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"UGOLINO"

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

SYBIL.





600070758X





Shortly to be published by T. C. NEWBY, 30, Welbeck Street,

M I N S T E R H I L L ,

A Novel, in One Volume, by SIBYL, Author of "Hope Deferred,"
"Ugolino," &c.

“UGOLINO,”

AND

OTHER POEMS;

BY

SYBIL,

Author of “Hope Deferred,” &c.



“Short swallow flights of Song.”

xvii. IN MEMORIAM.

London:

T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1865.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

280. j. 24.



THIS BOOK

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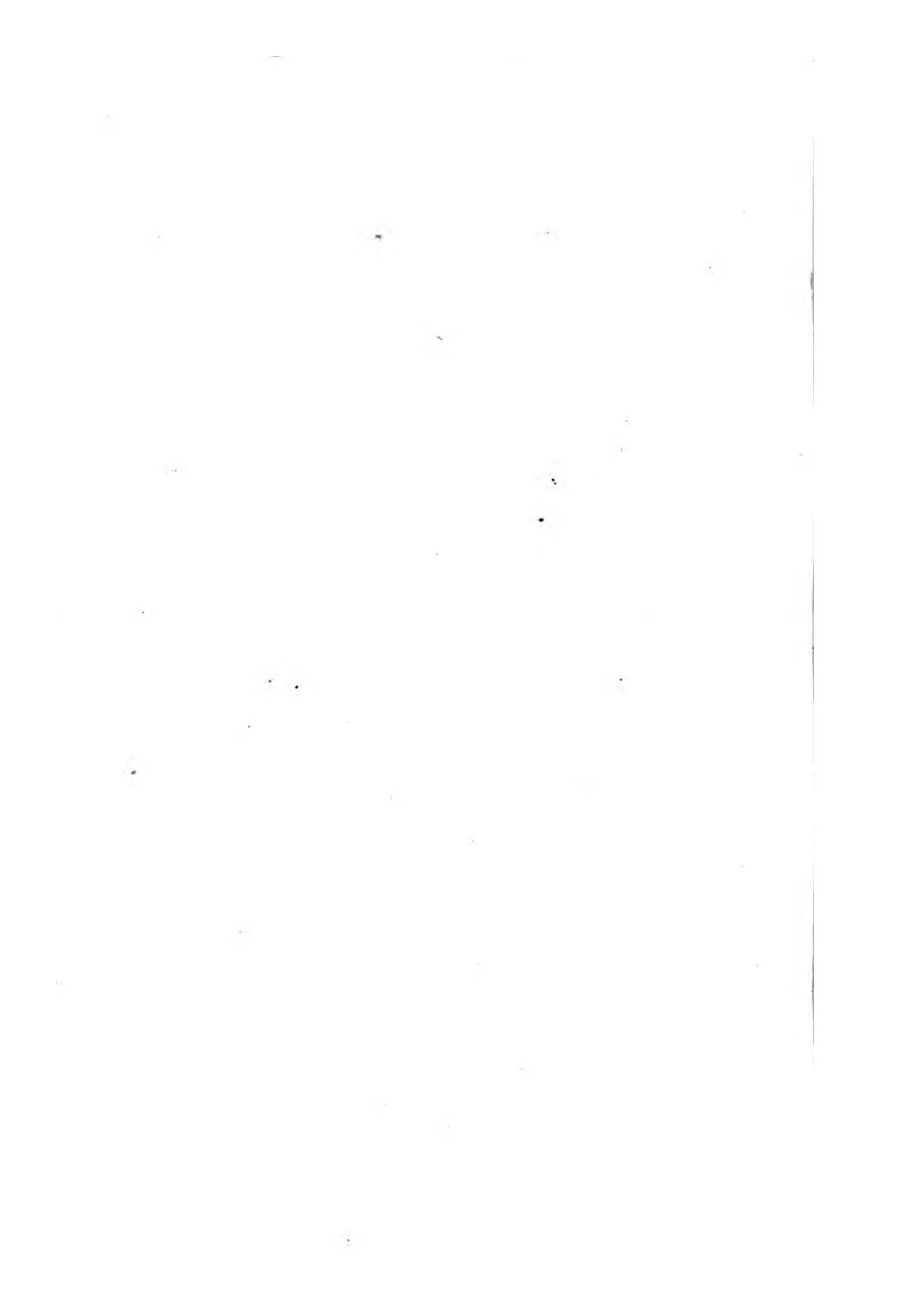
OF

CLONE HOUSE, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA,

IN TENDER AND AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

OF

"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."



C O N T E N T S.

Count Ugolino (of Pisa)	9
Lucerne	22
Reminiscences of Grindewald	28
Conflagration of St. Iago	31
Driftings from Southern Climes	34
Death, by Fever, of G. C.	39
A Tale of the Workhouse	43
My Three Nieces	47
The Pass of the St. Gotthard	54
The Lover's Vision	57
The Curse of Ben Ezra	58
The Two Leaves of Myrtle	75
The Wreck	78
To a Lovely Child	84
To Enoni	86
The Crypt	88
The Song of the Sweep	92
The Self Devoted	95
Night Scenes	98
The Uncrowned Heroes	104
The Night Watch	106
A Retrospect... ..	110
Desmond—A Story of the Plague	112
To Miranda	142
The Massacre of the Mamelukes... ..	143
Mysteries of Romance	146
Love—A Rhapsody	149
The Nightingale	154
Acrostic	155
The Flirt	156
A Reverie	158
To E. B.	159
The Pillar of Salt	160
Acrostic	163
A Life's History	164
To My Nieces	167
The Adult Baptism... ..	169
To my Mother	170
Sacred Poems	171 to 212

P R E F A C E .

“ I know very well that many who pretend to be wise are apt to despise both Poetry and Music, as toys and trifles, too light for the use and entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their council, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not their understandings, into question. It may be thought an ill sign, if not an ill constitution.”—Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, born, 1628.

COUNT UGOLINO.

(Starved to death, with his family, in the "Torre del Fame"
Pisa. Mentioned by Dante.)

Now hath passed a weary day ;
Long, long hours have dragged away ;
Ugolino paces slow
In the dark cell, to and fro ;
And his sons no word have said,
Hungering sore for lack of bread.
Morn again hath risen grey,
Darker than the former day ;
And the younger boys apart ;
Whisper low of hunger's smart,
And of burning, choking thirst :
This, of all their pain, the worst.

Ugolino look not nigh,
On that pale youth's sunken eye ;
His the lips that will not tell
Griefs thy love may not dispel.

See those white teeth gleaming through
Parted lips, so drawn and blue ;
Turned towards the wall he lies,
Hiding from his father's eyes.
Where thy first-born hope and pride ?
Ever ready at thy side—
In the hottest of the fight
Gleamed his casque and faulchion bright,
Now degraded to a toil
That must all his labour foil ;
Hour by hour, by night and day,
Wrenching bolts and bars away.

O ! when, gloaming o'er the plain,
Night again resumes her reign,
Piteous to a father's ear
Are the heart-wrung sobs to hear,
Of the little ones' despair,
Crouching in the corner there.
Gaddo, Anselm, sunny eyed,
Once a happy father's pride ;
Ruby lipped, with pearly brow,
Wasted, worn, and haggard now.

Whence the dark wine, thick and red,
In that broken goblet shed ?
See—'tis on thine arm, thy dress—
Pitying Heaven will deign to bless,

For that holy deed of thine,
For that cup of living wine !

* * * * *

Now, awhile, the sobs be still ;
Now the parched lips move at will ;
And the lisping tongues more clear,
Bid thee clasp them fast and near,
From the Phantom forms to save,
Crowding round that living grave.

Days and nights we counted three—
In that sepulchre there be
Two alone, that draw the breath,
Heavy with the taint of death.
He, the gallant elder born,
Changed and wild since early morn,
Glares around with bloodshot eye,
On the dead that round him lie.
Something in that maniac glare
Murderous thought discloses there.

On the mildewed walls there be
Records traced in agony,
By that Father, lean and wan,
Of the children that are gone ;

Of a long captivity,
Blighted hope, and perfidy ;
Would'st thou half his anguish know,
See, how reads that tale of woe !

(THE WRITING ON THE WALL.)

“ Weeks upon weeks their weary course have sped,
“ Shedding the frosts of winter on my head—
“ Weeks upon weeks—the boys now cease to pray
“ For the vain promise of a happier day,
“ When their light feet should course and bound
again
“ Thro' the green mazes of the distant plain.
“ Brigata, come to manhood's fiery age,
“ Chafes like a lion pent within a cage,
“ While mild Uguccion silent and alone,
“ Like the soft sighing winds sad murmuring tone
“ Hymns to the night a wild and plaintive lay,
“ Chasing his brother's wrath, and mine, away.”

(SONG OF UGUCCION.)

Watching lone at midnight hour
In the lofty dungeon tower,
Brooding apart, like solitary bird ;
'Neath the moon's bewitching smile
Fancies strange my hours beguile,
And lays celestial, to the world unheard.

Bars and bolts, can ye confine
Spirits, winged with thoughts divine?
Free, as the skylark's ever mounting flight,
Upward far, they, singing, soar,
Lessening still, till seen no more,
In the calm bosom of the wondrous night.

Far up, in the clear expanse,
Where the shooting meteors dance,
There doth the captive's longing gaze upturn ;
For those countless stars on high
Seem the windows of the sky,
Whence, lustrous gleam the lamps that ceaseless
burn.

Such my untaught fancies wild,
As a wonder-loving child,
Borne to the spirits' land on magic wings ;
Moon ! that on my spring time shone
Calmly bright, and cold, and wan ;
Aid me to wake warm youth's imaginings.

In thy fairy, sail-less boat
My 'tranced soul would joyous float,
On the blue deep's immeasurable space ;
Among those golden islets glide,
On a waveless, noiseless tide,
Leaving behind no slightest rippled trace.

Ah ! could e'er the cherished few
Form, with me, the immortal crew
Sailing for ever on that course divine ;
And, of me, in mind and heart,
And sympathy, complete a part ;
Methinks, all bliss conceived should this combine.

Thus, in dreams, we've sped along,
Pouring forth divinest song ;
Whilst myriad echoes into living sprang ;
Ringing far, distinct and clear,
From each bright, remotest sphere,
As when the morning stars together sang.

Far removed from life's alloy,
Thousand ills that heart annoy,
Wide, in infinitude, should mind and soul expand,
This nether world's confused care,
And discontent, that waste and wear,
Seem, as the grains minute upon the ocean's
strand.

" Spirit of song, as thy soft voice I heard
" On the bare wall I traced each treasured word,
" Yes, like thy mother, thou wert born to shed
" Sunlight and joy around thy Father's head ;
" Oh may his bones by her pure dust be laid
" E're he behold his life's last sunlight fade.

* * * * *

“ The rosy cheeked, the cherub boys, at play,
“ Chase the stern truths that haunt my soul
 away,
“ One has a blue fly in a paper cage,
“ And one high warfare with the rats doth wage ;
“ He made a little bow, poor child ! to slay
“ The mice that steal his bread at close of day.

* * * *

“ Unwonted sounds upon the stillness break,
“ Am I still dreaming, and but half awake ?
“ Low hollow sounds, successive, blow on blow,
“ Seem as they smote the entrance door below ;
“ They cease, hist ! murmuring voices reach mine
 ears.
“ Can it be so ? or, do unmanly fears
“ Deceive with horrors vain, a wretch that lies
“ Without the pale of human sympathies ?
“ Hope whispers still, ‘ things are not what they
 seem,’
“ Thou’lt waken soon from an uneasy dream,
“ To view again the ever welcome sun
“ Glance thro’ thy prison bars—

* * * *

“ Again, again, my God ; no woman’s fear
“ Raises my stiffening hair, and makes mine
 ear

"Tingle with nameless horror, and mine heart
 "Sink, as tho' soul and body were to part.
 "I scarce can frame my lips to tell the fate
 "To these my dear ones, gracious Heaven! I
 wait
 "To gather up my failing manhood, see
 "Ye pitying powers! my weakness." * *
 * * * "Thus to be
 "Nailed up to starve and rot within these walls,
 "Nor meet my foe, as fain I would, so galls
 "My nature as a man; yet, tis not for my sake,
 "My selfish pride,—they can but basely take
 "My life, and that brim full of care.
 * * * "The night,
 "Well chosen time for hellish deeds; when
 might
 "And cowardice, and tyranny, unite.
 * * * *
 "Hist! 'neath the window I can hear the fall
 "Of stealthy footsteps. Shall I shout? Or
 call
 "And let them know that we are living yet?
 "Yes, all alive; tho' long imprisoned here,
 "We need not yet a sexton, nor a bier!
 * * * "Gone, gone!
 "And I my sere cloth, and my shroud may
 don;

“ They will not come again, till the lean bones
 “ Have whitened, clean and bare, upon these
 stones.

* * * *

“ Children ! where are ye ? wake, oh, wake ! I gasp ;
 “ The darkness hath o’ercome me, let me clasp
 “ Some living thing, that hath a kindred soul,
 “ For I am mad, gone mad— * *

* * “ And I must dole

“ The mouldy bread in crumbs. The pitcher
 lies

“ Empty ! What odds ? I soon shall hear the cries
 “ Of thirst and famine—God ! my God ! look
 down,

“ I’ve many sins to mourn. Thou wilt not
 frown

“ On such a paltry wretch ! No manhood left ;

“ Of life, of hope, of children, all bereft !

“ Brigata ! Anselm ! Sleep they soundly yet ?

“ Sleep on, poor souls, ye may not long forget

“ The shipwreck of your hopes, and mine the
 blame.

“ I shipwrecked all, for what ? for fame,—poor
 fame.

“ How shall I break it ? How the secret tell ?

“ Death by slow stages—nay I cannot tell—

“ And worse than pain—O! worse than all, to grow
“ Hard and remorseless to each other’s woe.

* * * * *

“ Who, in the moonlight, creeps upon the floor?
“ Ah! but the shadows only—nothing more;
“ And yet—and yet—methought Brigata lay
“ Crouched in that corner, ’ere the close of day.
“ The *fourth* long day, and he and I alone
“ Drag on a hateful life. The last faint moan
“ Lingers within mine ear, of that sweet child,
“ Now gone—the last that fell—and even smiled
“ In death to soothe me!

* * * * *

“ Hark! a rustling then
“ Shows two are waking in this cursed den—
“ I would there were a light—Brigata wakes—
“ Would God that we were dead, for both our
sakes!
“ Hungry, and lean, and fever stung, he glared
“ On the torn remnants that the rats had spared;
“ Remnants of what? O! Heavens—I dare not
speak
“ All I do know; for I must shriek
“ The thoughts I cannot bear!

* * * * *

“ I saw an evil eye
“ Furtively snatching glances—ask not why
“ I roused me from my stupor of despair ;
“ And stood at bay, like lion in his lair.

* * * *

“ 'Tis he, 'tis he, and all my hate returns ;
“ 'Tis he ; perchance for living flesh he yearns !
“ Stand off, by Heaven, tho' flesh and bone of
me,
“ Be thine the guilt, if I run foul of thee !

* * * *

“ Where is the nail wherewith my woe I trace ?
“ 'Tis not beside me in its wonted place !
“ Groping in vain upon my trembling knees,
“ I seek, for thoughts of fell suspicion seize
“ A mind o'er wrought. Brigata ! fiend ! receive
“ My dying curse, if thou my trust deceive.

* * * *

“ My frame is bowed, I know not why I stay
“ The hand to free me from this mortal clay ;
“ My heart is broken, and my voice appears
“ Hoarse as a Raven's to my startled ears,

“ Yet, would I live, whate’er fate’s sternest
will,
“ By want untamed, by fear unconquered still.

* * * *

“ Fierce struggling in the dark, I scarce discern
“ What beats the dungeon floor, and seems to
turn
“ Over and over, in its agony,
“ Convulsed, and writhing ; now it clings to me,
“ With gurgling strange, as ’twere of drowning
man.
“ O ! evil ending, to what well began !
“ No power to wait, in firm resolve, the blow
“ That would unseen have laid the Hero low ;
“ Who could have rushed exulting on the blade,
“ For love or fame, now, thus ignoble laid
“ By his own hand, upon a grave unblest,
“ Unwept, ah me ! unshriven, unconfessed !

* * * *

“ Stay, let me feel thee, yes, ’tis as I thought !
“ Poor soul ! He knew no better, thus o’er
wrought.
“ Brigata, in my thought, I wronged thee, child,
“ Yes, on thyself was wreaked thy frenzy wild,

“Perchance, to save me from his maniac power,
“He wrought that deed—oh cruel hour!
“Would thou wert here, my boy, my son, e’en
 though
“Upon myself were dealt the fatal blow!
“With a last effort, strong in death, he thrust
“Into his throat, the blunt nail, thick with
 rust.”

Few were the drops then oozing, fewer tears
Fell o’er a Father’s hopes of many years!

* * * *

“When will be morn? When darkness clear
 away?
“Yet, on my brow there glows the heat of day—
“Blindness hath crept o’er eyes once flashing
 bright,
“Gleaming as watch towers on the battle night,
“Silence profound, as of the tomb, begins,
“Tho’ sleep not yet sad life’s imaginings.
“Hunger is gone; yet thirst and warmth
 remain,
“Thy few last tears from out thy kerchief drain .
“Poor wretch, on whom the busy rats encroach,
“Bolder each day, they see my end approach!
“O! wasted, wasted life. O! time misused,
“Youth, strength, and energy, long, long abused

"To purpose evil, come at last to this !

"I can, no more— * * *

"Here—on my back—I cannot kneel to pray,

"Powers of the world unseen ! I—" * *

* * * *

Ugolino's woes are past,
Flickering life extinct at last ;
All that meets the curious eye
Some few rags, that mouldering lie,
And some bones, of young and old,
One day shall their wrongs unfold.
In that dungeon all is still,
And its matchless tale of ill
Incomplete shall thus remain,
Till those dead shall live again.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NIGHT SCENE AT "BELLERIVE," LUCERNE.

* * * Stillness and peace

Reign o'er the varied landscape dimly seen
Beneath night's mist ; save where the waves below
Ripple for ever, in a cadence sweet,
What tho' monotonous ; and crisply break,
Unseen, upon the shore. No other sounds

Rouse the soft sleep of Nature, save the bells
That, ever and anon, chime out the hours,
With their deep sonorous voices, from within
The tall Cathedral spires. The old town winks
With many a star like eye, upon the night,
As loath to close, upon a scene so fair,
Her dreamy lids too soon. Those distant lights
Long bright rays trace upon the lake below ;
That rise and sink, and ever seem to break,
And reunite again. Sleep well, old town,
With thy long line of watch towers on the height,
And wooden bridges, quaint and covered o'er ;
Painted with many a warlike strange device,
Of legendary times ; when mighty men
Encountered apparitions, dread and grim,
And dragons fought and slew.

*

*

*

Before me rise

The rocks of giant " Pilate," wild and bare,
Dark frowning o'er the lake, whose placid face
Reflects not the huge image, 'neath the rays
Of the full golden harvest moon, that glows
Intense upon it, like an eye of love
From out God's Heaven. Into the distance far
Stretches the lake away ; till, lost in mist,
And shadowed o'er by many a jutting point,
Of rock fantastic, or of woody lawns,
That slope into the waters. Far above
Are pine-crowned heights, of varied form and size,

Whose divers hues, in night's obscurity,
Are lost awhile to view.

* * *

But say, or clouds,
Or spectres pale, be they, far far above
Those heights of sombre hue? Ye host sublime!
Ye vast stupendous wonders of the earth,
(Than which no mortal thought could picture
more).

Heaven's gates themselves, methinks your crests
attain,

Connecting earth and sky. We scarce may trace
The pale dim outline of your peaks sublime
Against the blue of night; but there ye stand,
Pointing above, your glacier brows the while
White with the snows of thousand ages gone,
Unchanged — unchangeable. No earthquakes
shake

Your vast foundations; no internal fires
Your bulwarks undermine. All undisturbed,
There in your bright primeval greatness rest,
Till the last fires of God's avenging wrath
Sweep o'er a blighted world. Then, melting
down,

Your glacier tears in torrents wild shall gush,
Adown your rocky steeps, and weep the fall
Of earth, thro' man's transgression.

* * *

Here I stand,
Upon the terrace, o'er a sloping lawn;

Enhaling sweetness from the half closed flowers
That droop dew laden, and besprinkled o'er
From the soft falling fountain. Still within
The lamp lit mansion, busy tongues are heard,
And dulcet strains from fingers light in touch,
Of one whose soul in music's atmosphere
Alone may breathe ; confiding thus his thought
To the abstracted poet's charmed ear
In language all expressive. O'er the notes
His fingers, by a strange enchantment taught,
Sweep like a rushing wind ; then, one by one,
Fall lightly, as the rain drops trickling down
From out a summer cloud—then, softer still,
Faint on the keys—as if too much o'er wrought
By strong emotion.

* * Love, and peace, and truth
Reign in the home within ; and, 'midst the scene,
A happy child, of early promise fair,
E'en like a sunbeam thro' those shady bowers,
Plays ever ; with a free unsparing hand
Culling the flowers around. Laugh on, young fay,
Yea, cull of all ; the garden blooms for thee.
The red rose opes her ruby lips to meet
Thine own, that rival hers ; and all things wear
A happier mien, where'er thy jocund laugh
Rings with a joyous shout ; thy quick step bounds
Scarce faintest impress leaving. Baby Queen !

Sole heir of all around thee, I but mark
What changeful thoughts, within one little hour,
Dance in those blue eyes, arch, and ebon lashed—
E'en like thy mother's—telling thousand things
With fearless undisguise.

* * * Beyond the heights,
In the far distance, where no human eye
Can pierce Heaven's portals—O! be thou the
wreath,

Sweet rose, that fadeless there shall grace
Thy parent's brows immortal. Say what boon
More rich may love invoke?

