from the world, and from himself, retires
Man, when the spirit's fire
Is flickering, when life is proved a cheat,
And that all else but holiness expires:—
'Tis then he tunes his lyre
To strains devotional, sounds that impart
A flood of glory!—Sanctuary heart!

VI.

Love claims thee for a throne, and Constance
More humble, yet more true, bows her meek head ;
And Patience, the fair child
Of tried Affliction, lifts the subdued eye
In mute regard ; while Faith with hands outspread,
And face all beaming mild,
Gazes upon thee, and her home afar,
Appears, through the dim distance, a bright star.

SONG OF THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

SWEET sister draw thee near,
Breathe o'er my weary brow thy silver dreams ;
My flower-cups all are closed, the night-dew's tear
Weighs down their lids, they crave thy lucid beams—
Sweet sister, draw thee near !

My giant forests spread
Their sombre leaves, and groaning 'neath the wind,
Shriek in the blackness of their rayless dread ;
Then bow their heads, howling in madness, blind,
My giant forests spread.

Midnight has shaded o'er
My mountain tops, and my deep rivers rush
Inky and cold, moaning with sullen roar ;
And then my grandeur, with an awful hush,
Midnight has shaded o'er.

Come forth, and kiss me, sweet !
Roll high, dear sister, in th' empyreal sky ;
Laugh dimples on the sea, my broad lakes greet,
Frost them with sprinkling silver ; lovingly
Come forth, and kiss me, sweet !

Yes, thou art coming now,
Philomel loudly welcomes thy return ;
In strains ecstatic music from each bough
Pours like a living stream ; thee they discern :
Yes, thou art coming now !

Thy trembling, pearly rays
Quiver with music, and the fairies tread
Their lightsome measures to the amorous lays
'Midst flowers chalcedony ; in bliss they wed
Thy trembling, pearly rays.

Beneath thy magic eye
Grey Ruin smiles, as though a second life
Peep'd through the ribs of death : sterility,
The moss-clad pillar, stands with beauty rife
Beneath thy magic eye.

The wither'd, branchless trunk
 That once had million'd emerald types of bloom,
 Crumbled by lightning, blasted, scorch'd and shrunk,
 Beneath thy glory rises from its tomb ;
 The wither'd, branchless trunk.

Upon thy clouds of snow,
 Like a fair conqueror, thou sailest on ;
 Whilst the warm fragrant zephyrs gently blow :
 In lovely majesty thou comest down
 Upon thy clouds of snow !

Joy—Sister thou art near !
 My heart is light, my face is joyous now ;
 My flower-cups ope their lips, as though in prayer ;
 List, how my forests sing ! flood, lawn, and bough,
 Joy, sister, thou art near !

THE SPARTAN MOTHER'S ADDRESS

TO HER SON, ON PRESENTING HIM WITH HIS FATHER'S SHIELD.

I.

THIS was thy Father's shield,
 List to my story ;
 How on the battle-field,
 He fell in glory :
 How on this shield he lay,
 Scorning death's slumber ;
 Fierce as when in the fray,
 Foes without number,
 Sank 'neath his falchion's crash,
 Like huge oaks riven,
 By the fell lightning's flash,
 Belched forth from heaven ;
 This was thy Father's shield,
 Die, boy!—but dare not yield !

II.

Mark, boy, those batter'd dints,
 Struck by the foeman ;
 Mark those rust-eaten tints,
 Blood from the Roman ;
 Blood thy brave Father drew,
 From their breasts spouting ;
 With his sword staunch and true,
 Victory shouting !
 Those spots within the shield,
 (Tremble nor start, boy !)
 Fell with him on the field,
 Gush'd from his heart, boy !
 This was thy Father's shield,
 Die, boy!—but dare not yield.

III.

Oh, I can feel, my boy,
All of the Mother;
Thou art my hope, my joy,
Earth holds no other;
Yet would I see thee lain,
Stark on this bier, boy;
Aye, I would see thee slain,
Nor weep a tear, boy;
Sooner than thou should'st fly,
Base and inglorious;
Fight to the death! thou'l die
Bravely and glorious!

This was thy Father's shield,
Die, boy!—but dare not yield.

IV.

Smil'st thou—oh, welcome sight,
Fear cannot shake thee;
Thou'l draw for Sparta's right,
Death cannot slake thee!
There!—now I know thou art,
Blood of thy Sire:
True of hand, staunch of heart,
Burning like fire!
That was thy Father's look,
Fierce as a Lion,
Who dares that frownlet brook?
Sparta's own Scion! !—

This was thy Father's shield,
Take it!—thou canst not yield.

THE SEA BREEZE.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."—John iii, 8.

WELCOME to me, thou sweet refreshing breeze,
Wing'd traveller o'er the great expanse of sea;
Soft is thy music midst the citron trees,
Wafting fond thoughts of other days to me;
And feelings, which are only born to please,
Are strewn upon the lonely heart by thee:
Thou bring'st sweet recollections of the past,
With sun-like joy, riding upon thy blast.

How oft when Evening rests the weary Day,
 Have I sat watching on the desert beach,
 The arch'd horizon, the last lingering ray
 Of the bright setting sun; heard the gull's screech,
 As round some floating object wild they play,
 Half terrified to strike when within reach;
 Courting caresses from thy fragrant lips,
 As bee from honey-suckle nectar sips.

Breathe on that pair within yon orange grove,
 One is a maiden virtuous as fair,
 Beauteous as moonlight, gentle as the dove:
 The other, with the raven-flowing hair,
 Is her soul's warrior, her heart's fond love;
 See how his eyes her tender soul ensnare;
 Now gently fan her with thy softest sigh,
 Thou wanton courtier, or with love she'll die.

The fisherman hangs listless o'er the side
 Of his now well-stored boat; thou art his aid;
 Wafting his little bark in humble pride;
 While in his hut the homely meal is laid,
 And wife and children gathered side by side,
 (For hours of deep anxiety repaid)
 Wait his approach; some run down to the strand,
 Blessing thee, breeze, that guideth him to land.

Whence comest thou, sweet spirit of the air?
 From out the womb of the unfathomed sea?
 Or is the region of the sky thy lair?
 Doth the soft breast of heaven cherish thee,
 Sending thee forth to cool the brow of care?
 Or had'st thou being from eternity?
 Oh, why surmise! it matters nought to me,
 I know a just, good God, created thee.

 MY FATHER'S PORTRAIT.

It is thy very look, loved Father,—dear,
 The smile that beamed joys light upon my life,
 Thou'rt present with me,—and I could revere
 The shadowy semblance of thee as thou wert:
 "Twere cruel Fate thus our fond souls to part;
 Our souls; oh no they mingle, and the past
 Is but the future's presage—Death's stern dart
 In vain was thrown our loves aside to cast,
 I'll worship thee in truth, and mourn thee to the last.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

Wilt thou leave me, Sister?

O sweet remember all our days of joy,
Our infancy, our youth; in one dear bond
Clasped to each other's heart, wilt thou destroy
My only bliss, and leave me to despond?
Oh think of those lov'd hours, when first we conn'd
Our daily tasks,—when tear for tear was shed,
Thy sorrows mine; we never look'd beyond
The home of innocence, how oft thy head
Has pillow'd on my heart, 'twill break when thou art wed.

Wilt thou leave me, Sister?

I feel my pleading cannot curb thy will,
My nature has not been enwove with thine,
Yet this last hour may not pass calm or still;
I fear thou art an offering on the shrine
Of Passion's ecstasy: though laws divine,
Point out a path of duty bless'd and pure,
Man's heart is seldom faithful; love and wine,
The gay, the profligate his passions lure;
Thy Brother dares not think, what thy soul may endure.

Wilt thou leave me, Daughter?

Yes, thou must go: the sacrifice is great,
But thy heart wills it; and I may not stay
Or place command upon thee—'tis the state
Of human destiny, thou must obey;
Forsake e'n me; see, love, these hairs are grey,
Much watching have these dim eyes passed for thee,
Upon these trembling knees thou'st climbed to play,
My voice has cheered thy heart with many a glee,
That voice is tuneless now, thy love is gone from me.

Wilt thou leave me, Child?

My beautiful, my own, my treasured store,
Pride of my youth, and prop of my old age;
Light of mine eyes, my very life, may more,
My death—aye, Death my sorrows must assauge
When thou art gone upon Life's pilgrimage:
Come to my breast once more, that I may pour
My blessings on thee, for my heart doth wage
War with my peace.—'Tis done, the pang is o'er:
The Stranger claims thee, go—God bless thee evermore.

THE PITCHER PLANT.*

Amid the desolate
 Thou livest, giving life where all would die ;
 Like sweet affection, cheering the lone heart,
 When the poignant sigh
 Strikes hopeless tones, that rend fond souls apart :
 The weary for thee wait.

Lo !—from thy magic breast,
 Crystalline water drops, pure e'en as dew,
 Whilst fairy humming-birds and insects drink,
 And joyous life renew :
 Then will thy careful fibres gently shrink,
 Till morning breaks their rest.

From out the orient sky,
 Descends the Heaven-dipped bird,† whose plumage glows
 Brightly as when the Iris gave it birth ;
 The gorgeous light he throws,
 Around, adown, but touches not the earth,
 And floats on ether, high.

With the first breath of day,
 Which wakes thee kissing, thou dost ope thy lips ;
 At thy pearléd nectar-fount, ambrosial-clear,
 The golden dragon sips,
 Fluttering on gauzy wing, moon-dyed, whilst near
 The amorous zephyrs play.

From the hot sun's embrace
 Thou shrinkest, for the quietude of love,
 The verge of morning, or calm twilight hour
 Thy heart's sweet pulse doth move ;
 'Tis then thou weepest, and the genial shower,
 Revives the desert place.

Such is Humanity,
 When Virtue's crystal cup of Faith o'erflows ;
 At morn she pours to God the hallowed prayer ;
 And at the Evening's close
 Gives forth a living stream that scents the air
 With thoughts that cannot die.

* This plant abounds in the stony and arid parts of the island of Java, from which, were it not for this vegetable wonder, small birds and quadrupeds would be forced to migrate in quest of water. At the foot stalk of each eat is a small bag, shaped exactly like a pitcher, furnished with a lid, and having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects it with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre, which contracts in snowy weather, and when the dew falls, numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a delicious draught to the tiny animals that climb their branches, and to a great variety of winged visitors. But no sooner has the cloud passed by, and the warm sun shone forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand, and closes the goblet so firmly as to prevent evaporation, precluding a further supply till called for by the wants of another day.

† Bird of Paradise.

THE SABBATH DAY.

THE single star that brightly beams
Above the tempest driven clouds ;
The bursting light that slanting streams
Adown, whence storms the blue sky shrouds,
Are each a beauty to the sight,
A cheering glory mid the waste,
That tell of scenes above, more bright
Than mortal spirit here may taste ;
So in life's span of time the ray
Most gladdening is—the Sabbath Day.

The flower that first appears in spring,
Though little prized mid summer's glow,
When choice, high cultured beauties bring
Rich fulness, like the Iris bow ;
Yet being first, alone, apart,
Unrival'd on earth's desert breast,
Takes root within the yearning heart,
Whispering the coming season blest :
From Time's cold winter of decay
Up springs a flower—the Sabbath Day.

And shall we then less prize than stars,
Or beams of oriental light,
Those ambient, life-crystal bars
That for a brief space shuts from sight
The boundless and immortal field
Where everlasting flowers grow ;
Gems, that to Death's touch cannot yield,
Whose seed th' Eternal hand did sow ?
What star, beam, flower, or light sheds ray
So genial as—the Sabbath Day.

THE LAST OF THE BRIGANDS.

A SKETCH.

*He laughed at nature's changes ; with the deer
He'd lie i' the forest ; face the Winter's tooth ;
Or, like a Negro, mock the burning sun.*

REV. G. CROLY.

"AYE, this is freedom!" and a hundred rocks
Echo the cry of yon fierce, lawless man ;
The precipice upon whose verge he stands,
Dauntless and fearless as the wild chamois,
Joins in his iron frown. Defiance sits
Calmly, but sternly, on his sun burnt brow ;
And fierce delight smiles in his warlike eye.
No rule imperial, no set track of man
Binds that unshackled soul !—he looks on high,
And heaven by day, by night, sends forth its light ;
Its seasons fresh, its morn and evening dews,
Its Summer's cooling breath, and Winter's storms.
From nature's book he reads his destiny,
From all the ominous signs of changing skies,
He doth provide, and takes his daily course.

The palaces of nature are his home :
The mountain-top, from whence young eagles gaze,
From out their eyry on the blazing sun ;
The ravine, and the dell, where the wild cat,
And meaner beasts of prey, have made their haunts ;
And where the rushing cataract pours down
In boiling foam, spitting its mad-like froth :
The caverns that the quakes of earth have rent,
When the hot fire within her burning womb
Burst forth, and scattered devastation round ;
All, all, receive their sovereign master, man.

His wants supplied by an unerring hand,
That never pointed rifle but it slew ;
His mark a certain death, his power, his will.
He drinks from out the purling crystal brook ;
Wine, and the sumptuous viands that do steal
The finer senses of a god-like mind,
And lay the man beside the senseless brute,
He spurns as poison ;—for the full-ripe grape
Hangs from the luscious vine, and tempts his lips.
He courts no bed of down, no curtained sleep ;
The wild, the blooming heather is his rest,

And for a canopy, the dark blue sky,
 Woven with myriad stars of golden light,
 Hangs in more state above his weary brow
 Than plumes or damask o'er a monarch's head.
 The wind, that steals among his raven locks,
 Wafts health, and whispers Freedom! in his ear.
 For music, where can Art its fancies throw
 In harmony so sweet as Nature's song?
 The rippling current of the lambent stream,
 As it winds onwards amid flowers and reeds;
 The silent whispering of th' eternal space,
 When in the solitude of night, stars sing
 Their speechless, bright, and beauteous hymns to heaven.
 Or, when the thunder rises in the west,
 And walks with slow and solemn measured tread,
 Like warlike music on the battle track;
 And as it nearer comes to greet the ear,
 Bursts forth in all its flaming awful ire,
 Spouting the lightning from its heaving breast,
 Making the noise of battle's din appear
 A whisper to its wrathful crashing bolt.
 Is there not music in the swelling wave,
 That dashes headlong o'er yon craggy peak,
 Throwing the silvery shower of its spray
 Far o'er the land, asserting ocean's might?
 Does it not cry aloud,—Earth, I am free!
 Is there not music at the hour of dawn,
 When from the dark and silent gulph of night
 Day rises, heralding the glorious sun,
 When the trees live, and move, and breathe with song,
 And the lark rises from its grassy nest,
 With swelling throat pouring a strain of joy,
 Soaring upon the wing of harmony,
 Till form and song are lost alike in space?
 Doth not all nature concert to his soul,
 For freedom breathes o'er earth, o'er sea, o'er sky!

The busy city, and the hum of men,
 Who gain their pittance by the hand of toil,
 And suppliant bend to court the rich man's smile,
 Cannot entice the child of liberty!
 He looks contempt upon the merchant's store,—
 The hive of industry, the pest of drones,
 Who fatten on the sweating brow of slaves,
 And live like women, wanton in their gauds.
 O, he is free! no beck, no call of power,
 Can stay his eagle range, his falcon flight;
 No jesses bind him for a courtly sport;
 He owns no master—he himself is lord.
 Bounding with blithesome heart from rock to rock,
 He carols to the sweetness of the morn,
 As he pursues the wolf, or strikes the deer:
 The mountains are the only sentinels

That respond to his voice the watchword cry.
 The bugle, low and sweet, steals o'er the vale,
 As signal of his love ; and at its sound
 The Brigand's bride is clasped within his arms :
 No false, no fickle vows, no perjured oaths,
 No mummering of words, no subtle craft,
 Doth loosen, bind, free, and enchain again
 Her trusting heart :—His soul is free from guile,
 As from the finer arts of cultured man.

The proudest noble in all Italy
 Owned her sole daughter of an ancient house ;
 And love-created Venice' wealthiest sons
 Aspired to bend beneath her gentle yoke ;
 Such yoke as freedom binds round beauty's form ;
 Such yoke as silk-worms spin, so fine, so rare,
 Yet such a yoke, that when it once is spun
 By woman's heart, becomes a death-set bond.
 Yes, she was lovely ; and her ebon hair
 Shone second only to her soul-writ eyes :
 Yes, she was fair ; not as in northern climes
 The lily shines, but as the damask rose,
 A shade of darkness, purified by light :
 Yes, she was noble ; both by birth and soul ;
 Yes, she was rich, in title, beauty, wealth ;
 But title, wealth, and beauty, were the least
 Of all her attributes ! Her mind was pure :
 'Twas like a beam shot from the mid-day sun,
 Pure and yet strong,—light's essence—burning fire.

Such was Count Jago's daughter, Rosalind :
 'Twas at the Carnival, where Venice sends
 Her beauty forth t' astound the gaping world ;
 In the sweet hour when Adri'a wave is ploughed
 By prows of vain contending gondoliers,
 And wealth and beauty urge them to the goal ;
 On such a holiday for love and joy,
 The Brigand stood beside the water's brink,
 Listlessly gazing on what seemed to him
 Fit women sport, and gaudy foolery ;
 And with his observation thus engaged,
 He stood a statue framed in god-like cast.
 A shriek uproused him—'twas a cry of death ;
 He answered it ; and plunging from his stand,
 Dived headlong down the soft embracing wave,
 And plucked a senseless being from its depths.
 'Twas she of whom I speak. In after days
 They met, and his life's story he divulged ;
 She heard, believed, and trusted—gave her heart ;
 For she, like him, was not of common mould :
 She was his other self, his soul's shadow,
 He was alone, and she loved loneliness,
 With him for solitude. She left her home,
 Her father's heart, and all her quiet peace,

Her noble kindred, and her wealthy state ;
Became his bride, and blest her destiny.

And yet he lives an outcast from the world,
A willing exile from the haunts of men :
See, see, how proud the forest outlaw stands,
With folded arms, and eyes upturned to heaven ;
With pouch and dagger, and with carbine slung
Athwart his martial form, he dares the world.—
A single feather placed within his cap,
Crowns him as masterless : That feather dropt
From off an eagle's wing, while in the moult ;
He caught it as a prize, a valued prize,
And set it there, to deck his state withal :
No hand dare grasp it, for he swears it fell
From Freedom's height ; and slaves should ne'er profane
The shrine of Liberty with their base touch.

Yes, there he stands, the leader and the last
Of a free band,—his Rosalind his joy :
And in the ecstasy of this same bliss,
He shouteth, as he pointeth to the skies,
“O heaven ! O earth ! bear witness, I am free !
“Aye, this is Freedom !”

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

(THOUGHTS ON FIRST SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL VALE OF LLANGOLLEN,
JULY 30, 1844.)

“A little lower than the angels” Man,
With fine perception, half divine, marked out
This glorious spot of his Creator’s power.
To fashion for a home, where hearts might dwell,
Ever remembering, grandeur, power, love,
And all the attributes of Him who formed,
From chaos, this bright sphere for mortal life.
The distant traveller on this vale looks down,
And as his eyes drink in the magic view,
His heart swells up to heaven in praise of God.

Had no created Paradise been formed,
When man first trod upon his native dust,
Such bliss terrestrial had he fashioned forth
To gild the morning Eden of his joy.
Some wand’ring angel, half out-shut from heaven,
His truant steps ne’er backward to recall,
Might, as his glory passed, have stained thy breast
With rainbow beauty, waiting with his wings
Colors chalcedony, which, bursting forth,
Made thee—the flower garden of the world.

THOUGHTS.

Now what are thoughts but waking dreams,
 That o'er the wizard Fancy streams ;
 And drives us with enchanted spell,
 O'er earth, o'er sea, o'er heaven, o'er hell :
 Makes more than beautiful the bright,
 Horror, more hideous to the sight ;
 A glass, through which the mind doth see
 Worlds that do mock reality :
 A hidden mine in every breast,
 Where precious, and base ore doth rest.

WOMAN.

MAN'S conqueror, and yet his very slave ;
 The lighthouse to his tempest-driven bark :
 Of all his sorrows her heart is the grave ;—
 And, like the dove, returned to Noah's ark,
 He to her bosom flies. For her he'll brave
 Life, honor ; and become of scorn the mark ;
 And yet he'll sink her, deep beneath the wave
 Of base neglect—and leave her spirit dark.

DESPAIR.

THE tempest of the soul when Hope has fled ;
 A widow, wailing o'er a husband dead ;
 Grief's madness ; Horror's chill, and Frenzy's howl ;
 The suicide's last act, a poisoned bowl ;
 The laugh of fiends ; hell's echo ; sin's remorse ;
 A murderer's repentance o'er a corse ;
 A shipwrecked mariner cast on the wave ;
 The child of misery ; of Hope the grave.

ENVY.

ENVY, foul sister to distorted Hate,
 The sole cause of an angel's fallen state ;
 The curse of earth ; of man the direst foe ;
 That maketh pleasure's path a scene of woe ;
 Pouring out gall upon the heart's best peace ;
 An inward fire, that but with life can cease.
 Sin is her mother, and her home a hell,
 Where Furies in their worst of shapes do dwell.

H O P E .

WHEN earth's great globe by fire is destroyed,
Hope will not sink adown the mighty void,
But from its ashes, like a Phoenix, rise,
And, rushing heavenward, throne her in the skies.
Man's last support and stay, soothing death's sting,
Wafting his weary spirit with her wing ;
A light of glory to the Christian given ;
A draught of bliss ; a sweet foretaste of heaven.

R E V E N G E .

A HORRID Vampire, craving human blood,
That wades undaunted through the crimson flood :
Relentless as the tiger in his lair ;
That needs not Mercy, smiles upon Despair :—
A scorpion in the heart ; a cankered sore,
That poisons every feeling to the core ;
Bursts each fond link of nature, scorns control,
Slays not the body only, but the soul.

P R I D E .

A TAWDRY picture in a golden frame ;
Base metal, with the honored coinage name ;
The rich man's purse ; the poor man's liberty ;
The faded cloak that covers poverty ;
Deformity's support ; a peacock's tail
Spread to the sun : a coward cased in mail ;
A splendid monument above a grave,
Beneath which, worms their daily banquet crave.

L O V E .

LOVE is a woman's life, a man's brief day,
And by him, like a child's toy, thrown away ;
True love is like a miser's hoarded store,
'Twill part with nothing, but increase it more :
Adversity but strengthens, and no force
Can turn him from his pre-determined course :
You might as well attempt the earth to move,
As reason with—infatuated love.

F A I T H .

A BRIGHT-EYED cherub ; and a devotee,
Too oft deceived by frail inconstancy :
A woman's trust, that's wove around her heart
With meek-eyed love, forming the better part
Of her life's dreaming ; dying but with death :
An angel's spirit ; an immortal wreath :
True as the rising of the glorious sun ;
True as his setting—when his course is run.

JEALOUSY.

AN iron that doth eat itself with rust ;
 Or Reason reeling drunk, with glassy eye ;
 Child of Suspicion ; brother to Mistrust ;
 Love's madness ; Hate's loud laugh, and Passion's sigh :
 The heart's worst sickness, fatal e'en as death ;
 Black Vengeance, and the faintness of Despair ;
 A fury, with clench'd hands, and sulphur breath :
 A babbling Idiot—strikes unseen—beware !

S O U L .

THE brightest jewel in the crown of life ;
 The great Creator's shadow thrown o'er man :
 In childhood's hour its beauty full and rife,
 Then manhood comes ; corruption's touch, the ban
 Of mortal things, stains its sweet purity :
 A never dying essence ; though it falls,
 'Twill answer to a dread futurity,
 And rise again, when the last trumpet calls.

HYPOCRISY.

A SLEEK-FACED villain with a smiling leer ;
 A legacy that draws a heartfelt tear ;
 A sighing lover to a rich old maid,
 Who hopes thereby to get his debts all paid :
 A puritan in word, though not in deed,
 Who mocks his God to get his daily bread :
 A friend who'd give his purse when you don't want it,
 But when you do—is sorry he can't grant it.

CONSCIENCE.

A MANDATE strong as death, 'twill be obeyed ;
 A worm that in the heart's true centre's laid ;
 That gnaws relentless, gives unceasing pain,
 Defies removal, makes all struggling vain :
 Offspring of guilt ; God's whisper, and the shout
 Of angels dealing retribution out ;
 Gold cannot buy release from her chain ;
 Repentance says, " Go man, nor sin again ! "

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

E'en as the silent tomb, when cover'd o'er
 By the smooth spotless snow, one sunny morn,
 A Child lay,—with its little lips comprest,
 And tiny hands shut in each others clasp,
 Quiet as sculptured marble ;—Not a sign
 Of life, save in the look—where Innocence
 Seem'd slumbering, and Health at ruddy play.
 By the sweet babe there knelt, in bloom of youth,
 A damsel, whose young years of womanhood,
 And anxious searching glance, proclaimed that she
 Was gazing on her first-born. The slow tears,
 Big with affection, trickled down her cheek,
 E'en as the water-drops before the storm
 Bellows its thunder ; for within her soul
 Grief's tempest swelled in gloomy agony :
 With a deep sigh she spoke :—

“ Where art thou gone—oh where ?
 Come, smile, thou art not dead ;—wake from thy sleep ;
 I'll part thy golden hair,
 And kiss thy forehead fair :
 From out the fountain of my soul I weep.

“ Ope thy full eyes and smile
 Love from their depths of blue, and bless me sweet ;—
 But for a little while,
 My sorrow to beguile,
 Come with a kiss my longing heart to greet.

“ No, no—thou art not dead ;
 This quiet beauty cannot know decay,
 Yes, pillow here thy head ;
 Make my warm breast thy bed ;—
 How cold thou art my sweet one—cold as clay.

“ Now do I know thou art
 Not what thou wert ;—thy silver voice is fled ;
 Thy lips will never part
 Again to cheer my heart ;
 Would I were not—oh, horror—thou art Dead !”

LAST WORDS.

WHEN the receding shore
Of dearest home dims on the anxious sight ;
The bravest hearts deplore
The partings of the soul—the farewell blight ;
Still hope will peace restore,
As midnight mourners yearn for morning's light.

The garden flow'rets die,
Leaves fade—the rippling rivulets are still ;
Darkness o'erpreads the sky ;
E'en birds have ceased their sweet melodious trill ;
Yet Spring will beautify,
And they return ; for such is Nature's will.

These will again renew ;
The birds their songs, the trees their leaves, the flowers
Bloom in their rainbow hue ;
And silver streams, fed by the Summer showers,
Sing to the heaven's calm blue ;
But these are not of us,—they are not ours.

Ours are the dearest ties :
Once fled, what voice the lost one can recall ?
In climes beyond the skies
The spirit soars too purified to fall :
Memory alone can rise
Upon the wings of love ;—yes, that is all.

The last, the tristful scene,
When friends are gathered round the silent bed ;
When she, alone serene,
Smiles—while their tears in agony are shed ;
Shall we not comfort glean,
To know eternal bliss awaits the dead ?

The kind familiar face
Yet misses we from our own domestic hearth ;
We mourn the vacant space,
And all the sunshine of past joyous mirth :
No more can we replace
Her our hearts loved—above all things of earth.

The faint last words we hear
From the fond lips of the departing one,
Whisper "She is not here,"
Assure us that for ever she is gone ;
Still will we hold them dear,
When semblance fades, they're left to dwell upon.

WAIL NOT THE DEAD.

I.

Wail not the dead,
Oh wherefore should we weep ?
The spirit fled,
Hath woken from mortal sleep :
Lives in the death
Of the clay garb we wear :
Flies with the breath,
Eternity lays bare.

II.

Then why regret
That earthly toil is past ;
Shall we forget,
The life must ebb at last ?
What tho' few years,
Or many crown the doom ;
Sorrow and tears,
Are vain shed o'er the tomb.

III.

Wail not the dead,
There is a home more blest,
Where aching head,
And weary heart hath rest :
Not in the grave
Lies all we lov'd so well ;
The voice we crave
A seraph choir doth swell.

IV.

Then why regret,
The beautiful, the bright,
The eye of jet,
The flash of passion's light ?
Or shrivell'd cheek,
That palsied age has given ;
Shall they not seek
A changeless home in heaven ?

V.

Wail not the dead,
Rejoice the pang is o'er ;
The narrow bed,
Is but earth's furthest shore ;
Beyond is joy,
Pure and unsullied bliss,
Death they destroy ;
Wail not the dead—for this !

TO MY DAUGHTERS.

FAITH.

Thou art a child of love :
 Earth-loved, and heaven, for thou art innocent ;
 Thy spirit hath not strove
 With the world's cruel guiles :—thy heart, unrent
 By passion, throbs with joy,
 Child of my soul, I pray, years may not this destroy.

Faith is thy cherub-name ;
 May'st thou have Faith to follow virtue's path ;
 The world, and all its shame,
 Will then pass heedless by ; and what thou hath
 Hallowed within thy breast,
 Shall bring thee comfort, darling, though by all opprest.

Lift up thy soft blue eyes ;
 Gaze heavenward ; there, my own, my beautiful,
 For love beyond the skies ;
 When mortal shall forsake ;—One, bountiful
 In grace, and purest love,
 Called such as you, His own, He watches from above.

Life is a dreary day,
 Howe'er the April sun of transient joy
 May cast its luring ray :—
 Tears, sighs, and groans are mingled to alloy
 Our brief and chequered scene ;
 We start at what we are, and grieve for what has been.

Kneel, clasp thy tiny hands,
 And raise thy little heart to God, in praise ;
 His life-light, which expands
 O'er all His works, will guide thee in truth's ways ;
 Then, should Time's chilly breath
 Whiten, with age, thy golden locks ; thou'l welcome Death.

FRANCES MARY.

THE eyes that look from out my heart,
 Discover in thy form and face,
 Such faultless beauty, that I deem
 'Tis not an earthly thing I trace,
 But that some Spirit, in the shape
 Of human childhood, from the sky,
 Looks down upon this sphere of earth,
 Half sorrowing that its flowers should die.

And then I feel 'tis but a dream,
 And that with Nature's growth, thy form
 Will shrink beneath the touch of age,
 Until it mingles with the worm ;
 That like the gems that deck the earth,
 Thy loveliness must fade away,
 Yet not like them, a second spring
 Shall light thee to eternal day.

A D A.

AND thou the last, but lov'd not least,
 Whose face an intellectual feast,
 Spreads forth its stores of purest thought,
 With innocence thy mind inwrought :
 Thine azure eyes so pensive shine,
 As though thou had'st no earthly shrine
 For thy young joys to dwell upon ;
 Another glance that look is gone,
 And every feature brightly tells
 A human heart within thee dwells :
 A human heart so free from guile,
 That every look and every smile,
 Gives token that the stain of Sin
 Has not yet touch'd that heart within :
 Oh that for ever thou could'st be
 ADA—a little child to me.

WHEREFORE SHOULD'ST THOU REMEMBER ME.

I.

A BLASTED tree, a wither'd flower,
 A fruitless vine, a ruined tower,
 Claim not the affections of the heart,
 In these the world can take no part :
 The young, the old, such scenes will flee,
 Wherefore should'st thou remember me ?

II.

Outcast, forlorn, the sport of fate,
 Set up to mark the desolate ;
 No kindred ties to bind my life
 To aught but most poignant strife ;
 A wanderer wrecked on passion's sea,
 Wherefore should'st thou remember me ?

III.

No, let me go, and think no more
 I breathe upon life's hollow shore ;
 Forget me—seek some other face,
 Where you the light of joy may trace ;
 Believe me dead—laugh still with glee,
 Wherefore should'st thou remember me ?

IV.

I care not now for friend or foe,
A faction's smile I must forego;
Unloved by those whom mst I love,
Strangled within the mesh they've wove;
I fearless brave my destiny;—
Wherefore should'st thou remember me?

V.

Adieu for ever, fare thee well,
My dream is o'er, burst is the spell;
Call me not cold, my soul is sad,
My brain is fir'd, my heart is mad;
Tho' memory sometimes sighs f'r thee,
Wherefore should'st thou remember me?

STANZAS.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

I.

STAR of the soul, how I do love to gaze
Upon thy glorious face: thy silv'ry light
Flows in one stream of peace, there is no daze
Of fierce contention glittering on the sight;
But one soft look, more piercing than the blaze
Of noon's strong glory, in its powerful might:
Thy beam is hallowed to me, I explore
The wonders of thy Maker and ad're.

II.

The worldlings heed thee not, thou 'rt too retired,
To strike upon the feelings of the throng:
By me thy simple beauty is admired;
Around my heart thy spell is bound so strong,
I could opine the host of heaven quired;
Hailing thee Queen, and greeting thee with song;—
Thou 'rt like the beauteous smile, that lights the eye,
Of mortal innocence in infancy.

III.

How oft have I held converse with my soul,
When night has veiled the burning weary day;
When thousands seek the jest, the song, the bowl,
To some lone streamlet have I bent my way;
Deep fraught with meditation;—mark'd the scroll
Of an Almighty hand: thy speaking ray,
Whisper'd how good, how wonderful is He
Who formed those worlds, who is—Eternity.

IV.

And I have gazed upon thee when my heart
Was far from Him who thronged thee in the sky ;
Mine eyes dwelt on thee, but thou hadst no part
In my existence, save to raise a sigh ;
A sigh, for what ? for one of earth, a start,
Convulsive sobs that would but could not die :
A pang of madness, Love, deception's power,
That drowns the future in the present hour.

V.

But time has changed me, and I view thee now,
As one recovered from lethargic sleep ;
A cool and genial health steals o'er my brow,
'Tis not earth's sorrows that can bid me weep ;
'Tis not the warm prest hand, and warmer vow
That now can o'er my soul their temptings sweep ;—
For the immortal mind, wings on its flight,
To regions of eternal joy and light.

VI.

Is there an Atheist ?—can such being be ?
Is there a mind so lost as to deny
The presence of a glorious Deity ;
To say chance formed, that no Almighty eye
Governs, directs, the vast immensity
Of worlds, that roll their courses through the sky ?
Bright Star, to thee his daring mind should soar,
Behold, repent, weep, tremble, and adore.

AUTUMNAL TREES.

I.

BEAUTIFUL trees,
Clad in your Autumn dying robes, ye look
More lovely far
Than waning star ;
Or aught that's marked for death in Nature's book :—
Beautiful trees.

II.

Those rainbow hues,
Bathed in the shade and sunlight of the day,
Bid thoughts arise
Of Paradise,
Th' eternal life : Ah, why should Time decay
Those rainbow hues ?

III.

What is like ye,
When ye're most lovely, perishing, unseen ?
In emerald—gold
Your leaves unfold,
And yet ye wither 'mid your glory's gleam :—
What is like ye ?

IV.

Th' endearing form
Of maiden innocence in youthful eye ;—
Th' unearthly bright
Of her eyes' light,
Flashing in beauty :—still doth death inweave
Th' endearing form.

V.

The subdued smile ;
The rose-blush basking on her snowy cheek ;
The calm-drawn breath
Speaks not of death,
No writhing pain, no struggle, all is meek :
The subdued smile.

VI.

Yes, there is death,
Lurking beneath th' enchanting form of health ;
E'en as the leaf,
Her life is brief ;—
The Autumn Death his victim takes by stealth :
Yes, there is Death !

VII.

Beautiful trees,
Clad in your Autumn dying robes, ye look
More lovely, far,
Than waning star ;
Or aught that's marked for death in Nature's book :—
Beautiful trees !

HEAVEN IS LIFE.

I.

YOUTH dances along with Hope and Joy,
Halcyon days !
Visions of bliss, sweet, free from alloy,
Love's brightest rays :—
Manhood, stern thought, and a gloomy brow,
Toil, strife, and care ;
Where the calm smile of sweet childhood now ?
Hearts echo,—where ?

II.

The moon-beam kisseth the pearly brook,
The silver stream
Windeþ through many a shady nook,
E'en as a dream :—
Brightly the water rippleth on,
Life is the stream,
Darkness her pall spreads,—the light is gone,
Death is the dream.

III.

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,"
Body to earth ;
From whence ariseth the bad and just
To second birth :
When they come forth from the silent tomb,
Judgment to hear,
Millions, awaiting their final doom,
Tremble—and fear.

IV.

Now in the time of the flesh prepare,
Mortal, thy soul ;
Yearn for that bourne where sorrow and care,
Have no control :—
Clothe up the heart in holier things,
Earth is but strife ;
To God's bright throne,—spirit, spread thy wings,
Heaven is life !

THE VOICE OF NIGHT.

I.

WHEN is the Voice of Night,
Heard soothing, sweetest, holiest to the heart ?
Is 't where the Banquet bright,
Its fleeting joys of revelry impart ?
Or when the Syren, Song,
From beauty's lip breathes rapture to the soul ;
When the gay-hearted throng,
In giddy maze drink deep from pleasure's bowl ?
Not 'midst the Banquet bright,
Or song from beauty's lip,
Nor in the nectar's sip,
Is heard the Voice of Night.

II.

Would'st thou the Voice of Night,
Should speak to thee all hallowed as a prayer ;—
Woo the sweet calm star-light,
Thine eyes towards heaven, read thou God's power there ;
Heart overflowing with love,

Mute adoration, wonder, thankfulness,
There in the sphere above
A voice the Spirit hears will sooth and bless :
When the Stars shed their light,
And the heart breathes with prayer,
To view God's Glory there,
List for the Voice of Night.

III.

Seek for the Voice of Night
In silent communings within the heart ;
When soul tears dim the sight,
When mortal with his Maker takes a part ;
When stars unnumbered shine,
When fear and wonder leave the heart for love ;
Love of that Power divine
Who died for Man, who sits enthroned above ;
Stretch forth thy mortal sight,
Seek through the vault of heaven ;
With adoration riven,
Thou'lt hear—the Voice of Night !

E Y E S .

FROM their sunny portals glancing,
Passions deep, and soul entrancing,
Shoot their arrowy beams
'Midst purest crystal streams ;
Or like fairy landscapes shining
Through the golden sun's declining ;
As twilight's placid hour
Sheds its bewitching power :
Every grosser feeling calming,
Every sense of joy embalming :
These are the magic eyes
Youth claims—his richest prize.
From their deep and dim recesses,
Through thin silky-silver tresses,
Looks melting in repose
Their stainless thoughts disclose ;
Telling of fond hopes alluring
Ere heart-sighs were past enduring ;
Each feeling now subdued,
To contemplative mood ;
And, passionless, yet purified,
Like precious ore by furnace tried :
These are the magic eyes
Age scans with—hallowed prize.

THE DEAD BETROTHED.

AYE, a dreadful thing is death,
To the living, not the dead ;
When we know the joyous breath
From its tenement has fled :
When we feel the laughing voice,
And the lovely beaming eye,
Will no more our hearts rejoice,
Nor affection beautify.

In the dark and stilly room,
Stretched on the solemn bed ;
Oh how painful is the gloom
That surrounds the lov'd one—dead :
When the eyes are stiffly closed,
And the clay-cold lips com prest,
Where both light and hope reposed,
E'en where ours have been prest.

Yes, an awful thing is death,
When the mourners come to weep ;
And sweet flowers in a wreath,
Are strewn round the sleeper's sleep :—
When the passing bell doth toll,
And out-going feet are heard ;
How it strikes upon the soul,
Say we,—shall not death be feared ?

Ah, the fresh, the new-made grave,
Is a darksome, dreary place ;
Where the callous worm doth crave,
That, our arms did once embrace :
'Tis a harrowing sound to hear
The grave dirt patterning down,
Upon the form most dear ;
Our beautiful, our own.

Yet a blessed boon is death,
(Would that we could think it so),
When the faithful Christian's breath
Shall its native heaven know ;
When the pains of mortal life,
Will have passed away to bliss,
And the soul with joy be rife,
We must not despair, for this.

The good hand that sowed the seed,
 Shall most surely pluck the flower ;
 Nor may earth complain for need,
 That but nurs'd it for the hour :
 Planted by th' Almighty hand,
 She budded, blossomed, died ;
 Let us bow to His command
 Who has claimed her for His bride.

CHURCH BELLS.