* * * Alas! that time
Might o'er his hurried course awhile delay,
And leave me space to listen, and to gaze,
And muse in calm delight. Ye gentle friends,
Ye kindred hearts, whose hospitable door
Received me, with a welcome warm and true,
What would ye of my pen? I cannot paint
That which my soul is little to receive
Of the grand face of nature, wild and vast,
Around your fair domain. For, wrapped in
thought,

Confused and ill-defined, I speechless stand—
Wrapped, as those mountains in their wreaths of
cloud,

Half lost to view, and in my soul I feel
Unutterable things, for which poor words

Be weak indeed—more eloquent our tears.

* * * *

Here must I close. If, in the checkered course
Of new years yet to come, ye still shall dwell
In this sweet Paradise ; let those who came
As strangers (yet not long as such) to you,
For some short summers ; and who walked the
slopes

Of those fair lawns below, and shared with you
The shelter of your roof, dear friends, I pray
In their far wanderings, let them still retain
Some place in memory yet. And O ! believe
Could ye within upon their secret hearts
But look to-day, your eyes should there discern
Shadows, far darker than yon mountains throw
At thought of parting ; and that stretch away
Into the years to come. We do not slight
Great Nature's glories ; on our memories traced
An impress, time may ne'er obliterate,
Nor change of scene may dim ; yet, clearer far
Those which the hand of love, with brand of fire
Hath on our hearts-engraven. Earth is fair,
But forms beloved are fairer. Look around ;
The waters blue, how false, how treacherous,
And the bright glaciers, pitiless and cold ,
The verdant woods, with ever changing mien
Vie with the restless winds, and cloudy sky.

Fleeting and faithless, in this world of change,
Are all, save hearts that love. Whene'er we
 muse
On the wild scenes our eye no more may view,
'Twill be with wonder still, but when in thought
Fondly our hearts to "Bellerive's" fair domain
On fancy's wing return, fast gathering tears
Shall steep the happy past! * *

REMINISCENCES OF A WALK TO
GRINDELWALD.

Sept. 7th, 1857.

Clear glowed the autumn moon,
Soon, to my heart too soon,
 Came its decline;
Sadly that morning rose;
Sadder the evening's close,
 Henry, to thine.

Warm beat that heart, and true,
Into thy manhood grew
 Traits of the child;
Richly, in thee, combined
Gifts of the heart and mind,
 Gentle and mild.

In those dark eyes of thine,
Brightly thy fancies shine,
 Sparkling and gay.
Blithe is thy laugh, and clear ;
Chasing reflection drear
 Far hence away.

Onwards, with hurried tread,
Talking, our way we sped,
 Grief to beguile ;
Thought flew from year to year,
Hope made their lapse appear
 Briefer the while.

Speaking of welcome home,
And of the friends that roam
 Far, far away ;
Hailing the meeting hour—
Let never tempest lour
 O'er the blest day.

For a brief respite more
Still did our hearts implore,
 'Ere the last kiss ;
'Ere the long, close embrace,
Speechless, and face to face,
 Death throes of bliss.

Glad notes of singing bird
In the pine woods I heard,

Far overhead ;
And the winds rose and fell
Rustling thro' brake and dell,
While my heart bled.

'Neath the far spreading eaves,
Where the broad chestnut leaves
Cool shade impart,
Fresher the breezes blew,
Greener all nature grew,
Sadder my heart.

Was it the mountain high,
Lost in the cloudy sky,
That oe'r mine eyes
Oft'times a dimness cast,
As at their base we passed,
Veiling the skies ?

Then came the parting dread,
Short the farewells we said,
Broken, and few ;
Weeping, we turned again,
Sought the loved form in vain,
Lost to our view.

Bright gushed the torrent by,
Thro' the huge rocks that lie
Sunk in its breast ;
Oh that, on life's rough tide,

Both in one bark might glide
 Into our rest.

Dearest ! Thy course, and mine,
To the same goal incline,
 Glorious and fair ;
Parting, we'll meet anon,
No more sad looks, and wan,
 No sorrow there.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF ST. IAGO.

The gorgeous hues of a Southern day
 Scarce pale on the mountain snow,
Where the great Cordilleras stretch away,—
Resuming at night their garb of grey,
 And gloam o'er the town below.

Yet, not for sleep are the busy crowd
 Attired in their jewels and gold ;
The bells of the church are clanging aloud,
And each damsel and matron to Heaven hath vowed
 The “ Madonna's ” feast to hold.

From cords which over the aisles they threw,
 Hang the twinkling lamps to-night ;
From pillar to pillar, of manifold hue,
Crimson and purple, and gold and blue,
 Like rainbows, divers and bright.

Two thousand hearts with enchantment beat
 As the strains of the organ pour
A flood of melody, rich and sweet,—
The last that ever those ears shall greet
 Within that Temple's door.

If saints in the realms of bliss could weep
 They had surely wept that day ;
O'er the poor benighted and wandering sheep,
Whose blood, 'ere the morrow's dawn, should steep
 The place where they knelt to pray.

Yet, not to the Saviour of Men alone,
 But to one whose sins He bore—
For her the altar had reared a throne,
And they who would fain for sin atone,
 Must at her shrine adore.

Like gossamer webs their garb of white
 All spangled like butterflies' wings—
When, see ! an unwonted flash of light
Shoots up—Oh, horror ! the cords ignite,
 From whence each lamplet swings.

Like shooting stars in a Heaven of blue,
 From the painted roof they fall ;
From side to side the lightning flew,
And louder and faster the roaring grew
 To a thunder, deafening all.

But, Oh ! the death struggle, the nameless throes
Of the writhing crowd below ;
And, oh ! the shriek of despair that rose
Like the cry of the lost, when the gate shall close
On the fires of the world of woe.

With frantic rush, to the narrow door,
They trample the dearest to death ;
As above and around them the blue flames roar ;
And the sulphurous streams from the arches pour,
And stifle their gasping breath.

One moment, like angels of light, they gleam,
All fair, in the spring time of life ;
One moment their faces unwonted beam ;—
Then, shrivel and blacken,—at once they seem
To give over the deadly strife.

A stare of horror and anguish dread,
Unpictured by mortal eye ;
Was the last wild look of those early dead ;
Then up through that furnace each spirit fled,
From the ashes that smouldering lie.

Some molten together,—fell lava heap !
As trodden to earth they lay ;
Some, winnowing less in the gusts that sweep
Those parchments pale, that an impress keep
Of a portrait,—then flutter away.

Now all is hushed in the gloom of night;
 Not a lamp its horrors disclose
 So late, all gladsome and fair and bright,—
 Then, glaring intense, with unearthly light,—
 Then, dark, in the grave's repose.

DRIFTINGS FROM SOUTHERN CLIMES.

All restless, yet weary with breaking,
 Is the sea of memory cold;
 And the countless wrecks ever drifting,
 Return to me shattered and old;
 As with briny tears they come, dripping
 From under that envious main;
 Whence relics most treasured can never
 Return in their freshness again.

As I lie on my bed, lone musing,
 I think on "the days no more,"—
 Ah me! are their colours fast fading?
 Can I still those scenes restore?
 The day when I sailed for the Southward;
 And my heart beat hot with pride,
 As I thought of the bright to-morrow,
 And the dear friend by my side.

Far, far stretching south, in the distance,
 Were the seas, to a golden shore;
 Oh! banquet of joy and of gladness,
 Can I feast on your glories no more?

Yet I picture those white capped wavelets
Still breaking so far away ;
Till I sigh for wings to fly over
The bounds of this rounding grey.

Fair Bay, on whose heaving bosom
Glittered white sails, far and near ;
Fair harbour, where voices gladsome
Of the sailors met mine ear ;
As the clinking links of the anchor
Rose out of the blue below,
Their notes to each swing kept measure,
In a cadence sweet and slow.

I looked forth on a scene of beauty
More glowing than song can paint ;
And the breeze from that shore, so sunny,
Came laden with perfume faint.
Where the prickly pear, and the aloe,
And the cactus, flourish green,
On the spot where the palace of old time,
And the temples fair, had been.

I walked in the streets and the alleys,
Where ashes for ages lay ;
And it seemed that time, the destroyer,
Scarce heeding, had turned away.
The crimson, the green, and the azure,

The gold, on the painted wall,
Unfaded ; but where be the limners,
Or the great, these scenes recall ?

As I stepped on the foot-worn pavement,
With a soft, but solemn tread,
My full heart beat heavy within me ;
I thought on the hosts of dead
Who formed, of the dust of that city
A proportion dread and vast ;
And whose feet had hollowed that footway,
When as to and fro they passed.

And I saw where the sentinels guarded
The gates on that woeful day,
And, light hearted, had whistled some ditty
That morn, as they passed that way.
I peered thro' the bars of the helmet,
Where the warrior's face had been ;
Oh, wonder ! still there, although fleshless,
And the teeth, as they then were seen !

Say, heard'st thou the muttering threat'nings,
'Ere the burst of the fiery storm ?
And feltest the thickening darkness
That out-blotted the mountain's form ?
In one moment of speechless horror,
Close crowded the scenes of years ;
But the heart of rock never wavered,
'Neath a torrent of scalding tears !

'Neath the blinding dust, sweeping thickly
Close, close thro' each crevice and seam ;
Now, darkness, like death, gathers deeply
Where entered the morning's beam.
See, fast by the door they come rushing,
Those human billows to-day ;
And many be fallen around thee,
Deep buried where'er they lay.

Still, still at thy post art thou watching,
As the burning cinders fall ;
And the blistering heat grows fiercer,
'Neath the black and sulphurous pall.
One struggle,—one more,—'twill release thee ;
Brave heart thy reward is won,
Yet live, in thy fame and thy glory,
For centuries yet to run,

* * * *

'Tis night,—and again doth the mountain
Give omen of future ill ;
From the past, oh, when will a warning
Be ta'en, while the sun shines still ?
So long as each night returning,
Brings slumber and calm repose,
The roar of the mount is but music,
Unheeded the lava flows.

The smoke of that furnace outbursting,
 Far up in the star-lit sky,
 I recall ; and the griding unearthly,
 And the glow on the scorching eye,
 Of those cataracts, ceaseless falling,
 With a strange metallic sound,
 That paled with their blood-red glaring
 The torch light flaring around.

In the cold blue sheen of the moonlight,
 I discern the town below ;
 And could almost fancy the breaking
 Of the silvery wavelets slow.
 The golden isles in the distance,
 Are lost in the midnight air ;
 Oh joy ! Had I wings like the swallow
 The morrow should find me there !

* * * *

I lie all alone, and fast beating
 The wind and the pitiless rain
 On the casement without ; will it ever
 Be, always, such summer again ?
 Bright scenes of the south hang around me,
 So wan, on a lamp-lit wall ;
 O ! Memory, would thou hadst magic
 To rekindle the glory of all.

Roll on, with thy billows fast bringing
 Dear fragments of times gone by ;
Roll on ; by thy cold shore reclining,
 I'll watch o'er the wrecks that lie,
Some broken, some faded,—no matter,
 All precious, tho' changed, and sad ;
When I've gathered my riches around me,
 Come, slumber,—I'll dream that I'm glad.

THE DEATH BY FEVER OF G. C.—PISA.

May 13th, 1857.

Hushed the city's voice, like waters
 Falling o'er some rock afar ;
And the living seem as silent
 As the dead and buried are.

Motionless, and still, and soundless,
 Nothing breaks the calm profound,
Save where, on the Arno's surface
 Dance the wind-blown lamps around.

Yet, among the tall dark mansions,
 Spectral in the moonbeams white,
Twinkles yet an open casement,
 Late, upon the solemn night.

On its curtain white are moving
Changeful shadows, to and fro ;
Now of large Colossal stature,
Now to human size they grow.

Busy watchers wake within thee,
Oh thou dwelling fraught with care ;
Breaking hearts, and bloodshot eyeballs,
Mock the mask of hope they wear.

Could I but withdraw that curtain —
Worse than all imagining,—
Sadder e'en than thought could picture,
Were the scene my heart should wring.

Hither, thither ; tossing ever,
Restless rolls the aching head ;
And the long thin fingers twitching
At the covering of the bed.

Wildly gazing all around her,
With a piteous look of pain,
Eyes that seem for ever seeking
For a resting place in vain.

Life, with all its pride and glory ;
Youth, with all its dream of bliss ;
Beauty, wealth, and worldly honour—
What were all, when come to *this* ?

On our knees we prayed in silence
For the struggling spirit there ;
Many hearts are waking with thee,
Many thy last conflict share.

Stars above bright watch are keeping—
E'en like angel eyes of love,
Smiling o'er some lamb returning
To the long lost fold above.

Now, a strange unwonted stillness
Calms awhile that scene of woe ;
'Tis the hush of death—be silent,
For the Host of Heaven are there !

Weep not o'er the damsel longer ;
Gaze not on a form of dread ;
For the sting of death is taken
From that hallowed, dying bed.

Closed the doors,—yet One hath entered,
To your mortal eyes unseen ;
And His shepherd's staff shall aid her
To the far off pastures green.

She hath seen His smile of glory—
Heard His still small voice of love ;
She hath caught the sound of harpers
In the Paradise above.

Now, that soft, long sigh hath freed thee ;
 Upwards turns thy glazing eye ;
Angel sister, homeward speed thee,
 Taste thy Lord's felicity.

Soaring high above the city,
 Thro' the solemn depths of night ;
Far into the wondrous distance—
 Up to Heaven's ecstatic light.

Oh, I watch, till faint I view thee,
 (Would to God, I follow there !)
Blessed saints around thee grouping,
 Fairer than the robes they wear.

Happy children, whose pure spirits
 Stand the great White Throne around ;
Shout a welcome, loud and joyous,
 O'er the lost one, sought and found.

Fain would my dim vision enter
 Far into those gates divine ;
Fain my tottering footsteps follow
 In the pathway trod by thine.

Faint, and fainter still, I view thee,—
 Holy angels lead thee in,
Where be joys no eye hath pictured,—
 Known of those alone who win.

Bathed and flooded o'er with glory,
Glad with unconceived delight,
Ushered in with rapturous welcome,
Lost and blended into light !

Genoa, May 19, 1857.

A TALE OF THE WORKHOUSE.

I'm but a pauper. Do "fine ladies" care
To hear my story? I am well aware
They think they pay (for *lazy* folk) too much,
But would they make the *aged* smart for such?
I'm but a pauper. Still, there was a day
When I was young and joyous e'en as they;
I loved, and was loved by a worthy man,
And all was hopeful when our lives began.
Our cot was whitewashed, and the walls o'erspread
With jessamine and roses, white and red.
Within, how gay the patch-work quilt I made,
The mugs and plates in shining ranks arrayed—
'Twas all so neat, and love, and sweet content
A greater charm to all around us lent.

Four pretty babes had blest our humble lot,
And more endeared to each our little cot.
My good man laboured hard—I worked within;
But each day's food and clothes we could but win.

One baby perished in the winter time,
Two went to sea, to seek a distant clime ;
One married here—had many mouths to feed,
And could not aid us in the hour of need.
So, years flew on, and sometimes sickness came,
And swallowed up our savings. Who could blame
A visitation of the Powers Divine?
We struggled on, until our strength's decline.

No "out-door help" was given to aged folk,
And of the Workhouse, squire and parson spoke.
"Where else should paupers go?" But, ye who
love

Your husbands, would the God above,
Who said, "all else forsaking, man and wife
Should cleave together, for their mortal life,"
Now look, approving, on your cruel ways,
In parting those He joined, in their last days?
But famine stared upon us as we held
Each others' toilworn hands. We were compelled
(Tho' forty years that bond had closer tied
That bound us each unto the other's side)
To part at last ;—for we must either eat—
Or eaten be—within a winding sheet!!

Oh! I had loved upon his brawny arm
To lean, assured that none could do me harm ;
And when stern time a heavy hand had laid
Upon his stalwart form, and age had greyed

His curly locks, and dimmed his glittering eye—
Mine eyes were his. I laid my knitting by,
And read long tales of God's dear love to man,
Till, one by one, I marked the drops that ran
Adown his sunken cheek. Oh, worthy friends,
God gives his bounty—man but grudging lends!
We worked for you—so long we got return.

We cannot work. What then? Our fate we
learn

From christian lips. We should this life depart—
“The Rates are much too high.” O, generous
heart!

Thrown by, like some old glove, methinks, in
sooth—

O! nothing more are we—nay, speak the truth!
You dole our pittance out, yet can but see
An empty shell—a carcase—that must be
Kept up—for what? for nothing. Not for gain
To you, or yours. A worthless log, a tax:
'Tis likely soon to break your dainty backs!!
I said we had to part. The Workhouse door
Closed sadly after us. All free before,
Now, prisoner-like, we tottered on our way;
Oh! most ill-omened, and most tearful day!
The first that ever saw us sundered thus—
The overseer grinned—'twas gall to us!
Oh, had you seen the hardened crew around,
Who, for their *idleness*, a home had found;

Oh, had your ears, each coarse and brutal jest
But chanced to hear,—you surely had confest
That 'twas but sorry preparation here
For aged folks, with dissolution near!

O! shame upon that charity that gives
Bounty, that *galls* him, while the pauper lives,
And, rolling in luxurious grandeur by,
Would dash a penny in a beggar's eye!
“Take this or nothing,—not a jot we care
“If you can fatten upon workhouse fare,
“If you be happy in your poor estate, —
“Or kind words soothe the stern decrees of Fate
“To way-worn hearts. Tis quite enough for us
“To ‘live deliciously,’—and deal our bounty
thus.”

My Willie was a broken man before,—
But soon he sank, to rally never more.
They would not let me watch his bed beside;
I knew not what he said, nor when he died!
I was not by to close his dying eyes,—
My God! forgive me, for the curses rise
All choking to my throat,—that they should part
Two beings that had been “one flesh,” one heart!

* * * *

What matters it how soon I follow now?
'Twere better I were gone;—yet, I could bow

To His decrees, who is all just and good ;
But these, who have His righteous law withstood,
And heaped affliction on a bruised reed,—
What mercy hope they in their hour of need ?
They treat us as machines,—so I would fain
Return the kindly compliment again,
And hope, like us (?) they have no souls to save,
Nor aught to gain, or lose, beyond the grave !!

TO MY THREE NIECES.

SOPHIA.

Bright, blooming child, with hazel eyes,
Beholding earth with glad surprise,
Gay spirit, clad in fairest guise ;

With bounding foot, and buoyant heart,
And looks that sunlit glances dart,
And thousand precious hopes impart.

Sincere and open as the light ;
No guile hath shed its mildewing blight
Upon thy spirit's robe of white.

Thy bright locks down thy cheeks descend
And o'er thy fair, soft neck impend,
Where purest snow with roses blend ;

As on some dazzling Alpine plain
The ruby hues of day remain,
That earlier in the valley wane ;

When the sun's lips have kissed at eve
Earth's breast, that blushes to receive
The impress his caresses leave.

A noble child art thou to view ;
Of early promise, fond and true ;
The first fair opening bud that grew

Upon the parent stem. What bliss
To her who bore, the first fresh kiss,
She'd brave a thousand deaths for this !

If chiding e'er, in angry mood,
My voice to thee seem harsh and rude,
Let not such memory intrude

Upon thy young life's dream of joy ;
Too soon may care that heart annoy,
And friends seem cold, and pleasure cloy.

I would not hush, with selfish ear,
Thy joyous shout, thy laughter clear ;
They seem like foretaste of the cheer

When nature's self shall join the strain,
Her vallies laugh and sing again,
Glad waking from her dream of pain.

LOUISA.

Dance on, thou little sprightly fay ;
With elfin locks, that seem to play,
Coquetting round that visage gay.

Thine arch and laughing tell tale eye
Might e'en with eastern beauty's vie ;
No need of pencilled ebony,

Thy lashes want no borrowed stain ;
With nature art competes in vain ;
As long dark lines of falling rain

Athwart a setting sun, they shroud,
Yet, cannot all the light o'er cloud
That beams intense behind. Aloud

I hear thy joyous laughter ring,
That doth my heart faint memories bring
Of mine own life's fresh early spring.

Thy dawning life's sweet morn hath shed
Its first bright streaks of glowing red
On that dark cheek. The silver thread

That binds thee to the world below
To thee appears no coil of woe
Weary to bear, unwinding slow ;

But, light, as feathery gossamer,
That faintest breath of noon may stir,
And frail withal. Alas, for her

Whose heart-strings twined around thee
make
The gazers tremble for her sake,
Lest thou, sweet bird, thy wings shouldst
take!

LUCIA.

A lily of the valley, sweet,
With fragrance, and with grace replete,
Low cradled in its green retreat;

Oh! such art thou, fair, youngest born,
A stainless flower, without a thorn;
Such wreath might angel's brow adorn.

Would I could wear thee, dearest one!
A fairer, lovelier chaplet, none
Was e'er in olden pastime won.

Methinks, I then might safely bear,
And shield thee from each earthly snare;
Sore battling with thy lot of care.

Caged in that little coral shrine
Of ruby lips, white glistening shine,
Four little pearls. None such entwine

The jewelled neck of courtly belle,
More precious far than tongue may tell
The treasures of that fairy cell.

Thy large and earnest pensive eye
Seems fixed on mine, enquiringly,
Wide open, full, unblinkingly.

The pure bright spirit pent within
Looks out upon this world of sin,
Untainted yet, tho' near of kin

To one, at least, whose errors lie
Uncovered to the gazer's eye ;
And in the heart's obscurity.

More varied still, and manifold,
'Twere sad thine eyes should e'er behold
The secrets that our lives unfold !

All fresh from thy Creator's hand,
Almost in awe I seem to stand
Before His image ! What so grand ?

So strange, so dread, as purity ?
The simple faith of infancy,
Its truth, its blest simplicity ;

Its meek submission, all combine
To make thee, child, almost divine !
My best affections round thee twine,

And well thy sweet, endearing ways,
And thy fond infant love, repays
My watching nights, my prayerful days.

Thy first few weeks a battle sore,
'Twixt life and death ; I loved the more ;
And closer in my arms I bore

Thy little dwindling form ; as tho'
I could avert the impending blow,—
The storm, to lay my darling low.

My breast thy bed of death appeared,
And all I wept, and all I feared,
But more thy fading form endeared.

Till one bright day sad sorrow's rain
Out-wept itself,—our fears were vain ;—
My Lily raised its head again.

Thy thoughts seem struggling for a vent,
Thy mute appeals how eloquent !
All powerful to ensure consent.

When those large eyes are raised to mine,
And bright tears on their fringes shine,
And thy soft arms my neck entwine,

O ! then, thy little prayer would move
A heart that beat with less of love
Than mine for thee, my gentle dove !

Dear, precious ones, sweet sisters three ;
May Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Your blest and fitting emblems be !

But lately launched on life's rough tide,
O! may such grace your wanderings guide;
Nought else ye need, with these supplied.

As little shells, how frail so e'er
The raging waves in safety bear,
And strand at last,—that will not spare

The larger,—ground to dust away,—
So doth my spirit fondly pray,
That to the realms of heavenly day,

Each little one, by Jesu blest,
Soft cradled on life's heaving breast,
May float into the land of rest;

Spared by the ocean, rough and strong,
The shoals unseen, the rocks that throng,
Your course, as carried swiftly on.

Pearls that no length of years may dim,
Pearls for the diadem of Him
Enthroned amidst the cherubim!

Pisa, December 18th, 1856.

THE PASS OF THE ST. GOTTHARD.

From the unbroken plains of virgin snow,
 Now buff, now rose-hued, in the sunset glow,
 Pour down a thousand rills; that tortuous bend,
 And gathering strength, as downward still they
 tend,

Burst o'er each stony prominence, and leap,
 Down the steep rocks, to some pine-shadowed deep.
 Wider, and wider still, those torrents swell;
 Louder their echoing roar, thro' brake and dell;
 Till an impetuous river, deep and strong,
 Sweeps, with resistless force those rocks among.
 Green are the waters, pure and crystalline;
 No sparkling gem, from far famed Indian mine,
 E'er glittered brighter in the golden zone
 Of Eastern Monarch, on his ivory throne,
 Than all the myriad drops that spangle o'er
 The hanging boughs, that droop on either shore.

Thro' what convulsive throes had nature passed
 Ere the stupendous rocks, at random cast
 Hither and thither, found a bed at last?
 Now, the smooth surface like a wall appears,
 Of some gigantic fane of by-gone years;
 And now, in slanting lines, the shelving rock,
 Thrown on its side, as by an earthquake shock,

Sinks in the bosom of the earth below,
To depths unknown ; while on the surface grow
Bright orange-coloured lichens, green, and white ;
And red and purple weeds their stems unite.

Far, far above the fleecy clouds, that cling
Around the mountain's side, above the spring,
And parent of the bounding torrent-fall,
What wonders meet the eye, the sense enthral !
Who that hath looked on these could faithless still,
Doubt the control of an Almighty will ?
A power supreme ; that all from nothing made,
And each minutest thing all fair arrayed.
In the grey mist fantastic forms appear,
Faintly discerned ; like spectres, pale and drear,
Of the huge Genii of the mountain land,
Who hurl the thundering rocks with unseen hand,
And launch the avalanche at their stern command.

Kingdoms may change around thee ; Empires fall ;
The wreck of one may seal the fate of all.
But, Oh ! thou country of the brave and free,
What changes of the world may alter thee ?
Or steal one sunbeam from thy dazzling brow ;
E'en as when first created, glorious now !
Not in thy mines, thy wealth, thy merchandise,
Not in thy strength of arms, thy greatness lies,
Not in thy feudal towers, thy temples old ;
But in thy glittering crest of burnished gold,

That to the everlasting sky uprears :
A crown of glory, meet for heavenly spheres !
Art may not cope with Nature's work divine—
And Nature wrought supreme for thee and thine ;
Yet, were thy sons right worthy of the soil,—
Bravely they fought, of yore, still manly toil ;
Deep have they drunk thy spirit wild and free ;
Worthy art thou of them, and they of thee.

* * * *

What legend of the past an interest lends
To the old bridge, that o'er the flood extends ?

* * * *

Onward the victor pressed,—in full retreat
The lines of those he thirsted sore to meet ;
Onward he pressed—Sawarrow—and the crush
Grew fearful, as the hindmost warriors rush
On to the broken arch, that spans the tide ;
And parts the hostile ranks on either side.
Onward, still onward, to the chasm are led
The men who burn to dye each sabre red ;
Till o'er the sevenfold thunder of the roar
Where the gigantic cataracts ceaseless pour,
A shriek was heard—an agonizing prayer,—
A shriek as from the damned ! of wild despair ;—

The foremost ranks, plunged headlong in the tide,
Are dashed to atoms upon either side !
Steaming, as some huge caldron boiling o'er,
Those foaming whirlpools ne'er their prey restore.
E'en as a drop into the ocean's bed,
The gushing blood scarce dyes the water red ;
One moment passed, and, stainless as before,
The white foam bubbles, the wild waters roar ;
And bright and spangled are the rocks around ;—
Where shall a relic of the lost be found ?

Pisa, October 22, 1856.

THE LOVER'S VISION.

I see thee in the twilight, dim and pale,
Of memory. My glistening eyes do fail
With staring into vacancy. I yearn
Into my very soul some trace to burn
Of that ethereal presence. Yes, on me
Are bent those speaking eyes, that fain would be
The bright interpreters of some sweet thought,
That in thy deep, most secret spirit wrought
Some strong emotion. Tell it forth, my heart !
Tell it to me, who all my soul impart
With unreserve to thee. Nay, tell me why
I see the bright thought caged within thine eye,

A captive ever, in that crystal cell,
That cannot e'er come forth. I see thee well,
Thou sweet imagining. And yet, mine ear
Awaits in vain thy music, soft and clear.
Thou can'st not speak ; yet I almost divine
The thought that giistens thro' those tears of thine,
Nor ever finds a vent. So, like the bee,
That first created known,—thy thought to me.
Entombed for ever in her amber shell
Of gum transparent,—they beheld her well ;
But could not taste the sweetness of her store,—
In that pure shrine a prisoner evermore !
Never again to wing her busy way,
As, on some clear, unknown, primeval day,
To hum her summer note above that tomb,
And yield her golden stores,—but, ah ! to whom ?

Bath, June 18th, 1859.

THE CURSE OF BEN EZRA.

(A STORY DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PHENOMENA OF THE
DESERT OF THEBAIS.)

On his couch the Jew reclined,
Weak in body, strong in mind ;
Faint from fasting, rage, and prayer,—
Waiting for his daughter there.

She had loved an Arab chief;
Warm his vows, his wooings brief.
But her fate with his to blend
Every tie of home must rend;
God, and country, all things dear,
Dim to her 'tranced eyes appear;
At the Moslem shrine she bows,
Sealing there her guilty vows.

Months elapsed—Ben Ezra ne'er
Passed the threshold of his lair;
As a wounded lion, none
Dared arouse that moody one;
Till, one eve, 'twas said he lay
Failing fast; and had to say
Somewhat to his banished child,—
Softened now, and reconciled.
In she came with stealthy tread,
Looked in fear towards the bed;
Then bethought her of the days
When he loved her voice to praise,
As she sang, and danced, and played,
And his hands her locks would braid;
Or, above her bended head,
Clasped to bless her—from that bed.

On his ear her footsteps fell—
As it were his passing bell;

For he knew a croaking strange
Told a tale of coming change !
Nerved to one last effort strong,
All his injured feelings throng
Freshly on his troubled soul ;
Bursting forth, beyond control.
On his elbow, forward bent,
As on some fell deed intent,
Like a Basilisk, he gazed
On the eyes so meekly raised—
And his voice more loud became,
As a fierce increasing flame,
Louder waxing, as it nears,
Melts the heart with horrid fears.

“ Nay,—fall back apostate one !
“ Seest thou the setting sun ?
“ ’Ere beneath the verge declined
“ Slain Ben Ezra’s soul shall find
“ In ur great forefather’s breast,
“ Consolation, peace, and rest !
“ But, from this prophetic hour,
“ Death’s o’ershadowing glooms shall lower,
“ O’er thy doomed plague-stricken soul,
“ Past thy ‘ Mahomed’s ’ control !
“ Yea, from this, my latest day,
“ Ceaseless on thy bosom prey

“The undying worm,—that feeds
“On the heart,—that inly bleeds,
“Ever thobbing with the pain
“Of remorse ; conceived in vain !
“Alien from thy faith and race,
“Be the wastes thy dwelling place ;
“There consort with beasts of prey,
“Growing like them, day by day ;
“As the king, in olden time
“Suffered for a lighter crime !
“Let the sun, where’er thou tread,
“Haunt thee, as a spectre dread ;
“Burning like the angry eye,
“Of the offended deity.
“Get thee hence—avaunt,—no more
“Cast thy shadow on the floor,
“For, methinks a stain will rest
“Of the vile and outlawed guest.
“Out upon thee ! * * What that shout ?
“’Tis that dog awaits without.
“Go ; he calls, thy Gentile love—
“Go ; I’ll curse him from above !”

“O ! my Father, say not so !
“Bid me not unblest to go—
“’Twas ill done—alas ! yet now
“I should hold my marriage vow

" Sacred ; and in sooth I pray
 " To thy God and mine each day.
 " Be not unforgiving still ;
 " Curse not for one deed of ill.
 " O ! I do repent me sore !
 " Sorrow never felt before
 " Preys upon my stricken heart :
 " Pardon ! Bless me, 'ere we part !"

" Tarry not, remorse were vain ;
 " Go ! * * I'll * * O ! this mortal pain
 " Great Father ! take—me—to—repose ;
 " Would God—I had—a child—to close
 " My—dying—eyes !—this—sacrifice
 " Will—surely—for—my sins—suffice ?
 " And on—my house — shall not—remain
 " The guilt * * I choke !"

* * * *

" Nay, get thee hence,
 " Apostate ! I would— "

* * * *

Slowly thence

Passed the woman, gazing round,—
 Closed the door, with hollow sound ;
 And, for ever parted there
 Two, who once like lovers were ;

And her tears fell thick and fast,
As she o'er the threshold passed.
E'en Abdallah's fond caress
Failed to sooth her wild distress :
And her babe, so soft and dear,
Felt the warm fast-falling tear
As she watched that dreary night,
Steeped in grief till morning light.

On that morrow they arose,
Joined the laden caravan,
And before the daylight's close
Their long weary march began,
To the desert parched and dry—
Ethiopia's wondrous land,
Where the ancient cities lie
Buried 'neath the orange sand.

Weeks, with heavy wing have flown
What can now the past atone ?
See, Abdallah bows in prayer,—
Prostrate on the sand, he lies ;
Bowing too, she cannot share
In those sacred mysteries ;
Allah holds no sway, no part,
In that woman's heavy heart ;
Tho' she sold for carnal love,
Peace on earth, and Heaven above !

As upon the troubled breast
Of the waves that never rest,
Every bark that floateth near
Where the Maelstrom's billows rear
High in air, their crests of foam,
Bids farewell to life and home,
And, as drawn by magic spell
To that boiling vortex fell,
Sinks at last in depths unknown,—
Atoms in a caldron thrown ;—
So within her breast there wrought,
Ever one absorbing thought.
Far beyond her mind's control
Every sense seemed drawn by force
Into one unchanging course,
Merged in recollections dread
Of her father's dying bed ;
And the curse his latest breath
Prayed should haunt her unto death.

Day by day they journeyed on ;
Red each hollow eye, and wan,
Sore of foot, with parched tongue,
Those salt arid wastes among.
Not a well, and not a brook,—
Sight almost their eyes forsook ;
For the skins all empty hung,
On the gasping camels slung ;

And a dead horse, here and there
Fell, to yield a banquet rare
To the ravenous beasts of prey
Prowling out at close of day.
Still, they journied slowly on,
Till the lake of Assad shone
Like a sheet of molten steel ;
And the gasping travellers feel
Sickened from the fumes, that steam
Close, mephitic, 'neath the beam
Of a sun right over head,
Shadowless, and fiery red.
Round the stagnant lake's expanse,
Where the mirage seems to dance,
Sparkling, at the mountain's base,
Evil deeds have left their trace,
In the stones together heaped,
Where grim Death a harvest reaped :
Relics of the olden time,
Monuments of bloody crime.
Here volcanic cones abound,
Each by lava belted round,
Black and vitrefied ; afar,
In the dim perspective, are
Abyssinian mountains blue ;
And the peak of Aiuloo
Rears its crater to the sky,
Landmark of an age gone by.

On the lake no fisher strays,
On the lake no ripple plays,
Parti-coloured, blue and white
Dazzling with intensest light.
There the wretched mother gazed,
Till her blinded eye-balls glazed,
Till her giddy brain would reel,
And a horror, vague, would steal,
(Fraught with phantoms, strange and grim),
Shuddering o'er each palsied limb ;
And the broad sky over head
Pitied not, nor ever shed
One cool drop ; she could not weep ;
She had no tears wherewith to steep
The tiny lips, the little brow,
Low nestling in her bosom now,
That 'neath the parching heat of day.
Seemed withering as a leaf away.

Hour by hour, the fountain dried,
That the infant's want supplied ;
And its cries grew faint and low,
And its fluttering heart more slow.
O'er her child the mother knelt,
And its little pulses felt ;
Listening for one throb within,
Hoping one faint smile to win ;

And, in baby language, soft,
Soothing, coaxing, pitying oft.
With her teeth her flesh she tore,
Life blood for the babe she bore,
Sacrifice but trifling were ;
Yet, those sacred drops declare
More of love than words could tell ;
On the faded lips they fell,
E'en like autumn's mocking hue,
Dyeing red the leaves that strew
The pathway ; dead and withered, too,
The faded lips on which they fell.
Who may half the anguish tell,
Half the frenzy wild portray,
Of that dread, curse-smitten day ?

Nothing more can now avail,—
Ceased for aye that little wail ;
And those tiny fingers rest,
Ever wandering on her breast
With a touch so soft, the air
Never fanned more lightly there.
He was gone,—and when she knew
That sad truth, more fond she grew ;
Closer in her arms she pressed,—
Wrapped him in her withered breast,
He was gone,—'Twas hard to tell
When, from out that tiny cell

Bright unfolding wings outspread
And the fair white spirit fled.
Hark! that laugh. So harsh and wild, —
See her dance the lifeless child!
More the hue of death hast thou,
On thy lip, thy cheek, thy brow!

For a while the fit had power,—
Then, the dread delirious hour
Passed,—and on the burning sand
Straight she sank; her rigid hand
Fell, relaxed,—and never more
Clapsed the form they pressed before.
Underneath those golden sands
There Abdallah's trembling hands
Laid the little one,—and then
Raised the prostrate form again
Of that woman, hollow eyed,—
Staring senseless, open wide.
“Holy Allah! woe is me!—
“Other sons shall comfort thee;
“To stern fate be reconciled,
“Mourn not o'er thy buried child;
“Nay,—thy sorrows lay aside,
“God is great! He will provide
“For the future, as the past
“We shall reach our goal at last

“ And if not, — we may not still
“ Life’s troubled waters at our will.”

Roused at last, she gazed on him,
As he chafed each stiffened limb,
“ Nay, Abdallah, blame me not,
“ For thy sake upon my lot
“ Rests a curse, where’er I dwell.
“ Break, oh ! break the maddening spell !
“ On my living heart to prey
“ Comes the deathless worm to day ;
“ Yea, I feel her coils within, —
“ Yea, the mortal pangs begin ;
“ Stern resolve, with fell remorse,
“ Gnaw my soul, as ’twere a corse !”

“ Woman, hold, — is this thy power
“ To battle with the trying hour ?
“ Is this thy love and faith to me
“ Am I thy curse, or would’st thou be,”

* * * *

“ Nay my lord, thy wrath forbear,
“ I but rave, — and madly dare
“ Vengeance on my rebel will.
“ On my withered hopes distil

“Gentle pity from those eyes,
“Like blest showers from Paradise !”

* * * *

As the sun, more broad and red
Strange gigantic shadows spread,
Slanting, on the sands around,
Somewhat dark upon the ground,
In relief against the sky,
Seemed to promise booty nigh.
And, as near their steps encroach,
Jackals start at their approach ;
And discordant screams are heard,
Where the carrion-seeking bird,
Lean, ill-favoured, came to share,
Nothing loath, a banquet rare.
For a camel strayed away,
Fell, and perished where it lay.
Chiding then, out spoke the chief,—
“Holy Allah sends relief ;
“See the prize, thy woman’s fear
“Little recked of booty near,
“Ill it suits a Moslem bride
“To an Arab chief allied.
“Nay,—I will not chide thee more,
“What may now the lost restore ?
“In thy grief thou’rt doubly dear !
“Stay, till morning rest we here.

“ See, the crescent shining bright,
“ ’Tis propitious ; we shall gain
“ Shortly now, some greener plain ;
“ And my own wild home shall be
“ Paradise, for thee and me.”

Thus the Arab spoke, and sought
To dispel each darker thought ;
But the Demon, fell Remorse,
Round her heart, like festering corpse
Ever hung ; the sickening load,
Doth her early hopes corrode,
Preying on that beauty fair,
Maddening into wild despair !

In succession, day and night,
Viewed them all a woeful sight.
Travel stained, and wan of face ;
Some were missing from their place,
Some were sick, —and some were borne
Fainting on their way forlorn.
Now the lake behind them lay ;
Mountain ranges skirt away,
But, why halts the caravan ?
Wherefore quails the boldest man ?
In the golden distance clear
Strange gigantic forms appear,
And the Arab’s iron nerve
Quivers, to behold them swerve

From the spot where first they rose ;
For too well the traveller knows,
'Tis the desert host, that sweep,
And with golden showers that steep
Tent and palace, tree and shrine,
With a dust so light and fine
That its surface smooth betrays
Where the smallest insect strays.
On they came, in dread array,
Marching on their death-fraught way ;
In the sunlight rearing high
Fiery columns to the sky.
Each dark face with mortal dread
Ashy paleness overspread ;
For, between them and their goal,
Wide the cloudy sand-waves roll ;
And, where sweeps the torrid breath,
Of those serried files of death,—
(Blast, as from the mouth of hell)
None survive the tale to tell.
Straight before them in the way
See the eddying whirlwinds play,
Further on, those shafts sublime,—
That recall the ancient time
When the archangels' brand of fire
Barred the land of blest desire.
On they came—in dread array ;
And the boldest prostrate lay,

All enwrapped, and shrouded o'er ;
 Shrouded e'en to rise no more !
 Faster, faster, quicker, still—
 Lightest dust and atoms fill
 Every crevice, every seam ;
 Now the fast-increasing stream
 From the coming whirlwind spreads
 O'er the bowed, devoted heads,
 One short space of mortal fear,
 While I gasp ; they come—they near—
 Now ! Oh God ! those shafts of flame
 Pass relentless—tribe, and name,
 Lost for ever, swept away,
 With destruction's besom !

* * * *

Day

Ne'er shall light those eyes again,
 Scorched up by that burning rain ;
 And that costly merchandise
 Deep below the surface lies.
 Not a movement, not a sound,
 Fans the air that sleeps around.

SONG.

Wond'rous land of ancient time,
 With thy gorgeous eastern sky ;
 O ! what palaces sublime
 In thy sunny bosom lie ;

Raised by super-human art,
Who thy secret shall impart ?

Did thy old magicians lend
 Aid those pyramids to raise ?
Did their incantations blend
 With the workman's morning lays
As in that fresh, early scene
All seemed bright, and glad, I ween.

Yes ; around, above, below,
 All thine ancient pride appears ;
And the Nile's old waters flow ;
 And the drifted sands of years,
Lie o'er cities, vast, and strange,
Time impairs not, cannot change.

Strange it were to picture there
 Gay processions gliding by,
Brightly clad, with stately air,
 Olive hued, with sparkling eye,
Jewelled lady, tall and vain ;
Warrior, from the battle plain.

Such, upon the palace wall,
 In vermillion hues pourtrayed,
Time hath spared ; while round them fall
 Kingdoms, in oblivion laid.
Oh ! ye portraits of the dead,
Where be all your limners fled ?

Tho' the waves of ages sweep,
 Fretting o'er each chiselled stone ;
Proudly doth thy genius sleep
 On her adamantine throne.
Glorious was thy spring of yore ;
Grander is thy winter hoar.

Gazing up with dumb surprise,
 To thy giant host sublime,
Towering up into the skies,
 Battling with the grasp of time,
Strange emotions rise and swell,
Tears alone their power may tell.

Calmly to the Heavens shall gaze
 Those fixed, granite eyes around,
When the last dread fires shall blaze,
 Bursting from the cleaving ground ;
Then, alone, thy throne shall fall,
In the doom o'erwhelming all !

PISA, December 27th, 1856.

THE TWO LEAVES OF MYRTLE.

Two leaflets from the South, I throw,—
(Hey ho ! What strikes so chilly now
Upon my heart, upon my brow ?

This Northern air, perchance)
Two myrtle leaflets, pale and sere,
When gathered—where—doth not appear ;
Nor, by what hand ; however dear,
That should the gift enhance

O ! false, false memory, call back
The scene, the hour ; a murky rack
Obscures thy skies upon that track ;
Say where that myrtle grew ?
I well recall the scenes that met
My ravished gaze ; my eyes were wet
With tears of rapture ; now, regret
Dims all their light anew.

The golden seas ; the cloudless blue ;
The flowers that to the waters grew ;
The soft warm breeze that fragrance blew
From off the sunny isles.
O ! heart of mine, to-day, how far
Beyond my ken such glories are ;
Yet, brightly glowing, like yon star,
That on my winter smiles.

As in the deep, profound and clear,
Sea weeds, and coral reefs appear
So falsely close, distinctly near,

That one could think a hand
Might reach the treasures, far below
Those heavy waters, surging slow,
That do but mock our hopes, and flow
For ever towards the strand ;

So, memory's glass is faithless too.
We muse, and think to grasp anew
Lost bliss, that fleet as lightning flew,
Worse gloom behind to leave.
I know those skies glow radiant still,
Far, far, o'er many a sea and hill,
Men drink of summer bliss their fill ;
And evermore receive.

I lived those Southern climes to see ;
I know what Paradise can be ;
Yea, mock who will, for nought to me
Your laughter in mine ears ;
Content with but a few to share
Those memories, golden-hued and rare ;
I weep with them the days that were,
And, wait the coming years !