*Soul-stirring sounds !—how like the speech of man ;
 Sometimes they tell of joy, but sorrow most.*

HARK !—hark ! how merry the joy bells ring,
 They tell of the infant christening ;
 The heir of some noble ancestry
 Is borne along in a panoply ;
 The sponsors attend in gorgeous pride,
 See ! see ! how gaily along they ride.
 The pastor waits with his book awhile,
 They proudly walk up the matted aisle ;
 The font is prepared, the sign is given,
 Which links the babe to the church and heaven.
 'Tis over now, the carriages wait ;
 They return in pride of pomp and state ;
 Along they roll, and the gay steeds bound.
 As though they spurned at the earthy ground ;
 Their trappings the lordly wealth unfold,
 Gleaming so bright in purple and gold,
 And the curious gaping crowd divide
 Like the parting of the silvery tide,
 When the gondolier doth force his way
 To the goal upon a gala day.—
 Now nought remains of the scene to tell,
 But the merry sounding Christening Bell.
 They come ! they come ! and again they ring,
 The peal that ushered the christening ;
 But the company are far more gay,
 For this denoteth a bridal day,
 And who is this ? whose carriages these,
 In their gorgeous glowing liveries ;
 With the prancing steeds as white as snow,
 Tossing their heads as their manes do flow,
 Like to a streaky silvery cloud,
 As they dash along amid the crowd ?
 'Tis the bridegroom and his lovely bride,
 With their noble kindred by their side ;
 'Tis he who some few years agone,
 To the christening was borne along.—

They descend—the sound doth stronger rise,
As though 'twould be heard beyond the skies ;
And the sun-beam creeps along the aisle,
With his golden ray, and his golden smile,
And the priest doth bless, the ring is given ;
The act of earth is approved by heaven ;
So gaily and fondly they ride away,
As the bells ring out the Nuptial Day.

List to yon solemn, deep sounding knell,
'Tis the dismal tolling funeral bell ;
That speaks to the heart with awful tongue,
As we wander the graves and tombs among ;
Few only are scattered here and there,
For the sound is come familiar ;
Those few look anxiously back to see,
The approach of the solemn pageantry ;—
It comes like a storm that's gathering
To burst o'er the smiling day of spring ;
Blackly it frowns, like a culprit's doom,
And strikes the soul with a sickly swoon ;
As the sleek jet steeds so slowly tread,
Bearing along the departed dead ;
And the weighty plumes wave to and fro,
Like the silent agony of woe.
Now who to his last lone home is gone,
Not surely he who was nobly born,
Whose christening was such theme for joy,
And whose nuptial day knew no alloy ?—
Alas ! 'tis for him they toll the knell,
'Tis for him they ring the Funeral Bell.

Oh what is the fragile life of man ?
A twilight beam, and a measured span,
A bubble that floateth down the stream,
A ray of hope, and a youthful dream ;
A shadow that walketh in the sun,
That darkens, flickers, and then has done ;
A figure that's traced upon the sand,
Where the ocean beateth on the strand ;
The track of a ship upon the sea,
The smallest speck of eternity.—
And yet how proudly he looks on high,
As though in his strength he could not die ;
What care he taketh of outward dust,
And beauty and wealth doth forward thrust,
As though the worm would not prey upon,
The eye of fire, and the lip of scorn.
Beauty and riches alike are vain,
For none can avoid the mortal pain ;
It falls alike on the bad and just,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust ;
And all our want of worldly worth,
Is a sigh, a tear, a spot of earth.

THE DEAD WAR HORSE.

I.

THE strife was all over, and day-light had fled,
As affrighted to look o'er the dying and dead ;
The moon formed her crescent, so peacefully bright,
And smil'd calm on the scene, of the soul-stirring night.

II.

Ah, dread was the wail of the widowed, and lone
As most faintly the dying ones breath'd their last groan ;
The Noble, the Peasant, the Lord of the soil,
Side by side lay all stark in the Conqueror's foil.

III.

The Horseman with falchion and shield lay down cold ;
In one dank sweat of death, lay both youthful and old ;
The blood of the Sire with the pride of his name,
Strongly flowed with the torrent that deluged the plain.

IV.

And there lay the War Steed, the fire of his neigh,
Had expired 'neath the blast of the battle affray ;
With nostrils expanded, hoofs dug in the turf,
And his foam mixed with blood, spread cold over the earth.

V.

Ab, who that had mark'd that war horse in the morn,
With his rider's lip turn'd on the foe with fell scorn ;
Had pictur'd this scene, closed in silence and dread,
Their hearts' nerves unstrung, and their vigour all fled ?

VI.

His eye cold and glazed, like the moon in her wane,
And his rider's life's blood clotted deep on his mane ;
With saddle girths rent, and a wound in his side,
Whence issued the stream of his life's gushing tide.

VII.

No more shall the trumpet uprise his proud fire,
No more will he champ the bright bit with desire,
His foot will no more proudly paw on the ground,
Nor his ears gaily prick when the Charge ! forth doth sound.

VIII.

The flag-staff is broken, the banner now lies,
O'er the face of his rider, upturn'd to the skies ;
If foemen displace it, they'll read on that brow,
The dark sneer of defiance, 'neath victory's glow.

IX.

Sleep, warrior, sleep on, the shrill trumpet in vain
 Soundeth loudly to call thy brave heart from the plain ;
 Thou'l never man rouse !—this deep sleep is thy last,
 Till the trumpet of Life, waketh Death on the blast !

X.

Oh ! War Horse, brave War Horse, so strong in thy might,
 Thou wilt ne'er again charge 'gainst the foe in the fight ;
 For nobly thou'st died, with the noble and brave ;
 And the field of thy fame—is the turf of thy grave.

STANZAS

ON SEEING A DAISY IN FULL BLOOM ON A GRAVE IN JANUARY.

NURSED by the blast, and cradled on the storm,
 Alone thou bloomest 'midst the silent graves ;
 Nor courteth thou the Summer's bosom warm,
 No sun-shine of the heart thy beauty craves,
 For sadness is thy home, where sorrow waves
 Her widow tresses, where the orphan sighs
 Moan requiems ; as the scalding tear-drop laves
 The young grass turf, which upon new graves rise,
 Thy root within the earth, thy face turn'd to the skies.

Emblem of friendship—yes, how true that friend,
 That giveth not where all is bright and fair,
 But to adversity will presence lend,
 To the forsaken one, where sallow Care
 Wrapt in the embrace of idiot Despair,
 Sits like a mouldering monument of stone :
 Man may a lesson from thee take, compare
 Thy singleness of faith to his, and own,
 Hearts are like Summer flowers, but few are Winter blown.

Emblem of Love thou'rt constant to the dead,
 How few so constant to the dead as you ;
 How few will seek a solitude, and spread
 Their hearts' wings round corruption, and be true
 To the departed forms they lov'd, ah, who
 But has, in time, forgotten dearest ties ?
 Yet some there are whom death cannot subdue,
 Who mourn in silence, but with Prophet eyes,
 Rejoice in Hope, and span a goal beyond the skies.

No higher tribute would I crave from earth,
 Than for my grave a simple Daisy flower ;
 Let Beauty's rose deck revelry and mirth,
 Give me the gem that is not for the hour,
 That, as the sunshine, can withstand the shower ;
 Thou art the Star of Beauty I would crave,
 Around my heart thou hast a magic power ;
 Forsook by man, thou art not passion's slave,
 Gay pleasure claims thee not—thou sweet'ner of the grave.

No monumental stone would I, to mark
 The mound wherein my mortal part should rest,
 No carved sarcophagus, the magic spark,
 Th' immortal soul, shall seek a nobler zest,
 More than man's fragile art has e'er express'd :
 Thou flower of Nature, thou alone would I
 Should stand up clad in Nature's humble vest,
 God planted thee; and who can beautify,
 Man's last repose so well, as Him who formed the sky ?

Nursed by the blast, and cradled on the storm,
 Alone thou bloomest 'midst the silent graves ;
 Nor courteth thou the Summer's bosom warm,
 No sunshine of the heart thy beauty craves,
 For sadness is thy home ; where sorrow waves
 Her widow tresses, where the orphan's sighs
 Moan requiems ; as the scalding tear-drop laves
 The young grass turf, which upon new graves rise,
 Thy root within the earth, thy face turn'd to the skies.

W I S D O M .

"But where shall wisdom be found?"—Job xxviii., 12.

" Not on the hills of Earth, the fertile vales,
 The Ocean's depths, or gentle streamlets flow ;
 Nor 'midst th' ambrosial summer breathing gales ;
 The roaring avalanche, or Andes' snow :
 Not in the halls of State ; or pomp of Kings,
 The jewell'd coronals ; or heaps of gold,
 Pearls priceless, rubies, all earth's brightest things,
 Sapphires, the precious onyx, and gems untold ;
 Not in the beauty of the fairest flowers,
 That stud the crown of nature in their prime ;
 Nor in the battle field or beauty's bowers :
 The warrior's theme, and poet's fleeting rhyme.
 Wisdom is not of these !"

" Not in the expanse of Heaven, where the stars shine
 Unnumber'd to the thought of mortal mind ;
 Nor where we trace a hand and power divine :
 The sun nor moon, the black tempestuous wind,
 The fitful lightnings, nor the hissing howl
 Of hurricanes blowing blasts of death ;
 Or the red smile upon the Earthquake's scowl,
 Portending evil with sulphureous breath :
 The calm soft bright-eyed night, when heaven's throne
 Stands forth uncurtained to the enraptured gaze
 Of man immortal.—In that magic zone ?
 No, nor where'er our searching eyes we raise.
 Wisdom is not of these !"

"Where? What is wisdom? 'Tis to Fear the Lord,
 To humble down the proud and daring heart,
 To feel, not scan alone, his His holy word;
 Cast off the world, and take the Christian's part;
 Believe, repent, pray earnestly for grace,
 Sincerely ask, forgive, and do no wrong:
 Child, this it is to sit in wisdom's place,
 The sinners hate, the theme of angel's song:
 Since all must die and meet the loathsome grave,
 Pride, riches, power, have nothing to impart:
 Equality in dust! Then my child, crave
 A broken spirit and a contrite heart;
 Child—Wisdom is of these!"

TRE WEDDING RING.

LITTLE, simple, valued thing,
 Made for lady's finger fair,
 How much sorrow thou dost bring,
 When for lucre you ensnare?
 In each maiden's ear I'll sing,
 O! beware the wedding ring!
 Symbol of Eternity,
 Death alone should part thy tie:
 Awful is that word to me;
 From thy tempting let me fly;—
 For some spirit on the wing,
 Says, beware the wedding ring;
 Many hearts your round doth bind,
 That were bound by Love before;
 Many hands by you are twined,
 That your twining will deplore;
 And from them I warning bring,
 To beware the wedding ring.
 Yet if heart and hand unite,
 And if soul to soul is given,
 Then the solemn nuptial rite
 Is a sweet foretaste of heaven:
 Then persuasively I'll sing,
 Maidens—take the wedding ring.

CANZONET.

WHEN thou art far away,
 Over the billow;
 Fond thoughts will to thee stray
 From night's hush'd pillow;
 Prayers that shall heavenward swell—
 Fare-thee-well!—Fare-thee-well!

O'er the blue waters gaze,
 At sunset hour;
 Let thy affection's rays
 Gather fresh power:
 Those are that love thee well;
 Fare-thee-well!—Fare-thee-well!
 Think of thy native shore,
 Friends all true-hearted,
 Then shall thy heart yearn more
 Than when we parted:
 Music hath left the shell;
 Fare-thee-well!—Fare-thee-well!

THE EMBLEM.

I.

I'VE often played in Childhood's hour
 Beneath a young Tree's blossom flower;
 'Twas April sunshine without shower;
 Aye, round, and round, the stripling tree,
 Have danced to many a joyous glee:
 But now the blossom's gone, the tree,
 Has grown to its maturity.

II.

And many hours in Manhood's prime,
 I've stood 'neath the paternal vine;
 Yes, then my summer's sun did shine;
 My Mother's and my Father's pride,
 They had no tie on earth beside;
 Those eyes, that look'd such love on me,
 Are gone like blossoms from the tree.

III.

Again I gazed! the blasted tree,
 An Emblem stood of Life and me;
 Of Age, earth's surest destiny:
 Ere few years fly the tree will fall,
 To dust return, the fate of all;
 The kindred ties of those I crave,
 Spring, blossom, fruit, are in the grave.

IV.

Thus Childhood is the blossom'd tree,
 Manhood its fruit's maturity;
 Old Age, the grave of destiny;
 For Life, is death, the blossom, fruit,
 Old Age the trunk, the Grave the root;
 Time takes his axe of canker'd rust,
 Strikes the fell blow! and all is dust.

THE BRIDE.

*"Hast thou ne'er
Seen a transplanted flower, see how it droops,
And fades, and dies? your southern gardens ill
Suit the wild heath-bell. She hath never known
Sorrow till now. Now, lady, she hath lost
Her home, her father."*—Miss M. R. Mitford.

I.

SEE where she stands in beautiful array,
Youth smiling on her ;
E'en as the rising of a summer's day,
Sad though she joyeth :
Simplicity is strewn o'er form and dress,
Love looks upon her,
Her deoting heart through tear-drops he doth bless,
Her soul he buoyeth :
Is't not her bridal morn, her life's sweet day,
Her dawn of pleasure ?
Then why should sorrow o'er that soft brow play,
Marring her blessing ?
When the fond soul has met, no more to part
From its own treasure ;
What then pours bitterness upon the heart,
While love's caressing ?
Oh, 'tis the shadow of the days, gone by,
That mocks her joying,
That dims the lustre of that speaking eye,
Her hopes alloying.

II.

Bliss perfected is gone, 'tis lost when won ;
'Tis like a flower,
Which when it blooms fades soon beneath the sun ;
Aye soon it dieth :
We look with painful joy upon the past,
The future hour
Is with a cloudy darkling overcast ;
The heart it trieth.
E'en so is she whilst perfected in bliss,
Which Love so painteth,
That she would fain believe no joy but this
The world containeth,
As she looks on the bridegroom of her choice ;
But her soul fainteth,
To think of home, the kind parental voice,
She ne'er complaineth ;

For joy unspeakable will melt away
 Those pearls of sorrow,
 And smiles betoken that a brighter day
 Will gild her morrow.

III.

How steadfastly in faith she walketh forth,
 On him relying,
 Who is to be the guardian of her worth,
 Through pain, through pleasure;
 On him she trusteth with her first of love,
 Nature outvieing;
 Who can express the feelings that so move
 Joy's tuneful measure?
 None but those beings who have truly felt
 Its magic power;
 For strongest minds Love's influence will melt
 With its sweet breathing.
 Aye, many is the stubborn breast I ween,
 Hath had to cower,
 Abashed beneath the light of beauty's beam,
 When 'tis inwreathing.
 Now she breathes freely, for the morning breeze
 With kisses preseth
 Her sweet lips with its music from the trees,
 Sighing its blesseth.

IV.

The humble village church they enter now,
 To crave the blessing;
 How beautiful she looks—her timid brow
 Trembles with gladness,
 As with her hand she gives her tender heart;
 Her eyes professing
 More than her tongue can speak, as their lids part
 And shine through sadness:
 The diadem of Love—a plain gold ring,
 Decks her fair finger;
 Aye, more than India's wealth that simple thing
 By her is rated:
 She whispers, Husband; and he answers, Wife;
 Those accents linger,
 Like rays of Hope to cheer the storm of life,
 Now they are mated.
 How beautiful they look! in Faith, in Love,
 Hope to them given;
 Oh, when their life is spent, may they above,
 Find peace in heaven!

THE POWER OF GOLD.

Who has not felt the accursed power of Gold,
 Who has not worship'd at the glittering shrine ;
 Bowed down the heart's best feelings, reckless sold
 Love, honor, friendship. Drunk as though with wine,
 Clinging to filthy lucre, like a vine
 That clasps its tendrils round a worthless thing,
 Claiming submission, e'en as though divine
 Its attributes—Whilst Flattery couch'd will bring
 Its lisping subtle praise, and smiling dart its sting.

Have we not known its power ? have seen its use
 Prolific with destruction, known the heart
 Throw off the precious bonds death should not loose,
 Wantonly seek vile dross ; and cast apart
 Sworn plighted vows, endure the cruel smart
 Of the soul's loneliness. For sordid gain
 Bind Youth to Age, bring Marriage to a Mart ;
 Traffic in flesh, the sacrifice unslain,
 Cling to a living death, a never dying pain.

And Woman—how can she forsake her soul,
 Leave it to pine and wither, 'neath the blast,
 Of bitter retrospection ? Days may roll
 In gorgeous splendour, but the heart will cast
 Its broken hopes upon Night's couch at last :
 Sighs deep and burning from a tortured breast,
 Hopeless repentance, thoughts of days gone past,
 Thoughts that will rob tired Nature of her rest,
 A bed of down made thorns—unloving—and unblest.

For Man—he climbs Ambition's giddy height,
 And like an eagle breasting towards the Sun ;
 Wings on his daring and unholy flight,
 Ne'er gains the goal, the flight is never won ;
 He follows but a shadow thick and dun ;
 And finds the prize he might once have possest
 Irrevocably gone. Earth holds not one,
 Upon whose warm and sympathizing breast
 His weary head can lie, his weary soul find rest.

Oh, Woman ! thou whose very attribute,
 Is Love, the Love of Soul, more Heaven than Earth ;
 Whose patience in affliction some impute
 To thy sex weakness, but I know its birth
 Is stronger than man's nature, of more worth ;
 More lasting in the hour of adverse fate :
 Why should'st thou seek, a lone—a joyless hearth ?
 Can Gold—accursed Gold thy spirit sate ?
 Ah, no ! once bought and sold, the heart is desolate.

Insatiate tempter—blood for thee is shed,
The Murderer prowls at midnight for his prey ;
And perjured Lovers at thy altar wed ;
Armies are set in Battle's stern array ;
Some die, some wounded groan, blaspheme and pray ;
Man lives on Man, to slavery some are sold,
The greatest Hero he who most can slay ;
Deeds done on Earth, which Hell dare not unfold,
Souls lost to Heaven—for what ? The accursed power of Gold !

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

I.

As a breath upon the Ocean,
Or summer's sigh ;
A sweet thing of light and motion,
Yet born to die :
Aye, love, little art thou dreaming,
The bitter cup,
That so temptingly is beaming,
In grief thou'lt sup.

II.

Who would deem that there is planted,
A deathless mind,
That within thy breast enchanted,
A soul lies shrined ;
Who would deem that toil and trouble,
Could mar that brow ;
That life bursteth like a bubble ;
To see thee now ?

III.

Oh ! I would not break thy slumber,
So sweet, so calm,
Nor with earth's, those moments number,
Life's sweetest balm :
Then, oh ! sleep, sleep on my sweetest,
Thy hours are brief ;
For the after-years thou meetest
Are strewn with grief.

IV.

But how wonderful the power
To thee given ;
An immortal glorious dower,
Points to heaven ;
Darling, may thy gentle spirit,
Err, love, never ;
Then, my babe, thou wilt inherit,
Joy for ever.

THE MOON MIRROR.

I.

WHEN I look on the face of the moon, love, I find
 'Tis a mirror reflecting thy form to my mind ;
 And I tremble and faint, though my heart does rejoice,
 As its beatings re-echo the sound of thy voice :
 And whene'er a cloud, for a moment o'er veils
 Her pale, beautiful face, then my heart, dearest, fails ;
 For I think of the shadows of life, and I feel
 A mist creep o'er mine eyes, and a tear from them steal.

II.

And the fairer her face, and the milder her light,
 The more deep is thine image imprest on my sight,
 Till no object is seen but thy form, and no sound
 Save the words thou hast spoken breaks silence around :
 The Nightingale sings in the wood far away,
 As the silver light rains o'er each flowret and spray,
 But I list not his liquid notes trilling on high,
 Till I wake to the world, and lose thee with a sigh.

III.

Yes, the moon is a mirror, in which we can see
 The past, present, and future, in sadness or glee ;
 The lost years that are gone arise fresh to the mind,
 And the changes of Time truly mirrored we find ;
 What pure bliss have we felt, when long parted and lone,
 Her soft light like the smile of an Angel has shone ;
 A sweet smile that reflects back the thoughts we most prize,
 And conveys in its light the fond glance of thine eyes.

HEARTS AND EYES.

OUR hearts are not so blinded as our eyes ;
 The eye looks round on nature's glorious works,
 Scans the unnumbered worlds that deck the heaven ;
 Believes, yet doubts, doubts, and believes again :
 But the dark breast by holy conscience struck,
 Emits a spark that bathes the soul in light,
 The glorious light of an Eternal Truth :
 The eye, not heart, is blind !

A FRAGMENT.

I HAD a Vision, but it was not sleep ;
 It was not Day, for light no lustre shed ;
 Nor was it Night, for Darkness was not dim ;
 But Light and Darkness, cast their awful shades,
 Uniting and United :—Earth was void,
 A blank in Life, inanimate and lone.
 The Sea lay dumb, congeal'd and putrified,
 The air was stagnant on the climeless space,
 Nature lay stark, the once bright stars were dim,
 Rayless and powerless in the canopy
 Of heaven's great firmament.—No heat, no cold,
 Warmth had no comfort, chill had lost its pain,
 'Twas Earth's last day, 'twas Time's last measured breath :
 No life, no motion, rocks had crumbled down
 To rotten ashes; mountains, rent in twain,
 Lay scatter'd like the pebbles on a beach :
 Mark there was none, to point where once had been
 The site of Cities, Monuments, and States,
 All, all was chaos, e'en as when first roll'd
 The formless mass before Creation's birth.

I had a Vision, and the scene was changed ;
 Blackness came o'er the Universe, and all
 Seem'd set in one impenetrable mass
 Of blindness, where no search of sight could scan ;
 But darker still the Phantom of my dream
 Darker than darkness, making darkness light ;
 It lay all motionless, but yet it gave
 Motion to all around.—Rivers rush'd forth
 And rolled their cooling courses o'er the earth ;
 The sea leapt to the sky, and toss'd its waves,
 With awful majesty, as life gush'd in,
 To purify and give its spirit bounds.
 Rare fruits grew ripening to the genial sun ;
 Flowers sent their sweets upon the balmy air :
 Graves gave their dust, inanimate, to life,
 Earth was one life ! The wrecks of ages rose,
 Blooming and fresh'ning, and the foundered barks,
 That storms had sank within the Ocean's womb,
 Sailed gaily 'fore the wind :—nothing was sad
 But Sorrow and she lay alone, apart,
 Wrapt in the cold and gloomy shroud of Death.
 What was the Phantom ? Time had ceased to be,
 Death was no more.

SILENCE AND NIGHT.

SILENCE and night,
 Watching your younger Sister, placid Sleep,
 How beautiful are ye ! When thoughts too deep,
 Yet all too bright
 For utterance, bind the heart up like a spell,
 The wrapt soul yearns amidst your starry hosts to dwell.

Night's Canopy,
 Spread by the Almighty Hand ; wrought with rich Stars,
 More glorious than the Sun, whose lustre mars
 The raident sky,
 Or clouds its beauty with excess of light ;
 I gaze on thee enraptured, with His power and might.

Up spirit ! soar ;
 Imagination spread thy rainbow wings ;
 Heart, weaned from transitory mortal things,
 Joy and adore :
 Body to Earth, thy native element,
 Spirit cast off the flesh, join the Omnipotent.

Silence and Sleep ;
 The peaceful slumber ; sweet beatic dreams
 That flow around the heart like sun-lit streams,
 Pure, calm, yet deep :
 Meet time for adoration, time for rest,
 Time to commune with God, the blessed with the blest.

Night is the time,
 When conscience preys upon the sinful breast,
 Forsook by Sleep the victim rolls unrest,
 Trembling with crime ;
 Darker than rayless midnight is that gloom,
 Which strikes upon the soul a cheerless, hopeless doom.

Time hallowed,
 To commune in the spirit with the past,
 With those earth loved, and cherished to the last,
 The peaceful dead :
 Silence sweet comforter of woe ; with thee
 There is a Joy in Grief : in Man, a Deity.

I love the Night,
 The silver stars studding the azure sky,
 The vast expanse of heaven, through which the eye
 Scans with delight,
 Tho' not unmixed with awe, th' Eternal hand :
 Will man His love despise ? Can man His wrath withstand ?

Silence and Night,
 Watching your younger Sister, placid Sleep,
 How beautiful are ye! When thoughts too deep,
 Yet all too bright,
 For utterance, bind the heart up like a spell,
 The wrapt soul yearns amidst your starry hosts to dwell.

THE LEAF AND THE STEM.

A CHILD played with a summer leaf,
 Green was the leaf and bright;
 Ne'er had he known a pang of grief,
 His merry heart thrill'd light.
 An old man gazed on a withered stem,
 The leaf's life all was gone;
 'Twas Autumn's ghastly diadem—
 A tear-drop fell thereon.
 Spring passed away—the child grew old,
 His pleasant scenes had fled;
 The winter's breath had left him cold,
 Now sleeps he with the dead.
 The old man can no more be found,
 A heap of dust is there;
 Concealed beneath a grassy mound,
 Where is life's light—say where?
 Ah! where art thou, my merry boy,
 And thou, my sombre man,
 Childhood's shrill laugh of love and joy?
 Say, Wisdom, if you can!
 Where is the emerald leaf of Spring?
 Shrivell'd on Autumn's breast,
 Death's Mother.—'Tis a fearful thing,
 That Youth on Age must rest.

WHAT IS POESIE?

I.

AMID the hedge-rows, see the swelling buds
 Gemming the Hawthorn;—and the Snowdrops lone;
 Moon-dyed Primroses;—golden daisy studs;
 Pale Crocuses—Anemone's star-zone;
 The sun-dipt Cowslip;—Love's eyes, Violets, thrown
 By the fair hand of the young smiling Spring
 Upon the verdant bank, their emerald throne;
 The purple Hyacinth;—and silver wing
 Of the bright starry Woodruff,—with May's blossoming.

II.

Forget-me-Not,—or Maiden's trust:—The cells
 Of Honeysuckles breathing luscious sighs;
 The Elfin Eye-Bright;—purple Fox-glove bells,
 And Heart's-Ease tinctured with the Rainbow's dyes:
 The Regal Iris whose rich colour vies
 With the pure Summer heaven. Sweet Jessamine;
 Bright orange Lilies; flaunting Peonies;
 The pearl Narcissus,—fragrant Eghantine,
 Bronz'd Wall-Flowers—and the purple dove-neck'd Columbine.

III.

And golden lacer'd Buttercups;—wild Rose;
 Pale fragrant Clove Pinks;—modest Pheasant's Eye;
 The Lilies of the Valley—in repose;
 Bright checkered Pansies; sweet White Strawberry;
 And Pimpernels that in the corn-fields lie;
 Snap-Dragon's crimson lips, and throat of gold;
 Fair Bindweed streak'd o'er with a pinky dye;
 Down cover'd Ox-Lips, petals manifold,
 Breathe sweeter Poesie,—than human lips e'er told.

IV.

Pomona's stores are beautiful,—behold,
 The full ripe Grape grows pendant from the vine;
 Peaches, and Apricots, rich bloom unfold;
 Currants, like drops of pearl and ruby, shine;
 The golden Apples round the bough entwine,
 And juicy Plums hang tempting on the tree;
 Rare flavoured Pears, and luscious Nectarine;
 Orange, Pine, Citron, odorous Strawberry:—
 In fruits and flowers are found, sweet themes for Poesie.

V.

Hie to the Woods!—look how the Giant Oak
Spreads his huge arms to wrestle with the wind;
For centuries he dare's the lightning's stroke,
To yield his life at last to some rude hind:
Willows with branches to the earth inclined;
The heaven-kissing Lime with verdure heaves,
The stubborn Ash, and Elm, with Vine entwined;
And quivering Aspens, with their emerald leaves,
A beauteous robe of glory for Earth's bosom weaves.

VI.

The silver-coated Beech, and mournful Yew;
The tall grey Poplars waving to the sky;
And old dark Firs that never change their hue;
The fertile Birch, and clouded Maple's eye;—
And noble spreading Chesnuts tower on high;
Brown Hazel—ornamental Sycamore:
Watch Autumn in her dress chaledony,
The Woods with richest colours braided o'er,
Each leaf is Poesie—the Muses' golden lore.

VII.

The gentle flowing River, on whose face,
As in a mirror beautiful and bright,
The sedgy banks, and trees the eye can trace;
Each little ford sparkling with silv'ry light;
The reflex of the Swallows' skimming flight,
Dipping their wings upon the lucid stream;
The whimpling Brook, where plashing trout delight;
The broad fair Lake, or Fall where waters teem,
All lull the heart with Poesie,—as in a dream.

VIII.

Listen by moonlight to the Nightingale,
As he pours forth his loud, clear, luscious notes;
Singing his solitary love-lorn tale:
At early morn the Lark to heaven floats,
And Thrush and Blackbird tuneful swell their throats,
Trilling rich harmony:—the Woodlands ring,
With myriad music,—which delight denotes;—
How joyfully each chorister doth sing;
Each note is Poesie,—sweet Nature's offering.

IX.

From Earth to Heaven!—Behold the rising Sun
Gilding the mountain tops with amber fire;
At Eve, when weary Day his course has run,
See him adown the Western hills retire,
Mid rainbow glories—till his rays expire:
The Silver Moon sails in the purple sky;
Millions of Stars, that wonderment inspire,
Jewel the firmament's vast canopy;
Heaven's book of mysteries—is fraught with Poesie.

X.

From Heaven again to Earth!—The mind of Man
 Beams with intelligence whate'er his sphere ;
 Genius is not Wealth's heir ;—the Artisan
 In penury and misery—may rear
 A monument of Fame without compeer :
 God's gifts to Ancestry are not allied,
 The brightest jewels from dark mines appear,
 From dross, by Art, the metal 's purified,
 Mind is Man's richest ore,—by fiery furnace tried.

XI.

Homer, a beggar, won a deathless name ;
 The humble Virgil's Epics ne'er shall die ;
 Ovid, Love's votary, allied with fame ;
 Shakspere is crowned with immortality ;
 The ploughman Burns from Scotia's mountains free,
 Sang to each heart, and breathed inspiring strains ;
 Wordsworth with Nature joined his minstrelsy ;
 Thomson, and Bloomfield, tuned to rural swans,
 Painting the changing Seasons, and the fertile plains.

XII.

Cowper, Gay, Ramsay, and harmonious Pope,
 Crabbe, Hogg, and Young ; poor Hood, the gentle, kind ;
 Moore, Erin's harp, and Campbell, Bard of Hope ;
 Shelley of brilliant—and gigantic mind ;
 Milton, the great Magician, old and blind :
 Many whose names the world will aye revere,
 In whose bright pages priceless gems we find,
 Whose lays melodious charm both heart and ear,
 Owe all to Poesie—sweet Nature's mighty Seer.

XIII.

Earth, Heaven, Nature,—everything is fraught
 With sweetest mysteries for human lore ;
 Each flower, tree, herb, and star has with it brought
 Some bright imaginings the Mind to store,
 Immortal, e'en when time shall be no more :
 Music and Beauty, on the ear and eye
 Their balmy influences ever pour ;—
 From first Creation to Eternity,
 Was,—is,—and shall be alway,—gentle Poesie.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

I.

THE snows of many wint'ry years
 Have fallen, and melted from my sight ;
 Sunshine and storm, joy's smiles, grief's tears ;
 Summer's fair bloom, and autumn's blight :
 Sweet words, from lips belov'd, I've heard,
 Fond smiles that won my youthful heart ;
 Yet lips, nor smiles, have ever stirred
 Such feelings as thou didst impart :
 No sound can e'er my soul rejoice,
 Like thine,—my tender—Mother's voice.

II.

Death's wing has o'er thee closed,—thou 'rt gone,
 And other ties have claimed my love ;
 But oft-times when I muse alone,
 My spirit to the past will move :
 I see thee as in boyhood's days,
 Thy gentle look,—thy soothing care ;
 I hear thy well-remembered lays,
 Thy blessing on my infant prayer :
 The past comes o'er me—I rejoice
 Again to hear—my Mother's voice.

III.

Thy words of kindness, and thy smile,
 Are present with me as of yore,
 Ere I had tasted worldly guile ;
 Would that I could those days restore :
 Thou wert my friend,—sincere wert thou,
 My life thy hope, thy love my joy,
 Unruffled was my careless brow,
 My heart was pure,—without alloy :
 No human lips can e'er rejoice
 Like thine,—mine own,—my Mother's voice.

IV.

Around me gentle voices call,
 From lips that breathe of earnest truth ;
 Looks of affection on me fall,
 From eyes that lit my manhood's youth ;
 Children are gathered round my side,
 With joys, domestic, I am blest ;
 All that can form a parent's pride
 Are to my yearning bosom prest :
 Yet nothing can my heart rejoice
 Like thee—first loved,—my Mother's voice.

V.

Life's many changes, hopes, and fears,
Have left their signets on my brow,
I look back to the bye-gone years
For smiles that never cheer me now :
Still while I live, while reason reigns,
And mind can picture blessings past ;
Whilst any pulse of life remains,
My soul shall love thee to the last :
In death my spirit will rejoice
Again to hear—my Mother's voice !

A WORD FOR THE SLAVE.

I.

SHAME, shame to thee, England, though land of the brave ;
And shame to thee, Gaul, with thine Eagles of fame ;
To slumber in peace whilst the world holds a slave,
Is a blot on your scutcheons, a stain on your name :
For Conquest you've fought,—and for Glory have bled,
For honour, and lucre, War's Clarion has pealed ;
And thousands on thousands of brave hearts have shed
Their life's precious blood on the carnage-stained field :
Ye boast of religion, your learning, and laws,
That Freedom is right,—and Oppression a ban ;
Of Civilization—and yet dare to paune,
Nor strike for God's right ; for His likeness in Man.

II.

Your Commerce may flourish, your names be renowned
The blessings of plenty around ye be poured ;
Your fleets and your armies by Vict'ry be crowned,
Your mandates obeyed—by the force of the sword ;
But riches, nor power, nor glory are pure,
So long as dishonour can tarnish their worth :
'Tis well for the Victor his fame to endure,
The Freeman,—to boast of his tread on the earth :
Oh, hark ! to the piercing and desolate cry
From o'er the Atlantic—feel peace if you can ;
The wail of the Slave up to heaven shall fly,
Strike, strike for God's right ; for His likeness in Man.

III.

Think, think on the millions who ceaselessly toil,
Whose living flesh quivers beneath the rude lash ;
Whose blood in the fever of torture doth boil,
Whose teeth, in their agony, fearfully gnash :
Of feelings outraged, and of Nature debased,
No duty implanted of Virtue and Truth ;
All hope of the future for ever effaced,
No high aspirations to lustre their youth :

Degraded and spurned, crouching objects of scorn,
 Life's energies sapp'd, and reduced to a span ;
 Behold them heart-broken, unpitied, and lorn,
 Oh strike for God's right ; for His likeness in Man.

IV.

The sweet bonds of kindred are heartlessly rent,
 The child from its parent is far away sold ;
 Men, women, like cattle to market are sent,
 And human flesh bartered for dollars, or gold :
 The bleat of the Ewe for her yearling will cause
 Some feeling of pity—sensation of pain ;
 When beasts are o'ertasked—see Humanity pause,
 Yet suffer a Brother to pine in his chain :
 For mercy ye pray,—yet no mercy ye give,
 'Tis time in your hearts that repentance began ;
 Oh, let not dishonour your glories outlive,
 But strike for God's right ; for His likeness in Man.

V.

O think of the tortures, the groans, and the blood,
 The sacrifice daily of life at the shrine
 That Mammon erects to supply ye with food,
 Man's blood, human flesh—formed from image divine :
 Oh think ye that Prayer to the great living God,
 Is heard 'mid the moans of the wretches that die ?
 When blood of a brother cries warm from the sod,
 That blood is recorded by Angels on high ;
 Ye share of the spoil,—ye partake in the wrong,
 The flame of Oppression ye guiltily fan ;
 Ye sanction the chain, and the life-cutting thong :
 Arise, strike the bonds from God's likeness in Man.

VI.

No more let the Banner of War be unfurled,
 For Conquest or Vengeance, base lucre, or pride ;
 Let Peace throw her Olive-wreath over the world,
 And Justice, with Mercy, the Nations all guide :
 But ere the Sword 's sheathed, ere sweet Peace ye proclaim,
 Brave England and France your vast prowess unite
 To blot from the earth the dark signet of shame,
 And let your shrill War-note be, Freedom and Right !
 Found a law Universal—that colour nor creed,
 To Liberty ne'er shall again be a ban ;
 Humanity's voice will applaud the great deed,
 Quick, strike for God's right ; for His likeness in Man !

GREY HAIRS.

I.

OLD ruins are valued, so should be old friends,
 And all time-honoured objects, but human, we love ;
 The rainbow with storm and with darkness still blends,
 Yet the aged will seldom our sympathies move ;
 Grey hairs pass unheeded, we never reflect,
 That the cares of a life have been bravely endured,
 We treat with contumely and icy neglect.
 Those who've outlived the past and life's bounty secured.

II.

The mild eyes of beauty, and locks glossy bright,
 Will attract, and we pause, doing homage thereto ;
 We dream not that sunset will banish the light,
 And that beauty itself must succumb to time too :
 The head that is whitened by age should be blest,
 Every lip should, with reverence, breathe forth a prayer ;
 Whom God hath long spared should by Man be carress'd ;
 For grey hairs are more sacred than youth's forehead fair.

III.

Grey hairs are the snows that kind Heaven lets fall
 On the few, to admonish the many in time ;
 They speak with loud voice if we list to the call,
 Man should heed it, tho' strong he may feel in his prime :
 The aged are Patriarchs pointing the way
 To the young early Pilgrims on life's thorny wild ;
 The guides that should keep us from walking astray ;
 Then revere them in silence, with heart like a child.

IN MEMORIAM.*

I.

MOURN not, nor weep,—his course is run,
 The battle's fought, the battle's won ;
 The Conqueror like the setting sun
 Now lies on glory's bed :
 Above his silver'd head
 Fame holds a bright undying wreath,
 That ne'er can know the touch of death,
 Though silent is the mortal breath :
 Death was not made for him,
 The past shall ne'er be dim.

* On Wellington's Death.

The warrior's name is raised on high,
The brightest page in history;
Imperishable;—ne'er to die:
 The grave can never hide
 A country's love,—and pride.

II.

Mourn not;—nor weep, he did not yield
His life upon the blood-stained field;
His heart was England's mirror'd shield:
 Duty his guiding star,
 In peace,—or fearful war:
The world shall be his monument,
His epitaph—a life well spent,
Nations the mourners, who lament
 The ag'd hero's fall:
 His day of burial
Death's mighty triumph;—there to see
The flower of England's chivalry
Prostrate before him bend the knee:
 An universal sigh
 Ascends to heaven on high.

III.

Mourn not, nor weep;—the clashing steel,
The tramp of many a martial heel,
No more upon his ear shall steal:
 The ear is silent now,
 Relax'd the iron brow:
No more the loud artillery,
Shall roar its dreadful revelry
Beneath his searching eagle eye:
 Those eyes are closed in sleep,
 The field no more to sweep:
No more the tongue, command shall speak.
When carnage all around did reek,
Calm was the lip,—unmoved the cheek,
 Till shouts of victory,
 Made the stern bosom sigh.

IV.

Mourn not, nor weep;—though life be past,
Steadfast he stood from first to last;
Fame's wreath undying o'er him cast:
 The Potentates of earth
 Paid tribute to his worth;
His bosom glittered with the blaze
Of regal gifts to mark their praise,
He lived 'mid glory's brightest daze:
 Yet humble was his mien,
 In green old age serene;

In duty's path he ever trod,
Obedience waited on his nod ;
He walked—the shadow of a God !
 The latest breath he drew,
 To England's cause was true.

V.

Mourn not, nor weep ;—he might have died
A wreck upon life's fearful tide,
Like Malborough ;—Dotage for a guide :
 The sturdy forest oak,
 Fell'd by the lightning's stroke,
Yields but to nature's noblest blow ;
The God-made mind was ne'er laid low,
Or Grief had filled her cup of woe :
 From Walmer's castled height,
 His spirit winged its flight,
No pang of pain ;—his last repose
Was like a Summer evening's close ;
He'll slumber till the clarion blows
 To wake the h-ly dead
 With bliss, eterne, to wed.

VI.

Mourn not, nor weep ;—remember well
The day when 'fore him Assaye fell ;—
Let grateful Lusitania tell
 Vimiera's bloody fray
 Beneath the victor's sway :
The whole Peninsula shall ring
With praises to the subject king,
Who in his train did conquest bring :
 Spain, bow thy haughty head,
 Do homage to the dead :
Barossa,—Cuidad Rodrigo,
Sebastian,—Badajos, laid low,
Vittoria fell beneath his blow ;
 The despot he o'erthrew,
 At deathless Waterloo !

THE DYING CHILD.

I.

BEAUTIFUL, the Autumn leaves
Glitter all around ;
One by one they gently fall,
Crumpled on the ground :
Rivulets their races run,
Singing on their way ;
Morning crisps the velvet grass
With his frosty ray ;

In the deep wood, mournfully
 Coos the gentle dove,
 Like a spirit, lorn, and lone,
 From its early love.

II.

'Neath a humble cottage roof,
 Lay a little Child ;
 O'er her pale but beauteous face,
 Guardian Angels smiled ;
 Looks serene spoke from her eyes,
 As her golden hair
 Played in silken, spiral curls,
 On her forehead fair :
 With her tiny fingers yoked
 O'er her silent breast,
 She reposed,—a spirit pure
 Waiting for its rest.

III.

By that Child a woman knelt,
 Breathlessly attent :
 Heart-weak she, with sorrowing sighs,
 Hope's light nearly spent ;
 Moved her lips with inward prayer,
 Hands in anguish wrung,
 Watching with despairing glance,
 No speech on her tongue :
 Fading flowers faintly breathed
 From the window sill ;
 Save the whisper of the wind,
 All around was still.

IV.

With a smile upon her lips,
 Human, half divine ;
 Upraised was a little hand,
 'Twas the well-known sign :
 Then the Mother's tender voice,
 Though her eyes were dim,
 Told how gentle Jesus called
 Children unto Him :
 Calmly closed the maiden's eyes
 As the Word was read,
 When the Mother paused,—she saw
 That her Child was,—dead !

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I.

THE Child, when first it walks alone,
Is pleased with every new device ;
A coin of gold—a simple stone,
Alike its fingers will entice :
The sunbeams dancing on the floor,
The shadow moving on the wall ;
On smallest things it sets a store,
And with a grasp will seize them all :
Though clad in rags—neglected,—bare,
That child builds—castles in the air.

II.

The Man, whate'er his station be,
Is prone to think he knoweth best :
There's nothing like equality,
And why should he be downward prest ?
If rich, some new wish will intrude,
If poor, he riches ought to have ;
Of want, or worldly plenitude,
He ever is the constant slave :
None are contented with their share ;
And will build,—castles in the air.

III.

These visions seldom with them bring
Much grief to prey upon the heart :
But when the Poet plumes his wing,
And soars beyond the world's wide mart ;
When, yearning for the bays of fame,
He kills, with thought, the pregnant mind,
Too late, alas ! he finds the flame,
Quenched by neglect,—no ray behind :
Then is he driven to despair :
Then fade,—his—castles in the air !

LOOK BACK TO CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.

I.

Look back to childhood's happy days,
 Ambition, Fame, cry "onward go!"
 How sweet are youth's remembered lays,
 New music does not move us so :
 The future may be pictured bright,
 The past we know had joyous hours ;
 No present object yields delight,
 Like bygone times,—'mid childhood's flowers.

II.

Look back to childhood's happy days,
 When round the hearth the dear ones met ;
 Think of kind words ; the loving rays
 Beaming from eyes we ne'er forget :
 The mother's look of anxious thought,
 A father's smile of pride and joy,
 When every hour with bliss was fraught,
 The heart was pure without alloy.

III.

Look back to childhood's happy days,
 Old scenes will vividly appear ;
 The past from memory ne'er decays,
 And distance makes it doubly dear :
 The faces we have loved are gone,
 Silent their lips,—their hearts are cold,
 The breast our childhood slept upon,
 No more its yearnings can unfold.

IV.

Look back to childhood's happy days,
 "Twill purify the worldly heart ;
 For every pulse that in it plays,
 Some fond remembrance will impart :
 The brightest honours we may gain,
 The highest meed of earthly praise ;
 Are evanescent, weak, and vain ;
 Look back to childhood's happy days.

THE HAPPY SEASON.

I.

SUNNY days are coming ;
 Hark, the cuckoo's note
 From afar doth float,
 Cuckoo, cuckoo !
 Soft as distant flute,
 Or a love-strung lute,
 As the bees are humming,
 O'er the gillyflowers,
 Bright with bronze and gold,
 Which around them fold ;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo !
 In each flowret's breast
 Honey-suckers rest,
 Riffing the fragrant bowers.

II.

Crystal streams are singing ;
 Cheering sunbeams play
 'Mid the silver spray,
 Cuckoo, cuckoo !
 Blossoms, white and pink,
 Balmy dew-drops drink ;
 Sweets around are springing :
 Morning light comes beaming ;
 Soothing breathes the air,
 Lulling every care—
 Cuckoo, cuckoo !
 Bright birds twitter round,
 On the emerald ground ;
 Nature's happy dreaming.

III.

Green, the young wheat moving,
 O'er the broad rich lands
 Nature's wealth expands—
 Cuckoo, cuckoo !
 And the genial shower
 Cools each herb and flower ;
 Heaven tears are so loving,
 When on earth they're falling :
 Fresh'ning all to life,
 From the winter's strife—
 Cuckoo, cuckoo !
 Happy season this,
 Fraught with quick'ning bliss,
 Youthful days recalling.

DON'T CARE.

I.

REFLECT, and speak not in such haste,
 Much for thought may require your aid ;
 Light words are in very bad taste,
 "I don't care" seems to say—"I'm afraid."
 Afraid that the truth should be known,
 Some wrong you have done, and would chide ;
 'Tis more manly an error to own,
 Than pettishly seek it to hide.

II.

Suppose you are right, why "don't care?"
 We should feel e'en for those who are wrong ;
 All human of faults have a share,
 For perfection to none doth belong :
 Think kindly, speak kindly to all,
 This will speedily anger remove ;
 In life the small portion of gall
 Is made sweet—by the honey of love.

III.

"Don't care!"—when you've perhaps given pain,
 To those hearts who have lov'd you for years ;
 The loss of a friend is no gain,
 When 'tis purchased with sorrow and tears :
 A wound in the flesh may not slay,
 Though it fester,—leave poison behind,
 But harsh words a pang may convey
 That may torture for ever the mind.

IV.

Away with "don't care!"—You should say
 "'Tis a pity"—I'm sorry"—I'm grieved ;"
 All strife you should try to allay,
 Then self-conquest we shall have achieved :
 Remember a fault you would find
 If a child said "don't care" in a pet ;
 By example make others more kind ;
 The heart should forgive—and forget.

FLOWERS ON A GRAVE.

I.

How dark, how cold, how lone beneath,
 How placid, calm, is all above;
 We never seem to see grim death,
 When flowers bloom o'er the breast we love;
 We almost think those flowers give peace,
 That in the Summer time their sweets
 Scent where the living senses cease,
 And the indweller joyous greets.

II.

We think that death is merely sleep,
 Sleep, only in the Wintry hours;
 The dead in Summer wake and keep
 A living watch beneath the flowers:
 That when the Summer's gone, they close
 Again their eyes, in peaceful rest;
 And thus throughout all time repose,
 In the bright mansions of the blest.

III.

The thought is pleasing, let it last,
 'Twill banish gloom and grief away;
 With the bright present blend the past,
 The spirit never turns to clay:
 Then culture well the sweet wild flowers,
 Muse with a hallowed joy,—nor weep,
 Think in the lonely, silent hours,
 The lost to earth,—do only sleep.

SONNET.

TO EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

SCHOLAR and Poet thou, with fancies bright,
 Which memories of the Ancient past inspire:
 To pour o'er olden lore thy fond delight,
 Lore of the world's wild changes, a desire
 To drink from classic founts, whose waters flow
 Pure as the heavenly minds that gave them birth;—
 Thoughts that within thy heart and brain did glow,
 And made thee spurn the common things of earth:
 Sweet poesy the lov'd bride of thy soul,
 Her voice the measured music of thy heart,
 Crown'd thy young dreamings; but Fame's dazzling goal,
 Led thee, inconstant, from the Muse to part;
 And eloquence then touch'd thy lips of light
 With honey from mount Hybla's richest, sunniest, height.

WHAT THOUGH AGE O'ERTAKE THEE.

I.

WHAT though age o'ertake thee,
 Beauty leave thy brow;
 Could I e'er forsake thee,
 Love thee less than now?
 Once the flower is planted,
 Though its leaves decay;
 Yet the root, enchanted,
 Clings unto the clay.

II.

What though age o'ertake thee,
 Though thy hair grow white;
 Weary years, love, shake thee,
 And thine eyes loose light?
 Still thy heart remaineth,
 Faithful in its truth;
 Still thy voice retaineth
 Sounds of early youth.

III.

What though age o'ertake thee,
 Summer days will fly;
 Yet the Sun shall wake thee,
 From the Winter's sky;
 As the Sun then shineth,
 On the leafless tree,
 So my spirit twineth,
 Ever, love, round thee.

IV.

What though age o'ertake thee,
 Beauty leave thy brow;
 Could I e'er forsake thee,
 Love thee less than now?
 Once the flower is planted,
 Though its leaves decay;
 Yet the root, enchanted,
 Clings unto the clay.

THE PENITENTIARY.

I.

STATELY buildings, for the sick,
 Spacious Unions, for the poor;
 Palace, for the Lunatic,
 Prisons, for the evil doer;
 But for women, frail, yet wronged,
 Shelter for the head there's none;
 Mark—for all the evil-tongued,
 Is the outcast friendless one.

II.

Mothers, fathers, brothers, dear,
 Think of daughters, sisters, lost;
 Think ye, how the Tempter near,
 O'er their path of Virtue crossed.
 See them in their early youth,
 Simple, guileless, void of sin;
 Smiles of innocence and truth
 Beaming from their hearts within.

III.

Who has on them set the ban,
 Torn the blush from off the cheek?
 Who, but he, the Judas, man,
 Vile seducer of the weak;
 Should not he who crushed the flower,
 Grieve to see its beauty low;
 Should not he repent the hour,
 Strive to heal the heartless blow?

IV.

Man, to thee appeal we make,
 Woman, we to thee appeal;
 Give your aid for Mercy's sake,
 Let not hate your bosoms steel:
 Find a shelter, find a rest,
 Give her comfort, good inspire,
 Take her to Compassion's breast;
 Pluck the brand from out the fire.

V.

Think of Him who meekly bore
 All our sins, whose life was love;
 Him who said, "Go, sin no more,"
 Christ, the Saviour, from above:
 How He, with His spirit pure,
 Pardon gave to her who fell:
 Shall not we the fall'n endure,
 Shall not love our bosoms swell?

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

I.

ANGELS of goodness, present though unseen,
 Watch with soft yearnings o'er the sacred spot
 Where Home is formed.—They gaze with eyes serene
 On the indwellers of the lonely cot ;
 Whilst love domestic cheers the humble lot,
 And their calm spirits breathe of kindred peace :
 Sunshine of happiness without a blot
 To shade, or mar, its beauty ; life shall cease
 Ere Household Words, from human hearts shall find release.

II.

Words are not tones alone to fill the ear ;
 Looks of affection speak with eloquence,
 And whisper to the soul in accents clear
 Of fond reliance.—With joy intense
 The pure heart thrills, whilst every grosser sense
 Flees from the mortal, and th' ecstatic mind
 Dwells on the scene with holy reverence :
 Nature's sweet impulses will ever find
 In Household Words a charm, for all of human kind.

III.

Warriors are great on glory's battle field ;
 Honour is gained by human sacrifice ;
 Statesmen the tongue of eloquence may wield ;
 Wealth hides from censure the foul brow of vice ;
 Painters and Poets have their artifice ;
 Deceit has ruled the World in every age,
 Each for himself has framed a smooth device ;
 The man who starts on peaceful Pilgrimage,
 With Household Words to teach, that man is Nature's sage.

IV.

Knowledge is pow'r, the knowledge that shall tend
 To spread abroad peace and good-will to man ;
 What knowledge can such love as this transcend,
 Since first we entered on our mortal span ?
 Fame, with her wings, Ambition's hope's may fan ;
 Science may spread her glittering lures around,
 With eyes of light the universe may scan ;
 Yet what in science is there to be found,
 So pure as Household Words, when heart to heart is bound ?

V.

Let such go forth amid the busy world,
 To purify the passions of our race;
 High let the spotless banner be unfurl'd,
 Upturn'd to it, with Faith, be every face:
 Let man meet man, with brotherly embrace;
 Call back the early feelings of the heart;
 Let strife no more humanity debase;
 In life's contentions take a nobler part;
 Make Household Words a guide, a compass, and a chart.

WE ALL MAY DO GOOD IF WE TRY.

I.

We all may do good if we try,
 If we do all we can, we do well;
 One sunbeam enlivens the sky;
 Who in all things is known to excel?
 Small seeds in the earth bring forth flowers,
 Tiny drops, in the sea, form the wave,
 The minutes pass on to the hours,
 Let us freely give that which we have.

II.

The mite of the Widow was blest;
 For the many the one may relieve;
 A small space of time affords rest;
 Little kindness great good may achieve:
 Huge mountains consist but of grains;
 Unseen stars add a lustre to Night;
 Each herb something useful contains:
 If we do what we can, we do right.

III.

The poorest have something to give,
 'Tis not gold that can soothe the crush'd heart;
 Kind words will in memory live,
 Yield more joy e'en than wealth can impart:
 When Mary anointed the Lord,
 He pronounced the lov'd work to be good;
 And comforted her with His word,
 Saying thus—"She hath done what she could."

THE GOOD SPIRIT.

AN Angel stood upon the highest point
 Of Earth's poor pigmy mountains, and looked down
 On the broad scene beneath his presence pure,
 Into the vast profound : where lands and seas,
 In light, and darkness, slumbering, and in life,
 Were spread before him. On his face divine
 A radiant smile—such as is only seen
 In Heaven's eternal palaces of bliss—
 Lit up his eyes, and to his heart there gushed
 Feelings of kindred love for the New World ;
 A pendant-drop in the great concave dome
 That formed his limitless and blest abode.
 His spirit felt that on the sea and earth
 There was a portion of Divinity,
 The essence of all Time, the Godhead's power :
 That they who dwelt below, each thing of life,
 Inherited the glorious gift of heaven :
 That feeling, love, and smile of kindred joy,
 Was Liberty!—But soon a shadow passed
 O'er the bright features of that stainless face ;
 His quick perception caught the moaning sounds
 Of human pain : he heard the clanking chains
 That kept the God-made form of man in bonds ;
 He saw strong warriors, in their power of might,
 Crushing the helpless, and the tyrant's arm
 Raised, to strike down the weak ; he saw the few
 Decked out in pomp ; the many clad in rags :
 Plenty for power, and millions craving food,
 Food that their labour had produced from earth.
 The Trumpet blast of Triumph then he heard,
 Whilst wails from stricken wretches rent the air,
 The doomed to toil and sweat 'neath life's sore load :
 The Angel groaned. His mighty bosom swelled
 With human sympathy, and tears of love
 Gushed from the fountain of his heart. He wept ;
 To know that man to man should be unjust ;
 That Creeds were vanity ; that Mercy taught
 Forgotten was, and that a mockery,
 In form of prayer, was daily sent to heaven :
 That Priests and Prophets were but painted gauds,
 Religion a mere fantasy ; that Self
 Was the great idol by mankind set up,
 For their sole worship. God's name made a lie,
 God's Word a form : His will known, not obeyed ;
 The present all in all, the future dark
 By wilful blindness. Then the Angel knelt,

And prayed the hand of Vengeance should be stretched
 Over the Earth ; that Chaos once again
 Should in confusion reign, and man be swept
 Off with the beasts that perish ; when a cry
 From the oppressed of earth, smote on his heart,
 And his stern brow relaxed ; his face again
 Beamed with a holy love. A voice was heard :
 "Take comfort, ye my people. I the Lord
 Will bow the stubborn heart, and raise the reed
 Bruised by the Tyrant's heel, for ye are mine."
 Man, fearing God, rose with a Giant's strength,
 The nations lifted up their hands and prayed,
 When, lo ! the star of Liberty appeared,
 And universal joy lit up the world ;
 Pure Liberty, with God, her guiding lamp.

THE LOST LOVED ONE.

SHE was—would that she were,—e'en as she was.
 Would that the past were present now to me ;
 The future present in the past, with her
 For immortality. With but one world
 Of everlasting sunshing,—with one heart
 Alone, to beat responsive pulse to mine.
 She was,—I am ;—oh ! that I ne'er had been.
 All that is left me now is Memory ;
 An indistinct, yet fairy vision,—seen
 Through the thin veil that years have shaded o'er.
 How can I draw her presence from my brain ?
 Her face was traced with far more beauteous lines
 Than Painter's skill, or Sculptor's art e'er formed :
 Her cheeks just tinted, —e'en as though the lips
 Of the young Moss Rose kissed them in its play ;
 Her very lips told of unspoken love ;
 Her eyes, twin lamps of Virtue, cast their light
 With holy quiet on all things around ;
 Her smile was unpolluted innocence,
 Looking from out her features with a charm
 That won all hearts it beamed on. Her sweet voice,
 More musical than finest, soft-tuned lute,
 Enraptured every hearer when she spoke ;
 Her accents, every ear, attent, would list
 With breathless admiration. She stood forth
 An angel moulled in a mortal form,
 Unmatched,—alone created ! That fair face,
 Th' expression heavenly ; flower-tinted cheeks,
 Lips, Love's own oracles ;—those b-aming eyes,
 Smiles that warmed more than sunbeams, and that voice
 Which gave perfection spirit ;—all are gone !

MOTHER, THY NAME IS HOLIER FAR.

I.

MOTHER, thy name is holier far
 Than aught that tongue of man can tell ;
 Thou wert, to me, a guiding star,
 To know thee was to love thee well :
 To love—to worship, for e'en now
 Fond memory blends me with the past,
 Ere grief had marked thy smiling brow ;
 That love was first, 'twill be the last.

II.

Mother, dear Mother—on thy breast
 I bow my head, with anguish deep ;
 Then joy, pure joy, that lulls to rest,
 Comes o'er me, like my childhood's sleep ;
 When nestling to thy bosom pure,
 I thought not, felt not, pang of pain,
 But hushed lay in thy arms secure ;
 More than I e'er can be again.

III.

Mother, kind Mother—all of thought
 That life can give, affection prove,
 Is thine, and only thine, for nought
 Can be beloved—as you I love :
 And could I choose my dying place,
 When God shall call me to my rest,
 I'd smile—life's last look—in thy face,
 And breathe—life's last breath—on thy breast.

TO ADA BOSTON.

I.

FONDLY does thy father press thee,
 Dearly does thy mother bless thee,
 Who could cease, love, to caress thee ?
 Beautiful art thou.
 From thy blue eyes smiles are streaming ;
 Innocence is o'er thee beaming ;
 Like some Angel spirit dreaming,
 Is thy placid brow.

II.

Seedling of earth's richest flowers,
 May'st thou bloom in Virtue's bowers,
 Giving grace to life's brief hours ;
 Till the snows of years
 Turn thy golden locks to whiteness,
 When thy youth has lost its lightness,
 Yet make radiant with its brightness,
 All thy mortal tears.

STANZAS TO —

I.

WHEN wilt thou come to me ?
In vain I gaze far o'er the vast blue deep,
From early morn to eve my vigils keep ;
Sometimes thy form I see
On the horizon, like a spirit fair,
But soon it fadeth into ambient air ;
When wilt thou come to me ?

II.

Oft thy dear form I see
On far pellucid clouds ; thy beauteous eyes
Mournfully looking at me, the wind's sighs
Sadly come o'er the sea,
Singing a dirge that chills upon my heart ;
Hope cannot live, beloved, from thee apart :
When wilt thou come to me ?

III.

There is a mystery
In all things that pertain to our brief life,
With wonder every outward sense is rife ;
On the mind's wings we flee,
And without eyes and ears, we see and hear ;
I feel thy presence though thou art not near :
When wilt thou come to me ?

IV.

The sea-bird's wing is free
To span the ocean, tempests she defies ;
Onward upon her home-bound course she flies ;
Instinct with liberty,
To her own nest, nooked in some rock, above
The reach of man, she hies to her mate's love :
When wilt thou come to me ?

THE QUESTION.

I.

WHAT thy thoughts, love ? wert thou dreaming
 Years within a moment's space ?
 Pensively thine eyes were beaming,
 Sadness shaded o'er thy face :
 Did the past arise before thee ?
 Was the present shut from view ?
 Or did visions, sweet, come o'er thee ?
 Speak, beloved one ; say me true.

II.

Why those tears upon thy cheek, love ?
 Precious gems should rarely fall :
 Why with blushes only speak, love ?
 One kind look would tell me all :
 Ah, that smile, like sunlight streaming
 Through the far o'erclouded sky,
 Tells me that thy heart was dreaming
 Visions, that can never die.

III.

Calm and sunshine last not ever,
 Storms and clouds will intervene ;
 Earthly happiness can never
 Through long years remain serene :
 But the memory of the past, love,
 Like the morning star will shine,
 Thoughts of early days will last, love,—
 Fear not, then, to call me thine.

IV.

Tremble not, beloved, nor doubt me,
 Lay thy head upon my breast ;
 This poor heart would break without thee,
 Thine its secret hath confest.
 Thou art mine, mine own for ever,
 'Twas thy dreaming told thee so ;
 And no waking thoughts shall sever
 Links that bind, through weal or woe.

V.

What thy thoughts, love ? wert thou dreaming
 Years within a moment's space ?
 Pensively thine eyes were beaming,
 Sadness shaded o'er thy face :
 Did the past arise before thee ?
 Was the present shut from view ?
 Or did visions, sweet, come o'er thee ?
 Speak, beloved one ; say me true.

LOVE THAT DIETH NOT.

I.

LOVE not alone the gay,
The beautiful, the bright;
For youth will melt away,
As day-beams into night:
But love the heart that's pure,
How plain soe'er the face;
Such love will long endure,
Such love none can deface.

II.

Love not alone on earth
Those transient things of life,
Which, like the rainbow's birth,
Soon fade 'midst shadowy strife:
But love the Power that made
All that to man is given,
Whose spirit doth pervade
The universal heaven.

III.

Love all things, great and small,
From man to tiny flower;
Created they were all
By an all-seeing Power:
For "God is Love," we know,
Whate'er may be our lot;
Then in life let us sow
The love that dieth not.

FALLIBILITY.

I.

SLOW is the step of Time,
To Manhood's prime;
When that is past,
Time fleeth downward, fast.

II.

Fruits that are ripe decay;
So Life's brief day
Sinks into night,
For Death with Time takes flight.

III.

Prize then the early youth,
'Tis pure as truth;
Tears blot the page
Of Life's book,—read by Sage.

THE STORM.

I.

A SHRIEK and a moan—the winds deep groan—
 A dash and a crash on the shore ;
 A purple sky, with the stars hung high,
 And the tide rolling evermore :
 An inky pall then cov'eth all—
 The bright stars are quench'd, and we hear
 A distant peal, and the waters reel
 As the Tempest Fiend draweth near.

II.

The thunder roars, and the sharp hail pours,
 The wind whistles over the wave ;
 And petrels ride on the foaming tide,
 As loudly the Storm Spirits rave :
 The lightning's glare is the torch they bear,
 As they bend o'er the boiling sea ;
 Black, doleful, and deep, it on doth sweep—
 Then away with a howl they flee.

THE SEA.

MYSTERIOUS page in Nature's book art thou,
 Vast and unfathomable Sea ;
 Whate'er the mind's intensity,
 How creased soe'er the Student's brow,
 Man's knowledge, like the shores of earth,
 Beneath thy ever-rolling tide
 Is overwhelmed.—His mental worth
 Cannot thy depthless waves divide,
 Nor scan the treasures hidden there :
 Teeming with life thy darksome womb
 Heaves to the tempest ;—but oh, where
 Hast thou concealed within thy tomb
 The loved of Earth ? Where are the eyes
 That looked responsive kindred love ?
 The purest of all human ties,
 Thy callous heart could never move.
 Wife, father, brother, sister, child,
 And the strong warrior in his might,
 Thy sunlit bosom has beguiled ;
 Yet hast thou in one little night
 Stayed the heart's pulses, and let fall
 The torrent of thy wrath. A ban
 Art thou upon the world's wide ball,
 To prove the power of God to doubting Man.

THERE'S A SEASON FOR ALL.

I.

THERE's a season for all
 Of beauty and love ;
 O'er the great and the small,
 It smiles from above ;
 The rich man enjoys it,
 But much more the poor ;
 His labour employs it,
 It adds to his store ;
 And Summer's that Season,
 When warmth, life, and light,
 Give impulse to reason,
 And new strength to might.

II.

The sun, too, shines brightly
 Upon his thatched cot,
 Its last beam falls lightly,
 Makes cheerful his lot ;
 He's up at the daybreak,
 With lark in the morn ;
 He lists to the land-drake,
 'Mid golden-eared corn ;
 While at even the dove
 Coos soft on his ear,
 And his children with love
 Exult when he's near.

III.

Oh, Season of Pleasure,
 Sweet birthtime of flowers ;
 When joy without measure
 Its blessed balm showers :
 By the cool purling stream,
 The velvet-spread plain,
 We think life but a dream,
 Forgetting its pain ;
 Yes, an angel art thou,
 We list for thy call,
 Thou hast smiles on thy brow,
 Lov'd Season, to all.

THOUGHTS ON VISITING THE RUIN OF
ABERYSTWITH CASTLE.

I.

DARK Ruin, that for years has stood
The storm's fierce rage, and summer's calm,
Beneath thy rocks the ocean flood
Has flowed and ebbed in plaintive mood,
Whilst cheering breezes waft their balm,

II.

Around thee rugged, jagged steeps,
Their heads uplift to kiss the skies :
The bursting cloud upon thee weeps,
The howling gust thy watch-tower sweeps,
And then beyond th' horizon flies.

III.

Northward, thy brother Cambria's Land
Stands boldly on the surging deep,
Girding thy Bay with iron band,
As though some mighty Wizard's wand
Had woke thee from thy tranquil sleep.

IV.

The unceasing tide creeps on thy shore ;
The spirit voices of the deep
Now murmur as they did of yore ;
And will, till time shall be no more ;
With crests of foam their waves shall leap.

V.

But what remains of thee shall go
From memory, even as from sight ;
The waters o'er thy dust shall flow,
No future born thy name shall know ;
Yet once how famed thou wert for might.

VI.

The thunder booms amid thy hills,
Like war-blasts in the battle fray ;
Man's heart with fear, and wonder fills,
The power is shown of Him who wills ;
Can Man,—Destruction's stern arm stay ?

VII.

Man formed thee in his pride and power,
Time touch'd thee—Ruin round thee clung ;
The sea-gull shrieks above thy tower,
Where lov'd lips sang in Lady's Bower ;
Where are those lips,—the harp unstrung ?

VIII.

Still art thou noble in thy fall,
To us thy fate reflection brings ;
Let Cambria's heart the past recall,
Her memory spread thy funeral,
As loud thine ancient fame she sings.

IX.

"Tis more than half a thousand years,*
When first thy form in beauty rose ;
Since then how many hopes and fears
Have kings and warriors felt,—what tears
Have widows shed to ruthless foes ?

X.

In ruin crumbling, day by day,
For centuries† thy pride has lain ;
Children amid thy fragments play,
And stranger eyes, from far away,
Gaze on thee as a giant slain.

XI.

Huge were thy battlements, and strong,
As thine own native flinty rocks,
Thy walls and towers the warrior throng
Guarded with life—their triumph song
Has ceased,—decay their glory mocks.

XII.

Fancy can draw the veil aside,
And picture thee in grandeur lone,
Defiance on thy brow of pride,
Looks forth the foemen to deride ;—
The veil is dropped, the vision's gone.

XIII.

But few things now remain to thee,
Cambria, the country of the brave ;
Nature, thy hills, the boundless sea,
Thy language fraught with poesie—
Thine ancient tongue, may ages save.

* Erected in the year 1277.

† In ruins since 1624.

THE NOON OF NIGHT.

Out from the dreary town, where all is gloom ;—
 Out to the wild-spread fields,—the distant woods :
 Inhale the breathings of the sweet wild flowers
 On the soft air that cheering fans thy brow.
 List in the silence for the far-off brook,
 And let its gentle murmers touch thy heart
 With other thoughts than those of busy life.
 The deep blue heaven lies tranquil, and the stars
 In myrds glitter, as their varied hues
 Shine in the vast immensity, each one
 A spirit speaking of the wonderful.
 Silence around, yet from th' extended space
 Voices of Angels seem to quire the praise
 Of the Most Holy One.—Silence around,
 Yet waking dreams entrance the beating heart
 As it draws in the sweet inspiring breath
 Of Nature and her glories.—Time has closed
 For a brief space his pinions ; and the pause
 During God's audience, gives a hallowed glimpse
 Of the Divine Eternity in Man.
 Out in the fields, study the book of life
 In the deep Midnight, where Omnipotence
 Has characterized in golden types of light
 His power infinite, and thus instructs
 Man from the page of Nature, that his life
 When past, shall rise again, immortal clad.

BROKEN PROMISES.

I.

'Tis easy to promise, not so to perform,
 To say "I will do,"—and yet fail at the last ;
 To buoy up the heart with belief in your truth,
 Then carelessly scatter its hopes to the blast.
 'Tis easy to say "you'll rely on my word,"
 Not thinking, one moment, the pledge to fulfil ;
 To deceive with a smile, and a confident tone,
 And heed not the wrong, broken faith may instil.

II.

Ne'er promise, unless you can see the way clear,
 'Tis glossing o'er falsehood, with vilest of art ;
 Think well, ere you speak, or best speak not at all ;
 Truth only, reliance can ever impart.
 A moment to ponder, much good may achieve ;
 A moment unheeded, much wrong may we cause,
 Weigh well, then, each word ; words are precious as gold,
 The scale is not balanced, without there's a pause.

THE ANGEL OF SPRING.

I.

With gold-tinged hair, few flowers enwreathed
 Around her brow of virgin snow;
Upon her face beam sunny smiles,
 Soft music from her lips doth flow;
At her approach the trees bud forth,
 Under the hedge-rows violets sweet
And moon-dyed primroses appear,
 Spreading a carpet for her feet.

II.

Green, fairy blades of grass spring up,
 Earth wakes from out her winter dream,
Refresh'd in every pulse of life;
 Songs murmur from the gentle stream;
Birds, twittering, plume their silken wings,
 With trills, melodious, fill the sky;
All Nature looketh forth serene,
 To greet her presence lovingly.

III.

The beautiful is she, of all ;
 Season of Life, and Love, and joy;
The harbinger of brighter days ;
 Yet is she gentle, mild, and coy :
And shadowy veils at times descend,
 As timidly she draweth back,
But when her bashfulness is o'er,
 Young sunbeams brighten on her track.

IV.

As onward o'er her path she moves,
 Soft genial airs embalm the skies :
And every cloudlet glides in light,
 Bedecked with richest orient dyes ;
When she departs, repose around
 Lulls every scene, like dreamy bowers,
For Summer, her sweet Sister, smiles,
 Strewing the Earth with rainbow flowers.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

I.

FORGIVE,—and forget,
Be the past,—with the past ;
'Tis useless to fret,
And hold strange to the last :
We all have a way,
Who is faultless ?—not one ;
Bid kindness then stay,
Say to passion,—be gone !

II.

Forget,—and forgive,
Nothing human is pure ;
As long as we live,
We must strive to endure :
To bear, and forbear,
Is a motto full wise ;
Shun then every care,
For heart-peace is a prize.

III.

Forgive,—and forget,
Check all feelings unkind ;
There never was yet
Bad,—but good was behind ;
Though harsh words may fall
From the lips when in haste,
Speak kindly,—the gall
Will scarce bitter the taste.

THE LONE ONE.

I.

THERE is no life in all I see,
 For death lies slumbering in my heart;
 And mine is waking misery,
 That yearns to be—where'er thou art:
 Before mine eyes—the brightest flowers,
 Look dim, through tears,—and weary hours.

II.

Yes,—where art thou, whose tender smile
 Was soft as early light that flows,
 Around—above—below—the while
 The breeze did kiss the modest rose;
 Whose every word—fell on mine ear,
 Like Seraph voice—from heavenly sphere?

III.

Without thee! beauty has no grace
 To woo, or win—to soothe or bless:
 I gaze on many a joyous face,
 Yet feel each thought a wilderness,
 Where Sorrow walks—in solemn guise,
 With burning heart—and tearless eyes.

IV.

But with thee!—earth was heaven—I felt
 As though the flesh had passed away;
 With thy pure spirit mine did melt,
 Like Morning on the breast of Day:
 No sound but brought a duleet tone,
 For then thou wert,—beloved—mine own.

V.

Art thou not here?—Yes now I know
 Thou hast not left me—for I feel
 Within my heart a maddening glow
 Of ecstasy!—which, sweet, doth steal
 My every sense—and whispers, dear,
 That in thy spirit thou art here.

VI.

I breathe thee!—feel thee!—see thee!—live
 Renewed in strength—in love and life;
 No joy that heaven to earth can give,
 Was ever fraught with bliss so rife.—
 Thou'rt gone!—I am alone,—to me
 There is no life in all I see.

A NATION'S DIRGE.*

I.

TOLL out, ye doleful bells,
From every steeple tower,
Give forth a sound that tells
England's 'reft bosom swells—
Lost her great power.

II.

Whisper deep, solemnly,
Stifle your sobbing throes,
Each unto all, reply,
Slowly and mournfully,
A nation's woes.

III.

Sun, blot your garish light;
Day should in darkness move,
Like an appaling Sprite,
Shrouded in blackest night,
Below,—above.

IV.

Earth, 'tis your travail hour,
Groan from your laden breast, !
As o'er your pent-up power
Sulphureous air doth lour
Over—his rest.

V.

Sheathed is the warrior's sword,
Lone lies the stirless plume,
Closed are the lips adored,
Victory! the magic word,
Cannot relume.

VI.

Boom, boom, artillery,
Speak loud above his head ;
With your breath blot the sky,
Thunder the wailing cry—
Wellington's dead !

VII.

Hark!—'tis the march in Saul,—
List to the solemn drum;
Heavily footsteps fall,
Arms are reversed—and all
Stand—as if dumb.

* On the burial of Wellington.

VIII.

Brave hearts are paralysed ;
 Deep is a nation's grief :
 Men gaze with vacant eyes,
 Breathing despairing sighs—
 Gone is their chief.

IX.

"Earth to earth, dust to dust,"
 No more shall worldly strife
 Cumber the brave and just ;
 Prayerfully let us trust,
 Death—is but Life.

X.

England, he loved thee well,
 Ever to duty true ;
 Thy grief shall ring his knell,
 His name thy hallowed spell
 With—Waterloo !

NATURE AND MAN.

A GLEAM of sunshine oft is seen,
 The silver moon, the lonely star ;
 The feather'd lark's nest wove with green,
 Or simple flower, like elfin car.
 A rainbow in the heaven set,
 A thunder clap, the lightning's flash ;
 We hear the singing rivulet,
 And the loud raging ocean's dash.
 Night's solemn darkness, radiant day,
 The mountain high, the fertile plain,
 The budding blossomings of May,
 The emerald tree, the golden grain :
 A leaf, with thousand veins imprest,
 A flower in varied colours dyed,
 A bird in richest plumage drest,
 An insect, wondrously supplied.
 These things, and many more, we see,
 So often seen we note them not ;
 If seen, and noted, they would be
 On memory's heart the greenest spot ;
 One vital hour with God is worth
 Whole years of life to mortals given ;
 For everything that's viewed on earth,
 Well pondered, leads the heart to heaven.
 Each blade of grass, each tree, each flower,
 Each insect, bird, or beast, must prove
 The vastness of Eternal power—
 That God is great, that God is love.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

I.

CONTENTEDLY rest ;
 Pause not,—repine not ;
Onward still go,
 Battle with woe,
 What e'er be your lot :
 'Tis—all for the best.

II.

Contentedly rest :
 The Seasons will change ;
 Nothing is still,
 Mountain or rill,
 Wherever we range ;
 'Tis—all for the best.

III.

Contentedly rest :
 The few possess wealth ;
 What is their gold,
 To the untold
 Pure blessings of health ?
 'Tis—all for the best.

IV.

Contentedly rest :
 E'en beauty must fade ;
 What is so fair
 As silver'd hair,
 When age seeks the shade ?
 'Tis—all for the best.

V.

Contentedly rest :
 Sickness and sorrow
 Enter the door,
 Rich one, and poor,
 Now, and to-morrow :
 'Tis—all for the best.

VI.

Contentedly rest :
 Death cometh at last ;
 Who can his dart
 Shield from the heart,
 When once it is cast ?
 'Tis—all for the best.

VII.

Contentedly rest,
Through trials and pain :
Think 'tis God's will,
Life's cup to fill ;
Ne'er murmur—complain :
'Tis—all for the best.

THE SLAVE.

I WOULD not be a slave. I speak not now
Of him whose skin is black, whose life is toil ;
Not of the bondsman from the Afric shore,
Branded and chained a captive from his home ;
Nor do I speak of those who labour hard
At plough, or loom, or other work of life,
From morn till night, to earn their scanty food.
Such are not slaves, because their minds are free :
Within their flesh of suffering there may breathe
The inspirations of a noble heart,
Thoughts that fly on the wings of liberty,
Untrammeled as the air beneath the dome
Of Heaven's great vault. Thoughts that can never die,
Being immortal as the soul of man,
May to the object of a Tyrant's power
Bring balm of hope, as Life is but for Time.
Such are not slaves indeed. The thing that is
Is he who, clothed with riches and with power,
Makes them his god, the pander to his will ;
Deadens all impulse to a virtuous deed ;
Lives all for self—of every passion's throbb
The wretched victim ; till at last he feels
Hate of himself, despised of all mankind,
Idol of parasites, degraded dust ;
Till age comes premature to sap his life,
Palls all his taste of luxury, and shows,
As in a mirror, the false hideous past ;
Then conscience, like some dreadful dream, will cling
To every waking thought, and hurl him back
To the foul hell of doleful dark despair.
At last he dies, without one sorrowing heart
To breathe a prayer for him—without one sign
Of mercy for him in the life to come—
Such man is truly serf, from birth to death ;
Freedom is lost when man is slave to self !

THE SEASON, HOUR, AND PLACE FOR DEATH.

I.

Nor in the gloomy chamber would I die ;
 With curtains drawn,
 At early dawn ;
 Whispers, light footsteps ;—and a mystery
 In each sad face,
 Which grief will trace ;
 'Mid doleful sounds of a great coming woe :
 Nor hear heart-throbs,
 With broken sobs ;
 These silent sadnesses,—I would forego.

II.

Not in the Winter,—when the piercing wind
 Howls like Despair,
 In the keen air,
 And startles from its rest the tranquil mind :
 When Misery's
 Imploring cries
 In fancy break upon the list'ning ears :
 And Charity,
 On suppliant knee ;
 With her sweet sister, Pity, sheds her tears.

III.

In the bright Summer-tide I pray to die ;
 When flowerets sweet
 The senses greet ;
 And depthless looks the pure dark purple sky :
 When meek twilight
 Embraces Night ;
 And Darkness peeps not from his silent pall ;
 When Philomel
 His throat does swell,
 And from his leafy bower his lov'd mate call.

IV.

At Midnight would I close mine eyes to earth :
 When all is still,
 Save murmuring rill :
 When the bright day has fled, and sounds of mirth
 Have ceased,—when Sleep
 Her watchings keep,
 O'er the poor treasure-seekers of the world :
 When few are nigh,
 To weep—to sigh,
 Whilst Life's gay banner over me is furl'd.

V.

The Place :—beside an open window ;—where
 My dying eyes
 Could scan the skies ;
 Or on the sward, in the calm Summer air ;
 My Canopy
 The star-lit sky :
 Myriads of shining worlds hung o'er my head ;
 Watch them expire,
 Like sparks of fire ;
 With the last Star, I would my spirit fled !

VI.

This is the Season, Hour, and Place for Death ;
 Eyes and heart given
 Alone to heaven,
 With placid Hope resign the mortal breath ;
 Whilst Angels sing
 Their welecoming,
 As the Mind's eyes behold th' eternal shore,
 Communion sweet
 Where spirits meet ;
 And from the lov'd of earth,—shall part—no more.

THE QUIET HOUR.

I.

LISTEN, listen ! sounds are stealing
 Tiptoe on the balmy air ;
 Eve, her rainbow robe revealing,
 blushes through the twilight fair ;
 Whilst dreamy voices, touch'd with Pleasure's pain,
 Hum their sweet incense through the yearning brain.

II.

Listen, listen ! hearts are beating
 To a soft yet dulcet tone ;
 Speak not—breathe not—eyes are meeting,
 Rich in light as jewell'd zone :
 Echo enchanted sleeps—the fragrant breeze
 Just fans the leaflets on the emerald trees.

III.