Fenagh, September, 1859.

THE WRECK.

The heavy billows heave with sullen swell,
 The good ship battles with the surges well ;
 The sails are furled, the anchors cast ; below,
 Above, fast hurrying footsteps, to and fro,
 Tell of the storm that blackens o'er the West,
 And drear forebodings, felt, yet not expressed.

The night sinks, moody o'er the distant shore,
 Where, on the beach, incessant booming roar
 The dark cold waters, curling as they fall,
 ' Whelming the rocks beneath a leaden pall.

While as they walk the dripping deck forlorn
 The darkness thickens. Clouds fantastic, torn
 From the huge mass, seem hurrying o'er the sky,
 Assuming shapes ill-omened to the eye ;
 As if the monsters of the buried world,
 Returned, to see the new to ruin hurled.

What ho ! an anchor gone, one holds alone !
 The ship heaves up, then down, with heavy groan,
 As if with instinct gifted to foresee
 Her battle o'er, her last strong agony.

* * * *

Flash, flash, as quick as thought, now boom aloud
The guns on either side. The sulphurous cloud
Conceals the fading shore. Nought, nought
replies,

No beacons gleam to greet our straining eyes.
The seamen's shriek is heard upon the blast,
As the mad winds rush wild and raging past;
But from the shore no bell an answer gave,
No boat was launched, to rescue and to save.

The ship is lightened ; guns and cargo, all,
Into the boiling surges plashing fall.
And now the crew, half naked from below
Crowd on the deck, insane with frantic woe.
Some to the rigging cling, with desperate hold ;
And there, a mother, in convulsive fold,
Enwraps her infant, with despairing cry,
Resolved with him to live, with him to die.

The huge ship labours well. Hark ! blow on
blow,
Strike on her side the bursting waves below ;
And on the deck rush foaming, sweeping o'er
Mother and child, whose cries are heard no more.

Look up ! the masts like storm-bent reeds appear
Before the furious blast. As if in fear,
She quivers, as each deep successive tide
Breaks, unrelenting, on her shattered side.

Hark ! like a musket volley over head,
Sharp crashing goes the mast. In senseless dread
A few beneath rush wildly here and there ;
While swift destruction meets them everywhere.
Who fly the fatal mast, are swept away,
As chaff before the flail, upon an autumn day.

Dark were the eddying billows. Strange and dread
Death's cold caresses in a watery bed ;
And he who plunged beneath that briny tide
Thought of the far home's happy, bright fireside.
Friends, who unasked, would risk all loss of life
To aid him now, in this last mortal strife ;
And to his soul's clear vision now appear
The meeting with his God—the Judgment near !

Some fragment floating by upon the wave,
Awhile denies him to his watery grave.
His heart beats yet,—the heaving bosom still
Battles, convulsive, with a stronger will.
Now, fainting Nature, struggling less and less,
Yields to the foe, in calm unconsciousness.

He sinks at last. Relaxed the clammy hand,
That long sustained him—sinks, in sight of land.
Down, through the vast unfathomable deep,
Down, where the waters thro' long ages sleep ;
Down, where the weeds around his body wind,
And forms uncouth approach, before, behind,

To scan the stranger from the world of air,
That came intrusive, unexpected, there.

Not one bright ray,—not one stray genial beam,—
Oppressive Night reigns ever, King supreme.
Darkness, like that o'er Egypt's land, intense—
Black, as the waters when Omnipotence
Moved o'er the leaden plain, and light divine
Blazed o'er the deep, as on a diamond mine.

Oh, could he view the thousand wonders there,
The gems, the coral reefs, the fossils rare ;
The wrecks of ages past, the precious things,
Treasures untold,—the wealth of ancient kings ;
How could he all our wondering ears amaze,
And countless themes afford for poet's lays.

What slimy monsters, slow and stealthy, creep
Among those weed hung caverns of the deep ;
What dingy reptiles, clad in scaly mail,
Bright, horny eyed, with long and lashing tail,
And ravenous jaws, that gape to swallow all
That chance within their eager reach to fall.

Stillness appalling, and a gloom profound,
Dwell undisturbed those oozy caves around ;
Save where those hungry monsters, strange and
grim,
Give savage battle o'er some mangled limb ;

And then the bubbling waters slowly sway
The bones around, not mouldered yet away.

* * * * *

All, all, is lost. Upon the sea-washed deck
Nought living now remains ; the ill starred wreck
Breaks from the last strong cable, and the tide
Drifts her along, resistless, on her side.
As floating weeds upon the waters borne—
So, hurried idly on—a hulk,—forlorn.
Now, with terrific crash, upon the rocks,
The helpless ship is driven, countless shocks
Shatter and crash in thousand fragments there
The gallant bark, so late with pennon fair,
And snow white sails, before the wind unfurled,
Now driven a hopeless wreck, to ruin hurled.

Hark ! the wild surges rasping on the shore,
Then plunging forward, with far echoing roar,
E'en like a lion, crouching ere he bound,
With paws outstretched, that tear the shingly
ground,
Then, rearing up, terrific springs again,
Tossing, in fury wild, his yellow mane ;
And with a roar that thrills his palsied foe,
Crushes his victim with a single blow.

* * * * *

The morn is breaking ; high upon the beach,
Beyond the angry billows' envious reach,
Some fragments lie—mementoes of the past,
'The sunny morn, that set in storms at last ;
When, o'er the dancing waters, gladly borne
No timely omen warned of wreck forlorn,
No thought of evil dimmed the prospect fair,
Or bade the doomed one for his end prepare.

Here is a garment, weeds its place supply ;
And here a cradle ; now the mother's eye
Hath ceased to watch, the little babe no more
Shall nestle there, or sport upon the floor.

* * * *

Dry, dry your mournful eyes, look gladly up
Ye who have deeply drunk of sorrow's cup
The solemn ocean caves shall yet restore
Their hidden armies ; and the sea no more
Her dead shall cover ; swallowed up at last,
When the last fires, unquenchable shall blast
A world accurst ! Awake, awake, and sing
Ye dwellers in the deep, for earth shall spring
New born beneath your feet. No ocean there,
Save where the tide, scarce rippled by the air,
Glides by for ever, of the glassy sea
Before the eternal throne ! * *

Hyères, 1856.

TO A LOVELY CHILD.

Yes, when on thee I gaze,
 When on thy infant loveliness I rest
 My doating eyes, they cannot choose but wear
 A softer smile ; for thou hast tamed me, child,
 And thy sweet spirit hath a magic power ;
 And, as I hang o'er thee, methinks I feel
 A tender weakness, as they do who bend
 O'er some strange flower, whose soft, narcotic
 balm
 Steals o'er the sense of whosoe'er enhailes
 It's lulling breath.

 * * A wizard's art hast thou ;
 Thy little hand, thy gentle, suppliant eye,
 Thy lisping tongue, for my strong stubborn will
 Are all too mighty. Rule, my little queen ;
 A hallowed influence, all unknown to thee,
 Hast thou o'er my strong spirit. Yea, rule on ;
 I cannot choose but own thy potent sway,
 My gentle child. O ! if thy face so fair,
 Thy precious love so pure, then, what His
 purity,
 His beauty, and His love, who made thee thus ?
 Dazzling the eyes of veiled archangel hosts
 With glory unconceived !

* * Come back to earth,
Come back, my charmed thoughts, what have ye
there

In common with a soul sin laden thus?
For, thro' the sad world's crucible, this gold,
(If gold it be!) must pass, that purified,
It serve for heavenly use.

Thou little saint,
Close to my heart, come, press those burnished
locks;

For, in thy near companionship, I ween,
No ill can come; no tempter vile approach.
Perchance, a silly thought, and all untrue,
Of love's strange madness born; yet, come thou
close,

And let thy balmy breath fan lightly o'er
Her brow who loves thee,

* * True, when thus I gaze
I marvel not that, unto other eyes,
Less harsh, and less forbidding I appear,
As, when the bright sun-painted clouds above,
And heaven's deep blue, and earth's fair scenes
around

Glassed in the face of some dark, sullen lake,
Beauty and brightness, all their own, impart
To those dark waters; so, to me, sweet child,
Somewhat of grace thy own blest smile may
lend;

A light benign, that seems from realms of bliss
Alone proceeding. From those spheres un-
known

A ray of purity and love art thou ;
A glimpse of heaven's own light, a thought of
bliss,

A spark, tho' faint, from the eternal fire
Of Love supreme, untold, ineffable !

Lucerne, 1858.

TO ENONI.

So late, my friend, so very late we met,
The forest trees throw long each slanting line ;
The twilight deepens ; and with sad regret
I think upon the youth no longer mine.
So very late we met, my friend, and yet
Night's placid starlight brings a calm divine ;
And I may close my weary eyes, and lean
My head upon thy breast, at life's decline ;
Where else more safe, than in those arms of
thine ?

Thou art not beautiful, they say, and yet there
seems

Some halo round thee, and about thy head
An amaranthine wreath. My nightly dreams
Are oft of thee, and still around my bed

I feel thy presence, hovering strangely near,
Till I could almost wake from joy, and fear.
O ! spectral shadow of the form I seek,
Lay thy soft hand upon me ; speak, oh speak.
Tho' at thy touch my every nerve should thrill,
I long to feel it, e'en for good, or ill.

I have no beauty to attract thy gaze,
Nor blooming youth, to hide defects of face ;
Shadows of eve are lengthening o'er my days,
And care has left, in furrowed lines, a trace.
I care not much, nor stoop to worldly art
For winning favour ; yet, thy loving heart
Was mine when first I saw thee ; true, and
sweet ;
And with a strong, deep joy my pulses beat.

The frosts will fall upon my bending head ;
The winds will bleach the lingering hues of
health ;
The mellow tones, that once could charm, be
fled ;
And, love alone be left, my only wealth !
Then, wilt thou cling around the leafless tree ?
And prop the boughs, that fain would bloom for
thee ;
And, will thy lips still bless, with kisses sweet,
What once was fair,—then withering at thy feet ?

O! I would lengthen out my little span,
To linger o'er caresses such as thine.
I knew not, as the streams divided ran,
Of our two lives,—how sweet, if into mine,
A Rivulet so fair, so purely bright,
Might run, as, gladly now, their streams unite ;
So much of bliss we lost ; yet, met at last,—
Enough, for me, and thee, * * * *

THE CRYPT.

A Story founded on fact. The scene, a Vault in Vienna.

The slow procession moves along,
With the coffin, in velvet pall ;
And heavily tramp the mourning throng ;
The death bell swings with sonorous gong,
And a gloom o'er shadows all.

Down, step by step, they now descend,
To the cavernous vault below ;
And, two and two, their way they wend,
Where scanty and grey the rays that lend
A light to that bourne of woe.

The Crypt is dingy, dark, and cold,
And the steps are slimy and green ;
On rusty hinges, stiff and old,
The black and iron-bound doors unfold
Upon a dismal scene.

The mourning crowd, who enter there,
 Cannot see the end obscure ;
And none, methinks, appear to care
For much research,—the foetid air
 Their lungs can ill endure.

O! harsh the grinding of that door
 Upon the damp, cold stone ;
Each feels a chill ne'er felt before,—
He'd rather hear the cannon's roar,
 Than the grind of that door, alone !

The dead on either side are laid,
 Piled up in many a tier ;
No surgeon's man, no sexton's spade,
No hand profane, could e'er invade,
 Their territory here.

Some narrow gratings, grass o'ergrown,
 Let in a moaning breeze,
Twas often like a distant groan
Behind some coffin lid of stone,
 That all your blood would freeze.

They gain the spot, and there the dead
 Is laid to his long repose.
The prayers are o'er,—the chapter read,—
The sighs are spent,—the tears are shed ;
 And the service reached its close.

The hard faced Sexton locks the door ;
They all the stairs ascend ;
And each breathes freer than before,—
And lighter was the look they wore
As homeward now they wend.

Some weeks elapse,—and, hark ! again
That bell tolls, deep, and slow ;
And, where his kindred dust have lain
There must the newly dead be ta'en,
In all the pomp of woe.

Again the black robed mourners wait
Without that portal drear,
Again they hear it grind and grate,—
And each bethinks him of his fate,—
One day, a lodging here !

The self-same spot they reach once more ;
The ponderous coffin raise ;
But, oh ! if grave they looked before,
Now, horror struck the look they wore,
As on the tomb they gaze.

The lid was open,—in they peer,—
In terror and dismay ;
And, panic-smitten, dread to hear,
The footsteps of the friend, so dear,—(?)
They once within did lay !

With cautious step, they venture on,
Towards the further wall;
“Stay,—hist! He could not far have gone?”
(Methinks each face looks quite as wan,
As his, on whom they call!)

They shout,—(yet hope for no reply;—
He was no treat to find!!)
And, certes,—tho’ hard to reason why,—
He was not wanted,—who’ll deny
’Twas “little less than kind!”

What makes each heart beat loud and fast,
While searching all around?
They’ve found the hapless man at last;
His winding sheet around him cast,—
Low crouching on the ground.

His head thrown back against the wall,
His teeth all grinning white;
His skull stove in,—his fingers all
Fast clenched,—t’were vain the wretch to
call,—
His soul had ta’en its flight.

O! waking dread, in that domain
Of darkness, damp, and death!
The coffin lid was nailed in vain;
He burst it open,—rose again,
Half mad for gasping breath.

“Where was he? Could he thus forget?”
“The Crypt!”—he seeks the door;
“Perchance,” quoth he, “’tis open yet,”—
He shakes the bars, till death-like sweat
Bursts out at every pore.

“Here left to starve! the rats to feed,—
“And rot amongst the dead;
“My God! no help, in utmost need?
“This second death far worse, indeed,
“Than the first, upon my bed!”

Grown mad at last, he ceased to call,
He feared a lingering death;—
And hope forsaken,—worse than all,
He dashed his head against the wall,
And closed his mortal strife!

August 1st, 1864.

“THE SONG OF THE SWEEP.”

Who cares for a pitiful Sweep?
If chimneys be choked, or askew,
’Tis obvious that children *must* creep,
At all risks, thro’ the tortuous flue,

The more starved, the more puny,—and better
for them
Who trade with their bodies,—you cannot con-
demn ;
'Tis the least of two evils for you.

Who cares though the training be hard,
And the brine be stinging and strong ;
And the wailing moans from the dingy yard
Be sobbed forth, bitter and long,
As the sores on each weakly trembling limb
Are fretted, and scoured, by the masters grim
To whom the frail goods may belong ?

Who recks, if the morning be chill,
And the blackened rags scant and few ;
And long the little one waits, until
His features be drawn, and blue ?
And they let him in for that cursed trade
With the bodies “in God’s own likeness made”—
What odds, if they serve for you ?

You heard not the ring at the door—
All curtained round, and asleep—
In luxurious ease you snore,
While the small feet stealthily creep

Through the dawn-lit chambers, benumbed and
bare ;

But you are quite warm, and “ the devil may care”
For so paltry a thing as a *Sweep*.

He gropes on his perilous way,
With a bag drawn over his head ;
The breath, for childish prattle and play,
Drawn heavy, in pain and dread.

O ! a “ Dance of Death ” is the mockery vain
Of the May-day *fête* — for “ filthy ” gain
That sorrowful heart hath bled.

Who'll grieve when those eyes wax dim,
And that heart grows hard and cold ?
Who'll bind up the cancerous limb,
In spring-time grown withered and old ?
Who'll ask if the sad wretch, untaught,
Untrained, to the halter be brought ?
Poor Sheep that had never a Fold !

Go on,—with your traffic unblest,—
Fell traffic with blood and with bone ;
Till remorse, unavailing, molest
Your conscience, too late to atone,—
When in the dark future you face
Those souls, whom you granted no grace,
God help you ! Who'd envy your place
When you howl for your own ?

St. Leonards-on-Sea, June 11th, 1864.

THE SELF-DEVOTED.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

Red glowed the heavens above that doomed
abode,

Wrapped in devouring flame ; the yellow smoke
Rolled in thick volumes, parting now and then,
The blackened walls revealing. Now a beam
Falls with terrific crash ; and thousand sparks
Fill all the air around, and here and there
Hurry away to some secure retreat
The muffled forms below. No living thing
Can long within that blistering heat respire,
Glowing intense. And in the lurid glare,
Changed are all faces to unearthly hue,
Now red, now ghastly pale.

* * * But see, the crowd
Part in the midst, for hurrying towards the door,
A young girl leaps within. Right fair was she ;
Scarce eighteen summers' suns had ripened yet
The bloom upon her cheek. Her noble heart
Swelled with an ardour wild,—yet none divined
The cause for which she came,—none followed
there,
Thro' darkness, or thro' flame, her lot to share.

Some breathless moments passed, and not a heart
 Beat free, thro' dread suspense ; till gazing up
 To the wide gaping windows, high above,
 A sudden shout they gave,—“See! there she
 stands!”—

And in her faithful arms a little child,
 Wrapped in convulsive grasp.

* * * Oh! holiest love
 Unselfish, noble, pure,—for one that yields,
 Perchance, but small return ; exalting far
 Above the common herd the heart that beats
 With all its sacred fervour. From the wreck
 Of man's primeval greatness, this, the last,
 The best, the loveliest, relic. 'Tis a spark
 Caught from the unextinguishable fire
 Of love eternal, needing no return
 For bounteous deeds unnumbered.

* * * There she stood,
 E'en as a martyr in that furnace red,
 From whence was no release. Crash, crash,
 again ;

Out rush the blinding smoke, and forked flame,
 Piercing those dusky volumes as they rise,
 And darken all around. * *

* * * Weep, weep, to-day—
 For, midst the lovely, is the fairest plucked
 From this rude world away. A mother's love
 Like sacrifice had made,—yet more divine

The *stranger's* pity for the sleeping babe,
Whom none had thought upon.

* * * Perchance amidst
The scorching fires, encroaching all around,
Her spirit "walked with God," as they of old
With that mysterious "Fourth," when circled in
By the white wall of flame, while mighty men
Swift withered like a scroll, or ere they came
Within its lurid circle!

* * * Could we think
That, as the angel from the altar rose
Within the sacred flame, until he reached
The gates celestial,—her bright spirit thus,
Up from the fiery sacrifice she made,
E'en to her Maker's nearest presence rose,
To bask in light supreme,—then were our grief
Vainly bestowed upon a lot like hers,—
Whose sorrow closed in bliss ineffable.

Bath.

NOTE. A young milliner, hearing that a child had been left in a burning house, rushed in where no fireman would venture, was seen in an upper window, with the child in her arms, and fell a victim to her heroism.

NIGHT SCENES AND MOONLIGHT
MEDITATIONS AT PISA.

Clear beauteous night, in a southern clime,
For a child of song how choice a time.
When day declineth, propitious hour
For the spirit world's mesmeric power ;
And memory then to the vision brings
Entrancing views of a thousand things.

Dark roll the Arno's waters by ;
I see the towers against the sky,
And many a marble palace gleams
From out the shade, in thy witching beams ;
And I think on the days when Dante sang,
And his praise thro' the ancient city rang ;
On the painted galleys that floated by,
To enrich the city and glad the eye ;
But all is vanished, decayed and cold,
Save her temple's pride, and skies of gold.

Dark scenes, how many, of blood and wrong ;
Of carousal loud, of dance and song,
Did the countless eyes above behold,
Still gazing down, as in times of old.

Oh ! Night, mysterious, solemn, dread,
Calm watching o'er the quick and dead ;
What secrets strange it is thine to know,
What evil deeds of the world below.

Thy clear cold glances pierce the gloom
Within that convent's living tomb.
Perchance, some home-sick spirits dwell
Lone brooding in a cheerless cell,
Whose broken hearts (not *wholly given*
To such vocation) long have striven
To crush the earth-born passions strong
That bear their helpless souls along,
Like floating straws upon their angry tide,
Into a gulf of woe—unwept—unsatisfied.

Thou lookest down with thy myriad eyes,
And seest the bed where the sick man lies ;
Thro' the half drawn curtain thy glances steal,
How wan the picture thy beams reveal !
The fire is extinguished, the broken chair,
A lonely watcher is rocking there ;
The wild locks sway o'er a clay cold hand,
By the wind from the broken window fanned ;
And all is still, save a breathing deep,
Too harsh for the tranquil breath of sleep ;
'Tis the sterterous snore that, once begun,
Proclaimeth that death hath the battle won.

Thou lookest down with thy myriad eyes,
Where, alone in the topmost garret, plies
The weary stitcher, her needle and thread,
Her nightly labour for scanty bread ;
And the cold air nippeth her hands and feet,
As, surely, she weaveth her winding sheet !
A lean cat watches beside her there,
'Tis her lone companion—alike they wear
A look half-famished, for cold and light
The meal that sustained them since yesternight.
But the cat sits watching since set of sun
For her nightly banquet—the girl waits none.

Thou lookest down with thy myriad eyes,
Where the miser's hoard in the cellar lies ;
Two spectres ever before him stand,
And he finds no refuge on either hand ;
The dread of want, and the fear of man,
And the twilight ends as the day began.

With a broken knife upon the floor,
He scrapes, and scrapes, in search of more ;
“ One piece I lack : 'twas the largest of all,
“ I hear a knocking behind the wall !
“ They come at last, and I cannot tell
“ Where the precious piece this moment fell ;
“ Good Heavens ! these crazy limbs are slow,
“ My heart's blood for a light ! Yet, no,

“ The darkness now a friend may be ;
“ Aye,—come,—ye cannot grope like me !”

“ Dear life ! I have it now at last,—
“ I but miscounted. Safe and fast
“ I’ll hold thee now,—tho’ my hands of late
“ Judge less by feeling, and more by weight ;
“ So horny grown, I’ve lost the joy
“ Of discerning gold from the base alloy.”

“ What now ? have I lost a piece again ?
“ A beggar e’re long for all my pain.
“ Another gone ; ’tis a life drop shed
“ From my starving heart, to famine wed.
“ O ! weary counting, from morn till night,—
“ And weary groping, for want of light.”

So, down as a reptile, he crawls to seek,
Till his knees grow weary, his mind grows weak.
A sacrifice he to his idol lust ;—
Like a spider, covered with webs and dust ;
All gathered up in his rags, he snores,
And gibbers and frets o’er his cursed stores,—
Till a guest unbidden that cellar intrudes,
And the shadow of Death o’er its pavement
 broods,—
And the spirit wakes from its idiot sleep,—
Too late for repentance—too late to weep.

Thou lookest down with thy myriad eyes,
Where paint, and jewels, and dyes disguise,
The yellow hue, and the wrinkles deep,—
But the rayless eyes, that unconscious weep,
And the shaking hand, and the voice betray
That Death is watching to claim his prey.

To the sound of harp and viol sweet,
How swiftly glide the noiseless feet ;
Of brave, and fair, and young, to night,—
Right gay the scene, the lamps shine bright.
Yet, Night ! thine hours to sleep belong,—
They'll know it soon, and rue it long.

What else survey thy countless eyes ?
On the lonely moor, where the murdered lies,
Thou sawest too, where the sharp set blade
An outlet wide for the spirit made.
For a few worn pieces, a contest fell,
Was sealed in blood with the prince of Hell !

No aid was near for the lonely man—
He recked not of this when his walk began ;
His prayers had been long, his farewells fond—
And his heart more fixed on a world beyond—
And there he welters,—the upturned eye
Appeals to the watching powers on high.

Thou lookest down with reproachful eyes
Where the Gambler pale with the Demon vies.

How eager now are the glances given ;
No debt 'soever is here forgiven ;
Tho' wrung from a starving wife at home,
Now cast on a pitiless world to roam.

No mercy lurks in the winner's eye—
For the tide of human sympathy
Long dried, by the burning lust of gain,
That stamped his brow with the brand of Cain ;
He now the "pound of flesh" would take,
Like Shylock, for that passion's sake !

How brightly beam thy smiling eyes
Where the rosy babe in his cradle lies ;
One downy cheek on his arm reposed,
The dark fringed eyelids are scarcely closed,
And the mother listens, almost in fear,
For the soft, soft breathing she scarce can hear.

And love, and honour, and virtue shed
A halo around that matron's head.
The will of Heaven her guiding star,
O'er life's rough deep, to the world afar, —
And more her deeds, than her words proclaim
Of her sacred lamp, the living flame.

But, who is he at her gentle side ?
The centre of all her hopes and pride.
Bright glowed from each responsive eye
A strong magnetic sympathy,

When first they met ; and still the power
That ruled o'er that enchanting hour
Holds firmly o'er each heart a sway
To pass but with their lives away.

My song is o'er. 'Tis thine to see
Yet more, from thine immensity.
The thoughts thy influence strange reveal
I cannot tell, yet inly feel.
The distant stars grow pale and dim,
And sleep o'erpowers each weary limb.
The rush light, glimmering on the floor,
Makes circles of light the ceiling o'er ;
And up and down on the wall they go,
As the guests of wind from the window blow ;
And the dry leaves rustle without the door ;
Fair night, adieu,—I can no more.—

THE UNCROWNED HEROES.

There are more heroes than the battle field
Hath ever boasted. Some who could not wield
A sword or spear, who in their unseen life,
Acquit themselves like warriors in the strife ;
No spoil to win, no fame, no laurels fair,
But, in their patient zeal, contempt to bear.

The gentle wife, who when reverses fall
Like blight upon the homestead, covers all
Her own privations ; and with loving smiles
The tempest of her husband's mind beguiles ;
And deals the scanty meal with such good cheer
She makes it e'en a very feast appear.

The sickly one, whose life is all unrest ;
Yet bears his daily cross still unconfest,
Whose spirit rules supreme o'er mortal pain
Whose lips no murmur breathe, no want com-
plain ;
Lest those who watch and wake should suffer
too ;

Bring laurels green that hero's bed to strew !

The blessed ones, who meet an angry word
With calm forbearance, e'en as tho' unheard ;
Who condescend to men of passions wild ;
In mind a giant, as an infant mild.
Or who, by nature wrathful, learned to quell
And conquer, self,—these earn their laurels
well.

Yes, in the privacy of home we find
Greatness of nature ; all the traits combined
That make a hero, yet whose placid brow
No helm shall circle, and no laurel bough
Shall honor. Whose great deeds are known,
Perchance, to Him who sees the heart alone.

Brave hearts ! your conquest is a nobler one
Than e'er by sword or spear of victor won.
Wait on, and in your patience still possess
Each constant soul, however comfortless.
The day of retribution comes, and then
Your praise shall be of God, and not of men ?

THE NIGHT WATCH.

The day is o'er ; the long o'er burdened day,
Replete with care, yet not aside I lay
Its busy thought. My full cup welling o'er
Fills to the brim again. Around, before,
No hope I view ; mine ear no rest may find.
What cry was that ? No, 'tis but winter's wind.

She lies so pale, so wan. The curtains closed
Close, close her couch around. Her head re-
posed,

Yet not in sleep ; I fear me, sleep hath sped
That dreary chamber, and that restless bed.

I left her for the night, for he was there
Whose eye should watch with unrelaxing care
For she is his ; their lives together twined,
What rest can he obtain she fails to find ?

I left her, yet in thought my spirit dwells
Within that room,—nor ever dream dispels

The scene so present to my waking eye ;
The darkened room, the bed, the wan face, ever
nigh !

Half clothed, unnerved, benumbed, my hands
refuse

To finish aught begun. I can but muse
On all the weary past,—on all that lies
Veiled in the future from our mortal eyes.

The house is silent. Wakes there none to share
My tearful watching, or my wild despair ?
Oh ! God in heaven, on Thee my hope I stay,
Thou wilt not spurn me hence, unheard away.

Hark ! yes, I heard it then,—’twas not the blast ;
The first sound heard at morn, at night the last,
That cough, that hollow cough, again I hear,
She must be waking,—softly treading near,
I’ll venture to the threshold. On the floor
The slanting shadows play without the door,
From the tall trees that, ever and again,
Rustle and beat upon the window pane.

Large is the house, four windows light my way
Upon the stairs by moonlight ; morning grey
Seems distant far ; “ would God ’twere morning
now,”

So lone my nightly watch, so throbs my fevered
brow.

Then, there again,—Ah me! will ever cease
That hoarse, deep hollow, sound? Will rest and
peace

Shed their sweet balm upon that aching head?
And chase the phantom forms that haunt her
bed?

The proffered cup her trembling hand receives
But little ease supplies. My spirit grieves
That love no more may do, but watch and pray,
And hope in patience for a happier day.

Burning my cheek, yet chill as death beside,
With stealthy naked foot I noiseless glide
Back to the chamber where so oft I seek
To hide the tell tale tears that bathe my cheek.

Towards the grave yard looks my window, where
The shadowy trees grow thickest. Gleaming
there

Between the clustering branches, bright with
rain,

Where many a day the long lost dead have lain,
The white stones glisten 'neath the moon's pale
ray,

And all is dreary, silent, cold, and grey.

In thought I picture how, with solemn tread,
The mourning train should bear the cherished
dead

Along that pathway, thro' the wicket gate ;
Beyond the reach of sickness, love, or hate !
My spirit turns from that low grassy tomb,
To the locked door of that deserted room ;
Darkness, and gloom, and stillness reign profound,
All undisturbed, the spiders weave around ;
The pictures mildew on the dreary wall ;
The dust of death appears to cover all.
Still closed the shutters,—left as on the day
When all we cherished here passed hence away.
Methinks I hear the half awakened cry
Of some poor child above. What agony
Its questioning (unconscious of the woe)
Would cost our tortured spirits, when the blow
Had left the wound still gaping, and the tears
Had but commenced a tide of many years !
Why do I stand thus musing ? Till my brain
Is racked to madness ; till my eyes in vain
May court the sleep I hastened here to find
The only balm to heal a tortured mind.
Calmly she sleeps, who shares my couch at
night ;
Upon her forehead gleams the taper's light—
Fatigued with many deeds of kindness shown ;
Throughout the busy day, I labored not alone.

Deep be thy slumbers, sweet thy dream should
be,

A ministering angel thou to me ;
Aiding alike, with head, and heart, and hand ;
Dear fellow pilgrim in a weary land.

I would not wake thee, tho' I inly dread
To watch alone ; and often turn my head
To see what moved between me and the door,
Or cast a shadow on the moonlit floor.

The night is waning. Stiff my eyelids grow,
And red withal. I hear the early crow
That tells of morning ; and the watchdog shakes
His rusty chain. Some early riser wakes,
Refreshed from sleep. I heard his footfall pass
Along the hard road, on the frost bound grass.
O ! sleep, revisit with thy balm again
This weary frame, this wild distracted brain.

Hyères, 1855.

A RETROSPECT.

I see thee, as yet in thy budding years,
With thy star bright eyes still undimmed by
tears ;
And loud is the shout of thy youthful glee,
As thy light form springs on the old man's knee,

And the golden tresses he strokes that play
Like sunbeams around that visage gay.

But the old man sits in his place no more,—
And I saw thee peer thro' the half-closed door,
Where a cold ray strayed from the broad day
light

On the pale form stretched in his garb of white ;
And thy childish prattle was hushed and low,
At the heavy tramp, and the tolling slow.

I see thee again, and thy tears betray
That the dream of childhood hath passed away ;
Of an earthly love hast thou learnt the power,
And thy heart beats fast for the blissful hour ;
All else, aye, e'en Heaven itself, seems lost
To the view of the soul so tempest tost.

I looked once again, and her cheek was wan,
Fast closed the eyelids, their lustre gone.
A baby was locked in her last embrace,
With its waxen cheek to her pale cold face ;
For, as fragrant incense, its spirit fair
To its Maker ascended, while cradled there.

The daylight is darkened by thousand things,
How small so ever, that memory brings.
With spectral shadows all darkened o'er
The eve, for pleasure so loved before.
As sea shells the voice of the waves retain,
That voice thrills back in mine ears again.

And now methinks that the noonday's sun
Burns fiercer than it of late had done ;
My temples are throbbing with fever wild,
When I think on that mother, and her sweet
 child ;
And my rainbow of hope was faded too,
When paled that cheek, and closed that eye of
 blue.

Edermine, 1855.

DESMOND.

A STORY OF THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON, 1666.

CANTO I.

It is a glorious autumn eve,
When fairy fingers noiseless weave
The silken gossamers, that seem
The rigging in some happy dream
Of fairy ship, that sails in pride
Upon a stormless ocean wide.

The breezes sway the silver lines,
They whisper thro' the darkening pines ;
And chirping shrill between the grass,
The grasshoppers unceasing pass

Across the footpath, thro' the glade,
Sweet paradise for lovers made.

Soft music steals along the hill
From many a bright descending rill,
From out the leafy covers green,
From twittering birds, those boughs between,
From hum of bees, that laden come,
Low skimming o'er those flowerets home,
And kine, deep lowing far away,
And voice of happy child at play.

Nor least of all, from lark divine,
Whose polished wings a moment shine ;
Then darken, as against the sky,
They dwindling fade from mortal eye.

Oh ! harmonies of nature sweet,
With recollections dear replete ;
That make the softened spirit grow
More tender as the parting glow
That sunset sheds the landscape o'er,
Pales sadly, till beheld no more.

Thus softened in that dreamy hour
Were two, who late had learnt the power
That love may o'er the spirit hold,
No other sway had else controlled.
Hist ! for a mellow voice I hear,
I'll hearken 'ere I venture near.

SONG.

O! thou art sweet, dear heart of mine!
Pure thoughts from out those dark eyes shine;
And from the crown of that dear head,
Down to the tiny feet, whose tread
May scarce be heard, thou art so fair,
Refinement's self depicted there,
I could, nor love, nor life deny,
But lay me in thine arms to live or die!

I cannot see thee, heart of mine!
Nor banquet on those lips of thine;
Nor look into those glorious eyes,
To read the world that in them lies
Of love, and truth, and gentleness,
A bounteous nature, born to bless!
Yet in my song essay to tell
Some thoughts of love and trust, that in me swell.

Oh! lips, so full of passion wild,
Oh! voice, melodious, clear, and mild,
Oh! steadfast eyes, that seem to glow
With hidden fires, intense below;
Oh! heart, so closely knit to mine,
It can each secret thought divine,
And every inmost hope, or fear;
How sweet to be thus read, of one so dear.

Come, with thy perfumed breath beguile
My Autumn into Spring awhile ;
As hyacinth, and lily fair
With fragrance fill the wooing air ;
Come, upon my parched lips distil
Thy honey, and my being fill
With borrowed sweetness, dearest one,
I wait thy smiles as flowerets for the sun !

Ope to me now those petals pure,
White rose, that dost my scent allure ;
Say what the potent drug, or spell,
Enchantress ! that can work so well ?
Queen of the garden, open wide,
For I would fain within thee hid ;
And in thy folds deep buried lie,
E'en like a weary bee, to chant my lullaby.

The song is o'er. I follow, for my heart
Beats faster at the thought those words impart.
On thro' the breaking boughs and weeds I wend
My cautious way, until the bushes lend
A shelter ; and I view the forms I sought,
The goodliest handiwork by nature wrought.

The man was in the prime of life ;
Had oft been leader in the strife,

Upon the weltering battle field,
That with its scars his brow had sealed ;
Erect, and tall, and stately grown,
As he could face the world alone.

With auburn locks, and stalwart frame,
And blue eyes, flashing fire and flame,
But voice with all so mild and low,
Soft as the rippling waters' flow,
That o'er her 'tranced spirit stole
With gentle, yet supreme control.

And fair was she, and slight of mould,
And both were goodly to behold.
Her head upon his shoulder lies,
And o'er her dark and dewy eyes
Impends each glossy ebon tress,
Concealing half its loveliness.

The blush that paled, and then returned,
Betrayed the fires that inly burned ;
And scarce the quivering lips could tell
The thoughts that in that bosom swell ;
For language oft can ill declare
The furnace fires that smoulder there.

And each the other's arms entwine,
As clings the graceful drooping vine
Around some trellis ; while the leaves,
Far spreading out their shadowing eaves,

O'erhang the beauteous fruit beneath,
Scarce peeping thro' that emerald wreath.

But see! how fast the bright drops chase
Each after other down that face.
What hath her lover said to grieve?
Oh! Love, thy gentle fingers weave
Around each captive heart a chain,—
Alternate links of joy and pain,
A thousand cares they ne'er had known,
That follow thy pure joys alone;
Nor would thy slave those fetters break,—
A welcome yoke, for thy dear sake.

A little while he gazed, nor breathed the thought
That in his inmost soul so deeply wrought,
Then spoke the knight,—“ Oh life! oh, queen
of mine,

“ Thy smile eclipsed, my day hath ceased to
shine.

“ My heart is all unrest; I cannot brook

“ To dwell upon this parting; yet I look

“ Far into those dear eyes and see it there,

“ As in a magic glass. They seem to wear

“ So sweet, so earnest, yet so sad an air.

“ And as I bask beneath their gaze of light,

“ Replete with changeful fancies, gay and bright,

“ Sudden upon my heart a chillness steals,

“ As of the death-like blast the sailor feels

“ When on his late sun-gilded way doth float
“ Some grim, fantastic iceberg. Say, didst note
“ My faltering voice, and how my lips essay
“ In vain, to utter thoughts that inly prey
“ Upon my bleeding heart? ’Tis when such
 blast
“ Sweeps freezing o’er my spirit, and doth cast
“ Its chain of ice around me. O! my heart,
“ A charmed utterance to these lips impart,
“ To tell thee half I feel, of wild regret,
“ Of cherished hope, of heart-wrung prayers,
 and yet
“ These very lips, tho’ mute, might all declare—
“ Thou see’st all, as it were written fair
“ Upon my clouded brow. O! heart, dear heart!
“ Set as a seal upon thee ere we part,
“ Be my poor image. In thy constant thought
“ Oh! keep me—a rough gem—unchased, un-
 wrought,
“ Within a goodly casket. Treasured there
“ Be memories of a love, unfeigned, scarce known,
“ Save to thy conscious soul and mine, alone.”

He paused awhile ; still answered not the maid.
Her head was bowed, her quivering lips essayed
To give some gentle answer ; but her breast
Heaved often, as her soul, so ill at rest,
Was moved within her, at his words of fire.

“ Look up, look up, beloved ! I desire
“ No more. Thy soul a language eloquent
“ Unto those star-like eyes of thine hath lent.
“ O ! let their softness, let their influence steal
“ Into my sterner nature. Let me feel
“ The power of thy sweet spirit over mine ;
“ And let thy heartstrings with mine own entwine.
“ Yea, twine round me as some rare plant around
“ A time worn thorn,—yet not a thorn to thee.
“ Thou clingest close, too closely love to me
“ To feel the barbed points that outward turn.
“ I would not aught conceal,—would have thee
 learn
“ My nature as it is ; and see whate’er
“ May dwell in me, or be it foul or fair.
“ Thou canst not love me less while thou dost own
“ The wealth a *heart* can give, and gives *alone* ;
“ And owest that gift of gifts, that wealth to me,
“ As I no less, that priceless boon to thee.”

He ceased again. She raised her glistening eyes
And, sobbing forth each broken word, replies —

“ Why did I ever love thee ? Why hath fate
“ Brought us together, to be desolate ?
“ Oh ! couldst thou hate me, Desmond, ’twere a
 boon
“ To thy poor heart to-day. How soon, how soon

“ We part ! Thy words of tenderness do burn
“ Into my very soul. Thy blest return
“ Seems distant to mine eyes as that red sun
“ Fast sinking 'neath the verge. O ! quickly won,
“ And broken hearted quicker ! Why hath fate
“ Made me thus weak ? ”

“ Too late, sweetheart, too late
“ To murmur o'er the past,” the knight replied,
And passed his hand across his brow and sighed.
“ Say, dost thou grieve so soon that love hath cast
“ Its links round thee and me, thus binding fast
“ Each to the other, in a fellowship
“ So close, so tender, that we both must sip
“ Life's mingled cup together ? Tho' our way
“ Were far, far sundered, all thy griefs should
 prey
“ On my heart as on thine. Yet be not sad,
“ And nourish not misgivings. To be glad
“ I ask thee not. But, oh ! were life's strange
 draught
“ Unmixed with bitter, still, 'twere tasteless
 quaffed
“ By thee in loneliness. And thou wouldst pine
“ For genial sympathies akin to thine.
“ Thy warm and bounteous nature could not
 dwell
“ Like a grim hermit, unapproachable ;

“ Sealing the springs of heaven born sympathy
“ From thirsting spirits, who would look to
 thee,
“ Well knowing thou could'st bless ; say, could'st
 thou spurn
“ A heart that loved thee, lest that love's return
“ Should cost thee somewhat in a parting hour?
“ Nay,—wrong not so thy nature. When the
 shower
“ We dread shall break above us, thou wilt
 bleed
“ Far more for him who loves thee ; and would'st
 fain
“ Outbrave a ruder storm, to spare him half its
 rain !”

A look, like summer beams through falling
 showers,
Made answer, 'twas enough. The cruel hour
Rolled on regardless. Breathed the last word
 now ;
The scarce articulate, yet earnest, vow ;
A thousand times repeated. He is gone ;
Extinct at once, the bliss that round her shone,
One little hour before. O ! cruel pain
That made the impatient spirit chafe again,
Heart sick, half blind to those around, and mad
With impotent emotion ! To be glad

In the blest sunshine of sweet mortal eyes,
But to be parted, is a grief that lies
Deep, deep corroding in the secret heart,
Like poisoned arrow, cankering the part
That it hath smitten.

Why such grief befell
These lovers, it were needless here to tell.
Perchance, the knight to some far distant land
Was bound, that morrow, at his king's com-
mand.
No matter. They must part; yet 'links unseen,
Elastic, lengthen' those two hearts between,
That, strong as death, yet light as air to feel,
Each to the other binds, for woe, or weal.

CANTO II.

SONG OF THE KNIGHT.

Look on me, dearest, with those sunbeam eyes;
On every thrilling glance each bright thought
flies,
Like golden showers from some volcanic isle
They make the sullen waves around to smile.
Into my very soul they seem to pour;
And my full heart throbs quicker than before,
And to my brow the warm blood mantles high,
Beneath an influence strange, when thou art
nigh.

As with a hand unseen, I feel thee hold
My charmed spirit. Wild and uncontrolled
The strong emotions of a heart like mine ;
Yet can'st thou sway me with a word of thine,
Thy look of fascination hath a power
To lead me where thou willest. Come, devour
These lips with thy sweet kisses, dearest one,
Ah, me ! our happiest hours the sad outrun !

Speed not so fast, bright moments, let me feel
Still longer all the bliss that ye reveal,
When, heart to heart, and lip to lip, we cling
Unto a frail, tho' precious, earthly thing.
Future unknown ! bring thou to each again
Like joys, to heal this parting's bitter pain ;
And, may thy wealth of love, my spirit's Queen,
Wax never less than it this eve hath been.

A year hath scarcely rolled away
Since that enchanting autumn day
When, in the happy, smiling, glade,
In all its freshest charms arrayed,
The lovers met, and golden hours
Passed o'er them, midst the autumn flowers.

The days are strange and sultry now,
No breezes sway the blighted bough,

That with a gummy dew is sealed ;
And nought the parched ground doth yield
That doth not lightning-struck appear,
All spotted o'er, or black and sere.

The mansion looming 'gainst the sky
Is of the olden time gone by ;
Upon a mound its turrets stand,
And all the far surrounding land
Is hers who owns those feudal towers ;
Was hers, at least, in happier hours.

Hark ! ringing on the hard bound road
The sound of horse hoofs ; whip and goad
Have done their work, and white with foam
The charger gains that hamlet home ;
And Desmond thro' the wicket flies,
With beating heart and flashing eyes.

He rings the sonorous bell within ;
But soon a host of fears begin
To gnaw his heart, o'ercloud his eyes ;
No sound, no step, nor voice, replies.

He knocks and calls and rings again,
Until the impatient knight was fain
To burst the hinges rusted o'er,
The door fell heavy on the floor,
With loud and melancholy sound,
That rang the empty chambers round.