Listen, listen ! streams are singing
 Down amid the amber glade ;
 Fairies' perfumed bells are ringing ;
 The night bird trills from out the shade.
 Shall not our silent souls awake to move
 In unison,—when all around is Love ?

THE GRAVE OF SHAKSPERE.*

SPEAK not!—scarce utter breath:—this hallowed spot
 Entombs the dust of one whose world-wide fame
 Crowns him the master-spirit of all Time.
 Here “gentle Shakspere” sleeps. Within these walls
 Cramped in a little space, the mouldering form
 That gave to thought a substance, and portrayed
 Visions of beauty n'er before conceived,
 Enshrined here lies. How poor is human speech
 To speak his praise! Yet feelings will arise
 Within each bosom, e'en though unexpressed,
 That touch the heart with reverence, and we dream
 Delicions visions 'neath the magic spell
 Of his sweet truthful pen:—And mighty forms,
 Created by a mightier power, appear,
 And pass before us. See the jealous Moor,
 The noble and brave warrior, like a child,
 Gazing with tenderness, (his eyes suffused
 With misty doubt), upon his soul's best joy,
 The “gentle Desdemona,”—Near them stands
 Iago,—led by jealousy and hate,
 To poison their life's cup.—Anon. Macbeth,
 Fear-haunted, pauses, whilst his Lady's voice
 Urges a deed of blood, to win a Crown.
 Hamlet, the brain-distempered Dane, pours forth
 Sublime Philosophy. Ophelia sings
 The wild, sad requiem, of a broken heart:—
 “The course of true love never did run smooth.”
 Old Lear, in madness, raging 'mid the storm;
 Or in deep, subtle converse with his Fool,
 Lays bare the well-springs of the human mind.
 Falstaff, the burly jocund wit, the butt
 Of his own jests; the low-born gentleman.—
 Love-stricken Romeo, fair Juliet's love,
 The merry Rosalind, and wronged Constance;
 And Beatrice with her wit and bitter scorn.
 Majestic Katherine defends her fame;—
 The beauteous Cleopatra mad with love.
 Touchstone, the Prince of jesters; and the boor
 Launcelot Gobbo, servant to the Jew.
 Shylock's revenge; and Portia's eloquence,
 Pleading for “Mercy” with an Angel's tongue.

* This address was delivered at a Shaksperian festival, at Stratford-on-Avon, on Tuesday, the 25th April, 1853, by Mr. James Bennet, the leading tragedian of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. About 14,000 persons were present.

Each passion, of each grade of mortal life,
 Reflected in the mirror of bright Truth
 With stern reality.—'Twould take from Time
 More than a summer's day,—from early dawn
 To the last blush of twilight in the eve,
 To tell the smallest portion of his worth.
 Our country's pride : the treasure of our hearths,
 The darling of our hearts.—The loved recess
 Where pensive thought retires to muse in bliss :
 Our winter's sunshine, that shuts out the gloom
 Of Nature's bitterness, and leaves the storm
 To battle on unheeded.—For with him,
 Our magic guide and mentor, we can track
 The sylvan shades, and wanton 'mid the flowers ;
 Or list the whispering of the silver stream,
 Marking its course with music.—Or when stars,
 Look smiling down from the purpureal vault,
 Quick call to mind the moon-lit cover'd bank,
 And how the beauteous spangled " floor of heaven "
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."
 No phase of life but his gigantic mind
 Has tintured with a glory.
 The blackest deeds that stain and sear the flesh,
 The brightest virtues that exalt the soul,
 He has unfolded :—and our mortal eyes
 See with him through the future, as the past.
 His gifted mind within our own has placed
 A second conscience that unveils our souls.
 Heart-seacher he ; the smallest throb that tells
 Of thought an atom ; or the deepest gush
 Of feeling that runs thrilling through the veins,
 Alike succumb to him ; for his control
 Is universal empire over Man—
 To all he reads the lesson of a life ;
 From youth to hoary age, instruction gives.
 What maiden but has pondered o'er his words ?
 What matron but has wept beneath his power ?
 What youth but has imbibed entrancing lore
 From the illumined pages he has writ ?
 What man but has felt manhood stronger rise
 Within his breast at his inspiring strain ?
 Firstborn of Nature he,—earth's richest flower,
 Shedding the perfume of his deathless verse
 To give immortal fragrance to our lives.

* * * * *

Howl on, ye ruffian roaring winds without,
 Your ravings cannot touch the peace within ;
 The antidote to your foul chilly breath
 Is in the page of Shakspere.—On each leaf
 Sunshine more glorious than Italia's skies :
 Each line a flower, each word a priceless gem,
 Each thought, a rainbow spanning earth and heaven !
 The gentle sigh, th' unbidden tear ; the rush

Of blood that swells the heart, and makes it beat
 With lofty aspirations ; and the hate
 That Vice engenders. Virtue's frankincense,
 Thrilling throughout the veins like healthful balm,
 We owe to thee !—Poet, Philosopher ;
 Great Dreamer of the glorious truths of life ;
 Preceptor of all good : of evil acts
 The stern admonisher, we bow to thee,
 Half Angel and half dust. Say, art thou here ?
 Is thy pure spirit hov'ring round us now ?
 Do thy fond eyes gaze on us ?—is thy heart
 Yearning with love to us, as ours to thee ?
 Great mighty spirit whom the Future owns ;
 Oh, glorious paragon of human kind,
 Thy name is sacred as lov'd household words
 Remembered in the childhood of our joy.
 Our brother slumbers there.—Great brother he
 Of all the human race.—Kindred in heart,
 Closer than kindred blood, we press him home
 Warm to our bosoms with fraternal love,
 And feel such love is deathless as 'tis pure.
 His mind, immortal, like the mid-day sun,
 Gives light and life to all things it doth touch.
 Nations will rise and perish ; but his Fame
 Shall live triumphant till the knell of Time.
 "We ne'er shall look upon his like again !"

J U L Y .

CHILD of the Sun, whose beams illumine thy hair,
 Thou paragon of beauty, light, and joy :
 Crowned with rich flowers of every hue and form,
 Perfume thy breath, and harmony thy voice.
 By verdant meads thou meekly walkest forth,
 Attendant on thy footsteps every grace ;
 And singing rivers with pellucid streams,
 Welcome thy presence, as the darksome hours
 Yield to the day-beams. Most belov'd art thou
 Of Nature's gifted children. From thy hand
 Plenty is showered upon the craving earth ;
 And every living thing to thee looks up,
 To catch the glory of thy passing smile.
 And win their bounty from thy liberal hand.
 Earth, Air, and Ocean, mingle in sweet love
 To greet thy coming. Every flower, cloud, wave,
 Looks bright before thee,—and the solemn Night
 Puts back her frown, to meet thee with a smile,
 Shed from the lustre of her myriad eyes.

SING ON!*

I.

MY soul is dark, then wherefore should I sing ?
 Do songsters carol at the noon of night ?
 Do they spread out, in gloom, the airy wing,
 And joyous, heavenward soar to seek the light ?
 When the heart's day is gone, and Hope takes flight,
 Can the crushed spirit onward look, and smile ?
 When Mind,—that grapples at the Infinite,
 Finds no response, though struggling hard erewhile,
 Is left to pine unknown,—amid the rank and vile.

II.

Tell the poor Captive in his lonely cell,
 That heaven is beautiful, the earth hath flowers,
 That sunlight streams o'er hill and fairy dell ;
 Of cottage homes, and castellated towers ;
 Speak of the rainbow's arch,—the genial showers ;
 Of perfume from the newly-furrowed earth,
 Sweet shady walks, and Amaranthine bowers ;
 How Summer's coronals have sprung to birth,
 Speak of the blithe and free,—to mock him into mirth !

III.

Bid the black Midnight rend his ebon robe,
 Quench the bright stars, and quick unveil the day ;
 With mortal fingers the dark future probe ;
 Command the tides their ebb and flow to stay ;
 O'er keen December throw the garb of May ;
 The Seasons change, bid Death himself be gone,
 Strive with a breath the tempest's rage to stay :
 The Man whose heart Despair has preyed upon
 May muse with silent Grief,—but never more "Sing on!"

* These lines were written in reply to Thomas Aird, the Poet, who advised the Author to "Sing On."

VOICES FROM THE SHORE AND THE SEA.*

FRANCESCA.

WHERE art thou, love ?
 The glorious Sun is sinking in the west ;
 Below—above,
 The beautiful are dozing into rest ;
 The crystal Day
 Is fading 'neath the blushing amber sky,
 His last bright ray
 The Amethystine sea doth beautify :
 Let not the Night,
 With her rich myriad jewels, lure thee, dear ;
 Her gems, though bright,
 Are not so precious as Affection's tear :
 Oh, answer me,
 And torture not this fond, this doating heart ;
 No joy can be
 Without thy voice,—life of my life, thou art :
 Sweet Julio, mine,
 Throw back thy raven locks, lift up thine eyes ;
 With Song divine,
 Pour forth the melody thou know'st I prize :
 In vain mine ears
 Listen to greet thy voice from off the sea ;
 Grief's silent tears
 I pour as a libation, love, to thee :
 Thy voice I hear !
 Blest be the breeze that wafts the loving sound ;
 My Julio, dear,
 With rapture now this yearning heart doth bound !

JULIO.

The Sun has set,
 Yet wherefore flutter thus thy heart, my dove ?
 The Night is yet
 Flowering the deep with stars from heaven above ;
 The Wind is still,
 Zephyrs upon the water dallying play ;
 Fear thou no ill,
 My lips will join to thine ere break of day :
 Francesca, sweet,

* The women of Libo, have a custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings, and sing, continuing so to do till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance. Libo is the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagouna."

Thy beanteous image is before me now ;
 Unseen, I greet
 Thy soul-lit eyes, and olive-tinctured brow :
 Thy form I press,
 Within my heart of hearts I cherish thee ;
 Thy name I bless,
 Thou 'rt wealth, fame, love, aye, all the world to me :
 My joy—my pride,
 Fairest art thou of Libo's sunny isles ;
 When by thy side,
 Earth yields no happiness like thy fond smiles ;
 Nor time, nor space,
 Danger on shore, or perils on the sea,
 Can e'er deface,
 Dearest—my fond remembrances of thee ;
 Francesca, dear,
 My little boat is freighted for the mart ;
 My bark draws near,
 Soon shall I clasp thee, loved one—to my heart.

STARS OF THE NIGHT.

I.

STARS of the night,
 Rain forth your light ;
 For weary and worn,
 Heartstricken, forlorn,
 I loathe the bright morn :
 Worldly desires,
 Which day inspires,
 Fade 'neath your fires,
 Stars of the night.

II.

Flowers of the spring,
 Rise now and fling
 Odours around ye ;
 Light has unbound ye,
 Beauty has crowned ye ;
 Thoughts from earth's breast,
 Fondly ye're prest
 Where lov'd forms rest,
 Flowers of the spring.

III.

Stars of the night,
 To my rapt sight
 Ye are like flowers,
 Amid silent hours,
 Gemming love's bower :
 Flowers of the sky,
 Festooned on high,
 Ye never die,
 Stars of the night.

HE NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER SMILE.*

I.

THE barren rock that never yields,
 Where precious seedlings fade and die;
 The weed that chokes the harvest fields,
 Waters that stagnate as they lie;
 Fruits that ne'er ripen on the tree,
 Dreams that doomed wretches oft beguile;
 Are like him—void of sympathy,
 Who never made his mother smile.

II.

Yes, she who nursed his feeble limbs,
 Kept ceaseless vigils o'er her boy;
 Whose anxious eyes grief's tear-drop dims,
 As she clings closer to her joy;
 She taught him first alone to walk,
 And weary hours with him would while,
 Her rapt ears listened to his talk,
 And yet—he never made her smile.

III.

Her only hope in manhood's prime,
 To him her substance all was given;
 His faults were follies, sin no crime,
 Although her heart neglect had riven;
 One word of love she hoped to hear,
 Her spirit, crushed,—to reconcile:
 She joyed to list his footsteps near,
 And yet—he never made her smile.

IV.

What stern reproof, that voice can give
 From lip of friend, or tongue of foe,
 Can cut so deep,—so sensitive,
 Convey such hopeless pang of woe,
 As this poor simple, truthful strain,
 Which volumes speak to blast the vile,
 Unhappy wretch, accursed like Cain?
 He never made his mother smile.

* A young Irish girl, in giving testimony against an individual in a court of justice, said,
 "Arrah, Sir, I'm sure he never made his mother smile."

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

I.

SING, lovely, loving Mother, sing;
 Well may thine eyes fill with delight;
 Well may'st thou gaze upon the ring,
 With which you gave your hearted plight;
 Well may your dreams be fraught with bliss,
 The future gleam with cloudless skies,
 As you impress the tender kiss,
 Upon the cheek that most you prize.

II.

Sing, lovely, loving Mother, sing:
 The babe that sleeps upon thy breast,
 Thy fledgling with its feeble wing,
 Will in thy fond arms safely rest:
 Well may the cherub smile that plays
 Around his mouth win all thy heart;
 And from thee draw the sweet dear lays,
 A Mother's lips alone impart.

III.

Unconscious he, but who can tell
 What fairy visions meet his mind;
 What heavenly music, like a spell,
 In dream-land his pure ear may find?
 Or what good Spirits watching near,
 Sing lullabies to soothe his sleep;
 Tones that his unstained soul may hear,
 As round him they lov'd vigils keep.

IV.

When from his eyelid's silken veil,
 A crystal drop forth gently peeps;
 Let not distrust with thee prevail,
 'Tis joy that o'er his spirit creeps:
 His spotless heart can know no fears,
 His sinless breast can feel no woe;
 He speaks to thee with pangless tears,
 As pure as star-beams fall on snow.

V.

Sing, lovely, loving Mother, sing,
 And lull him with thy tender voice;
 Birds carol sweetest in the Spring,
 Few hearts in Winter may rejoice:
 Sing while thou may'st, the time enjoy,
 For sadness dims all human eyes;
 There is no bliss without alloy,
 Life's sunshine has its storm of sighs.

SONNETS

TO THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

I.

THOU of the gifted mind ;—thine eloquence
 Commands the Senate,—who with eager ear
 Listen to thee, matchless, without compeer,
 And gaze upon thee with delight intense ;
 As with the magic of thy voice each sense
 Becomes spell-bound ;—like those who pause with fear :
 Thy brilliant wit unbends the brow austere ;
 Thy look of thought denotes intelligence ;
 Scorn from thy lips quick as an arrow flies,
 The victim shrinks beneath thy with'ring sneer ;
 Anon, to nobler flights thy voice will rise,
 And rich imaginings, that stir the soul
 With language that each heart electrifies,
 Flash like keen fire from heaven's unfolded scroll.

II.

A Poet from thy boyhood ;—in thine eyes
 The orient gems of Thought lay pictured deep,
 Like waking-dreamings, wandering as in sleep,
 Yet flushed with beauty.—The calm summer skies
 At even, depthless as heaven's mysteries,
 Were not more silent.—Time took onward sweep,
 Thy silver tongue was loos'd,—then didst thou reap
 Youth's golden harvest, Fame, which mortals prize.
 Genius has crowned thee with undying wreath ;
 Thy breast is spotless honour's fortress-keep ;
 Foul envy cannot taint thee with her breath ;
 Thine Eloquence enchains both youth and sage ;
 To thee, Wit did his richest stores bequeath,
 Thou mighty, Master-spirit of the age !

LOOK BACK.

WOULD you be better,—would you gain lore
 Learn by example,—profit thereby ;
 Would you of knowledge, glean a rich store,
 Win aspirations, truthful, and high ?
 Look back.

Holds your heart sorrow, sorrow no more,
 Think of the wretched, heart-stricken, reft,
 Thousands who suffer, many times o'er
 More than you suffer,—with no hope left :
 Look back.

Have you lost dear ones, fretting is vain ;
 Have you lost riches, never repine ;
 None could know pleasure, but for some pain,
 Grapes without pressure, would not yield wine,
 Look back.

Though in the distance—shadows are seen,
 Memory pictures, brightness,—now fled ;
 And we still cherish, days that have been,
 Ere on our bosoms, Grief's tears were shed :
 Look back.

Dream of fond faces, evermore gone,
 Listen, sweet voices, sound on the ear ;
 Scan ev'ry feature, dwell on each tone,
 Lovingly listen, voices—so dear :
 Look back.

Live so, that fearless, is danger's hour,
 Thou canst read calmly, all thy past life ;
 Faith to surround thee, like a strong tower,
 When thou contendest in mortal strife :
 Look back.

ADAM AND THE FLOWER.

WHEN Adam named the beauteous flowers,
 One tiny gem escaped his view ;
 The meekest in all Eden's bowers,
 Its simple robe of turquoise hue :—
 This little Flower, with modest shame,
 Said "Lord I grieve,—sad is my lot,
 I only,—am without a name."
 He, smiling, said—"Forget-me-Not."

DROWNED AND NOT FOUND.

I.

THE dead are not departed,
We should not for them grieve :
The loving spirit watches,
The lov'd ones, morn and eve :
It bentheth o'er the sleepers,
And guards them during rest ;
And earnestly it gazeth,
With arms crossed o'er the breast.
Oh, be not broken hearted,
The dead are not departed.

II.

Each throb of love that beateth,
Each sigh that leaves the breast ;
They hear, they feel, as we do,
When in their dreamy rest :
They enter in the chamber,
When night has veiled the day,
And lovingly look on us,
When we kneel down and pray.
Oh, be not broken hearted,
The dead are not departed.

III.

The dead are not departed,
Although to us unseen ;
The spirit never dieth,
But lives, eterne, serene :
Let faith and hope bring comfort,
Nor Providence contemn ;
Return to us they cannot,
But we may go to them.
Oh be not broken hearted,
The dead are not departed.

IV.

Be thankful, pain and sorrow
Can touch their hearts no more ;
Life's troubled voyage ended,
They've reached the crystal shore,
Where glory's rays illumine
Each blissful spirit's track,
And joy reigns everlasting.—
Why should we wish them back ?
Oh, be not broken hearted,
The dead are not departed.

V.

Then cheer thee, gentle mother,
O sisters, doleful, cheer;
Think, in your mournful musings,
The lov'd one, yet is near:
Call back the smile of gladness,
Recall each loving word;
Think that 'mid angel's praises,
By you that voice is heard.
Oh, be not broken hearted,
The dead are not departed.

S T A N Z A S .

SWEET,—give me back my heart!
No, keep it dearest,—'tis no longer mine;
I freely with it part,
But in exchange—belov'd,—Oh! give me thine:
In day's full noon of light
Thine image blendeth with my every thought,
And in the depths of night
Thy form with golden visions is enwrought.
I gaze upon thy face,
And read thy soul within thy speaking eyes,
In every glanee I trace,
The wond'rous workings of Love's mysteries:
Thy lips might tempt the Bee
To wander from the richest perfumed flower,
Find Hybla's Mount with thee,
There ravish sweets with all its tiny power.
Thou art a fond desire,
That joys, and saddens, this poor throbbing breast,
Yet pure the lambent fire,
As Eve's fair planet in the crimson west;
The music of thy voice
Thrills o'er me when thy presence is not near;
Oh! bid my soul rejoice,
Of all created beings,—thou—most dear.

SPRING TIME.

SPRING time is with us,
Buds are unfolding;
See happy children
Buttercups holding:
Look in their faces—
Sunny smiles beaming:
Deep in their bright eyes
Fairy worlds dreaming.
Golden-eyed daisies,
Snowdrops, primroses;
Under the hedge-rows,
Perfume reposes,
Waiting for Summer,
All to awaken,
When from the south wind
Fragrance is shaken.

Spring time is with us,
Flowers are upspringing;
Out in the fair fields
Laughter is ringing;
Oh, for the days gone,
Days once that were ours;
We shall no more weave
Chaplets of flowers.
Oh, for the bright past,
Gone past recalling;
Manhood decay brings,
Autumn leaves falling:
Blight not their young joys,
Join in their gladness;
Hearts that are sinless
Ne'er should taste sadness.

Spring time is with us;
Go back to childhood,
Think of the green fields,
Dream of the wildwood;
Clasp close the dear ones;
Breathe not,—to chide them,
Through the dark future
Tenderly guide them.
Look, how they listen;
'Tis the lark singing;
Poised, high—in ether,
Heavenward winging:

See how they watch him,
Far from sight straying,
O'er snowy shoulders
Silken curls playing.

Spring time is with us,
Moments are fleeting ;
Listen, sweet voices
Each other greeting :
If they live purely—
Faith to them given—
Angels will bear those
Children—to heaven.

THE DEAD CHILD.

BEAUTIFUL shadow of a spirit gone,
Why should we mourn that thou art lost to earth ?
Life would have brought thee cares had years passed on,
And sighs and tears subdued thy stainless mirth :
Thy beauty has not faded, yet, sweet flower,
Unchanged thy features as in dreamless sleep ;
Death has but touched, not crush'd thee with his power,
Why for thine absence, lov'd one, should we weep ?
Time to the living sorrow brings ;—and Age
Stamps the fair features with deep lines of thought ;
Tears blot the leaves of youth's enchanted page,
Harsh are the lessons by Experience taught :
But thou has 'scaped them all; eternal light
Suns thy pure heart in realms of endless bliss ;
Grief cannot pain thee in those mansions bright ;
O blessed change, to Heaven, from sphere like this.
Beautiful shadow, thou art passed away,
No care have we for thee ; thou'rt God's alone ;
We think not of thy robe of earth,—its clay
Could not with immortality have shone :
We see thee in the mornin,—hear thy voice
Prattling with love, and know that love will last ;
And in the evening, in our prayers rejoice
That safely through this vale of tears thou 'st past.

IN MEMORY OF —

I.

GONE, gone, for ever,—no, not ever gone ;
 No more the face of Sorrow shall we see ;
 Earth's pilgrimage is past, her work is done,
 Oh blissful change, to immortality.
 Grieve not for her, there is a better home,
 Than human love could shelter to her give ;
 Not made with hands, the heavens' eternal dome,
 Where God's own children, Angel Spirits live.

II.

Miss not her smile, yearn not to hear her voice ;
 Her place is vacant ; breathe no pang of pain ;
 Think of her bliss, and in your souls rejoice,
 Repine not ;—for your loss, to her, is gain :
 Would you then call her back ?—Say would you now
 Stain that lov'd spotless spirit with earth's taint ?
 Pluck the bright crown of glory from her brow,
 And re-create a mortal, from the saint ?

III.

And yet 'tis human that the heart should fail,
 Nature unfortified must needs give way ;
 Till Christian Resignation, armed in mail,
 By Faith, and Hope, can meet Death in the fray :
 Think of the past and all her suff'ring here,
 Think pain no more can o'er those features creep ;
 Think she is happy in the Angel Sphere,
 Think she rests calm, in an ecstatic sleep.

IV.

Mother, Oh dry those tears,—lift up thy head ;
 Father, droop not, thank God the pang is o'er ;
 Sister, weep not, but by her life be led,
 So shalt thou join her on th' eternal shore ;
 Brother,—remember her departing hours,
 She prayed for thee, and oh, she lov'd thee well ;
 Sweeter than fragrance from the richest flowers,
 Were those last words,—let Mem'ry on them dwell.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

UPON its mother's breast a child was sleeping,
 The anxious mother gazed upon its face ;
 Her heart was full of care—too full for weeping,
 Anguish upon her brow had left its trace.
 Long watchings had that mother's fair form shaken,
 Her eyes were dim, her lips were parch'd and white ;
 Each sound, she feared, the sleeper would awaken—
 She craved for day the silence of the night.
 Whilst that fond mother to her child was clinging,
 The Angel reaper was from Heaven winging.
 Night came : the wearied watcher sunk to slumber ;
 Her dreamings of the past were pure and bright ;
 The heavy hours no more her sense did number ;
 She wandered amid scenes where all was light.
 She woke : a dreadful solitude was round her,—
 No sound, save the loud beatings of her heart ;
 The child breath'd not,—Death's icy touch had bound her
 In bonds no earthly power could rend apart.
 Whilst that fond mother to the corpse was clinging,
 The Angel Reaper was to Heaven winging.
 Up through the stars in all their glory shining,
 God's messenger on wings of mercy flew,
 The child upon his breast of snow reclining,
 Light, as on floweret rests the gentle dew.
 Weep not, fond mother ! Faith shall soothe thy grieving ;
 Remember, Christ called "little ones" His own ;
 The Comforter doth come to all believing ;
 Thou yet mayst meet her at the Eternal's throne.
 While that fond mother to earth's loss was clinging,
 The Child and Angel were—in Heaven winging.
 'Reft—mother though thy o'ercharged heart is weeping,
 Look up ! hope on ; there's One who can sustain ;
 The spirit is not dead,—thy child is sleeping ;
 God's hand hath garnered up the golden grain.—
 Few years passed on : the same bright stars were shining ;
 A woman lay upon a couch of death ;
 Her face was calm ; her lips spoke no repining ;
 She called on Christ with her departing breath ;
 No more to earthly things her thoughts were clinging :
 Angel, Child, Mother, are in Heaven winging.

I.

I GAVE you my whole heart—its love's first beatings,
 From you I kept no thought my soul was thine ;
 I met, with open trust, your kindly greetings,
 And felt assured your very soul was mine.
 'Twas not in summer amid beauteous flowers,
 You pressed my trembling hand and whispered love ;
 But in the Winter when the dreary hours
 Awake to life, with snow flakes from above.
 'Twas in my home, a home then full of gladness
 My mother loved you even as a son ;
 In those bright days my spirit knew not sadness,
 For you—my whole soul's confidence had won.

II.

I could not doubt you, when you were appealing
 In words so earnest that I would be thine ;
 I could not help unconsciously revealing
 That you had conquered this poor heart of mine.
 I gave it to you freely, not a yearning
 For aught on earth but your love in return ;
 My soul with fervent trust in you was burning
 How could I dream that you such love could spurn ?
 And now, another heart you would awaken
 With your false tongue to give its trust to thee ;
 Farewell, although neglected and forsaken
 The past can never fade from memory.

III.

Oh say, thou cruel, why did you deceive me,
 What had I done that you should use me so ?
 A bitter retrospect is yours, believe me,
 'Tis a brave triumph thus to lay me low.
 Lorn as I am, and utterly forsaken,
 I have no power the old time to forget ;
 Through life I feel that fond thoughts will awaken
 Of the day, hour, and place, when first we met.
 Go,—I forgive you all the pangs unspoken
 That you have caused me—bitter word farewell ;
 Go, think sometimes of her whose heart you've broken,
 Whose only fault was—loving you too well.

WHERE IS THE POET'S GRAVE?

Down in the cups of sweetest scented flowers,
 Whose fleeting beauties he hath tuned to song ;
 Amid the shades of fragrant myrtle bowers,
 Where soft Aeolian music glides along
 At noon of night. Where Philomel awakes
 And sings to golden stars his lays of love ;
 Where Luna's rays, like living silver snakes
 O'er the calm breast of sea, lake, river, move :
 There is the Poet's Grave.

On the hill top, where the first morning beam
 Kisses the earth and crimson o'er the skies ;
 Where love lies smiling in a rainbow dream,
 And Hope uplifts to Heaven her placid eyes :
 In the dark clouds, amid the tempest's clash ;
 In the deep forests, where huge timbers fall ;
 In the black vault whence fearful lightnings flash,
 Where might and grandeur stoutest hearts appal :
 There is the Poet's Grave.

In the sweet breast of Woman,—whose desires
 Are less of earth than Man's ;—whose gentle heart
 The Poet's glorious verse with joy inspires,
 And hallowed thoughts that never thence depart :
 Within the souls of heroes crowned by Fame,
 In every bosom where good deeds have birth,
 The Poet lives, the Poet holds a name—
 He has no sepulchre—with Genius, Worth,
 There is the Poet's Grave.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

Good thoughts are flow'rs of earth that bloom in Heaven ;
 The wing'd Messengers—from Man to God ;
 The bread of Life without the mortal leaven,
 The fragrant path that Angel feet have trod :
 Blest Spirits, ever watching from above,
 Who tend the Mind with spotless wings outspread ;
 Guarding from evil—with undying love ;
 Inspiring Faith—when earthly Hope has fled ;
 The loving tears of Angels, o'er the dying shed.

ON SEEING MISS VANDENHOFF PLAY "ISOLINA"
IN "WOMAN'S HEART."

NATURE is truth,—Truth's semblance, only, Art ;
 The living form shall marble far excel
 When Grace and Beauty are in one combined :
 What though the Sculptor with his cunning hand
 Shapes from the Parian rock a thing divine,
 White as untainted snow, with features chaste,
 Each line a charm to win upon the heart,
 Yet the immortal part is not within,
 The soul is absent,—and no life-change plays
 As on the living features. Who shall paint
 The blushing rose, and with the pencil give
 Fragrance to every leaf upon the flower ?
 Art cannot bear the microscope of Truth.
 Beautiful Statue of a living Grace,
 Blind Isolina,—faithful, loving one,
 Thy "Woman's heart" could see without thine eyes,
 Thy "Woman's heart" unchanged held firmly on
 To thy souls idol ;—and thy truthful lips,
 Unhackmied to the fashions of Deceit,
 Spoke the pure feelings stored within thy breast ;
 The dreadful struggle, Constance o'ercame
 And Love was crowned with sunshine,—for thine eyes
 Were blest to feed where erst thine ears alone
 Held audience with the favoured of thy choice.
 Oh ! for the pen inspired, of him who dwelt
 Near Avon's stream immortal, to record
 Genius, and worth, and beauty, in a strain
 That after generations might look back
 And picture to their minds perfection's mould,
 Breathing thy name. That Poets should weave wreaths
 Of fairest flowers, and when the crown is formed,
 Place it on those best loved, and in their ears
 Whisper, sweet Isolina thou art mine !
 That Music should her silver chords resound,
 Making one word the burden of her song,
 That one word—Isolina ! That young hearts
 Should plight their troths beneath the shadowy grove,
 Or in the quiet of a moonlit eve,
 Tell the strange tale of one who loved so well,
 The gentle Isolina ! * * * * *

A living book art thou, on whose fair page
 The mind, inclined to Virtue, loves to pore :
 Thy "Woman's heart" a lesson all may read
 And rise the better for th' instruction gained.
 When Sceptics gaze upon the starry heavens,

The mighty letters, each a world of light
 Tell a hereafter, and proclaim a God !
 When moralists decry the mimic scene,
 Little they know great Nature's moving power
 Of genius on the pulses of the heart.
 Was Shakspere less divine because no Priest ?
 The Bard who raised an Altar on each hearth,
 Planted high feelings in a Nation's breast,
 Made vice revolting, virtue a reward,
 Portrayed the passions with unerring skill,
 And with his pen, plucked from a Seraph's wing,
 Wrote truths immortal on Time's glowing scroll,
 Never to fade,—“ with colors dipt in heaven.”
 Shall but the few be chosen to instruct ?
 The world's wide stage is formed for many parts,
 With much of sterling metal 'mid the dross ;
 No jewel delved from out the breast of earth
 Possesses value like the human mind,
 And they who up to Nature hold the glass
 Contribute largely to the general weal :
 Sweet Isolina, thou art Nature's own.
 Well may the sire be proud who calls thee child ;
 Well may the man who leads the Tragic Muse
 Captive upon his steps,—whose giant mind
 Reflects with grandeur all the mighty past,
 Delight to call thee—daughter ;—for to him
 Thou 'rt treasure rarer than the empty sounds
 That greet a Noble's presence ;—thou to him
 Another life, so grafted on his heart,
 That of his being thou 'rt become the stay ;
 Prop to his age ;—a pleasure to his eyes,
 The one green spot on Memory's cheerless waste.

SWEET MAY IS COMING.

SWEET May is coming :
 Earth is new born,—for Spring hath smiled her brightness ;
 Amid the early flowers the bees are flitting,
 Young Summer carols forth her hymns with lightness,
 The air breathes life renewed,—perfume emitting ;
 And the Lark gaily speeds to meet the morning,
 Just as Day peeps, and whispers,—it is dawning ;
 Sweet May is coming.

Sweet May is coming :
 In the broad fields the harvest seeds are stirring,
 Waking to life, after their Winter dreaming ;
 Through the fresh green clad woods the birds are whirring,
 On the tall trees the golden sun is gleaming :
 Deep in the lake shadows of clouds are gliding,
 Reflected clear as on th' empyrean riding ;
 Sweet May is coming.

Sweet May is coming :

Joy, for Youth, winter-bound, by sickness stricken ;
Throw wide the casements,—let the fresh air stealing
Over the languid brow the pulses quicken,
Its very breath an ecstasy revealing ;

Joy for the Aged, whose sad eyes now brighten
For life's sore load the Season's hand doth lighten :

Sweet May is coming.

Sweet May is coming :

Oh, for the Mays of life now long departed,
When bloom was on fair cheeks, with scarce a sorrow ;
When merry laughter rang from the light-hearted ;
We never thought to know a sombre morrow :

Alas ! lov'd forms are gone no more to bless us,
The lips are silent now that did caress us :

Sweet May is coming.

Sweet May is coming :

Welcome her gentle presence with kind greetings,
Let not the Past call back the heart's repinings ;
Thank God that some are left for lov'd meetings ;
That Life's dark clouds have yet their "silver linings :"

No heart so sad but the warm sun will lighten,
No eye so dim but Summer's smile will brighten :

Sweet May is coming.

Sweet May is coming :

Away, away, and strew the hawthorn blossom,
Snow white, and pink,—upon her path of gladness ;
Away, away,—go press her to your bosom,
With sunny smiles without a shade of sadness :
Make holiday amid green fields and valleys :
Quit the close town, its pent-up streets and alleys :

Sweet may is coming.

KIND WORDS.

A SINGLE drop of rain

Revives the drooping flower ;

It blooms to life again

With new sustaining power :

One kind word, like that drop,

Will angry thoughts remove,

The withering blight will stop,

And bring back smiles of love.

A single ray of light

Will cheer the captive's cell ;

Upon that beam, his sight

With anxious hope will dwell :

One soothing, tender word,

Shall melt the stubborn breast,

Bind fast strong passions chord,

And lull the heart to rest.

A single spot of green,
Upon the desert plain,
Is welcomed soon as seen,
And counted precious gain :
One kind word much doth tell ;
'Tis rain drop to the flower,
'Tis light to captive's cell,
To Pilgrim, verdant bower.

I A N T H E.

Oh, come to me, Ianthe !
The silver moonbeams streak the dark-blue sea,
And shadows peep from out the ivy'd tower ;
So calm, so pure the air,—the heather bee
Hums as though Morning kissed its fav'rite flower :
Music floats o'er the stillness of the night,
And far off hills stand clear upon the sight.
Oh, come to me, Ianthe.

Oh, come to me, Ianthe !
Summer is dreaming on her bed of flowers,
The noonday sun is veiled from her fair face ;
Her heart-pulse beats soft as the dewy showers,
Come watch the slumberer in her matchless grace ;
Her breath is like the violet's sweetest sigh,
When the lark trills his matin melody.
Oh, come to me, Ianthe.

Joy—thou art come, Ianthe !
The birds are nestling 'mid the emerald leaves,
All save the nightingale, whose luscious notes,
Like harmony divine, the woodland cleaves,
And through the placid ether gurgling floats :
Thy presence far more prized than all around,
Earth, sea, and air, are captive to thee bound :
Joy—thou art come, Ianthe !

Joy—thou art come, Ianthe !
I read thy every thought in that sweet smile,
Speak not, but lay thy head upon my breast ;
Oh, that for ever I could thus beguile
Life's weary journey with such tranquil rest ;
Look up, and let thine eyes-light melt with mine,
Am I not dearest, thine,—for ever thine ?
Joy—thou art come, Ianthe !

A U G U S T .

HE comes adown th' ambrosial path of heaven,
Fruit crown'd—with flowers wreath'd 'mid his golden locks;
His eyes sky tinctured by meridian light;
Upon his face a smile of stainless joy;
Ears of ripe corn his sceptre;—his fair form
A paragon of Beauty,—a desire,
Winning all hearts to love him. Plenteous month,
Most welcome to the husbandman,—whose lips
Carol with gladness as the heavy grain
Falls 'fore the reapers. Richest stores in view
Spread the wide fields, a pathway for his feet,
And happy gleaners follow on his steps
To cull the stray cast bounties. Every heart
Leaps with delight,—or in contentment dreams
Of future plenty,—when the wintry hours
Shall cast their shadows on the frozen earth.
Welcome art thou, blest type of happiness;
Lov'd is thy presence; at thy cheering voice
E'en wretched Poverty forgets his want,
And lifts his head to greet thee with a smile.

A U G U S T .

THE trees are crowned with verdure. The thick woods
Send forth delicious sounds,—the joyous songs
Of the sweet feather'd choir. In golden waves
The full ripe corn bows 'neath the gentle breeze;
And crystal rivers wind their serpent paths
Far o'er the beauteous scene. Upon their banks,
And in the shallows, groups of cattle stand:
Whilst, high above,—the deep cerulean vault,
Hangs, cloudless and serene. Huge, spreading oaks
Afford their shadows to the snow-white sheep,
That dose in calm and undisturbed content,
Beneath their boughs o'erhanging. Even Man
Shuns the hot noon tide, and the reapers seek
A bowery nook, and lay them down to rest;
Some with arms crossed, their faces turned to earth,
Dream of past days, and count on future hours;
Their sickles idly glittering in the sun,
Till Evening comes with her refreshing breath,
Arousing all to life. Then lowing herds
Approach the homestead; and the laden wains,
Toppling with grain, are slowly seen to move
From the now stubble field. Behind remain
Young, laughing gleaners, chatting with old dames;
Some carrying bulky sheafs upon their heads,
Others, in aprons, store the welcome spoil;
All are rejoicing, for sweet Plenty smiles.

IN MEMORIAM.*

RING out the Joy bells ;
Manfully—cheerily !
Stoutly and merrily ;
Clang—shake the steeple,
Cheer all ye people ;
Great is the Victory,
Prostrate the foe doth lie,
Ring out the Joy bells !

Toll, toll, the Death bells ;
Solemnly,—mournfully,
Ruthfully,—dolefully ;
For the dead,—dear ones,
For the loved,—near ones ;
For fathers, and brothers,
For husbands and lovers ;
Toll, toll, the Death bells.

Muffle the Joy bells ;
Make them groan audibly,
Make them tone terribly ;
So that each heart may
For the bereaved pray ;
Think not of Victory,
Think of the widow's sigh ;
Muffle the Joy bells.

Toll, toll, the Death bells :
Toll for the young and brave,
In a far distant grave ;
Lament for the old,
Whose stern brows are cold :
Think of the fatherless,
Of the blood-clotted tress ;
Toll, toll the Death bells.

* Written at the termination of the War in the Crimea.

TO AN OLD MIRROR.

I HAVE known thee many years,
 From my childhood's early day ;
 When my youth was in its prime ;
 Thou 'rt unchanged,—my hair is grey ;
 I remember, well, the time,
 Lifted by my mother—kind ;
 I saw myself reflected,
 With her smiling face behind.

I have known thee many years ;
 And long time before my birth,
 Loved faces looked upon thee,
 I shall ne'er more see on earth.
 One by one, they passed away,
 As the shadow on a stream ;
 And yet in thee I see them,
 Like sweet visions in a dream.

I have known thee many years,
 With thy quaint old-fashioned frame ;
 The marks of age are on thee,
 But thy features are the same :
 The world has many changes,—
 Beauty's brow soon wrinkles o'er ;
 Yet, other smiling faces
 Rise,—and on their shadows pore.

I have known thee many years,
 And must soon be called away ;
 To join the long-lost, loved ones,
 But for others thou wilt stay :
 Still radiant in thy beauty,
 Thou wilt lure the youthful heart,
 They reck not of the future,
 That, with Time,—they will depart.

I have known thee many years ;
 Yes, to Memory thou art dear ;
 Oh, well can I remember,
 Youthful joys when thou wert near :
 Farewell, you but remind me,
 Of the Past, for ever flown ;
 My hopes are all now shatter'd,
 I, the last, am left—alone !

THE DEAD GIRL.

How placidly she looks, as though in sleep,
 Her eyes seem, as they never more would weep ;
 No movement, not a breath to stir her hair,
 Her wax-like face so beautiful,—so fair.
 She is dead !—she is dead !

And silently upon her snowy breast,
 Her folded hands, earth-wearied, are at rest ;
 No dreams of happiness, of joy, or pain,
 Will picture, more, upon her heart, or brain.
 She is dead !—she is dead !

Crown her with flowers ; of Heaven the spotless bride,
 Place them upon her bosom,—by her side ;
 Deck her in raiments whiter than the snow,
 Ere in the tomb you gently lay her—low,
 She is dead !—she is dead !

Her lips are mute—no more the tender kiss,
 Will give to love the ecstasy of bliss ;
 Where roseate hues of health were wont to play,
 The cheeks are cold, and pallid e'en as clay.
 She is dead !—she is dead !

Oh, wonderful is Death, great mystery ;
 Oh, wonderful is Death, Life's History
 Closed, midway, with blank pages at the end ;
 The Future, human eye hath never kenn'd.
 She is dead !—she is dead !

Mourn not for her, grieve not to call her back
 From Glory's light, earthward, where all is black ;
 Yearn not to see her smiles, to hear her voice,
 But let your hearts, submissively, rejoice.
 She is dead !—she is dead !

No, no, not dead,—her spirit hath but flown
 To nestle near the Everlasting throne ;
 We cannot hear her voice, but there she sings
 Of Joy Eternal,—poised on Seraph's wings.
 She's not dead !—She's not dead !

LOVE AND AMBITION.

(From an unpublished Play.)

BLONDELL.

Ambition lives upon the future ; walks
 With head erect, and eyes that search the stars ;
 Will pass at noon-day in the summer tide
 'Mid groves and flowers ; by murmuring silver brooks,
 Unconscious of the fragrance of the air,
 Or the sweet music from the sylvan stream ;
 But Love—with meek desires, and humble steps,
 Lives on the past, and present.—In each shrub,
 Or simple flower, some beauty is discerned,
 He pauses by the way to list the songs
 Of feather'd choristers, and dreams of climes
 Where all is sunshine and ambrosial air.

CLAUDINE.

Can Love then match the stars ? Can love climb up
 The mountain peaks, that lose themselves in light ?
 Can love that feeds on beauty, feel those joys
 That fills the heart whose aspirations lead
 Beyond the present, and would grasp at power
 That Angels only wield ; can pining love,
 The baby boy who creeps contentedly
 Upon the velvet carpet of this earth
 And finds a home 'mid flowers, a palace home,
 Crowning himself with beauteous things that fade
 Ere the sun sinks beneath the western wave,
 Claims station by Ambition ? Wrestle with
 The giant soul whose yearnings find no bounds
 That knows not space, from thought to thought soars on
 Unsatisfied ; yet strengthened, as new worlds
 Come and dissolve before him ? No—thy love
 Is but a passing sun-beam, that a cloud,
 A little cloud, will blot out from the sight
 Leaving—all desolate.

BLONDELL.

Life without Love were blank, indeed, Claudine ;
 Thou art the eagle whose strong wing can reach
 Nearest to Heaven, whose eyes can face the sun,
 Nor shrink beneath the glory of his gaze.
 Give me the lark,—that trills in crystal air,
 Whose luscious notes of uncontrolled joy
 Fall on the ear when he is lost to sight ;
 Whose nest though built on earth, leads to the skies ;
 Who sings not but when Nature warms his breast,
 When highest poised, his ecstasy complete,
 Drops like a star from out the firmament
 And seeks again his mate in solitude.

CLAUDINE.

Till Winter comes and drives him from his home ;
 Till age with stealthy hand removes the gloss,
 From the bright wings he nestled by ; till light
 Has faded from the dark and sparkling eyes
 Of her who was to him a lamp of joy ;
 Till his own voice has lost its melody,
 Till he forgets th' empyrean,—and response
 That echo'd back upon his raptured ear.
 Love is for Time. Ambition, limitless,
 Immortal is. An amaranth that blooms
 Unfading o'er the rainbow arch of Heaven.
 Dost never think of Fame, dost never hear
 The ecstatic throbings of the actor's heart
 When greeted by the' applauses of the crowd ?
 Dost never feel upon thy brow the wreaths
 Cast at the feet of Genius ? Has thy blood
 Lost all the fire that feeds the flickering flame
 Of those who struggle on 'mid penury
 To gain a foremost place among the throng ?
 Ambition cries advance—new worlds to win ;
 When won, Ambition rises more refreshed
 From toil repaid, and grasps at infinite.

BLONDELL.

The world has but one sun, that sun is love ;
 My heart, that world would die without thy light ;
 Nothing is single on this globe of ours
 But selfish, proud Ambition. E'en the stars
 In fond companionship together meet.
 The rills that trickle down the mountain side
 Join one another—every blade of grass
 Would wither, left alone. Let time pass on ;
 That face of thine will change to wrinkled care ;
 Then sit thee down in winter, watch the fire,
 See golden mountains fed by silver streams ;
 Go back into the past, and hear again
 The applause thou talk'st of from enraptured hearts.
 It soon will fade, the lights go out, the scene
 Closes in gloom, and silence reigns around.
 Say thou art sick—no tender soothing voice
 Will lull thee when the fever racks thy brain.
 Call on Ambition then, a serpent's head
 Rises to hiss at thee ; but call on Love,
 If e'er your heart knew love and trusted him,
 Then would'st thou meet soft eyes whose early light
 Would comfort bring—then would thy head be prest
 Upon a bosom whose minutest throb
 Would beat in unison with thine : and feel
 Affection's breath upon thy fading brow—
 Affection's kiss upon thy dying lips,
 Love that will strengthen as the flesh decays,
 Whose voice thou'l hear as in a quiet dream
 When Life embraces Death.

KENEALEY.

(Written on the first page of "Goethe, a Pantomime,"
by Edward Kenealy.)

I.

THE gifted mind,
The Scholar and the Poet's jubilee ;
Learning walks hand in hand with Poesie ;
The great ones of the Past appear,—and we
Rare treasures find
That have been hidden in the womb of Time :
Thoughts spring to light, like flowers in their prime,
Bathing the heart with incense. The sublime
With home combin'd.

II.

The varied verse,
All beautiful as heaven at sunset hour ;
With heart-pulse music, whose enchanting power
Gladdens the ear.—Or the refreshing shower
Whose drops disperse
The wearied faintness on our gloomy way,
Waking us up to life !—Sweet numbers play
Through every line,—like fairy tones that sway
The Universe.

III.

The well of Thought ;
From which great spirits that have gone before
Drank deep of Poesie's immortal lore,
To thee has yielded freely its rich store :
Ecstatic draught !
Shakspere, and Shelley, from the crystal stream
Imbibed the light eternal—and its beam
Hath on thee shed its lustre, like a dream
By Fancy wrought.

IV.

The hidden things,
To the dull eyes of millions, have to thee
Unfolded been,—and the mind's golden key
Unlock'd thy brain, and set its yearnings free,
To soar on wings
Ethereal,—to co-mingle with the vast
And subtle beauties of the glorious past,
Blending them with the future,—which thou hast
In thy heart's springs.

V.

Earth, Heaven, and Hell ;
 Thy mighty mind has pictured with a force
 Of beauty and of power ;—traced the source
 Of Nature in her grand mysterious course ;
 Dissolved the spell
 That bound the Passions, and laid bare the heart
 To sweetest impulses,—whose throbs impart
 Feelings that ne'er again from us can part ;
 The soul's pearl shell.

VI.

Lost to earth now,
 A lone star shining in a distant sphere ;
 Yet future generations will revere
 The triumphs of thy Genius, and draw near,
 When men shall know
 Thou wast, but art not, and shall hail thy name
 And place it on the pinnacle of Fame,
 Branding thy cold compeers with scorn and shame,
 When thou'ret laid low.

SONG OF SPRING.

SHE comes with sunshine and sweet flowers,
 Pale violets wreath her beauteous hair ;
 And in her train brings lightsome hours,
 With life and joyance everywhere.
 The birds awake at earlier dawn,
 And trill their luscious notes with glee ;
 The buds are bursting from the thorn ;
 At her bright presence gloom doth flee.
 The winds in gentle dalliance play
 Amid the emerald-tintured trees,
 And kiss the blossomings of May,
 New rifled by the golden bees.
 She comes with music ;—from the sky
 The lark outpours his glorious song,
 Poised like a star in ether high,
 The silver clouds of morn among.
 Her first smile greets the mountain height,
 Her first kiss breathes upon the vale ;
 And then her ivory feet alight
 Mid snowdrop, crocus, primrose pale.
 She walks the earth, a gentle dream,
 She fills the sky with fragrance rare ;
 Around her, thoughts ecstatic teem ;
 Season is she, of all—most fair.

BABY TRIFLES.

TO MY DEAR GRANDSON, W. L. D. SMITH, ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY
OF HIS BIRTHDAY.

JOY of my heart,—life's sunset's latest ray,
I read within thine eyes of lustrous blue,
The germ of mind to light thy future way;
Oh, may thy earthly course prove ever true
To Christian precepts;—and thy name be known
As one whose genius boundless blessings gave,
Not to the fleeting things of earth alone,
A guiding lamp beyond the darksome grave.

 Thy life one little year,—and yet to me
Thou seem'st to have existed through long time;
My soul is, as it were, a part of thee,
And I live back, and see thee in my prime:
Thy face is so familiar,—so impress
Upon my very being, I could deem
That I had ever held thee to my breast,
And that the touch of Age was but a dream.

 Sweet innocent;—I pray what thou art now,
May be a portion of thy coming years;
Untainted heart, spotless unclouded brow,
And sunny smiles to blot out transient tears:
May blessings manifold, be ever thine,
And thou a blessing to thy parents dear;
So that when death shall come thy face will shine,
Like the good, faithful servant,—without fear.

 God guard thee:—May thy Angel spirit tend
Thy footsteps through life's troubled thorny way;
And may thy thoughts with Faith in Christ ascend,
Nor ever from His teachings go astray;
When I am gone,—perchance in some lone hour
Thou'l read these simple lines of love, from me;
And should affliction ever on thee lower;
Think, my heart's darling, I have prayed for thee.

July 5, 1862.

THE SLEEPING BABE.

ON MY DEAR LITTLE GODSON, FREDERICK RICHARD CHAPMAN.

NESTLED, within a cot, a baby lies,
His ivory fingers gently pressed upon
His rosebud cheek:—whilst gentle, poppy, Sleep,
Lulls him to rest.—Who can divine his dreams?

Of earth they cannot be, for of the earth,
 And all things human, he unconscious is,
 Nor sin, nor sorrow, yet have set their seal
 Upon that brow,—or seared that spotless heart.
 What are his dreams?—Perchance his spirit lives
 With those good Angels, who from mortal mould,
 Purged of the dross that taints all human life,
 Became as little children, and were called
 To rest upon the bosom of their Lord.
 Who can divine his dreams? say who can tell
 Where the pure soul, immortal, wanders now?
 Did not Christ teach, the loving, gentle Christ,
 Speaking of little children, that in Heaven
 Their Angels do behold, the face of God,
 Never yet seen by Man? With reverence, then,
 Look on that helpless babe;—more gifted he,
 Void of all human knowledge, than the famed
 Whose names are left emblazoned on Time's scroll.
 Yearn not for Time to give Intelligence,
 Wisdom, that doth not profit, but ensnares;
 As years move on, and bring him nearer earth,
 His guardian Angel will retreat afar,
 And leave him to the world, with all its guiles.
 Sleep on, thou darling; would that all the hours
 Of thy appointed life could pass away
 Gentle as now. Would that thy sinless brow
 Might ne'er be marked by the stern hand of Care,
 Or thy pure heart be troubled with a sigh.
 God bless thee tiny budling of Life's flower,
 Tend thee to blossoming, and when the leaves
 Of years shall thickly fall, then gather thee
 An Amaranth to bloom, for aye, in Heaven.

September 11th, 1868.

A YEAR AGO.

TO MY DEAR LITTLE GODSON, FREDERICK RICHARD CHAPMAN,
 ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY.

I.

A year ago, a year ago,
 Those eyes were void of conscious light;
 Whither you went, you did not know,
 The day, to you,—was dark as night.

II.

A year ago, a year ago,
 You knew not, dear, a Mother's face;
 But now to her you yearn to go
 And clasp her in your fond embrace.

III.

A year ago, a year ago,
You heeded not a Father's kiss,
Nor Grandam's tender love did know,
Their presence then you did not miss.

IV.

A year ago, a year ago,
From you no joyous laugh was heard ;
No cooing sounds of love did flow
Like softest notes from woodland bird.

V.

A year ago, a year ago,
Kind, Grandam's lips you did not press,
As if you knew to her you owe
For anxious watchings, warm caress.

VI.

A year ago, a year ago,
You heeded not those pretty toys ;
Could not shake hands, and make a bow,
Or, kick up—such a precious noise !

VII.

A year ago, a year ago ;
'Tis time, at once, the tale is told ;
Well may you laugh, and jump, and crow,
For, darling, you are—twelvemonts old !

VIII.

May many happy years be thine,
May blessings ever round thee flow ;
Thy heart remain as pure a shrine
As when it beat—A year ago !

September 11th, 1869.

TWO LITTLE SHOES AND A HAT !

I.

YES, there they hang, those two dear little shoes,
And a hat, in its well-known place ;
But where are the feet that patter'd about,
And, oh, where is the loving face ?
I fancy I hear—steps upon the stair,
And the sweet, lisping voice I love ;
Yet the feet, and the face, are beneath the turf,
And the voice sings in heaven above.

II.

I listen, and listen,—but all in vain,
 And I listen till sounds I hear ;
 'Tis the music of love within my heart,
 Of a trust that the steps are near ;
 But the hope grows weary,—the lov'd sounds fade,
 I arouse, and my heart reprove,
 For I know, though the form lies 'neath the turf,
 That the spirit's in heaven above ?

III.

Can I ever part with those simple things,
 They are memories sacred—dear ;
 They return to the heart some joy for grief,
 For they bring the beloved one near ;
 No,—I sit and muse in the twilight eve,
 I will never those gems remove ;
 Though we ne'er more shall meet again on earth,
 We shall part not in heaven above.

IV.

Yes, there they hang, those two dear little shoes,
 And a hat, in its well-known place ;
 But where are the feet that patter'd about,
 And, oh, where is the loving face ?
 I fancy I hear—steps upon the stair,
 And the sweet, lisping voice I love ;
 Yet the feet, and face, are beneath the turf,
 And the voice sings in heaven above.

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

WE launch forth on the wide, wide world,
 And meet the clouds and sunshine, there ;
 For Mammon, earnestly we strive,
 That brings us less of joy—than care ;
 And friendships soon are sought, and made,
 We cherish such within the heart ;
 Yet last they not, like that fond love,
 Which thoughts of Home alone impart.
Amid the busy scenes of life,
 Sad visions sometimes will appear ;
 That bring to mem'ry happier days,
 When those we early lov'd were near :
 And then we see, as in the past,
 The dear, familiar faces rise ;
 And hear the loving, tender lips
 Recall our hearts to Home, with sighs.

Where is lov'd Father? Oh, no more
His cheerful voice our ears will greet;
Where is dear Mother? Ever gone,
On earth no more shall we them meet:
For, in the grave-yard, side by side,
They both repose in tranquil sleep;
Oh, why, then, wish them here again?
T_heirs is a Home, where none may weep.
The sweet abode of childhood's days,
The orchard trees, the garden flowers;
The little room—its precious store
Of pictures, that we once call'd ours,
Are now no more, at least to us;
That home is changed,—the trees decayed,
The flowers have wither'd, years ago;
All, all, within the tomb are laid.
This beauteous world, with all its lures,
Hath neither happiness nor truth,
Like what we knew in early years,
When innocence did guide our youth:
Then let us cling to those yet left,
Yes, closer cling, as some depart;
Throw off all hollow friendships here,
Make Home—the altar of the heart.
An altar, on whose shrine is laid,
The weary load of grief and pain;
Sacred to every thought that's pure,
The fruit of Faith, life's golden grain:
Call back, when troubled hours are near,
The lessons taught, the lips that spake;
Think that those loving guides are here,—
Dream on of Home, and ne'er awake.

TO MY DAUGHTER — ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THIS is thy Birthday.—One-and-twenty years
 Have been, and are not ;—yet thy form I see
 As it were yesterday ;—when hopes and fears
 Came o'er my heart, as on thy Mother's knee
 Thou slumberedst with a smile upon thy face,
 Her eyes bent on thee as a treasure rare,
 More prized than gold by Avarice. I trace
 Thine onward progress, till with gentle care
 She taught thee first to walk. Thy voice I hear,
 Thy little voice that sweetly lisp'd my name
 In accents indistinct,—yet far more dear
 Than all of human speech to me it came.

Life's many changes have thy father tried,
 The world, a sleepless foe, before him stood ;
 Yet has he fearless battled with the tide,
 To save thee from the tempest and the flood :
 Yes, thou art spared a blessing to his age,
 The bright star of his fast declining days ;
 Thy gentle voice his sorrows will assuage,
 And he, for thee, God's blessing ever prays :
 Gentle, and good, a guardian spirit thou,
 A sweet remembrancer, a pure delight ;
 He loves to gaze upon thy sinless brow,
 And lives on long past years,—when in thy sight.

This is thy Birthday,—darling of my heart,
 The bloom of womanhood is on thy cheek ;
 O ! may'st thou ever be as now thou art
 The truthful, the affectionate, and meek :
 Keep all thy Childhood's innocence, and deem
 That added years may rob thee of that peace,
 Which worldly ones so lightly do esteem ;
 For with life's brightest lures all true joys cease :
 Strengthen thy mind, keep pure thy gentle breast,
 Ask for true knowledge, and it shall be given ;
 Life is a weary journey, without rest ;
 Live, dearest, so that thou may'st wake in heaven.

A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.

CLOUDS of light
Like frosted snow,
 Swing beneath the azure sky ;
 In their flight
Beyond them flow,
 Wreaths of pearly mist, on high,
 Which the sun's rays purify.
Varied flowers,
Mosaic strown,
 Gem the soft and verdant ground ;
 Cooling bowers,
By shadows hewn :—
 'Mid the emerald wood around,
 Blithely, songs of birds resound.
Crystal streams
Are murmuring near,
 Trickling like a silver bell ;
 Waking dreams
Through which appear,
 All the past the heart loved well,
 Strains, like music from a shell.
Fragrant sighs
Breathe from the air :
 Perfume glads the net-work brain :
 Lullabies
From Zephyr's fair,
 Cheer the brow like summer rain
 Falling on the golden grain.
With his veil
Of amber spread,
 Slowly cometh gentle Sleep ;—
 Senses fail,
The mind grows dead,
 As though life had ceased to creep—
 All is hushed—in silence deep.

SONNETS TO THE POETS.

MILTON.

A DEATHLESS name is thine, thou prophet muse,
 Who, from thy sightless eyes beheld afar,
 Visions of glory, that our mortal ken
 Could never reach. Beyond Heaven's sapphire bar
 Thou soaredst thro' the Past—eye, e'en as when
 The legions of Abaddon clave the air
 In bold defiance; ere the Almighty's frown
 Took from the rebel angel's visage fair
 The blessed light of beauty, which outshone
 All other round the eternal crystal throne:
 Ere by the breath Omnipotent hurl'd down,
 Satan had fallen. Thy Paradise shall bloom
 Till Time expires, and from thy mortal tomb,
 Thou wilt arise with an immortal crown.

SHAKSPERE.

OF all, foregone, the Master Spirit, thou:
 Poet, Philosopher, sweet Child of Song;
 Age's instructor, beacon light of youth;
 Imperial crown'd all other Bards among:
 A never-dying laurel wreathes thy brow,
 That brow, whose lofty, magic dome became
 The palace of the Passions. There enshrined
 Nature took up her lasting dwelling-place.
 Till Time shall cease, SHAKSPERE, thy hallow'd name
 Will live immortal. With thy country's fame
 Shall thine, heart-searcher, ever be entwined.
 What human feeling can Man's wisdom trace
 But on thy crystal page of truth is found:
 Great Brother of our race, all hearts to thee are bound.

SHELLEY.

As from the placid bosom of the earth,
 Some mighty torrent gushes forth to life;
 So did thy spirit, Shelley, from its birth;
 Leaping aloft with energy sublime;
 Mingling with golden beauty and dark strife:
 The day dreams of thy glory in their prime,
 Encompassed all things visionary bright;
 And thy conceptions like the lightning flashed
 Beautiful, yet destructive!—yes, thy light
 Beamed like the serpent's eyes to fascinate,
 When, lo! thy unsuspecting victim dashed
 From his great height of ecstasy elate,
 Sorrowing beheld thy beauteous shadow rise,
 An outshut Angel on the gates of Paradise.

MIDSUMMER.

MORNING,

A BREATH like sweetbriar after rain;
 The lake shines like a silver shield,
 And over hill, and dale, and field
 Bends gracefully the golden grain.
 The carolling of joyous birds;
 From distant woods the caw of rooks,
 Drowns the sweet babblings of the brooks,
 Whilst in the meadows, low the herds.

From snow-white cottages arise
 Thin spiral smoke that wends its way
 And melts upon the breast of day,
 Till lost to sight 'mid cloudless skies.

NOON.

The whetting scythes, like bells of steel,
 Ring out beneath the mower's hands,
 And clash like arm'd warrior bands,
 When foe 'gainst stubborn foe doth reel.

And now the noontide meal is brought,
 Whilst under the umbrageous trees,
 Where whispers a refreshing breeze,
 The mowers have a resting sought.

In mid-stream of the crystal brook
 The cattle stand in cool repose,
 Defiant of all insect foes,
 Or seek some quiet, shady nook.

EVENING.

A deeper purple tints the sky,
 And honey bees with powdered wings,
 Each to the hive rich harvest brings;
 Whilst near is heard the landrail's cry.

The rivers dreamingly flow on,
 And sportive fish upon them play,
 Flashing around the silver spray,
 The bubbles fading, one by one.

In rainbow splendour Eve retires,
 The Sun puts on his robe of gold,
 And screens him in its ample fold,
 Till twilight comes—then Day expires.

THE FORSAKEN.

I.

No more, no more ; the spell is broken,
 The trust of years is crushed at last ;
 And pangs,—too bitter to be spoken,
 Have clouded all the sunny past :
 Ye golden dreamings,—gone for ever,
 Confiding Love, where art thou now ?
 Those silver links so soon to sever,
 Th' averted head,—the saddened brow.

II.

No more, no more ; the hope of meeting,
 The trembling joy that thrill'd the heart ;
 No happy days, no tender greeting,
 No bliss to meet, no pang to part :
 No smile to light Hope's lamp of gladness,
 No laughing, loving voice, well known ;
 But in their place a look of sadness,
 A glance that tells,—the heart is lone.

III.

No more, no more ;—too, too confiding,
 Why did'st thou place thy hand in mine,
 And let me press thee, without chiding,
 Upon my heart, and—call me thine ?
 So soon to change, and woo another,
 To turn thy soul-lit eyes from me ;
 To say thou lov'st me as a brother,
 When well thou knowest I worship thee.

IV.

No more, no more ; shall music charm me,
 Those old lov'd songs you used to sing ;
 I would not, e'en in thought, love, harm thee,
 Though anguish must this bosom wring :
 Farewell, farewell ;—may blessings tend thee,
 May grief ne'er touch thee, love,—nor thine ;
 May heaven all its bounties send thee,
 Although I may not call thee mine.

WHAT ALL WORK FOR.

SOLVE the question—what all work for;
From life's dawn, to hoary age;
Why we toil, and yearn for riches,
From the peasant to the sage?
What results from all our labour?
What the end of all we crave?
Years of trial, sore temptations,
What all work for is—the grave.
Poets' dreamings, Sculptors' marble,
Science with her arm of might;
Those who trace the planets' courses
Through the depthless vault of night:
Some seek titles, honour, glory,
Many for subsistence slave,
Looking forward to the morrow;
What all work for is—the grave.
Some wreck life by eager longings
For the glittering bauble—fame;
Others covet vast possessions,
And that empty sound, a name;
Insects in the sunshine sporting,
Bubbles on the ocean wave;
Every thing is evanescent,
What all work for is—the grave.
Nature has her proper uses,
Order rules o'er heaven and earth;
Man has hope beyond the present,
Mundane glory is but dearth:
Let us toil, then, for the future,
An eternal architrave;
Where the weary rest for ever,
Joy eterne—beyond the grave.

SUMMER DREAMINGS.

SUNRISE.

A PALE, transparent, fan-like light appears
 Expanding o'er the East. Anon bright rays
 Of burnished silver from the horizon dart;
 The Morning Star melts in the radiant flood;
 The mountain tops are lit up with a smile,
 As shadows creep adown them. On the plain
 The lowing herds rise up refreshed, and gaze
 In calm content. From out the woodlands gush
 The matin song of birds; the purling brook
 Sparkles and dallys on its gravelly bed;
 Flowers ope their petals, and the honey bees
 Hum with delight, amid their busy toil.
 The diamond dew, rocks on the tiny leaves
 Of rarest shrubs and grasses. Life wakes up
 To daily labour,—each created thing,
 From smallest insect to immortal Man,
 Joys to inhale the Morning's fragrant breath.

SUNSET.

The concentrated light of beauteous things
 Stained with earth's myriad flowers, and purified
 Through her clear crystal waters. The rich blaze
 Of rarest colours fused into a mass
 Of gorgeous glory. On the western vault
 A robe of amber spread, with silver clouds
 Gold-fringed, transparent, mixed and mottled o'er
 With regal purple: from which rays of fire
 Pierce the thick emerald foliage of the grove,
 Illuminating the unbrageous wood
 With more than noonday splendour:
 The distant trees, so calm and motionless,
 Look as though pencilled on the deepening sky:
 Then Twilight comes, with stealthy steps, and drops
 Her soft grey veil o'er the sweet face of Day,
 Who sinks to slumber, curtained by the stars,
 Till Morning wakes him up again with Light.

A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

In the far West, near where the Sun has set,
 A large, broad silver-tinted cloud lies loop'd
 By one fair Star. Anon the golden Moon
 Peeps o'er the horizon, and her burnished shield
 Reflects a second day. The bird of night
 From out the thickened grove trills forth his lay,
 Like sweet bells sounding on the distant air,

Waking his feathered co-mates from repose.
 Now, high in heaven the Majesty of Night
 Sails like a globe of silver—in a sea
 Of rich transparent sapphire. O'er the fields,
 Laden with full ripe grain, the living light
 Moves with a trem'rous motion, like the waves,
 Crystalline, on a scarcely ruffled lake.
 From the deep shaded copse the timid hare
 Comes forth securely to her quiet brouse
 Amid pied clover;—and the full-leaf'd trees
 Dosing in light and shade, their branches spread
 To catch the falling of the diamond dew,
 Which glitters like a tear beneath a smile:
 The gentle air but whispers; and the streams
 Of rivulets which warble on their way,
 Alone disturb the silence of the scene.
 Night in her noon of beauty, like a Bride,
 Enraptures Day, who, stealing from his throne
 At earliest morn, clasps her to his embrace.

AGE AND THE GRAVE.

An old man stood beside a grave, and read
 Th' inscription on the head-stone. It bore date
 Some fifty years back from the present time:
 His sister's name and age were writ thereon;
 She died in Girlhood's bloom,—but yet to him
 The same young, beaming face again appeared:
 He never thought that had she lived, ere now
 Time would have graven wrinkles on her face;
 That face so beautiful;—that her light step
 Would now have tottered,—that those clear blue eyes,
 Faded, would strain to catch a glimpse of light:
 He saw her as she "was," as all shall see
 Their better selves when life has run his course:
 The past is ever beautiful, it tells
 Of days when hearts were sinless.—That old man
 Did right to look upon the better part,
 For Wisdom is in Virtue.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MIND.

The mountain peak receives the earliest dawn;
 Upon its brow the latest day-beam falls:
 The man whose aspirations soar above
 The level of his dust, is nearest heaven
 And basks in light Eternal.

THE HEART AND THE CLOUD.

The cloud upon the sky betokens rain;
 The cloud upon the heart presages tears;
 Both a similitude afford, that Life
 Is but a blending of vain hopes and fears:
 Take from the sky the cloud, and sunny smiles
 Fall on us from the stainless heaven above;
 Take from the heart its cares, and every pulse
 Responsive beats with thrillings of pure love.

THE RUIN FOUNTAIN.

Mossy, and grey with age, the rotten stones
 Lie huddled in confusion.—The vast bowl
 Robbed of its fair proportions; and the face,
 Once beautiful, of some fair sculptured Nymph
 Bleared with the rust of Time.—The water flows
 Fresh and pellucid as in days of yore;
 So Man's eternal spirit lives when he,
 Like the old Fountain gathered to the dust,
 Is crushed and fallen.

THE DEAD GIRL.

A glorious morn in May shone o'er the earth:
 Within a curtained chamber, deck'd with flowers
 Shedding rich perfume, lay a maiden fair,
 Just verging into early womanhood:
 A beatific smile was on her lips,
 But they were breathless as the sculptured stone:
 She was most beautiful; no line was there
 That token gave of pain. She seemed to gaze
 On death at early day, when all of life
 Is waking into being. Solemn night
 Is the meet time to look on those we've lost,
 For garish day tells us, that never more
 For her the sun will shine, or flowers bloom,
 That on her ears no more Affection's voice
 Will fall like music. That those liquid eyes
 Of tenderness and beauty ne'er again
 Shall speak of love to us. Oh! cruel day,
 To mock the mourner with thy joyous beams,
 Making death hideous, as thou dost reveal
 Corruption in the garb of loveliness.

EXTREME OLD AGE.

The shipwreck'd Mariner on some lone isle,
 Is not more lost to social intercourse,
 Than he who has outlived himself.—New smiles,
 Affection's tender words, and the respect
 That is accorded to long years of life,
 Have no place in his heart.—He muses on
 Like a poor captive in his lonely cell,
 And pictures all the past, which fades beneath
 The clouds of sorrow that oppress his breast.
 A living tomb is he, where light or joy
 Ne'er enters, and he sinks into the grave
 Without repining; for a shelter there
 Long has he coveted. 'Tis better far
 To pluck the flower blooming in its prime,
 Than leave it lone to wither on the stem.

THE BOQUET.

I have a gift for thee. Not things of price
 Which Pride and Mammon worship;—humbler far,
 But not less beautiful than precious gems

That glitter on the brows of Queenly dames.
 Here it is, Lady,—a Boquet ;—sweet flowers
 Of every hue and fragrance,—Maidenhood,
 The rich, wax-leaf'd Narcissus, sprinkled o'er
 With powdered silver.—Beauty, this Moss Rose,
 Beware the thorns that nestle 'neath its leaves.
 Look at these simple Violets,—they tell
 Of pure humility, and humble love.
 This Lily, emblem is of innocence,
 May'st thou be ever spotless as the flower ;
 Faith's turquoise breathes—oh ! sweet Forget-me-Not !
 The regal Iris whispers—live in hope,
 And here are Pansies that should bring Heart's-ease,
 Like sunset calming thy young day of life.
 The crimson purple-petal'd Fuschia proves
 That splendour may e'en blend with modesty.
 Bronzed wall flowers, and carnations, meek Eye-bright,
 And many others thou wilt find here clasped.
 Yes, these are nature's jewell'ry.—Alas !
 Brief is their life,—yet even in their death
 They leave some fragrance. Lady, cherish them,
 And when they wither,—think how once they bloom'd ;
 Think that thy beauty, e'en like them, must fade,
 And so live,—that when time has kissed thy brow
 The Virtues of the past may still remain.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

Earth's richest flower closed from the tainted air ;
 Whose leaves will perish, but whose fragrance pure,
 Is incense made for heaven.—Dreamless it lies
 And sinless,—yet unstained by human thought ;
 A priceless pearl watched by the loving eyes
 Of its good Angel.

THE FIRST TEAR.

See, on that cherub cheek there lies a tear,
 Firstling of sorrow all expressed, not felt :—
 The dew upon the flower that forms unseen
 Is soon inhaled by the bright Summer morn ;
 Mother, thy smile shall be his matin sun—
 Beneath its radiance his young grief shall fade.

THE SPRING IN THE DESERT.

A sea of sand,—a boundless arid waste ;
 No green refreshing herb to glad the eye ;
 No soft embowering shade,—no cool retreat
 From the sharp fiery arrows of the sun.
 Amid the crisp baked earth a fountain springs
 Which purifies the close and stifling air ;
 The traveller's heart leaps with delight,—his lips
 Part with desire, as his now sparkling eyes
 Dwell on the prize before him.—Such is Life—
 Amid the grossness that corrupts our clay,
 Some virtue rises to refresh the soul,

And win us back to happiness again :
The water in the desert emblem is
Of Mercy—to Repentance.

THE LAND OF HOME.

The faint dim outline of dear England's coast
Fades in the distance;—with our Father-land
The heart sinks down th' horizon, and we sigh
For those whose forms lie pictured on the brain,
While sweet home-voices audible discourse
Of happy days unruffled by a tear.

LIGHTNING.

The inky pall of heaven is rent in twain,
But for a moment. When beyond we see
The dazzling concave of the upper vault,
The footstool of the One Omnipotent
Bathed in effulgent glory;—brighter far
Than tens of thousands of meridian suns.

SWELL OF THE SEA.

The glassy billows rise in broad smooth waves,
As though some monster of the slimy deep
Was gliding 'neath their surface.—Not a sound
Of wind or surge disturbs the placid air,
Ocean seems waking from a dreamless sleep.

LOVE.

A little Day formed by few hours of Life ;
That melts away when Twilight dims the sky,
Long ere the Night of Death.

PRAYER AT SEA.

Calm the great waters, cloudless the blue sky,
Upon the deck of the now silent ship
All human life is kneeling in deep prayer,
The Sabbath of the Sea.—One voice alone
Speaks of God's mercies. Floating over Death
She sits a solitary thing, yet heaven
Gives loving audience, and th' Angelic host
Listen with joy to every breath of praise
From Ocean's wilderness.

FLOWERS.

This smiles of Earth, the perfume of her breath ;
Summer's bright robe of colours dyed in heaven :
Fair Woman's Nurslings, and the first delight
Of unstained Childhood's eyes.

BURNS' CENTENARY.

I.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS, and still the Peasant's name
 Lives in all British hearts a household word :
 The rustic child of Nature, born to fame,
 Such fame as Scotia ne'er before had heard.
 On the hill-side his youthful heart was stirred
 To pour forth melodies like mountain streams ;
 Some, soft e'en as the warblings of a bird—
 Some, spirit-stirring, swift as lightning gleams—
 Sweet songs of home, love, war,—these were the Poet's themes.

II.

Mountain, wood, valley, torrent, rivulet,
 Domestic bliss, the Cotter's eve of rest ;
 Upon each phase of life his heart was set,
 Gentlest emotions swayed his ardent breast :
 And yet his dawn of being was unrest.
 He knew not comforts that surround the great,
 To struggle with the world was his behest :
 Bravely the ploughman battled with his fate.
 And made himself a name,—more prized than high estate.

III.

From out the wild-flowers of his native heath,
 His spirit rifled perfume,—incense rare :
 The rocks above, or sterile plain beneath,
 Never to his divining soul were bare ;—
 All things created, to his eyes were fair :
 The simple "Mountain Daisy" won his heart,
 The tiny "Field Mouse" met his tenderest care ;
 As of his being Nature seemed a part,
 He gave himself to her,—nor studied shadowy art.

IV.

Varied his powers as the Seasons' change,
 Description, humour, pathos, the sublime ;
 No limit was there to his mental range,
 Vast his conceptions wedded to rude rhyme :
 In merry mood his verse made joyous chime ;
 But when his soul was given to plaintive strain,
 His melodies were fragrant as wild thyme,
 And melted on the heart like Summer rain
 That gently falls from heaven,—to feed the golden grain.

V.

The bonnie Doon, Lugar, Ayr, Nith, Cluden,
 Are classic streams with Yarrow, and the Tweed ;
 Unknown to fame until his glowing pen
 With magic touch their hidden beauties freed ;
 No other hand performed the master deed :
 Well may brave Scotia love her free-born child,
 Well may accord him an immortal meed :
 A land where Liberty treads, undefiled,
 And lifts her head to heaven, amid her mountains wild ?

VI.

Th' heroic ode of "Bruce at Bannockburn,"
 A nation's epic, legions would inspire,
 And make the basest craven-hearted turn
 To strike for country with unquench'd fire :
 Who that has heard such strain from Patriot lyre,
 But has felt all his being turned to steel ?
 Indignant of great wrong, with dauntless ire
 Rush where the thickest of the foemen reel,
 And vow, when Victory's won, to God alone he'll kneel !

VII.

Change now the scene, turn from the battle fray,
 To gentle metre let the numbers flow :
 See the old man in the decline of day,
 And list the plaint "John Anderson, my Jo;"
 A song of long proved love through weal and woe ;
 Youth's shadow on the future, through which light,
 Trickles like dew-drops on the graves below ;
 Joy's tears can for a moment dim the sight,
 'Tis not the aged alone—are weakened of their might.

VIII.

Fou "Tam O'Shanter," the wise "Brigs of Ayr."
 And spell-tried "Halloween" will never die ;
 For all that's mirthful, wondrous, brave, and fair,
 Find record in his truthful melody :
 E'en to poor brutes he yielded sympathy :—
 The "Twa Dogs" he made famous. Who can read,
 Untouched, the "Auld Mare Maggie's" eulogy ?
 The book of Nature served him in his need,
 From her he gleaned heart-wealth, and founded fame, and creed.

IX.

"Mary in heaven."—How sweet the mournful strain
 Addressed to her, the "dear depart shade;"
 Free was each thought from every earthly stain,
 A sacrifice on the heart's altar laid ;
 His soul's pure love was wedded to the maid :
 The blissful scene where last he Mary met
 Fond Mem'ry cherished ne'er again to fade ;
 Within the grove, by Ayr, life's sun had set,
 The pebbled shore, flowers, birds,—he could not all forget.

X.

The gentle flowing river, on whose face
(As in a mirror, beautiful and bright)
The sedgy banks and trees the eye can trace :
Each little ford sparkling with silv'ry light ;
The reflex of the skimming swallows' flight,
Dipping their wings upon the lucid stream ;
The whimpling brook, were plashing trout delight,
The broad fair lake, or fall where waters teem,—
These filled his heart with ecstasy—life's waking dream.

XI.

From earth to heaven.—Behold the rising sun
Gliding the mountain tops with amber fire ;
At eve, when weary Day his course has run,
See him adown the western hills retire
'Mid rainbow glories, till his rays expire :
The silver moon sails in the purple sky ;
Millions of stars, that wonderment inspire,
Jewel the firmament :—vast canopy !
To him, heaven's mysteries were fraught with Poesie.

XII.

From heaven again to earth.—The mind of Man
May beam with intellect, whate'er his spere ;
Genius is not Wealth's heir ; the artizan,
In penury and misery, may rear
A monument to fame without compeer :
God's gifts to ancestry are not allied,
The brightest jewels from dark mines appear ;
From dross, by art, the metal's purified,
Mind is man's richest ore—by fiery furnace tried ;

XIII.

Homer, a beggar, won a deathless name,
The humble Virgil's epics ne'er can die ;
Ovid, Love's votary, has long known fame,
Shakspeare is crowned with immortality :
The ploughman, Burns from Scotia's mountains free,
Sang to all hearts his soul-inspiring strains ;
To Nature's ear he tuned his minstrelsy,
Discoursed of hill and dale, to rural swains,
Giving to rivers life,—and verdure to the plains.

XIV.

Genius, the greatest gift to man from heaven,
With human error ever is allied ;
None are untainted with the mortal leaven,
Wherefore should man his fellow man deride ?
Who would pass scathless did stern Justice chide ?
His faults were those most common to mankind ;
The best and greatest would stand by his side
Condemned, if his were guilt. Forget, be kind,
Dwell only on the good, the splendour of his mind.

XV.

Fond heart, and wayward will,—his joy, his bane :
 Who are the pure ?—let them his name decry ;
 Cast on him the deep curse that fell on Cain.
 Anathema, e'en to eternity,
 Hiss through the mouths or all beneath the sky :
 This from those only who can look to heaven,
 With souls untroubled, eased in purity,—
 Those whom the taint of Adam hath not riven,
 Who have no need to pray, their sins may be forgiven.

XVI.

Genius is oft with Calumny allied,
 But light and darkness cannot co-exist ;
 The one comes down from heaven beatified,
 The other is of earth a noxious mist ;
 And yet 'tis vain day's dawning to resist :
 Ye Pharisees, who clearly can discern
 In others faults ye have, for shame desist,
 From Christian charity a lesson learn ;
 Cleanse your own hearts, before the gifted one ye spurn.

XVII.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot ?" Shall we,
 Whose youth and age in him have found delight,
 Unheeded pass the Bard's Centenary ?
 Scenes of days gone he brings anew to light ;
 The grand, the homely, beautiful, the bright :
 T'wards him the noble heart of Scotia yearns ;
 Well may she glory in his hour of might :
 In vain are marble busts and sculptured urns—
 These cannot him exalt,—a Nation claims thee, BURNS !