All cobweb hung, the dusty hall,
Re-echoed his impatient call,
And in he sprang, and up the stair ;
A mournful look the chambers wear,
Deserted, dreary, e'en as though
Some blight had fallen and left it so.

One moment brought him to the place
Where first he saw that heavenly face,
That o'er his fervid fancy threw
The strangest spell love ever knew.

Her work upon the table lies,
Awaking nameless sympathies ;
And near it lay some hurried lines,
In which his eager eye divines
The worst that his forebodings told.
Sir Desmond was a soldier bold,
And little feared the chance of fate ;
But tender as a child of late,
His inmost soul around her clung,
With dread misgivings sorely wrung,
And soon his quivering lips declare
The tempest wild that rages there.

But few the words that met his eye,
Yet, lead like, on his heart they lie.
But few the words, but much disclose,
The shipwreck of that heart's repose ;

“ Oh ! love, if thou should'st seek me here,
“ Be warned in time, nor venture near
“ The great doomed city's blighting breath,
“ To seek me 'midst the haunts of death.
“ I know not if thou ling'rest there,
“ Yet haste me now thy fate to share,
“ To tend thee when all else forsake,
“ And in my fostering arms to take
“ Thy dying head, and yield for thee
“ A life no longer dear to me !

“ Oh ! love, if on thy memory throng
“ Or words, or thoughts, or deeds of wrong,
“ Upon thy knees thy sins deplore,
“ That meeting thus, we part no more !”

The letter falls from out his hand,
Scarce needeth he that dear command ;
For sunk upon his bended knee,
His soul burst forth in agony,
And full and fast the waters well
Resistless from each azure cell !
E'en as the streams impetuous rush,
That from the melting glacier gush,
So still to view, so blue and cold,
Yet moving with a power untold.

The hour of weakness none beheld ;
And soon, the mists of grief dispelled,

No tear shall dim those eyes again ;
He rose, like Indian from the fen,
One aim in view, one purpose dread,
To clasp her living form, or dead.

O ! who hath seen a plague struck man,
That wears the blue and livid ban,
The spot, that parts his lot and theirs,
Or wife, or child, his blood that shares,—
Oh ! who hath seen the glaring eye,
The frame convulsed with agony,
The foaming mouth, the death dew chill,
Or heard the shrieks, so wild and shrill,
That break upon his tingling ears,
And haunt him long in after years ?
To him shall Desmond's horror seem
No dastard fear—no idle dream.

His dauntless brow had met the shock
Of battle, e'en as stands a rock
To front the forked lightning's power,
When o'er its crest the tempests lower ;
But tender grief, and mad despair,
Have burnt their scars for ever there !

CANTO III.

SONG OF THE PLAGUE.

The Pestilence reigneth—his servants are we,
His conquests are many wherever we be;
We're the fogs and the fumes, from each alley
that rise,
The filth, and the offal, unburied, that lies
In the close fœtid yards, where the day light is
dim,
And the drains, and the cesspools, are choked to
the brim.

The Pestilence reigneth—his servants are we;
And we sweep thro' the city with infinite glee.
We laugh as we pass on each gust of the blast;
The banks and the markets are empty at last;
The doors of the palace are open to all
No locks, and no bars, no alarm bells to call.

The Pestilence reigneth —his servants are we,
And grim the rare feast o'er the carrion shall be!
We've put the whole city awhile to the rout,
And the maggots, our minions, are sporting
about;

For the dead cart is creaking without, at the
door,
'Tis filled to o'erflowing, and waiteth for more.

The Pestilence reigneth—his servants are we ;
'Tis glorious the tears and the partings to see !
He reigns—we support him, a tyrant confest,
We've burnt his grim badge on each citizen's
breast.

The plague spot, so livid, so purple and green,
No wretch may recover, when once it is seen.

The Pestilence reigneth—his servants we be ;
We dance like the mirage, so merry are we,
O'er the hot stewing city, a caldron obscene ;
We're her offspring, and true to our mother we've
been ;
Come, join in the orgies we're holding to-day
And dance at the wake to our weird roundelay.

Two days, like ship before the wind,
His courser flew, and far behind
He left the sad deserted glen
So desolate, so altered then.
And, as the night shade overspread
The dark, doomed city of the dead,

The knight rode in. The torches flare
From time to time, with fitful glare,
Along the black plague stricken streets ;
And, now and then, a form retreats
At his approach, as tho' he brought
Fresh bales with foul infection fraught.

At length, a little hostelry
Attracts the weary traveller's eye ;
And there he rests, and seeks to gain
Some clue to her he sought in vain.

While thus he tarried, wild and shrill
A shriek was heard that seemed to thrill
E'en to his marrow, thro' the wall ;
He heard the cry, and then the fall,
And then the tramp of many feet ;
Almost as loud his pulses beat,
For, heart-wrung wailing, wild and long,
Succeeds among that unseen throng.

The doors are barred, no exit more !
A graver mien each visage bore ;
Their lungs respire a poisoned breath,
And, lo ! without the house of death,
Upon the wall, in letters red,
A writing large, of purport dread,
" Have mercy, Lord ! on us—" the sign
No aid they hope, save aid divine !

What now? Within, a hideous shout,
That rang thro' all the street without,
'Twas not of pain, 'twas not of cheer,—
Unearthly, to each startled ear.
It seemed, some mocking fiend was there,
Exulting o'er a conquest rare.

“ Since death a sister fair hath wed,
“ We'll banquet round the marriage bed;
“ Bring wine! the largest goblet fill,
“ We'll pledge the ghost, with hearty will!”

Oh! then a chaos wild began,
From lip to lip the chorus ran,
With frantic mirth they revelled long;
With jests profane, and ribald song;
Till weary nature, overstrung,
They slowly drank, and fainter sung;
And, one by one, each lip grew still;
The lights burnt dim, the embers chill,
And, crouching in a dark recess,
The knight bemoaned his helplessness.

What grinding noise attracts his ear,
Of heavy wheels, approaching near?
“ Bring out your dead!” the watchman cries,
But, lost in sleep, no voice replies.
The door is freed of bolt and bar,
And there, before it, stands the car,

Where ghastly forms, of young and old,
Of gentle maid, of soldier bold,
Or, toothless babe, together heaped,
Proclaim the harvest death hath reaped.

Then, Desmond, with an effort strong,
Trod softly o'er the sleeping throng,
To raise the livid dead, for hope
With more revolting deeds to cope,
Were mighty in a weaker breast
Than his, who bore her to her rest.

He laid her down without the door,
Then, leaping out, was seen no more,
And, vainly called the watch behind ;
As easy 'twere to stay the wind ;
For growing hope, a strength supplied,
To more of apathy denied.

On, thro' the silent streets, he flew,
On, till the glimmering day light threw
Its cold and cheerless light around ;
And, not a footstep, not a sound
The stillness of the morning broke,
Save howl of dog his steps awoke,
Or, now and then, a shriek of pain,
And all was still, and cold again.

A door lay open, and a cry
Forbade the knight to pass it by.

It was a child ; he ventured in,
And lo ! upon a couch within
A dead man lay. His arms dispread,
His raiment torn, the ghastly head
Clasped by the little mourner's arm,
Who wept, in sorrow, and alarm,
To see the foaming lips apart,
The red protruding eyes that start
From out their sockets, and the tongue,
That oft his lullaby had sung,
Hang down, by force of mortal throes,
On which the teeth convulsive close !

A covering Desmond gently threw,
To veil those features, grim and blue ;
Then took the sobbing child and fled,
Right gladly from that scene of dread.

All day he wandered, till the light
Grew dusky with approaching night ;
When stretched upon the ground, as tho'
In speechless heart-consuming woe,
A woman in his pathway lay ;
He could not turn from such away.

With gentle hand he raised her head,
To see if haply life had fled ;
But still she lived her woes to bear,
In stony, half-insane despair.

Few words her tragic story tell;
Her only son and husband fell
Plague-stricken both before her eyes,
Too vast a grief for tears or sighs.

What mortal voice that heart can reach?
Or patient hope the mourner teach?
Yet Desmond words of comfort spoke,
And from the stupor dull she woke.

The child's soft hand in hers she laid,
Her quivering lip to speak essayed;
The child lisped "Mother," in her ear,
Then first within her eye a tear
A moment trembled; Desmond knew
A mother's love rekindled too.

"No child hast thou, no parent he,
"Live thou for him, and he for thee;
"Poor dove, behold thy mother's nest,"
The widow clasped him to her breast,
And he who spake was gone. * *

CANTO IV.

Who knows not that the weary hours
Drag slow, when blighted hope devours
The spirit, sick with long suspense
In weary, utter impotence? .

Four days thro' empty streets he sped, •
With failing heart and aching head,
Strange scenes occurred, and shrieks and cries,
But whether his were waking eyes,
Or whether demons of his thought,
Some dread enchantment round him wrought,
He wist not well for night and day,
And true and false, in chaos lay
Before his dizzy brain; and so,
When crouching in a doorway low,
He knew not why, with sudden start,
The blood came rushing to his heart,
When on a figure kneeling by
He cast a listless, vacant eye;
For sights and sounds, how strange so e'er,
Had ceased to wake emotion there.

Yet still he gazed; and soon she turned,
And darted back a glance that burned
Into his inmost soul, for then
He knew the Lady of the Glen!

One moment, fainting nature craved,
One moment, he who long had braved
A thousand deaths, was powerless grown,
He could not move those limbs of stone.
But life blood to his cheek returned,
And wonderment to joy was turned;

He seemed to reach the hard won goal,
And with his lips to touch the bowl
Of life's elixir, wildly sought.
His swelling heart, long over wrought,
Burst, with unutterable things !
They met, as meet two mountain springs,
That forward leap, with wild delight,
Until their breaking waves unite,
And into one glad river blend,
Together thro' the vale to wend.

So, folded in a long embrace,
Their arms together interlace ;
It did appear the two had grown
Into one mingled form alone.
And, in those blissful moments, life,
With heart corroding troubles rife,
Is lost in soft oblivion sweet,
With nought but love supreme replete.

When the low torches dimly burned,
And streaks of morning light returned,
They spoke of home, and speedy flight,
And holy rites that should unite
Their earthly destinies, when, lo !
Quick drawn her breath, as erst so low ;
A sudden pallor steals apace,
And mantles o'er her lovely face !
Her hand upon her heart is pressed,
She seeks on Desmond's arm to rest,

The large tears start into her eyes,
And thro' her frame a shuddering flies.
He looked, as love alone may gaze,
Into her eyes, with slight amaze ;
“ What ails thee love? The night is cold,
“ With this warm cloak thy limbs enfold.
“ The bright tears in those orbs of light,
“ Like warm drops on a summer night,
“ That with prismatic colours beam,
“ E'en like a lunar rainbow seem !
“ But say, what ails thee? something strange
“ Thy look belies—thy voice doth change ;
“ What ails thee? O! my fairest, speak!
“ My heart misgives me! Faint and weak
“ I feel as if my spirit died
“ With nameless dread! Why open wide
“ Those snowy lids? Say, dost thou dream?
“ Thy thoughts distressed and wandering seem ;
“ Stay, stay, why tear thy mantle so?
“ Hath serpent stung thee? I would know
“ The worst, the worst, whate'er it be,
“ Nay, hold me not, these eyes *shall* see!
“ Thy breast is bare—Oh God! that spot!
“ Once seen, and ne'er to be forgot,
“ Once seen? nay, thousand times, yet ne'er
“ So livid. Oh! my bristling hair
“ Stands up erect !

* * * *

“Nay, nay, o’erwrought
“Imagination starts at nought ;
“Long used to darkness now perchance
“Dark spots, like stars, before me dance
“My eyes deceived me—’tis not so—
“And yet, and yet, O ! crushing woe
“Beyond all speech !”

* * * *

A darkness spread
O’er the knight’s vision, and his head
Grew dizzy with that sudden shock.
He fell, as fell the cloven rock,
Rent by the lightning’s shaft of flame,
To rise, but never more the same !

How long he lay it matters not ;
It had been well if, once forgot,
He ne’er had viewed that form again,
Cause of his every joy or pain.

Yet from that trance he wakened slow,
And, gazing round, above, below,
He spoke at last,—“Where am I now ?
“My lips are cold,—my hands, my brow,
“Numb to the bone. Love, art thou there ?
“What raving maniac seeks to tear
“Her raven locks ? My heart’s dear life,
“I’ll clasp thee still, I’ll make thee wife.

“ This very hour I claim my bride,
“ No power shall tear thee from my side.”

“ So ho ! a shivering steals o’er me !
“ I’ll wear the badge for love of thee.
“ If spots encircle us around—
“ Upon the sun may spots be found ;
“ Lovely as ever still to me—
“ Hurrah ! we’ll sport right merrily,
“ Come, come ; ’tis late.”

* * “ Nay, Desmond, nay ;
“ I have but time to weep and pray !”
The maiden cried. He seemed no more
The being she had loved before.

“ Delay not thus ; excuse were vain,
“ My love shall cure thine every pain.
“ Hist ! love ; I hear the bells—ding-dong !
“ Our bridal feast is waiting long,
“ The priest is ready, with the car,
“ I hear them coming—here we are !
“ Come, take us to our country seat,
“ Haste love ! What ? Art not willing, sweet ?

So spoke he, as he sought to raise
His victim, trembling ’neath his gaze ;
The Maniac, and that woman pale ;
Sore struggle. But his efforts fail

Upon the festering heap to place
That loveliest of a noble race.

On rolled the "Dead Cart;" Desmond stood
In musing, hesitating mood.

With strange and glassy eye he gazed;
Then, sudden, on his shoulder raised
The shrieking girl. Then swept he past,
E'en like a storm cloud on the blast.

E're long the river's bank they gain,
And now the bridge—in vain, in vain,
She struggles in his sinewy arm.

"What! fearest thou thy love would harm?"

"Pale child, that strivest to be free,

"For ever bound art thou to me!"

"Great Heavens! preserve me; save, oh! save!"
The maiden shrieked—

* * "Thou dost but rave,

"Compose thee for thy fate, sweet dove."—

"But thou art mad! I fear thy love!

"O! set me free; not far I'll go,

"But let me walk beside thee slow;

"For I am weak, and full of pain."

"Sweet dove, thou pleadest thus in vain—

"I'll give thee all, save freedom now,

"I've lost, and mourned thee, long enow;

"And now I'll save, as none would save,

"I'll rob thee from a loathsome grave.

"See! how the waters sweep below,
"Down to their tranquil depths we go."

"Help! help! Great God above, behold!"
The woman cried. The waters rolled
Calmly as ever; none replied,
Save he who grasped her.

"Trembling bride,
"I'll kiss those eyes, till smiles again
"Return, to chase that wintry rain.
"No foul infection dwells below;
"Hark! how the gurgling waters flow,
"Under the arches, dark and grey—
"I see the streaks of rising day;
"Come,—now thy broken pledge restore,
"That, *meeting thus, we part no more!*"

One spring from off that parapet,—
Now, clasped in air, I see them yet!
Now, swooping down, they cleave the tide,
And now the black cold waters hide
That world of love, and loveliness,
Great nature in her fairest dress;
And no polluting touch shall e'er
Disturb them, as they slumber there!

Pisa, 1856.

TO MIRANDA.

Why dost thou love me? Am I young, like
thee?

Is not my brow deep lined with fretting care?
Fading the leaflets on the storm bent tree;
And sad autumnal tints are gathering there.
Why dost thou love me? Yes, I all divine,
One blossom yet I bear,—my friend, 'tis thine.

I am not fair, nor wise in worldly lore,
Nor can I boast the sweet, attractive grace
That, as we gaze, but wins our love the more;
And lends a double beauty to the face,
Why dost thou love me? marred in face and
mind,—

Yet are my toils around thy heart entwined.

And, often times, amidst the young and fair,
Sadly I cast an envious glance around,
And wish my heart's best treasure, *Love*, could
wear

A lovelier guise,—for their dear sakes, who found
E'en midst the chaos of a thousand sins,
That, which doth make the bliss of him who
wins!

THE MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES.

Nearer, and nearer still, the guests approach,
 Stern Ali's feast to grace. Each noble Bey,
 With jewelled turban, and with burnished mail,
 A goodly sight to view. The noon day sun
 Glanced on each glittering spear as, rank by
 rank,

The citadel they enter. It might seem
 As tho' upon the emulous face of earth
 Heaven's nightly host, reflected manifold,
 Shone, in a thousand stars and crescents bright.
 And, mid them, glanced along each tempered
 blade

Sharp dazzling flashes, like the electric fires
 That upward shoot into the starry sky
 Along its glowing verge, when evening cool
 Draws a dim curtain o'er a drowsy world
 And shrouds a glorious day.

 Beneath the arch,
 All unsuspecting, and with heart elate,
 The Mamelukes enter, Châkyn Bey the chief;
 And first beneath the dark Portcullis bowed
 That gallant knight; while hundreds follow fast,
 Until the last hath entered. Not a doubt,
 No least misgiving of thy knightly faith,

Black hearted tyrant ! stained one fleeting
thought

Of these, thy princely victims. * *

* * * Hark ! what shout
The prancing chargers startles ? Dark and swift
Falls the black barred portcullis, with a boom
Like deep toned funeral gun. One glance re-
veals

That which their noble hearts could ne'er fore-
see,

Irrevocable doom. Right on they dash,
In vain, in vain ; before, around, behind,
The fortress walls, all blank and pitiless,
No breach afford. The light of heaven above
Alone they view, and in the blue expanse,
Free, on its glistening wing, the wild bird floats
O'er that dark frowning pile. No exit more ;
Till when, untrammelled with the gyves of
earth,

Their gallant spirits, thro' the fields of air,
Should, mounting upwards, 'scape the traitor's
power

And burst their prison bounds. * *

* * * Around, above,
Volley on volley, from a thousand guns,
The heaven's broad sunshine darken. 'Neath that
pall

How fare those knightly captives? * *

* * * Some, with arms
Crossed on their dauntless bosoms, and their
heads

Bowed, as in prayer. And some, with flashing
eye

And curses fierce, of unavailing wrath,
Against the dastard foe. Down, down, they
sink;

That ceaseless deadly fire, all unreturned,
Hath laid the mighty low. What now of grace,
What now of manly beauty, there remains?

A dark, red, undistinguishable mass,
Writhes in that prison fell! * *

* * * Yet, lo! erect,
Firm on his charger still, in clouds enwrapped,
Of hot sulphureous smoke, one princely form
Unscathed, unvanquished, breathes alone,
beneath

That desolating fire. With desperate force
His gory steed he spurs,—See! see, he bends
E'en to his saddle bow, as up he mounts
High on the heaps of that brave, slaughtered
band

The battlements to gain. * *

* * One moment more,
And from the dizzy height, with kindling eye,

“Emim,” the last of that grand Mameluke host
Plunged for the abyss below !

 * * That thundering crash
Shook the firm fortress wall. The faithful
steed,

That bore the warrior from its iron keep,
Now crushed and grasping lies, — while fierce
despair

Nerves the bold rider, yet unharmed, the last
Of his devoted race. No moment this
For unavailing sorrow ; up he springs,
From off the bleeding corse, and bounds away,
Claims a brief shelter in a Moslem shrine,
Thence, seeks the desert waste. * *

MYSTERIES OF ROMANCE.

There are wondrous fancies, in secret born,
That ripen, and grow, and with life entwine.
The many, perceive not, or laugh to scorn,
The few, their deep meaning, untold, divine.

A sympathy strange, that as lightning fled,
On some thought half uttered, some look, or
tone ;

As the shaft, but “drawn at a venture,” sped
To the heart of the monarch, ’mid hosts unknown.

A faintness, that steals o'er the trembling
frame,

When we hear the fall of the hastening feet
Of one who, perchance, may not look the same ;
Whom we pined for in secret, yet fear to meet.

The dread that we feel but to hear the name
Deep, deep, in our bleeding hearts engraved,
From the lips of those who nor feel the same,
Nor reck of the anguish they might have saved.

The sense of our nothingness, when we gaze
Far up to the blue expanse on high ;
Where the bright stars' holy, pellucid rays,
Mesmeric, entrance the wondering eye.

The nameless awe, and the clasped hands,
When first on the glacier host we look ;
As if in their mantle, with icy bands,
They enwrapped the gazer, that speech forsook.

The breath from their summits, sublime and
cold,
Inspires with a rapture unknown before ;
And wakes emotions for ever untold,
In those regions of thought that few explore.

No word, no look, sensations can tell
That unseen, in the bosom may surge and
swell ;

As light waves on the surface, they're all we
know

Of the earthquakes that rock in the depths below.

The influence sad of the evening light,
That slants thro' the foliage, so green around,
Past scenes recalling; the days whose flight
Awoke in the bosom regret profound;

When we strolled in the woodland by stream and
rock,

And our overcharged hearts beat side by side;
And our pulses felt the electric shock
Of a glance, such as given to none beside.

As the thundercloud, seen of the world below,
Mysterious and dark in its course appears;
Holding, in mutterings wild and low,
A converse strange, with the distant spheres.

So, varied and strange, is the poet's mood,
Whose flashes of brightness the world illumine;
From those regions of thought, where none in-
trude,

Then—silent, eccentric, and dark as the tomb.

Edermine, 1855.

LOVE.

A RHAPSODY.

Oh! Love, what art thou? Who may well
define

Thy strange, mysterious nature? gift divine,
All Heaven is in thy smile, and we forget
This poor world's fall, the curse that blights it
yet,

In thy glad presence. God's best blessing thou;
A gleam of bliss the rainbow-circled Brow
Hath shed upon the wreck of Eden's joy,
To cheer where hope hath blights—success alloy.
What were the world without thee, heavenly
guest?

Making a paradise within the breast
Of whosoe'er doth own thee. Foul and black,
"Self," like a shade of night, shrinks cowering
back,

Before thy sunlike presence, warm and bright,
Changing night's chilling damps to silvery clouds
of light.

Glorious Immortal! were thy presence dear
One moment taken from this lower sphere,
O! what a chaos in the world were made—
Into what hopeless ruin were she laid.