XVIII.

He has no need of pageant sepulchre,
 His cenotaph is formed of Scotia's heart ;
 The proudest peer, the humblest cottager,
 Alike, claim for themselves in him a part :
 Death hath not slain him with a venom'd dart ;
 He lives for ever,—his immortal fame
 Will, through all time, both pride and bliss impart :
 Men, yet unborn, will speak his deathless name
 With reverence and love, and all his worth proclaim.

XIX.

Great day for Scotia this ;—her peasant Bard
 Welcomed by England as a favoured guest ;
 Millions will this famed festival regard
 With feelings all too deep to be expressed,
 By choicest phrase that language can invest :
 She crowns him as man of rarest worth,
 And as a brother, clasps him to her breast ;
 More honoured than the potentates of earth ;
 Proud is she of the land, that gave her Poet birth.

IN MEMORIAM.*

In the weary hours of night,
 In the sunny smiles of day,
 When Summer skies are clear with light,
 Or, in Autumn's dull decay ;
 Each old picture on the wall,
 On each mirror in its place,
 Thy loving features I recall,
 And on them—thy form I trace :
 There is not a single book,
 Or a table, couch, or chair,
 But thy fond eyes did on them look,
 Thy lov'd presence has been there :
 Where'er I go—Whate'er I see,
 My memory dwells, alone, on thee.
 Not a single hour that flies,
 Upon sluggish doleful wing,
 But calls thee to my yearning eyes
 And doth some sweet mem'ry bring :
 Some dear memory of the past,
 Of the joys that were so pure—
 Too pure, alas !—beloved, to last—
 Yes, too bright to long endure :
 Time can never comfort bring,
 Thou companion of long years ;
 My heart is crushed, and withering,
 Far beyond the reach of tears :
 Each trifling token that I see,
 Recalls the pangs—I feel for thee.
 Oh, this weary,—wretched life,
 Oh, this cruel—cruel fate ;
 The anguish and poignant strife
 Whisper,—“ Wherefore longer wait ? ”
 I have, now, no bond of love
 To entwine me with my kind ;
 My thoughts are wandering—high, above ;
 In the calms—beyond the wind :
 I pour forth, in night's hush'd gloom,
 My wrecked heart, in earnest prayer,
 And wander to thy lonely tomb ;
 Yet I know—thou art not there :
 I know that all I loved of thee
 Is glorious—in eternity.

* On the death of my dear wife, Mary Ouseley.

When I sit alone, I deem
 'Tis thy footstep on the stair ;
 That all the past is but a dream,
 Yet, alas !—thou art not here !
 Yes, a dream of care, and pain,
 That will vanish with the morn,
 And bring thee back to me again ;
 Why did'st leave me thus forlorn ?
 I listen till I hear thee ;
 Oh, how sweet—how calm the tone
 Of that voice that erst did cheer me,
 Thou still beautiful—mine own :
 Yes, mine for ever—e'en in heaven,
 Thou wilt be mine—by Christ forgiven.
 Oh, I pray to God for power
 That He will my soul sustain,
 E'en as He doth the fainting flower
 When it gaspeth for the rain :
 Yet I would not thee recall
 From thy home of endless bliss,
 To grief, and care, and bitter thrall
 Of a sinful world like this :
 With thy robes more white than snow,
 Where no tears can dim thine eyes,
 With crown immortal on thy brow
 'Mid the angels' symphonies.
 I would not thou should'st come to me,
 But pray—that I may go to thee.

MARY —

PRETTY little Mary,—With the silken hair,
 Let me look within thine eyes,
 Where pure thought enshrinèd lies :
 Lee me kiss thy loving lips,—and thy forehead fair.
 Pretty little Mary, fawnlike in thy play ;
 In thy breast no sorrow dwells,
 Joy thy gentle bosom swells ;
 Music in thy silver voice,—gladdens all the day.
 Pretty little Mary,—may thy future years
 Be unclouded till the close ;
 And like dew-drops on the Rose
 May thy Griefs all pass away,—unstained be thy tears.
 Pretty little Mary,—lamb of heaven's fold ;
 Yearning—may the Shepherd's eye
 Guard, and guide thee,—lovingly,
 Till he calls thee to thy home,—in the starry wold.

INKERMAN.

UPON the deathless scroll of Fame,
 Inscribed is one heroic name,
 The which, to read, is Russia's shame ;
 'Tis Inkerman !

Where England's force,—eight thousand men,
 One British heart, to Russia's ten,
 Charged through the deep ensanguined glen ;
 At Inkerman !

Where Cathcart, Strangways, Goldie,—fell,
 Where bayonet thrust—'gainst fiery shell,
 Did myriad hosts of Russ repel ;
 At Inkerman !

Where Coldstream Guards, and Fusiliers,
 Appall'd the foe with British cheers,
 As they rushed on the Cannoniers ;
 At Inkerman !

E'en Cressy, Poictiers, Waterloo,
 Must yield the palm to hearts so true,
 As those 'fore whom the Russians flew ;
 At Inkerman !

What, ho ! ye Lion hearts of yore,
 Ye belted Knights, who armour wore,
 We'd naked breasts on Crimea's shore ;
 At Inkerman !

Few naked breasts—but hearts of steel
 Made thousands of the foemen reel,
 None saw a British soldier's heel ;
 At Inkerman !

No battle, lost or won, can show
 Such gallant deeds, 'gainst ruthless foe,
 Such bold onslaught, and overthrow ;
 As Inkerman !

Sad Cypress to the dead bequeath,
 Bright laurels for the victors wreath,
 Mourn for brave hearts the sod beneath ;
 At Inkerman !

Mourn—yet rejoice, the fallen brave
 In England's heart have found a grave,
 They need no mouldering architrave ;
 At Inkerman !

Never did Glory's deathless ray
 Beam on the world as on that day,
 When Britain won the bloody fray ;
 At Inkerman !

Hurrah ! for England's warriors bold,
 Each man should medal wear of gold,
 For deeds unmatched in days of old ;
 At Inkerman !

STANZAS TO * * * *

THROUGH many valleys the sweet river streameth,
 Yet all its waters from the same source flow ;
 The sun's rays over many a mountain beameth,
 From one bright orb the golden showers glow ;
 Thus the sad heart for the lov'd past still yearneth,
 For happy days when all was joy and light ;
 The Dove of peace, that never more returneth,
 Fond memory pictures to the aching sight.

When day is gone the Nightingale loud singeth,
 Rich melodies to greet the slumbering Rose ;
 Nor to the shady emerald bower wingeth,
 Till morning wakes the flowerets from repose.
 In solitude the stricken-hearted seeketh
 To soothe its anguish where each throb may rest ;
 Hope silent comes, in whispers only speaketh,
 Lulling the grief that storms within the breast.

What blossom from the sun's smiles shall be hidden ?
 What sand-rift shall the billow's force resist ?
 Pangs will not leave the heart when they are bidden ;
 The Noonday oft is shrouded by a mist.
 Gold-seekers when they find the precious treasure,
 Take not the water with the glittering ore ;
 Nor prize the sand that choketh up the measure,
 But cast all forth to cull the valued store.

So on the lap of gentle Faith,—Love sleepeth,
 However dark the visions of the brain ;
 The spirit feels some joy e'en while it weepeth,
 The rainbow's arch is formed by sun and rain :
 Let not despair then bow thee gentle Maiden,
 May smiles,—when weeping April disappears ;
 The brightest flowers with pearl dew-drops are laden,
 The purest gems are Angels' loving tears.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

TOLL the funereal bell,
 Toll for the mighty dead,
 Toll, for a Nation's woe
 Over the land doth swell ;
 England now bows her head,
 Havelock, the brave, lies low.

II.

Star of the East he rose,
 God-led he won his way
 With a small chosen band,
 Scatt'ring like dust our foes ;
 Vict'ry crowned every fray,
 None could before him stand.

III.

Toll the funereal bell,
 Toll, for grief's cup o'erflows ;
 Toll, for now England's heart
 Groans from its immost cell ;
 Eclipsed, the star that rose ;
 Tears from stern warriors start.

IV.

Not on the battle field
 Fell the good, mighty, chief ;
 Not by man's arm was slain,—
 God bid his spirit yield ;
 God gathered in the sheaf,
 Ripe, mid His golden grain.

V.

Toll the funereal bell,
 Toll from each steeple tower,
 Toll that the sound may go
 Far over hill and dell ;
 Grief on each brow doth lower :
 Havelock, the brave, lies low !

VI.

Dead, not dead, for his fame
 Now is a household word ;
 Greybeards do him revere,
 Children will lisp his name.
 Stirless though plume and sword,
 England still holds him dear.

VII.

Toll the funereal bell,
 Toll, like the cannon's roar,
 Toll, with the thunder's gloom ;
 Let the loud anthem swell
 Round Britain's sea-girt shore,
 England is Havelock's tomb !

THINK OF ME.

EACH thing of beauty that doth meet mine eyes,
 The simple flower, the gentle silver stream,
 The glory of the Summer's sunset skies,
 The radiance of the Morning's smiling beam :
 In Twilight's silence, when no sound is heard
 Save the soft rustling of the gentle leaves,
 By the rich perfume of the South Wind stirred ;
 When Swallows twitter 'neath the cottage eaves,
 Dearest,—I think of Thee !

When reading some old legend, or the strain
 Inspired by Poesie, whose numbers flow
 Like music o'er the waters, lull the brain
 Or warm the blood with an ecstatic glow :
 When the sweet voice of Childhood greets mine ear
 In simple accents lisping a brief prayer ;
 When hopes are bright, and loving friends are near,
 Or when my soul is sad, or touched by care,
 Dearest,—I think of Thee !

Amid the gay, the beautiful, the bright,
 When Fashion's dazzle wins the youthful heart,
 Thrilling each eager bosom with delight,
 I see, and hear but Thee alone :—Thou art
 The sole fair spirit that sways every thought :
 The voice of praise falls charmless, for no tongue
 But thine, to me, with melody is fraught ;
 When plaintive themes by loving lips are sung,
 Dearest,—I think of Thee !

WISDOM IN TRIFLES.

ONE untuned string will sweetest music mar,

A word may snap the silver links of years ;
Trifles urge Nations oft to dreadful war ;

Excess of joy will move the heart to tears :
Then careful should we be of little things,
Avoiding strife and pain, which discord brings.

A single star gives sign the storm is spent,
One tiny flower betokens spring is near ;
A smile will soothe the breast by sorrow rent,
And old loved tunes to memory are dear :
Then cherish every kind and simple thought,
For little things with great results are fraught.

An apple in its fall from off a tree
Gave Newton's mind much philosophic lore ;
The coral insect raises in the sea

Vast islands,—yet how few the cause explore ?
In fruits and insects, searching, we may find,
Much to improve and elevate the mind.

Heed then e'en little things, for they comprise
Great objects, both in Nature, and to Man ;
Grains form the mountain ; study makes men wise ;
Knowledge imparted is by all we scan :
Light comes from darkness, from earth's womb there springs
Great treasure,—which we gain from little things.

TO ITALY.

Oh, land of the brave, sunny clime of sweet song,
 Thou Rachel of nations, whose cry has been heard,
 Your chains are now broken, in Right you are strong,
 And freedom is yours, like your own Alpine bird :
 The Tyrant, whose footsteps are soddened with blood,
 Now trembles, dismayed at your prowess in fight ;
 'Gainst thousands your phalanx of heroes have stood,
 And vain is the boast of the foe in his might !

Thou Mother of nations, of thrones, of the arts,
 Though crush'd and enslaved by the despot and priest,
 Thou'st rallied around thee great patriot hearts,
 At Liberty's voice foul Oppression hath ceased :
 For home and for kindred you roused from your sleep,
 For freedom have perilled your lives on the field ;
 And though o'er lost lov'd ones your rived heart may weep,
 You'd shed the last drop of your blood ere you'd yield.

Thy name, Garibaldi, a watchword will be,
 To millions unborn to protect what thou'st won ;
 Oh hero, God-made, few are like unto thee,
 Italia's most brave, and most patriot son :
 And Victor Emmanuel, what is his crown
 Compared with thy deeds 'mid the foe in the fray ?
 With heroes of old thou dost rank in renown,
 A king in the hearts of the people—alway !

Remember Poerio, the dungeon and chain ;
 Remember the crimson that's glutted the glave ;
 Think how Dante sang, in a patriot strain,
 How Pellico lingered for years as a slave :
 Great God of all Nature be with thee, to guide
 Your footsteps aright for His glory,—your good,
 And ne'er let ambition your counsels divide,
 To darken the glory you've won with your blood.

PROSE EPITAPHS FOR THE POETS,

MILTON.

A DEATHLESS name, inscribed by eternity on the record of Time. The light of earth shone not upon his outward existence, but an inward flame lit up his imagination to a radiance of glory, that blended the most magnificent and awful grandeur, with the most sublime sentiments of exalted devotion; giving the Christian Faith a prominent place in the annals of his immortal genius.

SHAKSPERE.

HIS head was the palace of the Passions, beneath whose lofty dome the essence of all feeling congregated, and knowledge stamped upon his brow the impress of eternity in man.

YOUNG.

THE tabernacle of his heart was sanctified by the inspiration of Divine love:—he gladdened to walk hand in hand with Religion; and his precepts gave to poetry—the holy influence of prayer.

SHELLEY.

HIS spirit burst forth like a mighty torrent of waters from the green, and placid, bosom of the earth, and dashed itself with sublime energy o'er the universal compass of material and immaterial life: his conceptions flashed vivid as the lightning—beautiful, yet destructive. He was the shadow of an out-shut Angel on the portals of Paradise.

BURNS.

HIS heart was on the hill-side, and his spirit in the flowers of his native heath; nature was his foster-mother, and his grave—the memory of Scotland.

SCOTT.

HISTORY enchain'd his spirit to her ancient lore; while fiction guided his pen, and emblazoned the past with the beauties of the present—weaving delicious dreams with stern realities.

BYRON.

THE splendid ruin of a once glorious superstructure, raised by the hand of genius, and wrecked by the immensity of its own power. The eagle's wing, without the eagle's eye; he soared beyond the world, but could not gaze upon the sun of truth.

GOLDSMITH.

PERFECTION nursed his mind, and gave it the strength of truth and beauty, which breathed in strains of eloquence throughout his works. He played upon the finer feelings of the heart, and touched the strings of sensibility with the hand of a master; creating a concord of sweet sounds, from the lips of Love,—and Devotion.

POPE.

THE majestic oak, spreading its golden leaves in the mid-summer sun, is emblematical of the strength and richness of his description. The same tree, groaning in the autumn tempest, may denote his pathos; and, when stript of all its leaves by the winter's breath, with branches harsh and jagged, cold satire claims his resemblance. His verse flowed smoothly as the quiet rivulet 'neath the gaze of the harvest moon, when Philomel woos the queen of night.

THOMSON.

WITHIN the book of Nature's landscape beauties, he pored for wisdom. The verdant fields, the rivulets, the murmuring streams, beneath the hedge-rows, were pleasantness to his eyes and music to his ears. The Seasons brought no change to him, except of glory, in each renewed. The withered leaf lay lovely in his sight, as the fresh budding of Spring's flowers;—a theme for reflection, a study for devotion, mute types of the Everlasting power, glowing and wonderful in all His works.

COLERIDGE.

EARTH'S philosophy, and heaven's wisdom, devotion, were a portion of a life whose spirit was consecrated by poetic inspiration, and struck its flight through the most lofty realms of imagination. In knowledge a giant; in religion a meek and lowly child.

COWPER.

By the hearth, an instructor of the heart; one who rejoiced in the quiet retreat of home, rather than the more glittering attractions without the domestic circle. The poet of the fireside, instilling the love of God with the love of man: the Bible—and the blessing.

SPENSER.

THE visionary thoughts of an inspired dream wrought out scenes of fairy land, depicting a paradise of beauty that gave to his poetry a rainbow colouring, the brilliancy of which shone, in contrast, like a diamond set in ebony: it was the light and shade of life.

COLLINS.

THE lofty diction of Elegance gave a sublimity to his works. He stood, a mighty Conqueror, at whose word the Passions became captive.

CRABBE.

A TRANSCRIPT of the vicissitudes of humble life,—appealing, prayer-like, to the heart, melting with its earnest pathos and the eloquence of its convictions. The village schoolman deciphering the grave marks. From the parsonage to the poor-house—the poet of real life.

OTWAY.

THE poet of the heart—tutored by the experience of Woe. The child of Genius—yet he perished on the lap of Charity.

CHATTERTON

A BEAUTIFUL flower, planted beneath the shade of the deadly Upas-breath of Poverty. Ere time could welcome him to maturity, the poison had entered his life, and he fell a blighted, and early wreck of promise.

DRYDEN.

THE sound as of a trumpet, and the march of mailed warriors: the silence of night, when the starry hosts sing forth their quiet harmony, and fill the soul with adoration—such was his power to exalt or pacify the heart.

BLAIR.

WITH the precepts of religion, he lifted the shroud from corruption—and astounded vanity. The churchyard was his study—the grave his book of life—the worm his monitor: with these he preached admonition to pride, and comfort to humility.

English Melodies.

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THE REPROOF.

I.

CAN you look on my face—and not blush with deep shame,
 To know broken vows—have thus withered my heart ;
 And list to the sound—of the once loved name,
 Which you swore, by your God, from your faith should not part ?
 You may smile in the sunshine of pleasure—and reel
 In the circle of Folly—where laughter is joy :
 Still hours must come o'er you—and then will you feel
 Adder-pangs of remorse—which all hope will destroy.

II.

The temptings of passion—will soon pass away,
 And the new, soothing language of love—fall unfelt ;
 The night silence—break the heart-pulse of the day,
 And in sorrow—deep sorrow—thy spirit shall melt :
 Thou wilt curse—in thy ravings of wild, mad despair,
 The crime that is dragging thy soul to the grave ;
 While each pang of grief—my lone bosom doth bear,
 Will but yield thee fresh anguish, no pleasure can save.

III.

The scorpion of conscience will poison the flow
 Of thy life's healthful current—till, wasted—and worn,
 Thy heart shall beat cold—while thy warm cheeks shall glow
 With the hectic of death—to thyself a mere scorn !
 And when the last hour—of life—draweth nigh,
 My semblance shall pass, like a shade, to thy mind,
 While the film of forgetfulness dims on thine eye,
 When to life, as to love, thy lost feelings are blind.

IV.

Thou knowest thou art guilty ;—I feel thou art wrong,
 'Tis for thee that I feel,—not the torture I bear ;
 My love ne'er can change—for to thee doth belong,
 As a portion of life, my fond blessing and prayer :—
 Oh, repent thee !—come back to the ark of thy rest,
 'Tis more hallowed, believe, than the world's luring fame :
 The home of thy first love—this pure, throbbing breast :—
 Can you look on my face, and not blush with deep shame ?

SING THE OLD SONG AGAIN.

I.

SING me the song again,
Heed not my tears;
With that old, dear lov'd strain,
Past joy appears;
Days that were always bright,
No troubled dreams at night,
No yearning for the light;
All hopes,—no fears.

II.

Call back the voices gone,
Gladness mine ear;
Bring to me, one by one,
Fond faces near:
Let me look in their eyes,
There read the mysteries
Of love, that never dies;
Perfect,—no fear.

III.

Sing of the garden flowers,
Darling, sing now;
Tell of the shady bowers
'Neath Summer's glow:
Sing of the well-known chair,
Place a dear mother there,
Part the thin silky hair
Over her brow.

IV.

Shadows fall o'er my heart,
Sing dearest sing;
Music will light impart,
Tune, then, thy string;
Tell of the olden days,
When the Sun's golden rays
Shone on my guileless ways,
Joyous,—like Spring.

V.

Sing of the tender kiss,
Fond, warm, caress;
Sing of unsullied bliss,
Sweet gentleness:

Sing of the past,—oh sing
Lays that will Mem'ry bring
Home, on youth's silver wing,
This heart to bless.

VI.

Sing me the song again,
Heed not my tears;
With that old, dear lov'd strain,
Past joy appears;
Days that were always bright,
No troubled dreams at night,
No yearning for the light;
All hopes,—no fears.

THINK OF ME IN THE SILENT HOURS.

I.

THINK of me, in the silent hours,
When life's gay lures have lost their charm;
Far in the fields—amid wild flowers,
When Summer's breath thy heart shall warm.
Think of me when the Evening Star,
Beams mildly on thy soul-lit eyes,
When golden sunsets from afar,
Flash o'er the west their gorgeous dyes.

II.

Think of me, in the quiet hours,
When in thy cheerful happy home
Thou sitt'st, like Eve in Eden's bowers,
Without a wish beyond to roam:
When friends are gone, and thou alone,
Canst commune with thy gentle heart,
When every feeling takes its tone
From thoughts—Love only can impart.

III.

Think of me, in the midnight hours,
Ere Poppy sleep doth steep thy brain,
Ere death-life on thy bosom lowers
His curtain of a tintured grain:
And when thou sleepest,—in thy dreams
Be with me still in every scene,
Till the bright morning on thee beams,
And wakes thee up to life serene.

**DO YE UNTO OTHERS, AS YOU WOULD THEY'D
DO TO YOU.**

WHENE'ER you meet a stranger,
By poverty laid low,
Straight let your heart yearn to him,
Compassion for him show ;
The act repays the kindness,
With flowers his pathway strew ;
Then do ye unto others
As you would they'd do to you.

When unkind words are spoken,
Oh, raise not then your ire ;
A gentle look will oftentimes
Quench passion's hottest fire ;
To err, we know, is human,
Of faultless ones how few ;
Then do ye unto others
As you would they'd do to you.

If each would make this precept
The study of a life,
Sunshine would gleam in winter,
The world with joy be rife ;
No pangs assail the bosom,
No tears the cheek bedew ;
Then do ye unto others
As you would they'd do to you.

THOU ART PRESENT TO ME EVER.

THOU art present to me ever
With thy thoughtful, beauteous face ;
Length of years, beloved, can never
That sad glance of thine erase :
When I saw thee first, my spirit
Bowed before thee, as a shrine
Where the pure alone inherit
Blissful thoughts that are divine.

Thou art present to me ever,
The sweet day-dream of my heart ;
And no change of scene can sever
From my soul, its idol part :
For to me thou art the power
Which the Star is to the night,
That the Sun is to the Flower,
That to Darkness, is the Light

EVER, EVER, NEAR THEE.

EVER, ever, near thee,
Nearest—when far, far, away;
In Night's gloom, or Noon of Day,
Alway,—I revere thee.

Ever I behold thee ;
Every feature of thy face,
As when present I can trace :
To my heart I fold thee.

Yes,—and I can hear thee ;
Each sweet tone of thy lov'd voice,
Falls like music to rejoice,
As when thou wert near me.

When the Winter greets me,
I can dream of Summer hours,
Almost scent the perfumed flowers ;
So my spirit meets thee.

Thou art dearer to me,
Than the brightest balmy June ;
Flowers,—or birds of sweetest tune,
Listen—let me woo thee.

A SMILE IS NOT, EVER,—THE HERALD OF JOY.

I.

A SMILE is not,—ever,—the herald of joy,
Nor are words that flow warm from the lips always true ;
As the sunbeams will gild—what the storm doth destroy,
So the stronger the vow—the more deeply we rue :
Sincerity lives 'neath the shade—and a tear,
Will often-times tell more of truth—than the tongue ;
As silence speaks more to the soul than the ear,
Ere the heart-strings are broke—and its hopes are unstrung.

II.

There is bliss in a look—in a slight passing glance,
That creeps o'er the heart—with a magical glow :
As one flash from the cloud—will illumine the expanse
Of heaven—where Darkness sits brooding with Woe :
The soul needs not language of breath to unfold
Virgin Truth to the view—the maid never is coy,
But will bear the test touch—e'en like purified gold :
A smile is not always the herald of joy.

SERENADE.

I.

THE Nightingale has ceased his lay,
The morn has melted into day,
Birds carol on the emerald spray,
And crystal dew drops fall
Upon the purple violet's leaves,
And spangle o'er the golden sheaves ;
Whilst swallows twitter 'neath the eaves
Of thy ancestral hall.

Wake, lady wake, the morning yet doth lack
The light of thy blue eyes t' illumine his track.

II.

The lark sings in the early hours,
The bee is rising sweetest flowers ;
Incense, from honeysuckle bowers
Perfumes the air around :
Down in the park the herded deer
Stand list'ning some strange noise they hear,
Hark, now, the voice of chanticleer,
And now, the deep mouth'd hound.
Wake, lady wake, undo the lattice sweet,
And with a smile thy favour'd minstrel greet.

THEY MAY TELL ME OF YOUTH'S SUNNY DAYS.

I.

THEY may tell me of youth's sunny days,
Ere thine eyes, love, were dimmed by a tear ;
When thy voice carolled forth happy lays,
And thy beauty each heart did endear :
But, believe me, though now those fond eyes,
With the fire of youth are not rife ;
And thy voice is subdued, that I prize
Thy love, dearest, far more than life.

II.

What though Spring—all creation expands,
And Summer breathes flowers to birth ;
With rich incense from other fair lands,
Yet 'tis Autumn that hallows the earth :
Yes, believe me, though now those fond eyes
With the fire of youth are not rife,
And thy voice is subdued...that I prize
Thy love,...dearest,...far more than life.

COME WHEN THE SILVER STAR SWIMS.

I.

COME when the silver star swims
 In the purple skies of June ;
 Or when the glossy swallow skims,
 Beneath the harvest moon :
 Come to me—when the pearl-dew shines,
 Upon the rainbow flowers,
 When every gem—its heart enshrines,
 Midst tears of joy—like ours.

II.

Come when the golden grain bends,
 To the Summer's breath at noon ;
 Or when the rippling brooklet sends
 Around its liquid tune :
 Come to me—when the pearl-dew shines,
 Upon the rainbow flowers,
 When every gem—its heart enshrines,
 Midst tears of joy—like ours.

THE HEART THAT CAN LOVE WITHOUT PASSION.

THE heart that can love—without passion,—when dead,
 In an urn of rare—orient pearl—should be shrined ;
 And the precious gem wove—in a wreath—for the head
 Of Virtue ;—with lilies and roses entwined :—
 Meet emblems the pearl—and the lily—would shine,
 Of Purity's spotless—and heavenly name ;
 And the rose, breathing health,—with a beauty divine,
 Would a rich perfume add to the chaplet of fame.

They do Love a wrong,—who have pictured a boy,
 With wings—bow and quiver—and light floating smiles :
 Such is Passion disguised,—a mere flirting decoy,
 And the deeper he blushes—the more he beguiles :
 For Love, undisguised, is a spirit of truth,
 That breathes o'er the soul, but ne'er taints with the clay ;
 'Tis twin-born with Innocence ;—wingless the youth,
 Nor suffers a thought—from the present—to stray.

Then in crystalline dew—from the sun's setting ray,
 When a calmness—serenely—uplifteth the soul—
 Let us pledge a chaste bumper, to Love ;—and convey,
 From the lips to the heart—a bright stream from the bowl :
 For the goblet that blushes—with red, ruby wine,
 Incites, for a moment,—to madness, and mirth ;
 But the draught from the sunbeam—that kisses the vine,
 Partakes more of heaven—and hallows its birth.

MINE OWN DEAR MAUD.

I.

THE hazel dell resounds with song,
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree;
 And laden bees, the flowers among,
 Hum joyful music in their glee:
 But where is Maud,
 The pretty Maud?
 I fear a sad coquette is she.

II.

Beside a tiny silv'ry stream,
 Just where the ford is rippling free,
 A maiden stands, as in a dream;
 What are her thoughts? Are they of me?
 Sweet, darling, Maud,
 Bewitching Maud;
 I fear a sad coquette is she.

III.

She moves this way, I will conceal
 Myself from view, behind this tree,
 And should her eyes her soul reveal,
 I'll whisper—"Love, its only me!"
 Walk faster, Maud,
 Oh! artful Maud;
 I fear a sad coquette is she.

IV.

I cannot bide her tardy pace,
 "Dear Maud, I'm waiting here for thee;
 That blush upon thy angel face,
 Tells I am not unlov'd by thee:
 My lovely Maud,
 My own, dear Maud."
 There's none so truthful, pure, as she.

THE PAST.

I.

THE past,—yes the past—is a beautiful dream,
 On whose bright—floating fancies sweet feeling will dwell,
 As we bask in the light of the murmuring stream,
 Which reflects on the mind—in fond Memory's cell :
 And the shadows that pass—'mid the beautiful hours,
 Are hallowed breathings—that do not o'ercast :
 Like a light summer cloud—gently veiling the flowers :—
 We smile at the present—we think on the past !

II.

We see those we've loved—with a soothing of sorrow,
 The home and the hearth—the dear blessing—and prayer ;
 Such feelings as these—bring no joy for the morrow,
 They're too blissful and precious, the future to share :—
 The hours of mirth—and the moments of sadness,
 When laughter was joy—e'en though grief came at last ;
 The silver-bell voice—how it thrilled with heart gladness :—
 We smile at the present—we think on the past !

III.

The voyager looks tow'rds the land of his birth,
 O'er the far distant waters,—and fancy will show
 The home of his kindred—the loved spot of earth,
 Whilst, in quiet, the tears of affection will flow :
 So on life's desert ocean—we fondly recall
 Sweet memories,—nor heed the black threatening blast ;
 Those star-guides of comfort—when dangers appal :
 We smile on the present—we think on the past !

COME BANISH, LOVE—BANISH THE SADNESS.

I.

COME banish, love, banish the sadness,
 That veileth thy beautiful brow ;
 Thine eyes, love, should sparkle with gladness.
 Thy cheeks with devotion, love, glow :
 Though the rude storms of life should o'erpower,
 For a moment the heart with a blight,
 Remember, the cloud, and the shower
 Dissolve in a rainbow of light.

II.

Then let not the cold tears of sorrow
 Hang like dew, on the flower that's torn,
 Which fades and decays ere the morrow,
 Of beauty and loveliness shorn :
 But with smiles, love, like rays of the morning,
 Which exhale the gem drops to the skies,
 Let Grief's shadows flee 'neath Joy's dawning,
 Melt the tears, in the light of thine eyes.

THE COAST OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

I.

THE coast of Merrie England,
How bold it is and free;
What grandeur, and what beauty too,
Around that coast we see:
Her castles stern defiance bid,
Her cots all tell of peace;
Her cultur'd hills proclaim aloud
Domestic joys increase.

II.

The coast of Merrie England,
Surrounds her like a band
Of adamant or iron girth,
That no foe can withstand:
By day and night her seamen brave
Watch well the happy isle:—
Each Briton is a hero born
Who'd die for glory's smile,

III.

The coast of Merrie England,
Oh may it ever be
A terror to the tyrant heart—
A blessing to the free:
And her ships, oh may they ever
Be victors on the main;
And fight as well as Nelson did,
Against both France and Spain.

THE PRIDE OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

I.

THE pride of merrie England,
 The sweetest dower that blows,
 Is that,—her sons—and daughters—prize—
 The beauteous—modest Rose :
 The monarch of the garden,
 The gem-flower for the brow
 Of England's fairest maidens,
 Is the blushing Rose, I trow!

II.

The pride of merrie England
 Has triumphed o'er her foes ;
 The world in arms could not destroy
 Our beauteous—modest Rose :
 On lovely woman's cheek 'tis seen,
 To glow—a sun-stain there ;
 No colour like the healthful hue
 Of England's Rose—so fair !

III.

The pride of merrie England,
 Where Freedom's banner flows ;
 The monarch's wreath, and peasant's brow
 Display our native Rose :
 No flower that blooms beneath the sky
 Such loveliness can shew ;
 We kiss it to the maid we love,
 We flush it at the foe !

IV.

Here's to the Rose of England !
 The sweetest gem that blows,
 The monarch of the garden,
 The terror of our foes :
 On lovely woman's cheek 'tis seen,
 To glow—a sun-stain there ;
 No colour like the healthful hue
 Of England's Rose so fair.

THERE ARE FEELINGS—OH, SWEET FEELINGS.

THERE are feelings—Oh, sweet feelings,
 So mysterious, that a word
 Would destroy the link that binds them,
 If a whisper e'en was heard :
 They make Summer-tide of Winter—
 Are a light in darksome hours ;
 They give melody to Music,
 And add—perfume to the flowers.

There are feelings—Oh, sweet feelings,
 That the heart but once can know ;
 Bright as sunbeams in the morning,
 Or the crystal water's flow ;
 Ere the mists of earth have shrouded
 The far distant, verdant hill,
 Or the taint of earth has sullied
 The pure evanescent rill.

There are feelings—Oh, sweet feelings,
 In the breast of early youth—
 That embalm the heart with fragrance,
 When it only knoweth truth—
 That make all things seem delightful,
 Ere suspicion breedeth care,
 When we never gaze on heaven,
 But we see an angel there.

There are feelings,—Oh, sweet feelings,
 That we cannot all explain,
 With a tinge of joyous sadness,
 That we ne'er can know again :
 In long after years are cherished,
 The remembrance of the past ;
 But the silver cord once loosened,
 Tunes no more while life doth last.

There are feelings—Oh, sweet feelings,
 So mysterious that a word
 Would destroy the link that binds them,
 If a whisper e'en was heard :
 They make Summer-tide of Winter—
 Are a light in darksome hours ;
 They give melody to music,
 And add—perfume to the flowers.

I LOVE THEE, DEAREST.

I.

I LOVE thee, dearest, love thee,—
 Words would but faintly tell
 How deeply and how truly,—
 I know I love thee well :
 The lips are sweet deceivers,
 The heart,—truth cannot flee,—
 I hear its pulses whisper,
 Thou'rt all the world to me !

II.

I love thee, dearest, love thee,—
 Wherefore ? I can't devise :
 The secret I discovered
 When searching in thine eyes :
 Say, did I look in vain, dear,
 No other love there see ?
 Ah, that one glance revealeth,
 Belov'd,—thou lovest me !

III.

I love thee, dearest, love thee,
 And thou shalt be my bride ;
 No more shall life know sorrow
 With thee, love, by my side.
 In youth, one joy shall bind us,
 In age, thy stay I'll be ;
 Our hearts death shall not sever,
 Thou'rt all the world to me !

THE LIGHT THAT PLAYS WITHIN THINE EYES.

THE light that plays within thine eyes,
 All other light, beloved outvies ;
 The smile that shines upon thy lips,
 All other smiles of Love outstrips ;
 The words, sweet, uttered by thy tongue,
 Are peerless—other words among.
 Give me those eyes, whose soul-lit glance
 My every feeling doth entrance ;
 Give me those smiles, that softly play
 Like sunbeams on a brooklet's way ;
 Give me that voice :—the triplet bind
 With the rich music of thy mind.

EVER THINE.

EVER thine ;—yes every feeling,
 All that's pure—the better part :
 Days long gone, o'er memory stealing,
 Bind thee closer to my heart !
 Think not I could cease to love thee,
 Cease to cherish thee as mine ;
 No, I vow, by heaven above thee,
 I am ever,—ever thine !

Ever thine, unchanged, unchanging,
 Through all seasons firm and fast ;
 Not a thought, love, from thee ranging,
 Thine in soul while life shall last ;
 Years have tried that soul's devotion,
 Never doubt me—nor repine ;
 Each heart-pulse, that gives life's motion,
 Beats for thee :—I'm ever thine.

LIGHT BE THY SLUMBER.

LIGHT be thy slumber,
 Cheerful thy waking ;
 Joys without number,
 Never forsaking :
 Smiles ever beaming,
 Greet thee with gladness ;
 May thy life's dreaming,
 Never know sadness.

Wake, Lady,—morning
 Stands on the mountain ;
 Day now is dawning,
 O'er lake and fountain :
 List, the lark singing,
 As he ascendeth,
 Heavenward winging,
 Melody blendeth.

Lady, dost hear me ?
 Ope those fond eyes, love ;
 Lo ! I am near thee ;
 Wherefore those sighs, love ?
 Come to me, dearest,
 Ne'er will we sever ;
 Joy, joy, thou hearest,
 Thou'rt mine for ever !

THOU ART PRESENT TO ME EVER.

THOU art present to me ever
 With thy thoughtful, beauteous face ;
 Length of years, beloved, can never
 That sad glance of thine erase :
 When I saw thee first—my spirit
 Bowed before thee, as a shrine
 Where the pure alone inherit
 Blissful thoughts that are divine.

Thou art present to me ever,
 The sweet day-dream of my heart ;
 And no change of scene can sever
 From my soul—its idol part :
 For to me thou art the power
 Which the Star is to the night,
 That the Sun is to the Flower,
 That to Darkness—is the Light.

TO BREATHE, BELOVED, THE AIR YOU BREATHE.

I.
 To breathe, beloved the air you breathe,
 To see the same blue sky ;
 To happy feel when you rejoice,
 And sorrow when you sigh :
 Is all I ask—not love from thee,
 Where thou art ;—love must ever be.

II.
 To watch thy footsteps day by day,
 To dream of thee at night ;
 To gaze upon thy soul-lit face,
 So gentle, pure, and bright :
 Is all I ask—not love from thee,
 Where thou art ;—love must ever be.

III.
 To hope we yet may meet in bliss
 Upon th' eternal shore ;
 To live beneath thy angel smile,
 Be with thee evermore :
 Is all I ask—not love from thee,
 Where thou art ;—love must ever be.

WHEN WE THINK OF THE PAST.

WHEN we think of the past, be assured we shall find
 One spot that's more dear than the world holds besides ;
 Like the sensitive touch of the long-stricken blind,
 Which safe in the darkness the wanderer guides :
 Even love will look back, through the vista of years,
 His heart may be sad with the far distant view ;
 Yet a smile, like a star, will illumine his tears,
 To know, that through time, all his feelings were true.

We may yearn for the future, but who can be sure
 The day will be cloudless, though bright at its rise ?
 So the bliss of the present twere well to secure,
 Nor trust to life's lottery-chance for a prize :
 We may claim the long past, and the present as ours,
 Should bask in the sunshine, nor dream of the shade ;
 Who will think of the seedlings 'midst beautiful flowers,
 Or dream, for a moment their colours will fade ?

Make joyous to-day, and away with all sorrow,
 In Winter or Summer let happiness reign ;
 Leave Time all the cares that may come on the morrow,
 Despair is ignoble, repining is vain :
 Fill a bumper with smiles that the wine may look bright,
 Drink deep, ev'ry heart, with affection and truth ;
 And although age may whisper the coming of night,
 Our souls shall arouse with the freshness of youth.

FOR PLEASURE WE'VE MET.

I.

For pleasure we've met, and let pleasure
 Consist of good humour and wit ;
 The moments are brief, let us treasure
 Each gem as it passing doth flit.
 The diamond uncut does not glitter,
 The heart that's not warm is but lead ;
 And honey itself will grow bitter,
 When all its aroma has fled.

II.

Let thoughts of the being that's dearest
 Be hallowed at purity's shrine ;
 In crystal, the richest and clearest,
 We'll pledge her with deep ruby wine :
 God bless her ! for ever and ever,
 May blessings her tend from above ;
 Nor fate be permitted to sever,
 Hearts trusting to virtue and love.

NEVER MORE,—OH NEVER.

NEVER more,—oh never,
 Shalt thou feel as thou hast felt ;
 We may part,—but ever
 Shall thy heart with anguish melt :
 Friends may smile around thee,
 Wealth,—and all its gads be thine ;
 But the tie that bound thee
 Still thy spirit shall entwine.

Never more,—oh never,
 Wilt thou know sweet peace again ;
 In thy bosom,—ever,
 False one, thou shalt wear the chain
 That shall gall unceasing,
 Long as life shall with thee last ;
 Even Death's releasing
 Shall take with it all the past.

Never more,—oh never,
 Tranquil shall thy false heart beat ;
 For thou can't not sever
 Truth and Love,—when once they meet :
 Think not to deceive thee,
 Even in thy dreams will woe
 Whisper,—thou'st bereaved me ;
 Why didst thou forsake me so ?

THE MORNING SUNBEAMS KISS THE HILL.

I.

THE morning sunbeams kiss the hill,
 The field flowers ope their beauteous eyes ;
 High poised in air the lark doth trill,
 While I for thee breathe sadd'ning sighs.
 Oh, Mary, sweet, there is no light
 Where thou art not, the scene is drear ;
 No object gladdens on my sight
 Away from thee, my Mary dear.

II.

At eve I watch the sun depart,
 A veil of splendour o'er him thrown ;
 Till shadows fall upon my heart,
 For thou, alas ! art not mine own,
 Come, dearest, come, and soothe my pain,—
 This throb of hope, yet mixed with fear ;
 Say when, love, shall we meet again,
 No more to part, my Mary dear.