“Self” should replace her ; Idol, fierce and grim ;
Ghoul that could batten on a carrion limb,
Were not so loathsome, pitiless, as thou ;
With Satan’s impress stamped upon thy brow.

We would not look on thee ; nor stoop to wield
Thy potent sceptre, for all earth could yield
At its commanding. Better, poor, to know
That wealth the heart alone affords below,
That magic fire, not ocean’s wave on wave
Can quench ; nor e’en the ever conquering grave
Extinguish in her halls of thickest night ;
Transforming all we prize with her corrupting
 blight.

Still, Love is victor, with his wings outspread,
Soft shadowing all o’er which the heart hath
 bled,

All that unsightly in the form appeared,
Or word or deed—while all that but endeared
He kindles up into a lambent light,
Like that the sun doth lend unto the orb of
 night.

A cunning painter thou ! who dost opine
All fairer than they be ; almost divine—
For, as that sun, whate’er thou look’st upon,
Thou dost with borrowed grace and beauty don ;
Creating many a bright, prismatic ray
Where thy immortal smile of light may play.

Yes, thou art mighty, influence unseen,
Unheard, untouched; yet, when thy arrow keen
Hath pierced the inmost heart thou'rt felt, indeed;
And more we seem to live, as more we bleed.
Strange paradox! Yet they who've felt thy
power
Confound both joy and pain from that sweet
hour.

Yes, for thy sake, e'en sorrow's self we greet;
For, as the perfume and the taste is sweet
Of flowers whose odorous breath entrancing lulls
To more than sleep, whoe'er delighted culls;
And faints while pressing to his quivering lip
The fairy chalice, it were death to sip,—
So sweet, so painless, were the cruel blow,
If aimed by thee, that laid thy victim low!

'Neath thy enthralling spells an infant hand
Could rule the mightiest with supreme command.
Its gentle eye could mesmerise the soul
Of one who owned no mortal man's control;
And e'en the weakest may a conquest gain,
Unsought, where stronger wills should storm in
vain.

Strange is thy influence—thy power how vast;
Thy coming free, controlless as the blast
That sweeps o'er hill and dale, o'er sea and land,
Bending the loftiest tree with unseen hand.

And oftentimes thy presence, unconfest,
Makes the heart flutter in the conscious breast,
As, 'neath the truant wind, when autumn reigns
The red leaves quiver in the woods and lanes ;
And, in a language to all else unknown,
Whisper faint answers to his pleading moan.

We greet thee as a friend, tho' in thy train
Too oft may follow sorrow's bitter rain,
Filling our hearts unto the brim with woe,
Such grief as they who love alone can know.
Well was it said that, "into every life
"Some rain must fall," and we can meet the
 strife
With wind and wave. Yet, monarch ! rule thou
 well ;
'Tis thine to guide to Heaven, or to Hell !

Best gift of God above. Too oft abused
To purpose vile ; the loveliest refused,
While on the worthless all thy wealth untold
Is reckless, squandered, as a spendthrift's gold.
Strange are thy moods. We cannot all explain ;
We ask, why love we ? but we ask in vain.
There is a strange attraction, undefined,
To grace of form, or genius, unconfined.
A flash electric from the depths unseen
Within the heart. A glance unwavering, keen ;

That reads that book of books, the human soul;
And, having read, seals up the sacred roll;
Betraying not to minds of other mould
A thousand precious thoughts; beheld, not told.

And times there are when scarce our eyes can
meet

Such glance, although with deepest love replete;
A weakness and a trembling numbs the frame,
We know not how, or why, or whence it came;
But something burns within, and reddens o'er
The flushing cheek, so ashy pale before;
As flames to lava livid-hued succeed
On the fair pastures, doomed the jaws to feed
Of some volcanic mount. The half-closed eye,
The quivering lip, the hurried breath, the sigh,
These be thy tokens, that must all betray
To those who've known thy presence, felt thy
sway.

O! could the freshness of our youth survive
The toil, the war, in which we all must strive,
And fall, and rise, and struggle faintly on!
But youth, and strength, and beauty, waste
anon;

And love will linger o'er the days gone by,
And the cheek faded, and the fireless eye,
And the fast gathering night, that clouds the light
Of the mind's day, as erst so clear and bright.

O! when its altar fires burn dim and wan,
Consumed earth's dear delights it fed upon,
E'en as a dying flame shoots upward then,
So may our love ascend to Heaven again ;
And in our long lost home of joy above,
Learn, with ecstatic bliss, that " God is Love ! "

Lucerne, 1858.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

All thro' the dark, the solemn, silent night,
Sweet, heaven-taught minstrel, lost a while to
sight

Thou singest, all despite the sombre grey
That clothes fair nature at the close of day.
Thou singest, and those reedy notes of thine
Seem, as from Paradise, a strain divine.
Low in the rose tree is thy loved retreat ;
Where, in contentment, and in bliss complete
Methinks I see thy little dusky wing
Quiver with joy as, clear and dulcet, ring
The mellow notes that on the breezes float,
As on the moonlit wave may float some fairy
boat.

O! what a lesson doth thy song convey,
Not in the sunshine, not when earth is gay,

Not when thy fellows of the woodland wake,
And notes of gladness on the morning break ;
But in the darkness, lonely, oft unheard,
When all is cheerless, and no sister bird
Blends with thine own her carol of the day,
Thou singest to God alone thy sweet thanksgiving
lay.

Thus, when the darkness broodeth chill around,
When none be nigh to cheer the gloom profound,
No eye to view, but of our God above,—
No ear to hear the song of filial love,—
Then may our voices swell, sweet bird, with
thine,
The universal hymn to love divine.

ACROSTIC.

Many have sought thee ; yet, but few have found,
Albeit, thou art kind to all around.
Reckless, perchance, of what the world may say
Yet, generous, yielding, upright, as the day.
A flash of heaven's own light thine eyes divine,
Night's raven wing hath shed those locks of
thine.
Nimble and fleet of thought, and foot, and hand,
Ever awake, decisive to command.

Bright is thy converse,—gay thy ringing laugh;
Ready, in word or deed, to chide or chaff,
E'en if thy tongue be keen, no malice dwells
Within thy heart. Thy presence gay dispels
Sour looks and thoughts in others; and, with
 thee,
To think is but to do. What odds to me,
E'en tho' a desert, my lone dwelling place,
Rich in a sunshine glad if thou that desert grace.

THE FLIRT.

Her voice is so gentle and low and clear,
Its sweetness may tell on a stranger's ear;
Like the sigh from a wind-blown harp that brings
Sad tears at *our own* imaginings;
(For it moans from that which no grief may
 know;)
So the heart ne'er speaks in those accents low.

Her bright eye may glisten beneath the shade
By her long and her silken lashes made;
As the snake may glitter between the grass,
To warn the travellers who chance to pass;
Thus, woe to the victim those eyes ensnare,
Long, long shall he nourish his heart's despair.

But gold she would give at a beggar's prayer,
For it is not her pelf that canker's there ;
The worm at the root of so fair a flower
Is *the love of conquest, the pride of power* ;
For this she would forfeit all else beside ;
Come press to thy bosom this phantom Bride !!

Contempt for her sex she can ill disguise,
Which strangely unites with the pride that lies
Beneath the fair mask she seeks to wear,
That plague spot foul on a bosom fair !
A temple polluted, though pure it seem,
For SELF is the idol that reigns supreme.

The wealth that the teeming earth may yield,
Or the gold and gems in the deep concealed,
Or fame and glory—say, what were these ?
Or conquests many, by land and seas,
To the heart's best treasure, its *Faith and Love* ?
Once pledged on earth, and recorded above.

Oh, who that could trifle with these awhile,
(Albeit it were by treacherous smile)
Could cherish one spark of that honour bright
That should lighten our path thro' this vale of
night ?

Let the hand be ready, the heart be true,
Where griefs are many, and joys are few.

A REVERIE.

How like a bird within a cage,
Beating the gilded wires in rage,
Most impotent art thou my soul !
Like her, impatient of control ;
While but one little door provides.
For her escape ; all barred besides.

Poor fluttering heart, loud throbbing now
Against thy prison bars, can'st thou
But one small outlet for thy pain,
One vent for joy or hope obtain ?
No words thy mysteries make known,
Thy throes break forth in Tears alone.

O! blissful tears, when heart to heart,
They meet, who ne'er in thought can part ;
When lip meets lip, as tho' they grew
Each unto each, and famished drew
E'en life's elixir from that draught
Of mortal bliss, unknown till quaffed.

But when the hour of parting lowers
And when corroding fear devours,
Lest that we love as precious life,
Succumbing in this mortal strife,

Should ne'er within our maddening grasp
Be closed again, O! then we gasp;

We pant for breath, one last adieu
To falter out; and drops bedew
The clammy brow; while to the eyes,
And to the choking throat doth rise
The soul—e'en like a wave—that high
Rises and swells, upon the shore to die!

Lucerne, 1858.

TO E. B., ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Lofty the Alpine barrier that rears
Its snowy front between thy home and mine;
And sundered thus, thy present hopes or fears,
Whate'er they be, I cannot now divine;
Yet are my heart's best wishes wafted o'er
Those frowning heights to wait without thy
opening door.

We may not linger o'er the days of youth,
And briefer waxing each successive year!
But when the days of sorrow and of ruth
Shall make thee reckless of thy tenure here,
Then may the nearer dawn of heavenly day
Shed its increasing light upon thy lessening
way.

THE PILLAR OF SALT.

* * 'Twas but a little band
 From the dark fate of that doomed city spared;
 Yet of the few, who climb the mountain's side,
 Breathes one of Heaven accurst. Her guilty
 soul

Pines for the world below. Her tottering feet
 Now lingering, pause, and on the city fair,
 Outspread in gorgeous beauty far beneath,
 The wanderer turns to gaze. Its golden sheen
 Gleams in the rising sun. All tranquil still,
 It seems deep slumbering, in the soft lap cradled
 Of the rich valley, 'neath a silvery veil
 Of light mist sleeping; lest the early dawn
 Break rudely on its sheltered calm repose.

* * * But see!
 What storm hangs reddening o'er the shadowy
 plain,
 In gloom portentous brooding? Swiftly now
 Falls the hot blistering flood. Each lofty spire
 And cloud capped dome that o'er the distant vale
 Reared high a glittering crest, now molten down,
 Stream from their towering height; so wildly
 rage
 The blinding fires, that pant to swallow all.

Roars on the deafening thunder—yet more dread
The piercing cry from many a gasping throat,
That rends the thickening air, as closer still
A red sulphuric winding sheet of flame
Wraps the vast city round.

* *

One guilty soul,
What tho' from out that smouldering furnace
drawn,
Feels now its withering breath. The deadly blast
That swept with ruthless force the plain below,
To fan the widening flame, bleached the wan
brow
That on the ruin gazed. She could not brook
This change of circumstance,—A humble cot,
Perchance, among the Mountains. All the pomp,
The banqueting and pleasure of the past
Rose to her mental vision, -- while she knew
Nought of the Paradise a waste may prove
To him who walks with God ! From whose glad
eyes
The veil has fallen, and who can thus discern
The host of Heaven encamping all around
Upon the Mountain tops. In vain, in vain,
The snow clad Angels lead her by the hand ;
And, to her unassisted vision prove
A presence yet unseen, beneficent ;
A Providence Divine. Her heart returned,
Unvext, to scenes of infamy and sin,

To share a short-lived bliss. Once blooming red,
Her cheek with weeping chill, instinctive feels
The unseen blight that creeps apace within.
Her fixed eyes now with bootless sorrow dim
Scarce view the blackening pile ; till, as she wept
The salt tide ceased to flow ; her stiffening hand
Shrank to her stony side ! As mute they gazed
Upon her glistening form, each fearful heart,
Beat inly quick and loud ; for, changing slow,
Her wan cheek paled, her thin form whiter grew ;
Into one frozen heap, one giant tear congealed !
No hallowed grave was hers ; unburied, there
The lonely Pillar stood,—a beacon pale,—
A spectral form,—round which no beast or bird
Would hover,—but, if wand'ring near by chance
Might snatch a furtive glance, and startled,
plunge
Into the nearest thicket, out of sight
Of form so ghastly. And e'en those who loved
And cherished heretofore, now stole away
Aghast,—while, in each several shaking bone
The living marrow froze, almost as chill
As hers on whom they gazed ! She was no more
Or wife, or mother,—nor e'en, kindred flesh,—
A thing unearthly ; tho' in human shape ;
And quicker on they hastened, from a scene
More dread than Sodom and Gomorrah's flood
Of molten brimstone. * * *

Yet, once more, behold
The spectral Pillar; Ye who cannot brook
Reproach, or self denial, for His sake
(Who fain would save you from a lake of fire,—)
Behold, and tremble! Ye, whose eager hands
Would grasp the pleasures that to sin belong,
Remember her, whose salt and silvery shroud
The briny tears she wept,—herself her monu-
ment.

London.

ACROSTIC.

Like the dark shadowy boughs that pendant lie
Of drooping larch, o'er some deep crystal well,
Upon the dark clear mirror of thine eye
Impend the long thick lashes. He, who e'er
Seeketh the gems of thought that glisten there
Asks of the mine no richer, nor of the sea more
fair.

Languid, yet lovely, in thine hours of ill,
Adown thy pale cheek floats the raven hair.
Virtue and love and faith shall guide thee still
In thy rough journey to a world more fair.
Not for the scenes of short lived pleasure born;
Immortal wreaths shall yet thy brows adorn,
And floods of bliss and glory thy soul's deep
chalice fill.

1855.

A LIFE'S HISTORY.

When my sainted Mother pressed me
 First, unto her loving breast ;
 In her arms so softly cradled,
 As a bird within its nest ;
 When before the Font she offered,—
 Strong in Faith,—that child to Thee,
 Thou wert standing by, Redeemer !
 Thou wert waiting then for me.
 Shepherd ! faithful Shepherd, keep
 My poor soul amongst Thy sheep.

Childhood followed,—With its laughter,
 Mixed with solemn thoughts, and dread ;
 Wet with unseen tears my pillow,—
 In the morn my heart was glad ;
 Yes, the Child's clear vision traversed
 Far through space the soul's dark way ;
 And, upon the verge it trembled,—
 Wherefore ? In Thine arms it lay.
 Thro' that unknown journey keep
 My poor soul amongst thy sheep.

Months and years roll swiftly over,
 Womanhood the child attains,
 Full of hope, till thou didst chasten
 With a pang that yet remains.

She who bore me taken from me,
Jesu ! ne'er that hour forget !
Years have passed, yet of that anguish
Life-long throes do linger yet.
Man of woe ! thro' dark hours keep
My poor soul amongst thy sheep.

Disappointments follow after ;
Pale the ruddy cheek awhile ;
But the joyous nature triumphed ;
Smile succeeds to happy smile.
Oftentimes my heart forgot thee,
Oft in contrite faith returned ;
Love on earth and love in Heaven,
But for *this* my spirit yearned.
Loving Saviour ! deign to keep
My poor soul amongst thy sheep.

Changes manifold came o'er me ;
Change of circumstance and clime,
And my heart beat fast with pleasure
Were it snow or summer time ;
All alike, if those I cherished,
Sunshine spreading at my side,
Fought the world's great battle with me ;
All was less than nought beside ;
Light of life ! in safety keep
My poor soul amongst thy sheep.

Can I paint the months that follow ?
Sickness, fear, and agony ;
Watching oft, in dumb, repining,
Evil thoughts, my God, of Thee.
Better than my fears or merit ;
Health to those I love succeeds ;
Yes, I know the well-learned lesson ;
Jesus for the sinner pleads.
Still thou great Physician keep
My poor soul amongst thy sheep.

Now the days are bright and blessed,
Happy children play around ;
Loving friends in sweet communion ;
How my daily joys abound.
What have I, my Lord, to give thee ?
To thine altar I repair ;
Sinning oft, yet all confessing,
I entreat thy pardon there.
Thro' life's fitful changes keep
My poor soul amongst thy sheep.

Daily to the wondrous future,
Still my earnest eyes look on ;
To the home of many mansions
Where the sainted dead are gone ;
O ! that all I love might enter
Thro' those golden gates sublime ;

Could we then regret the pleasures,
Honour, wealth, or joys, of time?
Oh, thou best of Shepherds, keep
These dear souls amongst thy sheep.

TO MY NIECES,
S. C. A. AND L. M. A.
1853.

Sleep, sleep, sweet babes; your gentle dreams
unfold

Pure scenes alone.

Your angels evermore

Do stand in bliss before

Your Father's throne.

O! in that sphere of light may ye His face behold.

Close, close your lids. Those earnest truthful
eyes

Draw tears from mine;

When unto me ye raise

Their bright, confiding gaze,

Almost divine,

Low, in the dust for shame, my humbled spirit
lies!

Sleep, sleep ; methinks 'twere better ne'er to see
 The blighted earth ;
 But, waking far away,
 A pure unclouded day
 Should hail your birth
Into the land of rest, of love, of purity.

Sleep well. Your Lord, in form like yours
 arrayed,
 Once shared the strife
 That waits, unknown, before
 Your quiet chamber door.
 Your mortal life
Is checkered o'er with ill ; with sunshine, and
 with shade.

Ye wake,—O! cherub of the golden hair,
 Of waxen mould,—
 And thou dark southern child,
 With sunbeam glances mild,—
 My arms enfold
Chaste caskets of the gems a Saviour deigns to
 wear !

THE ADULT BAPTISM.

I kneeled at thy side in the solemn aisle
 Where we late together prayed ;
 And methought, in the sunlight that beamed
 awhile,
 Were reflected the rays of our Father's smile
 O'er thy coming, so long delayed.

And, the silvery drops on thy brow that gleamed
 Of the pure Baptismal stream,
 An emblem fair of the chaplet seemed
 To encircle the brow of the blood-redeemed
 In the kingdom of bliss supreme.

And, methought that the holy, mysterious Dove,
 With its heavenly wings dispread,
 ' On the face of the waters moved ' that day—
 That, blest with his Spirit, should wash away
 The guilt on that ' new born ' head.

Thou hast taken the yoke of thy Master now,
 And his hallowed name confest ;
 And traced is the cross on thy lowly brow,
 As the seal of the holy ; the changeless vow,
 Recorded within thy breast.

And the world is no longer thy resting place,
 Thou Heaven-adopted child !
On thy homeward road, with quickening pace,
O ! seek thou, in patience, thy Father's face,
 In a fallen world undefiled.

Henceforth, on the bosom by fear opprest,
 May the spirit of peace descend ;
And all doubts that assail thee be lulled to rest
By the "still small voice" of that heavenly
 Guest
Till the battle of life shall end.

TO MY MOTHER.

E'en as the clouds in the distant west
Where the sun, in his beauty, had sunk to rest,
 So did thy dark eye glow ;
Radiant in death, as it caught afar
The first red gleams of the fiery car,
 Unseen to the world below.

A faint, faint tremor thy form o'erspread,
Sank on thy bosom the weary head,
 Where the dews of death hung chill ;
And a dark hue gathered thy pale cheek o'er,
From the shadowing wings of the host that bore
 Thy soul from a world of ill.

Now high o'er the dwelling that chariot stays,
By faith I behold it, with tearful gaze,
 Blest mother, 'tis come for thee!
Let thy mantle of grace on thy child descend,
The angels that kept thee, my steps attend,
 In this hour of agony.

* * * *

Ay, death doth brood in that chamber dim,
Hath glazed the eye, and hath chilled the limb
 Of the form so wan and spare!
Yet smileth that eye, in the climes above,
With the light of life, and the fire of love,
 For Him who reigneth there!

ST. JOHN, viii. ii.

“Neither do I condemn thee,” precious word,
Heaven's richest music to the ear that heard
The blest assurance. Oh! Immaculate!
Speak thus to me, though I have sought thee
 late;
Yet, as my need thy love's immensity;
Look from thy seat of bliss,—speak thus, e'en
 thus, to me.

I cannot see thee, where, enthroned on high,
Ruling supreme o'er human destiny;

Thine eyes look sadly on a world of ill,
Filled with forbearance and compassion still ;
Clear thou my darkened vision, bid me see
Thy look of heavenly grace, bright shining upon
me.

Could I but know thee as the sinner knew
Who washed Thy feet with tears ; so warm, so
true,
Should be the homage of my heart to Thee ;
Mind, soul, and spirit, bending with the knee ;
And in thy presence, what tho' far below,
I could not sorrow much, o'er short-lived mortal
woe.

Yet sorrow's bitter rain hath steeped the bowers
Of this fair world's delight ; and weary hours
Of parting, and of sickness, and of pain,
Bid us look forward to thy coming reign,
When thorns and briars shall no more o'er-
spread

A renovated world, for which a Saviour bled.

Look on me from those skies of glorious light,
Pervade my being with Thy presence bright ;
Let me but feel Thy influence divine,
And with the golden cords of love entwine,
And lead my soul, a captive to Thy feet,
Where all Thy scattered flock, at last in bliss
shall meet.

This silent chamber and this shadowy floor
Are brilliant with Thy presence. I adore
The Deity, unseen, yet at my side,
For whom no portals need to open wide ;
No footfall tells me of Thy coming near,—
Yet, in my inmost soul, I know, I feel Thee
here.

Draw near and touch the leper, as he lies
In sin's pollution ; ope the sealed eyes,
That they may view Thee, blessed as Thou art,
And let Thy presence never thence depart ;
But, daily waxing clearer, brighter far,—
Till heaven's own dawn reveal that face its
Morning Star.

Would I could hear Thy voice but whisper low
Some gentle answer, for I scarce can know
But that, to empty air, my soul oppress,
Outpours its tale alone. Stay, heavenly guest !
And watch Thou with me, through this lonely
night,
Filling my thirsting soul with deep, untold de-
light.

The childless widow was made glad by Thee,
And all the ills of frail mortality
Assuaged for them who but in faith could sue ;
Blest Saviour ! on my knees, I pray Thee too,

By Thy mysterious love,—Thy passion sore,
Seal me for ever thine ;—I ask, I need no
more.

ST. JOHN VI.

And would'st Thou sup with such as we ?
Incarnate God ! So let it be,---
E'en as Thy word of truth hath said,
We pour the wine, and break the bread.