THE TROTH AT LAXEY WHEEL.

Do you remember, darling,
 It was near Laxey wheel,
 I first told how I loved you,
 Your hand in mine did steal ?
 You spoke not for a moment ;
 You trembled—I could feel,
 Your cheeks were flush'd like roses,
 Near Laxey's giant wheel.

No one was near to watch us,
 As whirl'd the roaring wheel ;
 Suspense had check'd my breathing,
 My very brain did reel :
 I said, " Will you be mine, love ?"
 You could not, dear, conceal
 That your whole soul was mine, love,
 Near Laxey's giant wheel.

Since then great changes, dearest,
 Of trials, woes, and weal,
 Have proved us in the furnace,
 As true as tempered steel :
 I never can forget, love,
 When sweet you did reveal
 That your whole heart was mine, love,
 Near Laxey's giant wheel.

DOUBT ME, LOVE, NEVER.

I.

Doubt that the Morning shall break on the Night,
 That water doth flow, in the murmuring river ;
 That beauty ne'er touches the feeling of sight ;
 Doubt all things that are, but oh, doubt me, love, never.

II.

Doubt that the flower has sweets for the bee ;
 That the lark in the first dawn of day will not quiver
 On harmony's wing,—and that all who are free
 Are chain-fetter'd slaves, but oh, doubt me, love, never.

III.

Doubt that the gems of the mine have no price,
 That woman's fond vow, of true faith soon doth sever,
 That religion is virtue, that crime is a vice ;
 Doubt all things that are, but oh, doubt me, love, never.

SPEAK TO ME WITH THINE EYES, LOVE.

I.

WHEN—on the morning—breaketh,
The breath of Summer's sighs, love ;
As midst the leaves awaketh
A thousand melodies, love :
When the bright Day advances,
On gold—and purple skies, love,
And joy thy soul entrances,
Speak to me—with thine eyes, love.

II.

And when the twilight fadeth,
Upon the mountain-side, love ;
When the Moon—her fair face shadeth,
'Neath a gauze-cloud—like a bride, love ;
Remember—I am near thee,
Thou art the thought I prize, love ;
And though I may not hear thee,
Speak to me—with thine eyes, love.

THERE IS MUSIC IN THE WILDWOOD.

THERE'S music in the wildwood,
There is music on the sea,
In the voice of happy childhood,
But no music, love, for me :
For my heart is lone, and dreary,
And my life's soul is o'erweary,
Love, for thee ! Love, for thee !

What though the river singeth,
In the purple light of eve ;
And the lark to heaven wingeth,
If I silent faint and grieve ?
For my heart is lone, and dreary,
And my life's soul, is o'erweary,
Love, for thee ! Love, for thee !

Yet, if no music waketh,
Midst the groves or in the breeze ;
If no sound the silence breaketh ;
I should not repine for these ;
So thy voice was o'er me stealing,
And thine eyes, sweet, were revealing
Love for me ! Love for me !

OH, WHAT ARE SONGS OF LOVE TO ME?

Oh, what are songs of love to me;
 That I should feel so sad;
 Whene'er I hear their minstrelsy,
 My brain is fired and mad;
 And my temples throb, as though to burst,
 And I feel as one that stands accurst;
 Oh, what are songs of love to me?

Oh, sing not songs of love to me,
 Their music strikes so deep;
 The sounding of their melody
 Doth make me sigh and weep;
 For I feel alone among the throng;
 I am owned by none,—to none belong,—
 Oh, sing not songs of love to me.

Oh, what are songs of love to me;
 That I so charmed should stand,
 In an unmoving reverie,
 Amid so fair a band;
 That my heart should beat, and gasp for breath;
 That my cheek should have the hue of death;—
 Oh, what are songs of love to me?

Oh, sing not songs of love to me,
 Your voice doth make me faint;
 My lot is hopeless agony,
 None can my anguish paint;
 You recall, alas! my heart to mourn,
 For the by-gone days that ne'er return:—
 Oh, sing not songs of love to me.

Oh, what are songs of love to me;
 That I must stay to hear
 Their murmuring thrill of sympathy,
 And shed the bitter tear
 O'er such a wily, fickle token:
 I will away!—my heart is broken;
 Oh, what are songs of love to me?

MANY, MANY YEARS LOVE.

MANY, many years love,
 Many a changing scene ;
 Smiles and bitter tears love,
 You, and I, have seen ;
 Youth has fled thy brow love,
 Time's step,—oh, how fast ;
 Yet I view thee now love,
 As in days long past.

Strong of heart I've proved thee,
 Faithful trusting, pure ;
 Deep in soul I've loved thee,
 Love that will endure :
 There are eyes as bright love
 As thine own once were ;
 But they lack the light love,
 That makes thee so fair.

In the sunny faces
 That oft smile on me ;
 Search I for the traces,
 Best beloved of thee ;
 Beauty round me beaming,
 Dazzles not my sight ;
 'Tis of thee I'm dreaming,
 Thou,—my spirit's light.

THE BLUSH ON THY CHEEK.

I.

THE blush on thy cheek thy young heart has betrayed,
 Though thy lips may not whisper the innocent shame ;
 And that life-breathing smile—like light creeping o'er shade,
 Is a halo of glory round passions pure flame :
 Whilst thine eyes—twin spring violets floating in dew,
 Betoken that sorrow hath home in thy breast ;
 Yet the sun-setting clouds are the brightest to view,
 Though tintured by twilight—as day sinks to rest.

II.

Check not those fond tears, they may dim for awhile
 The soul-stirring lustre that beams in thine eyes ;
 Like the veil of the morning o'er some fairy isle,
 Which, when raised by the sunbeams rich beauty descrys :
 Let them flow, till the current of life in thy heart,
 Rushes sparkling with joy, till those lips trembling move ;
 And then as I clasp thee, adored as thou art,
 Breathe the sacred confession—yes, tell me you love.

THINK OF ME, DEAREST.

I.

THINK of me, dearest,
 In the deep silence of the solemn night,
 When sleep will not entrance thee with his might;
 Think that thou hearest
 My voice within the temple of thy heart,
 And let my soul of thine become a part.

II.

Think of me, dearest,
 Till slumber veils the present from thy sight,
 In dreams of fairy-land where all is bright;
 Think that thou hearest
 The lov'd tones that were music to thine ear,
 Mysterious blending of hope, joy, and fear.

III.

Think of me, dearest,
 Till in thy vision I before thee, stand,
 And kiss thy ivory forehead—press thy hand;
 Think that thou hearest
 The old lov'd tunes that used to move to tears,
 Welling from both our hearts,—in happier years.

IV.

Think of me, dearest,
 Till morning, with her soft, pure, silv'ry rays,
 Wakes thee to light and love, 'mid trilling lays;
 Think that thou hearest
 Amid the songs of birds, a well known voice,
 Whose lightest whisper made thy soul rejoice.

V.

Think of me, dearest,
 At eve, at morn, when thou dost kneel and pray,
 Ask blessings for me, through the night and day;
 Think that thou hearest
 The echo of another prayer arise,
 And mingle with thine own beyond the skies.

THE SEA ROVER.

I.

I LOVE to roam o'er the beanteous Sea,
On the breast of its calm so blue ;
I love to roam,—and 'tis joy to me,
To list to my jovial crew :
As on my ship glides, a stately queen,
All deck'd out in her rainbow hue ;
She's the lov'liest sight that e'er was seen,
For she sails like a wild sea-mew.

II.

I love to roam o'er the beanteous Sea,
When the winds and the waves conspire
To toss my ship, on its waters free,
As the lightnings belch their fire :
To hear the shout of the scamen's voice,
Whilst the sails all shattering fly ;
And list to the howling storm rejoice,
As it drowneth their feeble cry.

III.

I love to roam o'er the beanteous Sea,
As the Chief of a gallant crew ;
I scud the waters, a Rover free,
Through the foaming and briny dew :
I chase the foe,—and where'er I go,
I conquer the brave and the free ;
I dare the storm,—and the tempest blow,
As I sail o'er the beanteous Sea !

THE OCEAN GEM.

I.

WHEN Neptune first from off his stormy throne,
 Viewed Earth and all her Isles, he marked one gem,
 That proudly from the rest stood forth alone,
 And placed it in his Kingly diadem :
 That gem was Britain,—and the Sea-god swore
 Her Fame should last, till Ocean was no more.

II.

Her Fame ! oh world confirm the prophet strain ;
 Europe, thy Sovereign nations have obeyed
 The mandate of her voice ;—how oft the Main
 Has joined her tongue of thunder, when the shade
 Of her bright red cross flag,—has terror spread,
 Blanching her foes—with myriads of their dead.

III.

List Asia, Africa, and thou new world,
 (Columbus-found) America,—ye know
 How from their seats the Mighty she hath hurl'd,
 And sought new worlds—where the huge Icebergs flow :
 Undaunted as the Lion on her crest,
 She bares to all her daring, noble breast.

IV.

She is the Queen of Nations,—Land, and Sea,
 And deep Philosophy—beneath her scan
 Succumb and yield the palm.—The Slave is free,
 Her fire touch bids him stride forth as a Man
 And burst his chain.—Britain, thou'l ever be
 Land of the Fair, the Noble, Brave and Free.

I THINK, LOVE, OF THEE.

I.

WHEN bright beams of morning
Break forth from the East ;
All nature adorning
When darkness hath ceased :
When song breaks the slumber,
Of grove, dale, and hill ;
And notes without number,
The firmament fill.

I think Love, of thee.

II.

When gay hearts are seeking
The phantoms of life,
And Folly is reeking
"Twixt Pleasure and Strife ;
When Pride, gain, and Glory,
Are stirring the heart,
And fictions of story
Their blisses impart—
I think Love, of thee.

III.

When twilight is fading
O'er valley and steep ;
And Night throws her shading
Far, far o'er the deep ;
When stars dart their fires,
So beautiful, bright ;
And hallowed desires,
With earth's re-unite :
I think Love, of thee,

THE MAY!—THE MAY!

I.

THE May, the May, the bonny May,
O'er thee, the warm and golden ray
Of beanteous Spring her garb has spread,
Whilst Flowers encrown thy Fairy head :
The garden calls thee—Queen of flowers,
Thou deckest beauty from thy bowers ;
Children beneath thy sunshine play,
And call thee their's, thou bonny May.

II.

The May, the May, the rosy May,
At sight of thee all Earth is gay ;
The Violets and Daisies show
Their eyes of heaven, and breasts of snow :
The birds grow sweeter in their song,
Sailing thy cloudless skies among ;
In speaking silence flowerets say,
Our mother—is the bonny May.

III.

The May, the May, the Festive May,
Music from earth and woodland spray ;
Dancing upon the village green,
With hawthorn spreading boughs between,
The lads and lasses as they trip,
And nectar from thy fragrance sip :
Swift on the wing of Joy, away !
We all are thine—thou bonny May !

THE FAREWELL.

I CAN see thee, I can hear thee,
 Far across the Western wave :
 Ever, ever, am I near thee,
 Faint thee not, belov'd, but cheer thee,
 Nought shall part us but the grave.

Time, nor distance, cannot sever,
 Mind will travel through all space ;
 Can I cease to love thee ? never,
 But will cherish, dearest, ever,
 All thy virtue, beauty, grace.

Yearning, this fond heart doth bless thee,
 Every pulse doth beat to thine :
 In my soul, sweet, I caress thee,
 To my bosom now I press thee,
 Ever, always, art thou mine.

Why that look of sadness, dearest ?
 Dost thou doubt ? thou dost me wrong ;
 Say, what is it that thou fearest ?
 Think, oh think, e'en now, thou hearest,
 As of yore, the well-lov'd song.

I can see thee, I can hear thee,
 Far across the Western wave ;
 Ever, ever, am I near thee,
 Faint thee not, belov'd, but cheer thee,
 Nought shall part us but the grave.

THE FLOWER IS SWEETEST ON THE STEM.

I.

THE flower is sweetest on the stem,
 And blooms the fairest where it grew ;
 And every floweret is a gem
 In Nature's crown of rainbow hue :
 The bird's note breathes the purest tone
 When free to roam from bough to spray ;
 And so the heart's best feelings own
 The magic of youth's by-gone day.

II.

Oh yes, though years should silver o'er
 The once bright locks, and dim the eyes;
 Fond mem'ry will the past restore;
 As sunbeams pierce through cloudy skies,
 And light with joy the laughing flowers,
 That erst had wept beneath the shade,
 And languid, drooped in Sorrow's bowers,—
 The Grave that Hope for Love had made.

III.

The home of Childhood, and the face
 Of one now gone, whose looks were love,
 In after years our thoughts will trace,
 And with life's strength become inwove:
 We yearn to fly to hours past—
 Those jewels in Time's diadem;
 Yes! then we learn, too late, at last,
 The flower is sweetest on the stem.

OH, THINK YE, BECAUSE I POSSESS NOT THE GRACE.

I.

Oh, think ye, because I possess not the grace
 Of others, who practise the guiles of the world:
 And coin not, to smiles, every thought on my face,
 That my soul in the vortex of misery's whirled?
 Ah no!—you will find, in the plainest of flowers,
 A perfume more rich than the rarest of fame;
 As more hallowed, by far, are the sunsetting hours,
 Than those that are passed in the day's garish flame.

II.

The diamond that glitters on beauty's fair breast,
 Lay deep in the mine,—shrimed in solitude's gloom;
 And the love that is dearest—is that which is prest
 To our hearts, ere by death 'tis consigned to the tomb:—
 No, it is not the throb—of the young healthful heart,
 That can draw from the soul the deep tears of regret;
 But the sorrow that wails when the loved depart:
 The cloud o'er the sunshine—we cannot forget!

III.

The sweetest of birds—give the note of their song
 When the mantle of darkness—is spread o'er the earth;
 And the rarest of waters—are those that belong
 To the desert,—and spring, 'midst the barren, to birth.
 Why, then, think ye, because I possess not the charm
 That worldlings approve as the beacon of light,
 My heart is a waste that no feeling can warm,
 And the spring of its desert, a poisonous blight?

BALLAD.—MAVOURNEEN.

THE sun that is clouded will brightlier shine
 When the veil of earth's vapour has filter'd away;
 So the face touch'd by sorrow will look more divine
 When the pearl-drops of grief are dissolved in joy's ray.
 Though life is a desert of trouble and woe,
 Yet still there's a spot on its waste that is green;
 And wherever the courses of passion may flow
 That green spot will shine—it is thou, Mavourneen.

Oh! what is the world but a wide-spreading sea,
 Where changes for ever enruffle the breast?
 Yet still to the haven of hope do we flee,
 And smile through the storm, for we feel we are blest:
 Yes; blest is my heart, for I know thou art true,
 And through my soul's faith is thy constancy seen;
 The heart that adores thee, love, never can rue,
 For its port is thy bosom, my own Mavourneen.

Give to those who are daunted by trouble, the tear,
 As evening bespangles the floweret with dew;
 For a moment refreshing its leaves till the sere
 Its fragrance destroys, and its beauty, love, too:
 But on him who can look on despair with a smile,
 Nor let one glance of sorrow escape his eyes sheen;
 The dew will exhale, and its fragrance the while
 Grow sweeter through trial, my own Mavourneen.

OH, SAY DOST THOU LOVE ME?

Oh, say, dost thou love me? Sweet, give me a token;
 But let not the spell by a word, love, be broken;
 Let thine eye speak thy thought, and let its beam kindle,
 A feeling so pure, that none other may mingle.
 Oh, say, dost thou love me? Sweet, give me a token;
 But let not the spell by a word, love, be broken.

A sigh from thy heart, love, will waft me a blessing;
 A kiss from thy lips, love, shall be my caressing:
 A touch from thy hand, love, shall pledge us for ever;
 Can language express more? Oh, never, love, never.
 Oh, say, dost thou love me? Sweet, give me a token;
 But let not the spell by a word, love, be broken.

There's a charm in thy voice I fain would awaken,
 (There's a faith in thy truth which ne'er can be shaken;) I would not its sound, love, my dream should dissever,
 For when it is broken, 'tis gone, love, for ever.
 Oh, say, dost thou love me? Sweet, give me a token;
 But let not the spell by a word, love, be broken.

A BACCHANALIAN.

SPEAK, God of Love! and let thy voice,
Bid my fainting soul rejoice:
Speak, God of Love, and let the spell,
Comfort to my heart now tell:

Am I beloved—will Laura prove
Faithful?—speak thou God of Love.

I hear:—the soft enchanting strain,
Streams like sunset o'er the main;
With golden breath of purest glow,
Warming my heart's pulses through:
Thy fragrant kisses—hopes now move,
She is faithful;—God of Love.

Then fill the goblet,—I will drain
Health unto the rapturous strain;
Raise ye the sparkling nectar up,
In my brightest jewell'd cup:
I'll quaff it to the dregs,—and prove,
Its power with thine,—God of Love.

THE RING THAT SHE GAVE.*

YES, drink from the stream, but destroy not its source,
Or its bright crystal waters I ne'er more may taste;
When life's noon is parch'd, the poor heart we divorce,
From all, but the fountain, that flows o'er its waste:
Then ask not the ring, which sweet mem'ry recalls,
As the source of past joys, for she sleeps in the grave;
When I look on the gift, on my soul her voice falls,
And I press to my heart the fond ring that she gave.

Give the Arab his steed, and the Miser his gold,
Let all have the objects their hearts dearest crave;
But earth's rarest treasures can never unfold,
So precious a boon as the ring that she gave:
Yes, drink from the stream, but destroy not its source,
Or its bright crystal waters I ne'er more may taste;
When life's noon is parch'd, the poor heart we divorce,
From all, but the fountain, that flows o'er its waste.

* The late, highly-gifted, Madame Malibran, presented Templeton, the tenor singer, with a ring, set with two brilliants, and a ruby, as a token of her admiration of his performance of "Elvino," in "La Sonnambula." During a conversation with Templeton, he expressed that he would sooner part with the last vestige of his property, than "the Ring that she gave;" the which expression occasioned the above ballad to be written.

Songs for the People.

THE POOR MAN'S NEED IS URGENT.

I.

The poor man's need is urgent,
It will not bear delay;
Think kindly, and assist him,
A trifle, Want will stay:
The comforts that surround you,
Should but expand your heart;
From out your store give something,
It will new joys impart.

II.

The poor man's need is urgent,
No food from morn till night;
He has a wife, and children,
They starve! oh give your mite:
The gnawing pangs of hunger,
Are hard enough to bear;
More bitter far to witness
Those perish, we hold dear.

III.

The poor man's need is urgent,
Work, now he cannot find;
His stalwart frame is feeble,
And grief has crushed his mind:
No crime has he committed,
Why should he plead in vain;
Go, cheer him in his trouble,
Your heart will treasure gain.

IV.

The poor man's need is urgent,
For God's sake give him aid;
Say, is he not your brother,
Let not your hand be stayed:
Think, you have those about you,
For whom you loving care,
Thank God, they are protected,
His gifts with others share.

V.

The poor man's need is urgent,
Then do a Christian's part;
Go instant to his rescue,
Let pity move your heart:
Have you not read in Scripture,
In God's own Holy Word,
Who to the poor one giveth,
Lends treasure to the Lord?

LABOUR IS WEALTH.

I.

LABOUR is wealth,—the artizan
 Earns, though he holds not, foremost place ;
 Then greet him as your fellow-man,
 Look kindly in his honest face :
 Though humbly clad his hardy frame,
 'Tis not his fault you thus him see ;
 On you alone should rest the shame,
 Who take the honey from the Bee.

II.

He gives his strength,—his cunning hand
 Creates the riches you enjoy ;
 Then bid him not to backward stand,
 Because that skill your means employ :
 Gold would be valueless, indeed,
 Without it gave to Labour birth ;
 Of what avails prolific seed,
 Unless 'tis planted in the earth ?

III.

Let Pomp survey its proud attire,
 Its velvet robes, its jewell'd crown ;
 Take all that Fashion may desire,
 From cloth of gold to silken gown :
 The worm its silk in vain had wound,
 The jewel ne'er had left the mine,
 Had honest Labour not been found,
 The earth to delve, the silk to twine.

IV.

Labour is wealth,—then prize it well ;
 From your abundance freely give ;
 Be just, nor seek your gains to swell,
 From what he earns, let Labour live :
 Remember, titles, station, power,
 Would cease to be did Labour stand ;
 'Tis Britain's rock of strength,—her tower,
 The glory of her Native Land !

DUTIES AND RIGHTS.

I.

LET each one do his duty,
Whate'er his station be;
Then all would live as brothers
Who never disagree :
A fair day's share of labour,
No honest man affrights ;
Employers have their duties,
As well as vested rights.

II.

On earth all are not equal,
In strength of limb, or mind ;
Each has allotted powers ;
Some good in all we find :
For those who are above us,
Manly respect is due ;
And those who are beneath us,
In vain should never sue.

III.

The lot of man is labour,
Labour of hand, or brain ;
'Tis Industry that raises,
From out the earth the grain ;
The Idle are not happy,
Riches bring not content ;
With many anxious yearnings,
The heart of Pride is rent.

IV.

There must be Masters,—Servants ;
Wealth will invest with power ;
In vain the bee would labour,
Were there no fragrant flower :
Those Providence has favoured,
On whom want ne'er alights,
Should ponder on their duties,
As well as on their rights.

ONWARD,—HOPE ONWARD!

I.

ONWARD—hope onward,
Low though thy station be;
Think on the morrow,
Thou shalt its brightness see
Faint not, and fear not,
Struggle the goal to gain;
Try,—thou canst win it,
Labour ne'er strives in vain.

II.

Though thou art toiling
Hard for thy daily meal,
Is it not honest,
Better than beg or steal?
Thou canst look upward,
Lowly though be thy place;
Calmly, and firmly,
Meet great ones—face to face.

III.

Though thou art lowly,
Strive for the meed of worth;
Cheerfully struggle,
Good deeds outshine high birth;
Sweet virtue cherish,
Whate'er thy station be;
Thou wilt inherit
Joys, mere wealth may not see.

IV.

Onward,—hope onward,
Never repine thy lot;
Flowers most fragrant,
Grow near the meanest cot:
Content is riches,
Boundless, that bring not care;
Onward,—hope onward,
Never should man despair.

HEART, POCKET, AND HAND.

I.

LET us give the old sign of a brotherly heart,
 A token of love, with the fervour of truth ;
 That speaks more than language can ever impart,
 We learnt it long since, in the vigour of youth :
 'Tis one that we cherish for friends that are dear,
 For those whom we honour, who steadfastly stand :
 Though absent we prize them, respect them when near,
 Together we greet them,—heart, pocket, and hand.

II.

The *heart* is a spot where affection has birth,
 The casket of life, holding jewels most rare ;
 Where all that is noble and good of the earth,
 Are welcomed, and treasured, beyond all compare :
 It throbs with delight at the name of a friend,
 It yearns to a brother in every land ;
 That brother, when worthy, it loves to the end,
 And joins in the honours,—heart, pocket, and hand.

III.

The *pocket*,—aye that is the touchstone to try
 The heart of a friend, when his aid we require ;
 Should he make excuses, when questioned, be shy,
 We cannot that friend, though a brother, admire :
 Adversity only can test who's sincere,
 Prosperity ever can friendship command ;
 'Tis easy with plenty through life's course to steer,
 But we give a brother—heart, pocket, and hand.

IV.

The *hand* with a grasp that is honest will tell
 That both heart and pocket are open at need ;
 Its pressure conveys even thoughts, like a spell,
 Kindly thoughts that the *grip* from the bosom has freed.
 In daylight or darkness a brother is found,
 In sunshine or tempest, it circles our band ;
 It waits not the aid of a look, or of sound,
 Hurrah then for ever,—heart, pocket, and hand.

THE WORTH OF MAN.

MEN are but men,—whate'er their place
 Alloted here for Life's brief day;
 The proudest of the human race
 Must, with the poorest, pass away:
 We all are brothers of one kind,
 One God sees each, with equal eye,
 The only standard is the mind,
 That raises man to dignity.
 Can wealth give strength, secure content,
 Stay Sorrow, or bid Time to pause,
 All earthly evils circumvent,
 And set at naught e'en Nature's laws?—
 The poor man shares the summer hours,
 The changing seasons,—heat, and cold,—
 The shady trees, the perfumed flowers,
 All but the God of Mammon—Gold:
 Though Pride high pedigree may trace,
 Men are but men,—whate'er their place.

The sun-burnt brow, and horny hand
 Of honest labour, owns more worth
 Than wealthiest peer in all the land,
 Who rests, alone, on titled birth;
 The slave of toil who eats the bread
 Of industry,—is nobler far
 Than they who proudly lift the head
 With garter'd knee, and jewell'd star:
 Say what we will, think what we may,
 The worth of a man is in his deeds,
 All else is but the fashioned clay
 That fickle Fortune reckless kneads:
 That man is greatest who is good,
 How low soe'er his station fall,
 We are but one in brotherhood,
 And God, alone, above us all:
 Though Pride high pedigree may trace,
 Men are but men,—whate'er their place.

THE DAY IS NOT FAR DISTANT.

I.

THE day is not far distant,
 When the man of honest worth
 Shall stand beside the Noble,
 Howsoever low his birth :
 The light of Education,
 When it radiates his mind,
 Shall raise him in position
 With the first of human kind.

II.

The day is not far distant,
 When the tyrant's power shall cease ;
 When might shall yield to reason,
 As true knowledge doth increase :
 When labour will be valued,
 Not be told to backward stand ;
 And industry be greeted
 By the proudest of the land.

III.

The day is not far distant,
 When the many will attain
 The happiness that millions
 Have long struggled for in vain :
A fixed determination
 To be frugal, and advance,
 Will help, with mental culture,
 Ev'ry blessing to enhance.

IV.

The day is not far distant,
 When mankind will know their might,
 When worth alone shall govern,
 In defence of truth and right :
 When none will be respected
 But the honest and the just ;
 Take heart, then, honest labour,
 Place in Providence your trust.

JOLLY COMPANIONS.

I.

WHEN labour is over, what pleasure to meet,
A jolly companion, or two, in the street;
Go where there's strong ale, and the whisky is prime,
To drink, puff tobacco, and wear away time;
The jugs are replenished, and each glass when done,
'Midst—jolly companions, every one.

II.

Two quarts are a shilling, six glasses the same,
What is it? a trifle not worthy a name;
If quarrels are raised, and a turn out to fight,
They shake hands, another glass sets matters right;
Think nothing of home, lad, for there is no fun,
Like—jolly companions, every one.

III.

The shilling, 'tis true, would buy two loaves of bread,
Or pay for the lodging that shelters your head;
Six shillings would purchase a good joint of meat,
What matters, at home, if they've nothing to eat;
You can't be shut up like a monk, or a nun,
You've—jolly companions, every one.

IV.

At home it is cheerless, no fire, no light,
The tap-room is cozy, the gas shines so bright;
The wife has no clothing to keep out the cold,
One blanket suffices the children to fold;
'Tis natural, quite, such a sad scene to shun,
With—jolly companions, every one.

* * * * *

V.

Pause, think of the past, ere you made her your wife,
You vow'd you'd protect her and cherish through life;
She trusted your words, on your smiles she relied,
Oh, little she thought they would evil bide;
She look'd for your love, like the flower to the sun,
Not,—jolly companions, every one.

VI.

Those friends will forsake you, of money bereft,
 In her you will ever have one faithful left ;
 Then why not give her all the time you can spare,
 And with her your very last shilling, lad, share ;
 'Tis selfish, in sorrow, her presence to shun,
 For—jolly companions, every one.

VII.

A vow then, lad, make, that you'll never more leave
 The wife of your bosom in silence to grieve ;
 Resolve to make home the delight of your life,
 You know none can love you so well as your wife ;
 Be this the last night, you your family shun,
 For—jolly companions, every one.

NEVER DESPAIR.

I.

NEVER despair, man :—what though your station
 Be not so high as the many around ;
 Have you not blessings other men know not,
 Shadows in every circle are found :
 Thousands, with riches, suffer life's evils,
 Sated with plenty, they're yearning for health,
 Feeble and helpless, peace they know never,
 They are the Poor, all your Labour is Wealth.

II.

Chest formed expansive,—muscles like iron,
 Stature as Hercules,—firm is your tread ;
 Eyes like the Eagle, piercing and dauntless,
 Proudly, indeed, you may hold up your head :
 Always look forward, ever look upward,
 Stoutly resolve that you'll rush to the van ;
 What though born lowly,—be not discouraged,
 Noblest of titles is yours,—that of Man.

III.

Think of the Lark, that's heavenward winging,
 Trilling his carols at first blush of dawn ;
 Follow his leading,—count time as precious,
 Sleep with the sunset,—and rise with the morn ;
 Strict in your duties,—honest in all things,
 Truthful and open,—do nothing by stealth ;
 God has allotted, each one his calling,
 Yours is the foremost,—for, Labour is Wealth.

THE CLAIMS OF LABOUR.

I.

TIME for labour, time for rest,
 Time to cultivate the mind ;
 These, by nature, are man's right ;
 Not like beasts are human kind :
 He who wears your strength with toil,
 Studies not your moral worth ;
 Loves but self—is void of heart,
 Whatsoe'er his wealth or birth.

II.

What a mockery to sing,
 " Britons never shall be slaves,"
 When 'tis known the many serfs
 Labour hard for grasping knaves :
 Work from early dawn of day,
 Work at night, like slaves in gyves,
 Work till every muscle aches,
 Work till death has sapped their lives.

III.

Why should man, his fellow man,
 Like a beast of burden treat ?
 Tax his strength to utmost stretch,
 With bare time to sleep and eat :
 Leisure none, to cultivate,
 Intellect, the gift of God ;
 Leisure none, for Wisdom's lore,
 Doomed with Ignorance to plod.

IV.

Millions of immortal souls,
 From their cradles to their graves,
 Nothing know but labour's bonds,
 And for Mammon are made slaves :
 Worst of slaves—to knowledge blind,
 Shame on England, 'tis her crime,
 Brands her with the Despot's rule
 O'er the earth—in every clime.

V.

Time for labour, time for rest,
 Time to cultivate the mind ;
 These, by nature, are man's right ;
 Not like beasts are human kind :
 He who wears your strength with toil,
 Studies not your moral worth ;
 Loves but self—is void of heart,
 Whatsoe'er his wealth or birth.

A GOOD NAME, DESERVED, IS A PRIZE.

I.

A good name, deserved, is a prize,
He who bears it, is wealthy, indeed;
Not learning alone, maketh wise,
Truest wisdom, is Virtue,—in need ;
'Tis easy, with riches, to bear
All the evils that man must endure ;
Not so earth's temptations, when care
And privations encompass the poor.

II.

No station excels a good name,
The mere titles men wear are but dross ;
An honest man ne'er can know shame,
But a character stained is a loss :
To others be upright, and just,
Be contented, and never complain ;
In Providence place all your trust,
They who do so, rely not in vain.

III.

We cannot, all, hold a first place,
Nature's work is not equally done ;
In heaven's expanse we can trace
Both the lesser, and great, stars, moon, sun :
Each man has a path to pursue,
Keeping steadfast, we safe reach the end ;
Whatever is right, we must do,
Quite regardless of foe, or of friend.

IV.

Then cherish, for aye, a good name,
For no treasure so great you can find ;
Although it may not bring you fame,
It will leave you sweet comfort of mind :
When clouds of years gather around,
You will cheerfully look back, afar ;
The chain that life's spirit hath bound,
Will dissolve 'neath the rays of Faith's star.

ONE GLASS MORE!

I.

WHEN seated with companions,
Or standing at the Bar;
How cheerfully time passes,
No grief doth pleasure mar:
No thought of home distresses,
To think of them 's a bore;
What care you what they're doing,
Drink up;—have one glass more.

II.

What, though the wife be pining,
The children cry for bread;
Such things are very common,
Then bother not your head:
Besides, if you were with them,
The sight would vex you sore;
You cannot help their troubles,
Drink up;—have one glass more.

III.

Away, then, with reflection,
'Tis better time to cheat;
At home you're in the horrors,
They've nothing there to eat:
Then why should you be wretched,
Enough, if they deplore
The want of every comfort;
Drink up;—have one glass more.

IV.

Get drunk, and drown your reason,
Much pleasanter you'll feel,
When to your lowly dwelling,
You gloriously reel:
What, though the wife be crying,
In rags the children, snore;
An oath will check her piping,
Drink up;—have one glass more.

* * * * *

V.

Let's change the scene,—time passes,
The wife is dying now;
The being lov'd so dearly
Has death dews on her brow:

The children have no mother,
To cling to, as of yore ;
Alas ! what bitter feelings
Are caused, by—one glass more.

VI.

She smiles upon you kindly,
Forgives you all the past ;
She cannot speak to bless you,
For life is ebbing fast :
She looks upon her children,
That glance doth you implore,
That you will now protect them ;
Avoid that—one glass more.

VII.

The motherless are round you,
Her little ones,—so dear ;
How sad looks those young faces,
No voice, like hers, can cheer :
They miss her in the morning,
Their dreams of her are o'er ;
They wake, alas !—she is not,
Ne'er touch that—one glass more.

VIII.

If earth could give you treasure,
As boundless as desire ;
You now would yield it freely,
To call back words of ire :
How dreadful is the anguish,
That reckless doings store ;
They reap a bitter harvest,
Who drink, that—one glass more.

IX.

The lid is on the coffin,
Strange feet are on the stair,
Uneven are their treadings,
What is that they bear ?
'Tis all of her now left you—
Say, do you not deplore,
You broke a heart that lov'd you ?
Ne'er touch, that—one glass more.

X.

A new made grave is open,
The solemn prayers you hear ;
The words are all unheeded,
You only know she's near :
The dirt, like hail, now patters
On all your earthly store,
Oh misery !—how bitter,
Caused by that—one glass more.

XI.

You reach your humble dwelling,
 The children round you creep,
 Their little eyes are swollen
 With tears ;—you cannot weep :
 With pent up thoughts of anguish,
 Days gone, you now run o'er;
 You whisper, " God forgive me ! "
 And loathe, that—One Glass More.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR,

I.

WHAT, ho ! make way, let Labour pass,
 With open brow, and horny hands ;
 His head erect, determined mien,
 And form unswathed by Fashion's bands ;
 His step is firm where'er he treads,
 Eyes bright as diamonds purest ray ;
 Each muscle moves with healthful spring,
 For honest Labour, ho ! make way !

II.

What, ho ! make way, let Labour pass,
 His toil supplies the wants of earth ;
 Without his aid, of what avail
 Were titled grade, or princely birth ?
 The soil he tills—makes merchandise ;
 His skilful hands vast powers display ;
 The Engine at his summons plies,
 For honest Labour, ho ! make way !

III.

What, ho ! make way, let Labour pass,
 Aside, ye silken pamper'd drones ;
 Ye never knew the woes of want,
 Nor Misery's sharp piercing moans ;
 Ye gilded butterflies, that bask
 In fortune's smile, from day to day,
 No wish ye feel but 'tis supplied,
 For honest Labour, ho ! make way !

IV.

What, ho ! make way, let Labour pass,
 Be industry no more a ban ;
 Upon his brow God's hand hath stamped
 Nature's Nobility in Man :
 The free to think, the strong to act,
 Will vindicate their right to sway ;
 The hands that sow shall surely reap :
 For honest Labour, ho ! make way !

V.

What, ho ! make way, let Labour pass,
 'Tis time the haughty stood aside ;
 That worth alone be recognised,
 Be no more trodden down by pride :
 If Mind's the standard of the man,
 Mind springs from out the meanest clay ;
 Wealth cannot buy the priceless gift,
 For honest Labour, ho ! make way !

VI.

What, ho ! make way, let Labour pass,
 Man should not on his fellow frown ;
 Unequalled though their stations be ;
 The peasant's cap, the monarch's crown ;
 The earth was made alike for all,
 To Merit only homage pay ;
 That man is greatest who is good,
 For honest Labour, ho ! make way !

VII.

What, ho ! make way, let Labour pass,
 Labour of brain, or strength, or skill ;
 Those who contribute to our need
 Should ever foremost places fill ;
 Give place to mind in every grade,
 The worth of Man alone survey ;
 All else is but a transient gleam,
 For honest Labour, ho ! make way !

WOULD YOU LIBERTY OBTAIN.

I.

WOULD you liberty obtain,
 Learn to know what path is right ;
 Moral force will break the chain,
 Brute strength hath no lasting might.
 Learn to hold, when you have won,
 Or in vain your work is done.

II.

Ignorance is earth's great ban,
 Breeding slaves for despot's heel ;
 Wisdom elevates the man,
 Makes him his position feel :
 Bids him freely walk the soil,
 Though a son of honest toil.

III.

Self-respect will ne'er lose friend,
 Self-control will save much strife ;
 Frugal habits, in the end,
 Will secure content through life :
 Forward look, with manly pride,
 None your calling dare deride.

THE WORKING MAN.

THE gold lies buried in the earth,
Hid deep, in darkest mines concealed ;
Nature would never give it birth,

The treasure ne'er would be revealed,
Without the enterprise that clasps

The world within its boundless span ;
Who is it that the rich prize grasps ?

Who—but the honest Working Man.

Huge trees within the forest stand,
Their giant branches shade the sky ;
In many a distant, dreary land,

Those sturdy trees e'en Time defy
Useless, in Solitude they'd grow,

Were Industry proclaimed a ban ;
Who with the axe doth lay them low ?

Who—but the honest Working Man.

Down in the quarry lies the stone,
A sterile mass that yields no seed ;
Cold, cheerless, unregarded, lone,

It ministers to no thing's need :
Till Labour, with his arm of might,

Combined with skill, has formed his plan,
Who lifts the huge mass into sight ?

Who—but the honest Working man.

The Palace rises to the sky,
The Engine moves with rapid pace,
Great ships o'er the deep ocean fly,

Like fiery coursers in the race :
Commerce expands her mighty wing,

To every clime,—for every clan ;
Who is the world's majestic spring ?

Who—but the honest Working Man.

Monarch of earth, to him ye owe,
Your pomp of state, your jewell'd bands ;
Nobles of earth ye had been low ;

But for the labour of his hands ;
He is the grain that forms the mount,

Whereon ye stand, the world to scan ;
Who's he whose value none can count ?

Who—but the honest Working Man.

MATTER AND MIND.

I.

GREAT is your calling—great be your exertions,
 Gain a position, you may if you try ;
 Think not that Labour alone is your portion,
 Sunshine illumines the gloomiest sky :
Are you not gifted with powers of reason ?
 Search, and true knowledge be sure you will find ;
Lift yourself up in the scale of creation,
 Overcome Matter,—with light of the Mind.

II.

Many, born lowly, have gained names immortal,
 Dark in the mine lie the riches of earth ;
Those who seek for them with patience must labour,
 Not until polished the diamond has worth :
 Rest not content with mere animal functions,
 Strive to be foremost, and ne'er lag behind ;
Life's race is open to all, join the contest,
 Overcome Matter,—with light of the Mind.

III.

Think, the time squandered in low dissipation,
 Husbanded well, is productive of good.
What are your faculties for ? To improve them,
 Labour not solely for lodgings and food :
Bring forth each talent with which you are gifted ;
 As you strive onward, new joys you will find—
Joys that the sensualist never has tasted ;
 Overcome Matter,—with light of the Mind.

IV.

Knowledge is power, then why not attain it ?
 Nature has opened her stores to your view ;
If you're for ever to ignorance wedded,
 Well may the many be ruled by the few :
What is it separates peer from the peasant ?
 'Tis that the latter to knowledge is blind ;
Seek for instruction, nor halt till you gain it,
 Overcome Matter,—with light of the Mind.

ALL MAY BE HAPPY.

I.

ALL may be happy,—each in his station,
 None need be wretched, if they are but wise ;
 What though we suffer much of privation,
 Bear up against it, and from us it flies :
 Ne'er be downhearted, boldly meet troubles,
 Patience and goodness will triumph at last ;
 Trials, when tested, oft are mere bubbles,
 Touch them, they vanish, like smoke in the blast.

II.

All may be happy,—even the poorest,
 Never repine, but submit to your lot ;
 If you would prosper,—that way is surest
 Which brings content with whatever you've got :
 Though there are many favoured above you,
 Thousands below you are struggling with fate ;
 If there be left but one friend to love you,
 Think, some have none to compassion their state.

III.

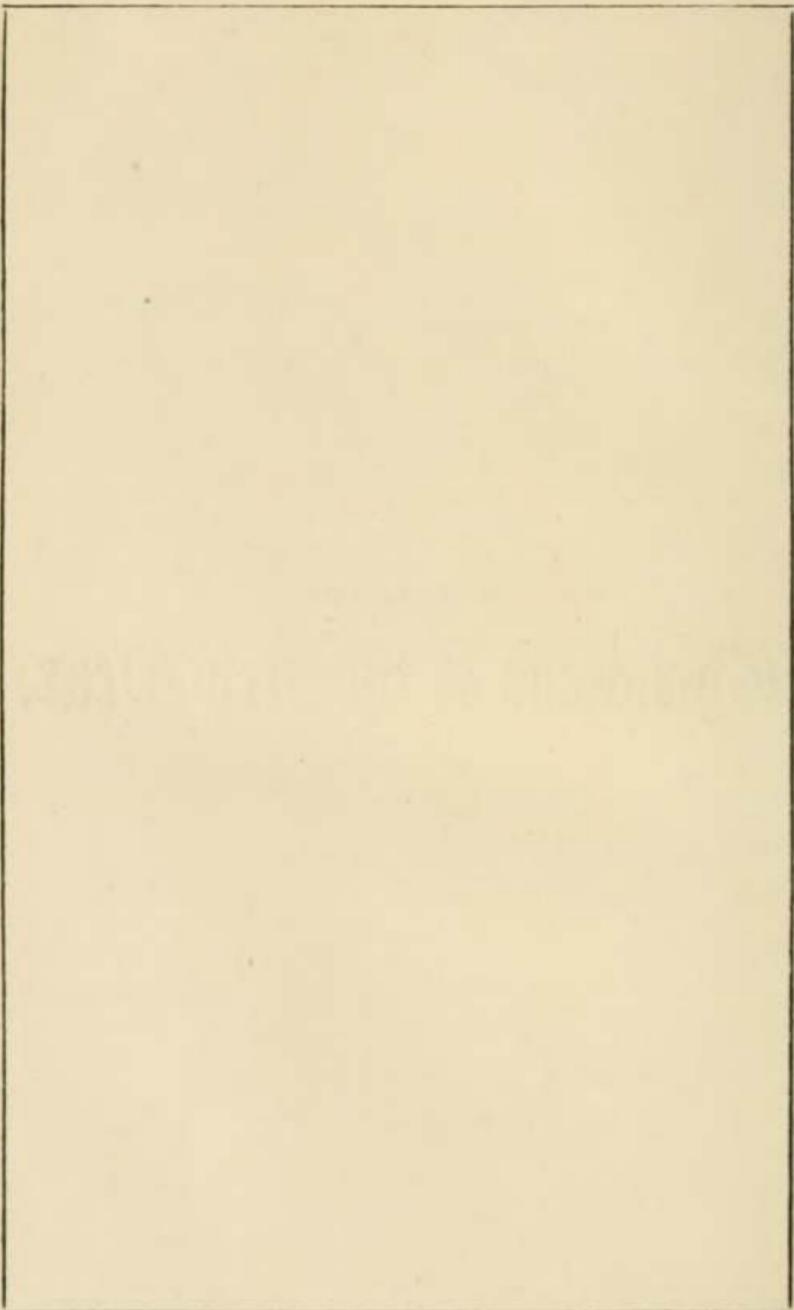
All may be happy,—if they will reason,
 Men are not equal in station or mind ;
 E'en nature changes, season by season,
 All earth's productions are varied in kind :
 He who created, just is in all things,
 None, then, should murmur at His wise behest ;
 Providence ruleth even in small things,
 All He ordains, then, must—be for the best.

IV.

All may be happy,—each in his station,
 None need be wretched,—if they are but wise :
 What though we suffer much of privation,
 Bear up against it, and from us it flies :
 Ne'er be downhearted, boldly meet troubles,
 Patience, and goodness, will triumph at last ;
 Trials, when tested, oft are mere bubbles,
 Touch them, they vanish, like smoke in the blast.

CAROLS FOR
Christmas & the New Year.

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CHRISTMAS.

I.

A CHEERING name amid the waste
Of cloud and frost, of snow and cold;
Of present joy, to youthful hearts,
Of past days, for the growing old:
A merry time, and mournful too,
As each advancing year rolls on;
Some new born hope, some blasted joy,
Some pleasure lost, some rapture won.

II.

A cheering name to youthful ears,
A sound of home, affection's kiss;
Before the cares of life approach,
To chill the peaceful smile of bliss:
A mournful time for those who feel
The happy hours for ever flown;
Who look in vain to meet the face,
The once loved face, and feel—alone.

III.

What heart that beats, that has not known
Some glimpse of joy on Christmas Day?
What heart that beats, that has not felt
The pang of memory o'er it stray:
When Love deceived, and Friendship lost,
Before the troubled mind appears;
Oh! then, the light of joy is quenched,
By throbbing sighs, and bitter tears.

IV.

Yet, Christmas is a happy time;
Amid the wintry waste a spot
So green, that we might half divine
That Sorrow was for aye forgot:
What boots it, then, to look behind,
And call up Grief, when song of Mirth
Is needed most, the heart to cheer,
During its brief sojourn on earth.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

PREPARE the cheer, the festive cheer,
 Old Christmas fast is drawing near;
 His days are short, his nights are long,
 Yet Joy's the burden of his song;
 With holly wreath his brow is bound,
 With berries, red, his head is crowned;
 And though his hair is white,—his eyes
 Twinkle with pleasure, as he plies
 The goblet filled with ruby wine,
 Pressed from the full, rich, southern vine:
 He heeds not fog, nor frost without,
 But laughs with many a cheerful shout.
 Dear, hale, old Grandad, in past time
 We hailed thee with a merry chime;
 The pretty books, th' enticing toys,
 The shrilly laugh of girls and boys;
 The large plum-pudding, snow-clad cake,
 Plump raisins in the fiery lake;
 Snap-dragon, game of hide-and-seek;
 With many a romp and childish freak;
 Riddles, conundrums, magic tales,
 Of fairies, ships with silver sails;
 Till weary, sleepy eyes attest
 The night far spent, 'twas time for rest.
 The blazing fire, the curtains drawn,
 The rough wind howling o'er the lawn;
 Grotesque, quaint shadows, move and fall
 Upon the crimson-papered wall:
 My father filled the old arm-chair,
 My mother's face knew not a care;
 He was a boy on Christmas Day,
 And she looked like a child in May;
 Blooming in matron beauty shone,
 Husband, wife, children, all were one;
 The boy then is a father now,
 The girl, a wife with anxious brow.
 Yet thou, old friend, art just the same,
 Thy face lit by the ruddy flame;
 Thou'rt always old, yet ever young,
 With kind words on thy silver tongue;
 Whole generations rise and fall,
 Yet none are born to hold thy pall;

When Spring arrives, with staff in hand,
 Thou journeyest to a far-off land,
 Till Autumn's dying voice you hear,
 Wailing the closing of the year.

Prepare the cheer, the festive cheer,
 The old lov'd Season still revere ;
 Revere with thanks for blessings shed,
 And think of many a roofless head ;
 Give of your substance, freely, kind,
 The shorn lamb shivers in the wind ;
 Let Pity claim your lib'ral hand,
 To aid the helpless, outcast band :
 If each,—one starving wretch would feed,
 The act would cheer in sorrow's need ;
 Comfort the poor—and then you may
 Welcome with joy Old Christmas Day.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

I.

WOULD you pass a happy Christmas,
 Make your home the chief delight ;
 With your wife, and loving children,
 Round the hearth, to glad your sight :
 As a Christian, do you duty,
 Enter in the house of prayer ;
 Thank God for his many mercies,
 You will find much comfort there.

II.

Friends may call, or dear relations,
 Social chat of other days ;
 These bring out the heart's best feelings ;
 Sing the old beloved lays :
 It behoves you to be happy,
 While you can,—Time quickly flies ;
 It is well you should be merry,
 But,—with merriment,—be wise.

III.

Squander not, in dissipation,
 That your honest labour won ;
 Think that you have claims upon you,
 And the evil-minded shun :
 Would you pass a happy Christmas,
 Make your home the chief delight ;
 With your wife, and loving children,
 Round the hearth, to glad your sight.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

DRAW round the fire, the curtains close,
 Shut out the cold, let friend greet friend ;
 Talk of old times, and think of those
 Whose smiles with yours will no more blend :
 Count o'er the lov'd ones gone,—and cling
 With closer bonds to those still left ;
 The gloom of Winter yields to Spring,
 One sunbeam cheers the heart bereft.

Away with sorrow,—let the past
 Be with the past,—nor mar your peace
 With sombre dreamings, which o'ercast
 The youthful heart :—such thoughts release :
 Give to the present all its worth,
 Let happiness with each abound ;
 The seedlings slumber in the earth,
 Till beauteous flowers peep from the ground.

Think of the merry Christmas Eves
 In Childhood's day, in Manhood's prime ;
 See the green ever on the leaves,
 Nor deem that they can fade 'neath time :
 The bright side only dwell upon,
 Leave shadows to the howling blast ;
 The hours for mirth are come,—not gone,
 Enjoy them truly while they last.

The mistletoe hangs o'er your head,
 The holly decks the picture frame ;
 Good cheer before you now is spread,
 And brightly leaps the glowing flame :
 Lets have the old, dear song again,
 From lips we love, so pure, so sweet,
 Our hearts beat music to the strain,
 As each remember'd line we greet.

Press the fond hands with fervent truth,
 Breathe a deep prayer, that future bliss
 May be their lot in age, or youth ;
 Seal each lip with a loving kiss :
 Forget each little transient fault,
 Renew each kind and tender tie,
 Keep anger down, and love exalt ;
 To do most good each one should vie.

Look into grandam's silent face,
 Observe her gentle, placid smile ;
 On grandad's cheek afresh you trace
 Hale health, old age cannot defile :

Mother assumes a girlish tone,
 And Father prattles like a boy;
 Whilst Mary, silent, sits alone,
 With downcast eyes, yet sweetly coy.
 Come, pass the glass, the blushing wine
 Shall touch the lips like hallow'd fire;
 Pledge love to all;—Affection's shrine
 Must thoughts of purity inspire:
 Give way to mirth with childish glee,
 And closer to each other cleave;
 This night is Nature's jubilee,
 Dear, old-remembered Christmas Eve.

CHRISTMAS STARS.

ONE Christmas Eve a little Child
 Looked up into the dark blue sky,
 And watch'd, with earnest gaze, the stars,
 Bright golden jewels poised on high;
 He wondered what those orbs could be,
 Thought they were loving Angels' eyes
 Smiling with tenderness;—or lamps
 Illuminating Paradise.
 Years fled,—the child grew up a Man,
 His hair was white,—his form was bent;
 From the same window as of yore,
 He gazed out on the firmament;
 And said,—“ Though all around is changed,
 Time never Heaven's beauty mars,
 Lo, I behold, as when a boy,
 Untarnished the loved Christmas stars.”
 Yes, Nations rise, and Empires fall,
 Whole generations pass away;
 The marble crumbles into dust,
 Earth's proudest cities soon decay:
 The Christmas stars are still the same,
 As when the First Man saw their prime,
 And shall be, till Eternity
 Plucks from the world the veil of Time.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

MOTHER, dear Mother, here's a health to thee !
God give you length of years, my love to greet ;
And may we many a happy Christmas see,
And round this hearth, of home and comfort, meet.
Health to thee, Father, who has trained my youth ;
May Sorrow's hand ne'er ruffle that kind brow ;
And every step on life's rude path be sooth,
Till age your head upon your breast does bow.
Sister, sweet sister, ever kind and meek,
Love, and Love's wishes, now to thee I fill ;
May roses long bloom on thy stainless cheek,—
Roses that even Winter cannot kill.
And Brother, playmate, confidant, best friend,
Many returns of Christmas be your lot :
To thee I pledge much happiness : God send
Your future life may pass without a blot.
Friends—health to ye, next to the kindred branch,
Ye are the leaves that deck life's little tree :
Some fall away when Autumn's breath doth blanch,
Yet many still remain, and will not flee.
Foes,—At this season enmity should cease ;
Health and forgiveness drink I in this wine ;
We all have faults, strife must give way to peace,
"To err is human, to forgive divine."

CHRISTMAS AFTER THE BATTLE.

OVER the maiden's brow
 Hang not the mistletoe,
 Plack not the holly bough ;
 Mirth must give place to woe ;
 Hearts now no joy may feel,
 Ring out no merry peal.
 Christmas Eve—Christmas Day,
 Mock not the mourner's grief ;
 Re-animate the clay,
 Give back the summer leaf ;
 Can ye restore the past,
 Bring smiles—like Christmas last ?
 Gloomily moves the flame,
 Vacant the well-known chair ;
 Covered the picture frame,
 Faces are marked with care ;
 Untouched the tuneful string,
 No songs, he used to sing.
 Father casts down his eyes,
 Mother her hands compress ;
 Few words—but heavy sighs
 Tell of heart-weariness ;
 Hopeless they meditate
 On the loved lost one's fate.
 Brothers and sisters look
 Sad-stricken on the twain ;
 One reads the Holy Book,
 One nets the silken skein ;
 Not e'en a whisper'd breath
 Breaks on the dream of death.
 Rouse thee,—bereaved old man,
 Cheer thee,—sweet mother's heart ;
 Life is a weary span,
 That must from all depart :
 Think thy child good, and brave,
 Sleeps in a Hero's grave.
 England doth mourn with ye,
 Ye must with her rejoice ;
 With shouts of Victory,
 Joined thy son's noble voice :
 On the bright scroll of Fame
 Lives thy lost darling's name.
 Ring out ye merry bells,
 Now the great pang is o'er ;
 Glory each bosom swells,
 They will lament no more :
 Who would not self withstand
 For the old Fatherland ?

CHRISTMAS.

We all must think, as age draws on,
 Of Christmases so joyous hearted ;
And call, through memory, one by one,
 The faces lov'd—though long departed :
We cannot meet, as once me met,
 Without a care, or cloud of sadness ;
Nor in the midst of mirth forget,
 Some absent one, whose voice was gladness.

Yet Christmas is a cheerful time,
 As round the hearth the lov'd ones gather ;
They joy to list the merry chime,
 Nor heed the out-door, blust'ring weather :
May God, on this next Christmas Day,
 Give comfort to all hearts o'erworn,
And doleful visions fade away,
 When happy children prattle cheery.

The greatest day of all the year,
 The brightest one to man e'er given ;
When perfect love, shuts out all fear,
 For peace on earth, brought joy in heaven :
So let the youthful heart rejoice,
 And hoary age again be vernal,
As Time proclaims, with trumpet voice,
 Christmas will be for aye,—eternal !

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A VOICE came on the moaning wind,
 A voice of wail and woe;
 Remembrance heard the dreadful sound,
 The heart sunk 'neath its throes;
 The forms of all departed ones,
 The dearest and the best,
 Walk'd forth in visions solemnly,
 The kindest—loveliest.

The happy homes of infancy,
 And smiles from loved ones' eyes;
 Seemed beaming in their silver light,
 Like stars in Summer skies;
 Around, around, the Phantoms,
 Of pleasure sweet are prest;
 Until we find a lonesomeness,
 Those loved ones are at rest.

Another year, another year,
 Has ta'en eternal flight;
 The past is sunk in darkness now,
 In everlasting night:
 The rosy cheeks, the flowing hair,
 The laugh of health is fled;
 All faded, wither'd, silently,
 And number'd with the dead.

The year is past, how many hopes
 Were built when it was New;
 Of Fame and Love, Ambition, Wealth,
 Which Fancy's pencil drew:
 The Garden flowers were planted,
 The Cottage all o'erset,
 With vines and honeysuckles wreathed,
 The Vines are living yet.

The wedding-bells rang merrily,
 As welcomes kind and true,
 Were given to the lovely Bride,
 She never thought to rue:
 No cares opprest her blithesome heart,
 She pledged the marriage vow,
 The Bridegroom smiled all Youth and Love—
 She weeps—a Widow now.

A vacant chair stands in the room,
 A portrait meets the eye ;
 We little dreamt last New Year's Day,
 That form of health would die :
 The Mother was not childless, then,
 Her dawn of hope begun,
 She pictured all his coming years ;
 But where is now her Son ?

Go mark yon grave, a new white stone,
 Is up-raised at its head ;
 Read thou the superscription there,
 Say, who is it that's dead ?
 It is thy Mother,—she who soothed
 Thy childhood on her breast ;
 Beneath that turf thy Father lies,
 There both thy Parents rest.

Is this a time for heartless joy ?
 Oh, rather say for prayer ;
 Another day like this may come,
 But we may not be here :
 Oh, what are worldly honours then,
 Ambition's jewell'd crown,
 Is but a mouldering monument ;
 Time hurls the gewgaw down.

Ah, merry hearts, like merry bells,
 Your tuneful notes will change :
 The tolling of the funeral knell,
 Is not more sure than strange ;
 With a wedding in the morning,
 A burial at noon,
 Yes, how wonderful life changes,
 E'en as the bells their tune.

Hail coming year, hail destiny,
 But more than all, hail Thou,
 The Great Eternal, who has stamp'd
 Thine image on man's brow
 Guide us, we pray, exalt our hearts
 Beyond a world like this ;
 Thy hallowed spirit on us pour,
 And light our souls to bliss.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

I.

THINK not of the past, but look forward,
 Resolve to advance by your zeal ;
 Let rectitude guide you, be upright,
 To honesty prove true as steel :
 Let Duty be ever your motto,
 Be just,—you have nothing to fear ;
 Be frugal in all your enjoyments,
 Then—you'll pass a Happy New Year.

II.

To bed, before midnight approaches,
 Be up at the rise of the day ;
 And cheerfully tackle to labour,
 Nor squander a moment away :
 Such conduct will gain you approval,
 Care not for the idle man's jeer ;
 Work done, why, then, take recreation,
 And thus win—a Happy New Year.

III.

Make home, lad, your primary study,
 Let cleanliness be your delight ;
 Be gentle, wife, children, will greet you,
 With love that your toil will requite :
 The money thus saved by good conduct,
 Will serve more your home to endear ;
 And Peace will look round in your dwelling,
 Whilst all pass—a Happy New Year.

IV.

Success to the artisan's labour,
 May Justice award him such pay ;
 As fairly should fall to his portion,
 Who zealously works through the day :
 'Tis too much the custom of fashion,
 At honest industry to sneer ;
 Ne'er mind, you're the props of the nation,
 And merit—a Happy New Year.

THE NEW YEAR.

I.

HUSH'D in the gloom of night
 Darkness around ;
 No star to greet the sight,
 Not e'en a ray of light,
 Darkness profound :
 Silence, as dumb as death,
 Void,—without sound,
 Held is the list'ner's breath,
 Heaven above, earth beneath,
 Seemeth spell-bound.

II.

Awful, as 'mid the dead,
 Stirless the air ;
 Nature her pall has spread,
 Life's beating pulse seems fled,
 Whither, oh where ?
 Time flags and droope his wing,
 Doleful his glare ;
 And to the earth doth fling,
 Like an abhorred thing,
 What once was fair.

III.

'Tis the Old dying Year
 Waning away ;
 Soon his end draweth near,
 Leafless and bare his spear,
 Gone his life's ray.
 Dried are his chaplet flowers
 That bloomed in May ;
 No vernal summer bower,
 No sweet refreshing showers,
 Lure him to stay.

IV.

Ring out, ye merry bells,
 Sleepers : ll hear ;
 Ring out, the bosom swells,
 Ring out, your man ie tells,
 'Tis the New Year :
 Tells of the coming spring,
 Days that will cheer ;
 Hope rides upon his wing,
 Heart unto heart must cling,
 As he draws near.

V.

Ring out, ring merrily;
 Heed not the past;
 Ring out, right cheerily,
 Ring out,—for, verily,
 Joy's hour flies fast:
 Think of the future, bright,
 No thought back cast:
 Think of the pure delight,
 Summer's warm golden light,
 No chilly blast.

VI.

Mourn not:—The loved ones gone
 Heed not the sigh:
 Grieve not their race is run,
 Life's silver thread is spun,
 Silent they lie:
 Silent as stars that gleam
 In the far sky;
 Wrapt in a wakeless dream,
 Sweet blissful visions teem,
 Angels watch nigh.

VII.

Shake the old steeple tower,
 Ring out your might,
 Down, down, the music shower,
 Ring out, with earnest power,
 Waken old Night:
 Ring out,—that all may hear,
 Lone hearts excite:
 Tell them the New-born Year
 Cometh their souls to cheer,—
 Ring with delight!.

VIII.

Old Year,—a fond farewell,
 Rest in thy tomb;
 Many have lov'd thee well,
 Wall of Life's citadel,
 Mourn ye with gloom;
 For in your bosom lies,
 Stricken by doom,
 All the sweet memories
 Of human sympathies;
 No more to bloom.

IX.

New Year, we welcome thee,
 Short though your stay;
 Many will bow the knee
 In mortal agony,

Ere you're away :
 Many feel happiness,
 Flowers on their way ;
 These will your coming bless,
 These do your worth confess,
 Bask in your ray.

X.

New Years will come and go,
 Throughout all Time ;
 Smiles of joy—throbs of woe,
 From eyes and hearts will flow,
 Pleasure, and crime :
 Till the Last Day shall come,
 When the loud chime
 Wakes, from the concave dome,
 Millions, to call them home,
 To realms sublime.

XI.

Then will the sleepers wake,
 Ne'er to sleep more ;
 Then will the mountains quake,
 Earth from its centre shake,
 Time then be o'er :
 Then will Eternity
 Reign evermore :
 Sorrow—for ever fly,
 Love—in all purity,
 Joy—and adore !

THE NEW YEAR.

HARDY, and young, and strong of limb,
 He dancing comes with berries red,
 In coral wreaths upon his head ;
 Whilst joy-cups sparkle to the brim :—
 Than eider-down his robe more fair,
 His sceptre, branch of mistletoe,
 With pearl-drops waving to and fro :
 Face lit with smiles, no shade of care.
Ye merry ringers now give way,
 Strain ev'ry muscle to its power ;
 With music shake the steeple tower,
 Wake sleepers, greet the New Year's Day ;
 Think on,—behind no look now cast,
 Think on,—each day doth herald Spring,
 The balm that Hope to life doth bring,
 Think on,—the Past be with the Past.

Ye Agéd ones, think on—'tis time,
 Soon time to you will be no more;
 Think of the golden-sanded shore,
 Eternal,—ever in its prime:
 And Youth,—in all your days of glee,
 Your flush of life that leaps with health
 Those priceless hours of untold wealth,
 Think on,—there is—Eternity.

In Wisdom's Path let Pleasure tread,
 God's bounties are to be received,
 God's promises to be believed;
 Lift up the heart, as well as head;
 So live, with aspirations high,
 That happiness shall but increase
 As each New Year brings more of peace;
 The peace of fearing not to die.

Ring in,—ring in, the welcome year,
 Ring out all enmities,—be kind;
 Let hands and hearts be intertwined;
 Do all for love, no hate—no fear:
 Do all for love,—each word well weigh,
 Those who act thus may loud rejoice,
 With conscience clear, and joyous voice
 Hail with delight—the New Year's Day.

THE OLD YEAR.

I.

On the silv'ry snow he's lying,
 Gently speak,—for he is dying;
 See—his icy eyes are staring,
 Few for that Old Man are caring;
 Only one,—the thoughtful Past
 Gazes on him,—mournful hearted
 Dreaming of lov'd ones departed;
 Soon he'll sleep,—nor Age, nor Sorrow,
 Will he know upon the morrow;
 This long night—will be his last!

II.

Close his eyes, and smooth his tresses,
 Press his brow with warm caresses;
 O'er his bosom clasp his fingers,
 Watch the peaceful smile that lingers
 On his lips—like ray of eve:
 Lay his knotted staff beside him,
 From his childhood it did guide him;
 Crown his head with coral berry;
 Weep not for him,—joy!—be merry,—
 For he never more will grieve.

III.

Gather round him youthful faces,
Whereon Care hath left no traces :
Let his pall with stars be dighted,
When, heaven's myriad lamps are lighted,
Dig no grave,—but let him lie
Peacefully,—where now he's sleeping,
Softly o'er him snow-flakes creeping,
Feather, upon feather heaping ;
Then depart—all lovingly.

THE OLD YEAR.

I.

GONE is another year,
Gone the Spring songs of birds ;
Gone are the Summer flowers,
Gone is the Autumn's sere,
Gone ever treasured words,
Gone genial April showers.

II.

Yes, many a loving face,
And many a dulcet voice ;
And many a fervent vow,
Is gone :—The vacant place,
The tones that did rejoice,
No more will heed us now.

III.

Hush!—bid the Joy-bells cease ;
While Memory droops the head,
Ere Grief has dried her tears ;
The mourners yearn for peace,
Hush!—they are with the dead !
The Past to them appears.

IV.

Mothers and Fathers dear,
Sisters and Brothers gone ;
These ne'er more shall we greet :
All, in one little year,
Lie 'neath the burial stone,
No more, on, earth to meet.

V.

Few but have lost a friend,
Lost on Time's dreary track ;
Why then should Mirth resound ?
Rather the knee should bend,
Rather the heart go back
Over each new made mound.

VI.

In silence Old Year go,
Mid darkness and in gloom ;
Steal, guilty like, away :
 Steal o'er the deadened snow,
 Cold as the lone dark tomb ;
 Go,—ere the break of day.

VII.

Hush ! let no joy-bells peal ;
Hush ! let no laughter ring ;
Hush ! while the Mourners weep :
 Time may the bruised hearts heal,
 Time may them comfort bring ;
 Hush !—let the Old Year sleep.

THINK OF THE POOR.

THINK of the poor ;
Not only those, who, with hands open wide,
 Humbly implore
 Aid, for the love of Charity's sweet name ;
But the retiring ones, who fain would hide
 At once their lowly wretchedness and shame.
To their homes go : the lonesome corners seek,
And soothe them with kind accents when you speak.

Think of the poor,
Who pine for food, yet cannot face the throng :
 The cheerless door,
 That never opens on a joyful sound ;
No voice of mirth, no blithesome happy song,
 Through the dark chamber ever doth resound.
Be hope to them who thus in sorrow live ;
Teach them to thiuk that you receive,—they give.

Think of the poor ;
The tatter'd raiment—thin, that scarce can hold
 Their rags secure ;
 The weak small voice of children, not half fed,
Whose tender bodies shiver in the cold,
 Whose cry is ever, father, mother, bread.
Give of your substance freely, from the heart :
Thank God your lot is not a pauper's part.

FOUND DEAD.

WITH sharp-nipp'd face, and pale and thin,
 Blue livid lips, and stagnant blood ;
 The bones scarce hidden by the skin,
 A pauper on the highway stood ;
 His eyes were dim,
 No hope for him ;
 Houseless, an outcast, not one friend
 To aid, or breathe a cheering word ;
 None would his wretchedness attend,
 No step toward the lorn one stirred ;
 He muttered low
 His tale of woe.

“Is there a God ? Am I a man ?
 Have I a soul, a human frame ?
 Why am I placed without,—a ban
 To all my kind a mark of shame ?
 Why was I born
 A thing for scorn ?
 To think, to feel, but to endure
 The cold neglect of stony eyes,
 That shun me as one vile, impure,
 Because I have no loving ties :—
 Yet o'er my head
 God's heaven is spread.

Beneath my feet, God's earth is placed,
 But shelter none, nor food to eat ;
 God's image in me is defaced,
 And man's religion but a cheat :
 The rain, the dew,
 The sunshine too,
 The trees and beauteous summer flowers,
 The golden stars, and silver moon,
 The songs of birds from leafy bower,
 And the full radiance of day's noon,
 Are sent to me,
 By God's love—free.

All Nature joys beneath His light ;
 And when the Winter bares the tree,
 And seals up rivers with his might,
 He gives them sustenance. Woe me,
 That cannot bear
 The biting air ;

Worse than a beast, or bird, warm clad
 By Providence :—whilst I alone
 Heart tortured, till my brain reels mad,
 With flesh and feeling cold as stone :
 Why should not I
 Lie down and die ?

For none would weep, and none regard,
 Though many have the power to aid ;
 Just God wilt thou not them reward,
 Whose avarice their hands have staid,
 And left me here ;
 No pitying tear,

No morsel to sustain my strength,
 No rag to hide me from the cold,
 All my earth's wealth—my body's length,
 A soul within its fragile mould :
 Thou mercy show,
 There's none below !'

He sank upon the barren ground
 Fainting :—The happy hours flew on ;
 From steeple heights the bells resound,
 Friends to meet merry friends, were gone.
 'Twas Christmas Day,
 When all are gay :

The day when Jesus Christ was born ;
 The holly and the mistletoe
 Deck'd church and home, from early morn,
 As lay the Pauper on the snow,
 Without a friend
 His corse to tend.

Yes, merrily the bells rang out,
 And kindly greetings met the ear ;
 Hark to the laugh and joyous shout,
 Think not some wretch is shiv'ring near :
 Think but of self,
 Of Fortune's pelf ;

What boots it that a woman,—child,
 At this same hour may crave a crust ?
 What if the wind howls bleak and wild,
 A happy home shuts out the gust :
 Think—Jesus bled
 *For him "Found Dead."

SONG OF WINTER.

I COME, I come, with jewels rare,
More pure than diamonds on my brow ;
Like frosted silver is my hair,
My garments spotless, and I sow
The earth with purity,—nor leave
A stain upon her fertile breast ;
The leafless trees with pearl wreaths weave,
And lull all Nature into rest.

I come, I come, my presence near,
The Woodlands spread beneath my feet
Their varied treasures in the sere,
With every beauteous shade replete :
The Sun looks placid in the sky,
Surrounded by his azure shield ;
The mountains lift their heads on high,
And distant objects are revealed.

I come, I come, with howling winds,
That wail like spirits in despair ;
A leaden atmosphere now binds
The sky that late shone bright and fair ;
I breathe, and birds drop from the trees,
I breathe, the waters quick congeal,
Man to his home for shelter flees,
E'en there I set my crystal seal.

I come, I come, in dead of night,
And trace upon the brittle glass,
With fairy pencil, landscapes bright,
That touch of man can ne'er surpass ;
I bring the Robin to the door,
To gladden with his glist'ning eyes,
Whilst grateful melodies he'll pour,
Calling to mind past summer skies.

I come, I come, with berries red,
With mistletoe, and holly green ;
With these I crown my silver'd head,
And join the Christmas festive scene :
A welcomed guest, where joy and mirth
Round ev'ry hearth on one day meet,
When old remembrances have birth,
And eyes, hands, hearts, each other greet.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

"**HAPPY** season—happy season,
 Mirth and feasting all around,
 I can hear them as I crouch
 Down upon my ragged couch ;
 Thinking—till my pining reason,
 Trembling, wanders at the sound ;
 Then I dream of Christmas joy,
 And fancy—I'm again a boy.
 Plenty, blessings, all about me,
 Yet no plenty here within,
 Where I shiver, moan, and pine—
 Like a dog, too weak to whine :
 Ev'ry being seems to doubt me,
 Mark'd as though a thing of sin ;
 Cruel fate, so lone and lorn,
 O God!—why was I ever born?"
 Thus a wretch, one Christmas morning,
 Mutter'd in a gloomy shed,
 While he shrank within himself,
 As if heat his blood could peif
 From the tatter'd raiment fawning
 O'er his carcase, shred by shred ;
 Gazing on a spark of peat,
 A doleful light, all void of heat.
 Friendless outcast, hapless brother,
 Flesh of us, why pass thee by ?
 One great God shall judge us all ;
 Thou by Poverty didst fall ;
 Nature is thine only mother,
 But humanity will cry,
 Man to man, perform your part,
 Give with a cheerful, loving heart.
 Ye, then, who are blest with plenty,
 Ye, whom want has never scared
 With his haggard, chilling touch,
 Thankful should ye be for much :
 From your thrift some portion empty,
 Let your heart to his be bared ;
 Ponder on the Holy Word,
 Give to the poor—lend to the Lord.

LISTEN A MOMENT.

SAY, are you happy, have you a home,
 Friends to surround you, plenty,—to spare ;
 Say, do you ever, when forth you roam,
 Meet with a being compassed by care ?
 Listen a moment.

Have you seen strong men, wasted and lorn ?
 Women with faces sad-stricken, pale ?
 Weak, puny children, but few weeks born,
 Pressed to fond bosoms stifling their wail ?
 Listen a moment.

Women ;—oh, have you looked in their eyes,
 God's light there, beaming love on their young ?
 And have you e'er heard heart-choking sighs,
 When not a murmur came from the tongue ?
 Listen a moment.

Children ;—look at them, striving in vain,
 For the breast steril, yields not one drop,
 All is exhausted, no, not a drain ;
 Nature's own fountain starved, to a stop.
 Listen a moment.

Men ;—flesh and muscles, shrunken away,
 Ev'ry hope blasted,—God only left ;
 See them despairing,—at close of day,
 That of light even they are bereft.
 Listen a moment.

Go Man, go Woman,—whom God hath blest,
 Give of your substance, cheer with your voice :
 Think how a mother you once caressed,
 Think of your comforts,—think, and rejoice.
 Listen a moment.

Winter is on us—look now around,
 Seek for the poor ones, feed them and clothe ;
 Let tender Pity, with ye abound,
 Look on them loving, look not to loathe :
 Listen a moment.

Oh, help the outcast,—help we all need,
 Wealth, pride, and honor, Death's touch shall chill,
 If of the wretched we take no heed,
 When we ask mercy, think ye God will
 Listen a moment ?

M. GLOVER, PRINTER, 52, NORTH QUAY, DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Fraser's Magazine, April, 1844.—“From the Church I strolled into the Verein Garden, and flinging myself down beneath one of the green trees that shaded me from the rich sunlight, but did not obstruct either the view of the landscape which I coveted, or the perfume of the flowers from the neighbouring gardens, I reflected on those charming passages in the works of Ouseley, a true poet, filled with the true Olympian fire of genius, and destined, as I think, one day to fill a niche next to Shelley, the most poetical Imagination since Spenser and Shakespeare.”

Dublin University Magazine, June, 1849.—“The wonderful richness and novel melody of Shelley's lyrics have, it is quite plain, fascinated Mr Ouseley, as they must every true disciple of poetry; and are, we think, the models which he has rather attempted to rival than to imitate.”

Literary Gazette, April 7, 1849.—“That most of this collection of sweet poetry has enriched magazines and other periodicals, and that the longest—viz. ‘The Vision of Death's Destruction,’ has run through three editions, are reasons against our going into quotations, details, or criticism; for we do not like to be guilty of repetitions; and to praise what has already obtained such a need of public approbation, would be but to gild refined gold, and paint the lily—wasteful and ridiculous excess. Suffice it to say, therefore, that not only is the true poetic spirit rife in Mr Ouseley's writings, but they are of the most wholesome and healthful tone. No one can read them without being satisfied by their skilful execution, and improved by their sound principles. There is every variety of verse, and almost of subject; and all pleasing and grateful to the sense.”

Morning Post.—“We have seldom read a collection of miscellaneous poems so uniformly excellent. Open the volume where you will, and you will find some thoughts glowing or sublime, clothed in language vigorous, musical, and suggestive of fine imaginings. The ‘Vision of Death's Destruction’ is a noble flight, worthy of our strongest-winged poets. Of this, as well as of the shorter effusions, we may say that the strain is sustained, powerful, and strikingly original.”

Morning Herald, July 4, 1839.—“Though this collection of poems has already attracted attention, as is evident by the fact that a third edition has been called for, yet we believe they are not so well known to the London reading public as they deserve to be. We recommend them to all lovers of true poetry, of pure sentiment, and of deep reflection. The author is a man of genius, seeking for truth in the holy source of pious wisdom, and giving utterance to thoughts worthy of that inspiration in language full of simplicity and pathos. An agreeable sadness pervades the volume, but it does not degenerate into gloom, nor does the train of religious feeling, with which the poetry is marked, become distasteful by being pushed to the extreme of fanaticism. Several of the pieces are worthy of a distinct notice, but at present we cannot do more than give an extract as a specimen of the author's style.”

Bell's Weekly Messenger, July 23, 1839.—“The writer of these poems appeals to some of the best feelings of the human heart. His diction, by which we mean the manner in which he avoids harsh inversions, is at once simple and nervous; it is, in all respects, exceedingly good; it is natural without being trite—indeed, such as every well-educated person would employ upon similar occasions. Another excellence is, that he is not an imitator; what he has is his own; there is nothing of Byron or Shelley.”

Dublin Evening Mail (Dec. 30, 1836).—“Its valuable materials, and chaste style, are such as suit the well-stored library, in which one might expect to find the standard works of literature, collected for present use, and the study of future generations. There is much in these poems which has given us positive pleasure of no ordinary kind; and much more which indicates poetical powers, which must, place the author high amid the ranks of British Bards. Mr Ouseley is evidently a man of genius, with ardent feelings, of high imagination, and considerable power, over the diction and versification of his native language.”

The Spectator, July 27, 1839.—“These poems exhibit considerable fluency and much distinctness in presenting images.”

Liverpool Standard, July 24, 1849.—“We will not compare him with this or that poet—with Byron, Shelley, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, &c.; but we will say, that he has written many poems of which not one of these illustrious writers would disdain to own the paternity. Indeed there is the true genius and spirit of poetry in his compositions; and, what is the best test of true poetry, all readers, who rise from the perusal of them, will find themselves benefited by the elevated and moral tone that pervades their sentiments and diction. Let us point out some of those which have made an impression on our minds. At page 15 we have been struck with a short, but sweet and reverent, poem, commencing—‘Mother, thy Name is holier far,—a kind of household poem, which not only would become the lips of Dr Johnson, Adam Clarke, Walter Scott, and all those great men who have stated themselves to have been so indebted to maternal affection and instruction, but it ought also to be learned by each child in every private family of the kingdom—in this kingdom wherein ‘Honour thy father and thy mother,’ is ever the prevailing sentiment. At page 110, different in character from those we have already noticed, appears ‘The last of the Brigands’; and well does the author depict and sustain the love of freedom, the martial bearing, the attachment to mountain scenery. A fine poem this would be for recitation. We would that such, together with speeches from Shakespeare, Cowper, &c., were more attended to in our schools, yes; even in our National Schools, where the eternal system of writing and cyphering bids fair to dull the edge of the mind, deaden the heart, and make our boys dull and worldly, rather than put life and energy into their souls, and give them heroic hearts. Recommending the ‘Sabbath Day’ for perusal, we hasten on to a truly exquisite effort, entitled ‘The Lone One.’ We have read this some dozen times over, and like it better every time. It is like Miss Drury’s ‘Annesley’ in one respect—namely its perfectness. Not a word would we alter; not a sentiment would we change; little would we wish to add; nothing would we take away. There is no faulty rhyme; it is sweet and polished, and neither a Campbell nor a Rogers could have written with more care and correctness. In taking leave of Mr Ouseley, we cordially thank him for these splendid proofs of the genius of poetry that is within him; we thank him for the strains that have won many an hour from the weary ways of the world; we thank him for the elevation of mind, and goodness of heart, which his muse delights to implant; and we trust that blessing, intellectual, moral, and religious, will follow him all the days of his life.”

Bury and Suffolk Herald, (Feb. 22, 1837).—“There is an originality of thoughts, a depth of sentiment, and a vigour of expression, running throughout the minor poems in this volume, which excite a far livelier interest in the subjects than the general run of poetry now-a-days produces. The author is evidently a well-informed man, with a heart sensitively alive to the pathetic and the pure. A tone of religious feeling is united to a ready enjoyment of nature; and they are evidenced in almost every line of the larger poems. We may say—what it is out of our power to say of modern poets generally—the poetry is, genuine and true, and everywhere full of gentle and refined feeling.”

Dublin Evening Packet (Dec. 15, 1836).—“The writer has evinced powers of versification of no ordinary degree; and his subjects, which are numerous and happily selected, are handled with exquisite delicacy. There runs throughout the entire book a current of chaste and deep-toned feeling, that indicates a mind strongly impressed with the spirit of morality and religious truth. The metre is pleasingly diversified, and always adapted to the peculiar character of the theme. In the leading poem, entitled ‘A Vision of Death’s Destruction,’ the thoughts are, in many passages, strikingly profound, and the language is that of philosophic reflection and deep-felt pathos. The lighter pieces are characterised by a refined tenderness, which always touches the heart, without wounding its sensibilities. There is not a single line in the entire volume that can offend the most fastidious delicacy, and we strongly recommend the author to the patronage of the Irish public.”

Lincolnshire Chronicle, (Nov. 25, 1836).—“We point to a circle of gems, which would grace the coronet of the first devotee of poetry, and which alone would render this volume priceless. Some few of the poems are really sublime.”

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