And, as between our lips we press
That sacred food, how comfortless,
How poor all other feasts appear,---
For in our midst Thy step we hear !

We think upon Thee as Thy hand
Broke bread amongst that little band ;
How happy he who could recline,
So blest, upon that breast divine !

Methinks I see the traitor's lip
Receive the sop those fingers dip ;
And on that cheek imprint the kiss
That bore no greater shame than this !

Sweet voice ! that ever kind replies
Returned to all ; kind earnest eyes !

That, not in anger, but in pain,
Recalled the warning, given in vain.
Would that, like him who wept for shame,
That he denied Thy holy name
My soul, abased, "repentance meet,"
Could seek and find, at Thy dear feet.
Methinks, the hour of parting come,
Blest Lamb ! before the shearers dumb
I view Thee raise Thy dying eyes,
For pardon to the avenging skies.
O ! gaping wounds, your lips I see
Red with the blood that streamed for me—
Eternal life, from out that side,
I drink in faith, thou crucified !
Yea, in this dying body spring
Ye living waters ! Wake and sing,
My heart,—poor dweller in the dust—
Thy flesh may rest in peace, in trust.
Feed, feed, all famished as thou art,
For, in a union none can part,
Thy Saviour's flesh is given to-day,
With that true bread,—believe,—obey.
Beam on thine altar, Holiest One !
'Ere the mysterious feast be done ;
Through the closed door, Raboni, Lord !
Come in ; Thy grace to faith afford.

Look on the crowds that cast away
That "living bread," that cup, to-day ;
And make them know, unworthy this—
Unworthy, too, Thy feast in bliss !

ST. JOHN I. 26.

Presence Divine ! unknown, unseen, mysterious,
Sought but of few among the sons of clay ;
Ever at hand—each word and action noting
Evil or good—until the judgment day !
Stranger unseen ! how dare we now to meet
Thee ?

Waveth the palm branch in thy lifted hand ?
Or as a foe, to bar the way against me,
Flasheth the lightning of thy flaming brand ?

Presence unseen, but felt of some, and cherished ;

Into my heart Thine essence pure distil,
Unto the end, amid life's change and chances,
Ever unchanging, Omnipresent still.
Lonely indeed, were Thy blest presence wanting,
Lone should we travel to our Fatherland—
Gently, oh gently, Guide unknown, direct us,
Jesu ! Redeemer ! lead us by the hand.

Whether in sickness, when our weary temples
Heavy and sleepless on the couch we lay,
Close at the bedside, thro' the dark hours
watching,

In the still chamber till the break of day ;
Or at the way side, when our footsteps wander,
Beat not our pulses with a warmer glow ?
For, tho' unseen, we feel Thou still art near us,
Vision too bright for mortal eye below.

Still in our midst—still near, in joy or sorrow,
As in the furnace walked the faithful three,
So, in temptation, peaceful still, and scatheless,
We tread the furnace, Son of God ! with Thee.
While at Thy side, tho' naked, bound, and
bleeding,

Lonely not e'en the dying thief could be,
Who, of the world, and all its hopes, forsaken,
Sought but to find his paradise with Thee.

GENESIS xxxii. 26.

Stay me no more.

Call me not back to the land of dreams,
Where the small things of earth so great appear,
And Heaven a vision seems.

Stay me no more—
When still of the sins that I inly mourn
There gathers each morrow a weight untold
Upon a head forlorn.

Stay me no more—
Bid me not still for the lost ones yearn
I haste to rejoin them who dwell above,
And may not thence return.

Stay me no more—
Pardon hath beamed from His eyes of love,
Who once on the cross for my ransom hung,
And calls me from above.

Stay me no more—
Hard was the battle, and fair the crown;
Then, gather my dust to my father's now,
Slow sinking, softly, down.

Stay me no more
Glory hath beamed on the pale cheek wan,
And on the eye that had waxen dim,
The breaking morn hath shone.

JER. VI. 4.

Far o'er the glades
 Stretch the tall shades,
 Dimly and dark, in the waning light, fades
 Steeple and tower ;
 O, be Thy smile
 Brighter the while,
 Still to beguile
 The dark hour.

E'en as the day
 Weareth away,
 Sweetly the rage and the tumult allay
 Of the rough blast ;
 'Ere the light close,
 Let Thy repose
 Steal o'er the woes
 Of the past.

Sin doth beguile,
 Grieve and defile ;
 Still must we suffer the fever awhile
 Deadly and sore ;
 Yet, on Thy breast,
 Calmly we rest,
 Welcome and blest,
 Evermore.

From the far sky,
List to our cry;
Low at Thy footstool Thy children shall lie
Till the sweet day
When the freed soul,
From earth's control,
Seeks her bright goal
Far away.

SONG OF SOLOMON, v. 2.

I sleep, and in the dreams of night,
Surpassing fair, and calm, and bright,
My far off home appears;
Tho' ceaseless roll the ages by,
No temples there in ruin lie,
Beneath the weight of years.

I dream, as in a magic glass,
Such forms of light and glory pass,
In bright ranks, to and fro;
All freshly on each deathless brow,
As, long of yore, so, changeless now,
Their crowns celestial glow.

No shade upon the smile they wear,
No stain upon their vesture fair,
 My wandering eyes discern;
The days of toil, of sorrow past,
Their pilgrim feet have won at last
 The bourne whence none return.

I dream, and in my thrilling ear
There echo notes more strangely clear,
 More sweet than notes of spring.
When, dreary winter passed away,
I hear the wild birds' joyous lay
 Through wood and welkin ring.

One name upon those lips of love,
Now echoes thro' the realms above,
 More dear than aught beside;
Oh! Lamb of God! of Thee they tell,
The name is Thine, they love so well,
 Thou scorned and crucified!

How vainly gaze my longing eyes,
My bosom yearns, my spirit sighs
 That joy supreme to share;
To taste the bliss of Thy repose,
Whose love profound no mortal knows,
 But those who enter there.

2ND SAM. I, 19, AND ST. JUDE.

* * Ye wandering stars!

Whose ceaseless, solitary course shall be
 In blackest night, for ever. Drifting clouds,
 No drop of water yielding; onward driven
 By every tempest to thy lurid brink,
 Unfathomable deep! Ye blasted sheaves,
 E'en from the seed time smitten, withered up,
 And for the burning gathered. Foaming waves,
 For ever restless heaving from the depths
 Of dark, unseen corruption, silvered o'er
 With snowy whiteness; how ye vomit forth
 The worst of earth's pollution, and the mire
 Of countless ages! Say, what cursed name,
 What nature bear ye in this world of ours?
 This world of strange confusion; where the vile
 Most seeming fair appear; the things divine
 Unhallowed. Where be the hopes celestial
 That blest your first awaking? When as babes
 Ye cradled yet upon a mother's knee,
 And knew no evil! Soon, how soon corrupted!
 "How are the mighty fallen?" Ye whose mien
 Was even God-like. Whose replenished lamps
 Shed light on all around; where gleam they
now?

In that insufferable darkness buried.
 Ye, whose gentle guise, whose loving words
 Speak but of love and bounty ; from whose lips
 Pours forth the anthem thro' the sacred aisle
 Where God's elect be gathered ; e'en for you
 Methinks upon that consecrated wall
 I see the fearful writing ! Not for Him
 (Whose perfect right, as Sovereign Lord, it
 is,—)
 Now beat those hearts supremely. Not on Him,
 Nor on the blood His human nature poured
 Upon the Cross so freely, now repose
 Their empty hopes of Heaven, that shall be
 E'en as the Ghost departing ; and their sun
 Yet in the mid-day, as with sackcloth shrouded,
 Go down in thickest darkness. Oh my soul,
 "How are the mighty fallen!"

* * * *

CANTICLES II., 2.

The winter is past and gone,
 With its stormy hours,
 And its lingering showers
 On the scattered leaves, sere and wan.

And sorrow hath passed away,
And her fading bloom,
With the days of gloom,
Where the frosts of winter prey.

For the young heart leaps again
When the small flowers raise
To the wanderer's gaze
Their fair heads after the rain.

There are joys more sweet and true
Than aught around
Earth's farthest bound
Where sorrow distils in the dew.

No flower from the sod should spring
But for the rain,
That returns again
On the wild winds glistening wing.

Then, fear not the sorrows that lie
On the pathway drear
Thou treadest here,
To the mansions of immortality.

The weary one there shall rest;
And the cloudy veil
Wax hourly pale,
That hath hidden the land of the blest.

For the days of thy life roll on,
And the clouds shall fly
O'er thy mental sky,
And "the winter be past, and gone."

"I PRAY THEE, HAVE ME EXCUSED."

I cannot come. My youth is not the time
For prayers, or vows, or dull reflection, given.
I stoop not to ill deeds—I love not crime;
So have not much, methinks, to be forgiven.
But yet, on pleasure is my nature bent;
And I must drink earth's bliss to full content.

I cannot come—excuse me, Lord, I pray,
For I am poor, and on my work alone
My wife and children live from day to day;
And for this loss of time I will atone
When I am rich; and then I do intend
To think right gravely on my latter end.

I cannot come—for all my soul is filled
With thoughts of her whom I this day have
wed;
And till with many cares my heart be chilled
I cannot, blindfold, from my spouse be led

186 "I PRAY THEE, HAVE ME EXCUSED."

To seek cold comfort in the spirit land ;
I scorn that wedding, mock at such command.

I cannot come—infirm and feeble grown,
I have no energy to struggle now ;
Leave me, I pray thee—leave me but alone,
A wedding wreath would ill become my brow ;
I have no dress to wear—grown old in sin—
I dare not, could not, would not, venture in.

I cannot come—my mind to science given,
I have not yet divined from whence they came
Who bid me to this feast. I long have striven
To solve all problems. 'Till I do, for shame
I would not thus, so like a child, be led.
They prate of faith ; I trust my learned head.

Nay, come not then, ye shall not come at all !
For youth, and age, and poverty combine
With pleasure, love, and learning to enthrall
With subtle snares, the hearts that should be
mine.

Go,—for my guests are come, and closed the
gate ;

' Ye cannot enter now, too late—too late !'

“I WILL MAKE THEM JOYFUL IN MY
HOUSE OF PRAYER.”

(ISA. LVI. 7.)

How welcome the sound of the village bells,
Whose far off voice thro' the valley swells ;
A tale of mercy, and love it tells,

To the humble saints around.

At the tuneful sound of the summons sweet,
Shall the rustic Pilgrim's weary feet
Now hie them home to the calm retreat,

Where a God of love is found.

The world with her pleasures shall pass away ;
Ere long the shadows, at close of day,
Shall spread o'er the graves of the wild and gay,

Till the earth her dead restore ;

And the gloom pervading their couch below,
But faintly pictures the night of woe,
Where tears of remorse shall ever flow,

For the blessed days no more.

Then, coldly I list to their songs of glee ;
They breathe of sorrow and sighs to me ;
More sweet the toll of the bell shall be,

From the peaceful house of prayer ;

As the low soft tones of the hymn ascend,
My humble voice with the strain shall blend;
Assured that the dews of Heaven descend
On the souls that worship there.

Ah! bells of the Hamlet, your voice appears
To wake the spirit of former years,
Its hours of anguish, its hopes and fears,
In silent sad array;
But ye call the Pilgrim, with these oppressed,
To seek repose on a Saviour's breast;
And for the hope of eternal rest,
To kneel awhile and pray.

In the calm of the twilight, when all is still,
The soul recalleth her deeds of ill;
And ponders the path of a wayward will,
With holy eye, severe;
For 'tis then she pictures the world unseen;
When the veil of nature drawn between
The snow clad hills and valleys green,
In dim mist disappear.

The vows of night endure but awhile;
At the blush of morning's ruddy smile,
The thoughts that the hours of gloom beguile,
Full half their sway resign;
Yet, Saviour of Sinners! we hope in Thee;
And weak tho' the effort of faith may be,
'Twill brave the storms of mortality,
Sustained by an arm divine.

When released at length from the tempter's
power,
No more again from the grey church tower,
Shall we need a call at Matin hour,
Or Vesper sweet, to pray ;
For prayer shall the object of faith attain,
And hope shall inherit corrodeless gain ;
And sorrow and sighing, death and pain,
For aye shall flee away.

“FORGETTING THOSE THINGS WHICH
ARE BEHIND.”

PHIL. III., 13.

Muse not on a dreary past—
Long sad watches sped at last,
Blighted hopes, or broken vow,
Deeds of ill, forgiven now,
Doubts that on thy bosom preyed,
Dear ones in their shroud arrayed.

Life more fair, more sweet, appears
Thro' the mist of future years ;
Fell remorse, or writhing pain,
Hopes that wooed to rest in vain,
Sleepless night, and joyless day,
“Take them wings and flee away.”

In the cup of life there be
 Fewer drops of woe for thee,
 Fewer partings, fewer tears,
 Fewer sighs o'er vanished years,—
 Oh! by all the bliss in store,
 Go thy way, and weep no more.

"REST WITH US."

2nd THESS. I, 7.

'Tis the long hallowed day, first of the seven;
 Keep all the holy hours sacred to Heaven.

Rest to the weary one;
 Rest, upon Earth begun;
 Peace, by a Saviour won,—
 Welcome to all.

Ye of the hoary hairs weary and bending;
 Now to the Temple gate sorrowful wending,
 Here doth no strife intrude,
 Blows not the Tempest rude,
 Peaceful as solitude;—
 Welcome to all.

Babes thro' the meadows sweet joyfully bounding;
 List to the Silver Bell far off resounding.
 Lambs of the Flock behold
 Room for the young and old;
 Enter the happy Fold;
 Welcome to all.

Ye in whose tearful eye life is benighted ;
Ye 'neath whose cloudy sky summer is blighted.

Here, in the Sacred Aisle,
Beameth a Father's smile ;
Bask in its light awhile ;
Welcome to all,

Here let the sinful one entering lowly,
Kneel, and remission free ask of the Holy.
Wounds, where a Saviour bled,
Oh, from your fountain shed
Drops on the contrite head,
Welcome to all.

Sweet tho' the Flowers of Earth, yet are they
fading ;
Blight and disease apace all things prevading.
Soul ! for the World above
Keep thou thine early love ;
Homeward, thou wandering dove ;
Welcome to all.

Oh, by the many vows Heaven hath recorded,
That to the faithful ones joy hath awarded ;
Keep ye your erring feet
Nigh to the Mercy seat ;
And, when in bliss ye meet,
Welcome to all.

“CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.”

2nd SAM. XXIII, 4.

The wind doth moan, and the cold rain fall;
 And the garden blooms no more.
 But the dark clouds fly
 O'er the winter sky,
 And the sweet flowers now that decaying lie,
 Shall the spring restore.

So, care may come with its blighting breath,
 And the hopes of life decline;
 But the tear and sigh
 With the hour flit by,
 As the wind and rain from the cloudy sky,
 'Neath the bright sunshine.

And Death his darkening wing shall spread
 O'er the young head, fair and gay;
 As the flower, shall fade
 'Neath its baneful shade,
 His youth, in the bed that the worms invade
 For the mouldering prey.

In vain the wind and the rain shall beat
 O'er the dreamless sleeper there;
 Tho' many a year
 Shall the winter sere
 Return with the howling tempest drear,
 To the sons of care.

Howl on ; for the winds be calm to him ;
And his grave sweep softly o'er.
On his opening eyes
Shall a dawning rise ;
The Sun of a cloudless Paradise,—
To set in storm no more.

“THERE REMAINETH A REST TO THE
PEOPLE OF GOD.”

HEB. iv. 9.

Come to the Fountain of grace and love,
Seek for all labour a rest above ;
And for those treasures that wax not old,
And for those pleasures no tongue hath told,
Look to the future, poor child of care ;
Joy for the weary ! a rest is there.

Yea, if temptation thy path beset,
Comfortless weeping thy cold cheek wet ;
If others forget, for the cares their own,
And leave thee to battle with life alone ;
Glad is the future, poor child of care,—
Joy for the weary ! a rest is there.

If in the morning thy way appear
Shadowed with doubtings, those cloud-racks drear;
If in thy noontide, all dark and chill,
Thy sun goes down 'neath the distant hill;
Bright is the future, poor child of care,—
Joy for the weary! a rest is there.

What, tho' now stretched on a weary bed,
Whence with thy slumber, thy hope hath fled;
Writhing in anguish, thy soul may deem
Peace but a phantom—a vain day-dream,—
Hope for the future, poor child of care;
Joy for the weary! a rest is there.

Soon will the sorrows of life be o'er;
E'en as a vapour, they'll come no more.
Raise then by faith, to the world on high,
The yearning heart with the tearful eye.
Bright glows the future, no clouds be there,—
Joyless and weary! for bliss prepare!

“WHO AMONGST US SHALL DWELL
WITH EVERLASTING BURNINGS.”

ISAIAH xxxiii. 14.

Far, far beyond the furthest bound
Of mortal sight, or faintest sound,
The adamant gate of that fell gulf appears;

That brimstone lake of molten flame,
That pit of infamy and shame,
Bleached by the ceaseless rain of unavailing
tears.

Each scorching eye to heaven they raise,
From out that red sulphuric blaze,
One drop, one cooling drop from pitying Heaven
to crave ;
There gnaw they still their tongues for pain ;
There curse for evermore in vain
His judgment, just and true, whose glory once to
save.

What hand those scalding tears shall dry ?
Or paint the untold agony
From that undying worm that ceaseless preys
within ;
Remembrance of the hopes no more,
The crown, within their reach before ;
The Saviour's sacrifice, that diadem to win.

For spotless robe of shining white,
For crown of glory dazzling bright,
All freshly blooming still on many a favoured
head—
Around each charred, yet deathless brow
There wreaths the smoke of ages now,
A winding-sheet of flame their fiery garment red.

Yet, worse than all, the blissful song,
The harpings of the white-robed throng
That round the eternal throne in perfect bliss
repose,
Do e'en those thrilling ears attain,
And mock, with happy strains in vain,—
And more the depth profound of their dread fall
disclose.

That sunny realm of bliss on high,
Where falls no tear, nor heaveth sigh,
The King's approving smile, His words of welcome sweet,
All, all before those eyes appear;
Yet never more the heart to cheer,
As once, in days of yore, with glorious hope
replete.

Oh, Crucified! be mine the power
To seek Thee in this favoured hour,
Thro' life my daily cross, for thy dear sake, to
bear;
And deign, upon my lowly head
Thy heavenly benediction shed,
To fit me here below Thy future bliss to share.

“HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.”

HEB. XI., 4.

Say, who be ye in Life's Spring tide,
Now flushed with hope, and youthful pride,
That pass my portals by ?
To you, all bright and warm the day ;
And life is sweet, and Earth is gay,—
All dark and lone am I !

For you the glowing sun arose,
And eve may shed her soft repose,
Upon life's checkered road ;
For you the sweet birds sing around—
No happy day, no tuneful sound,
May cheer my still abode.

Laugh on, laugh on, while yet ye may,
While life is sweet, while Earth is gay ;
While kindred hearts be true ;
But know, within this sad retreat
Shall mourners spread a winding sheet
In some cold spot for you !

Like me, forgotten dead and gone—
No bloom upon the pale cheek wan ;
No brightness in thine eye,—

The footsteps of the gay shall pass
Above, upon the weedy grass,
Where thou shalt coldly lie.

The friends that now perchance with thee
Unite in songs and revelry,
Shall blithely sing again ;
Unmindful of the friend no more ;
Or, yield thee, for the love of yore,
Sighs quickly sped and vain.

Ah ! heed the low sad voice of one
Whose sands of life long since have run,—
A churchyard guest am I !
Perchance, ye'll pass my portals drear
Another day, another year,—
Yet, once again, to die !

Alas, alas,—who now doth heed ?
Both Priest and Prophet vainly plead ;
Man's heart is sere and cold ;
Aye, colder than this mortal clay
Now hidden from the light of day
Beneath the sheltering mould.

Ecstatic are the joys above ;
And freely did thy Saviour's love
Their purchase dear provide.
Entreat Him 'ere thy failing frame
Shall seek the dust from whence it came,
My whitening bones beside.

ASCENSION DAY.

PSALM XXXIV., 7.

Shout, ye white-robed Saints on high,
 While ye veil the dazzled eye ;
 Open wide the gates of gold
 Bid them to their Lord unfold ;
 View Him now with glory crowned,
 While on His vesture bright red stains be found !

What are these His hands betray ?
 Scars no time may wear away ;
 By Thy wounded feet and side
 Now we know Thee, Crucified !
 Thousand times ten thousand wait,
 To hail Thy blest return, at Heaven's bright gate.

Yes, we view the dawn afar
 Rise with Thee, thou morning Star.
 Dawn effulgent, of Thy grace
 To our poor sin-smitten race,—
 Thro' the breaking mist disclose
 Its Sun, surpassing bright,—its deep repose.

Rise,—o'er all benighted things ;
 Rise in Glory, King of Kings !

Victor Thou o'er Death and Hell ;
Thou hast loved, hast triumphed well ;
All Thy ransomed Saints unite
To laud Thy work, Thy mercies infinite.

“BUT THE DOVE FOUND NO REST.”

GEN. VIII., 9.

Bird of peace !
Didst thou seek release ?
Did thy fears with the wind and tempest cease ?
Couldst thou flee
O'er the trackless sea
From thy home in the Ark that sheltered thee ?

Lone art thou,
On the wide world now ;
The wild waves curl o'er the topmost bough,—
Dark and still
Is the greenwood hill,
All swept by the weedy surges chill.

Food, nor rest,
Nor the soft warm nest,
Shall be found on the cold sea's barren breast,
Flock, nor herd,
Nor a kindred bird,
From the unknown caves of the deep be heard.

To and fro,
As the blue waves flow,
Now rock the weed-clad bones below—
Charm for thee
Can there never be
In the gloom of that ghastly company.

Hie thee home,
O'er the white sea foam,
No more from the Ark of peace to roam,—
Ee'n like thine,
Shall my lone heart pine
For the sweet repose of a home divine.

Child of clay,
On the world's high way,
From thy first love wandered far away,—
Weep and sigh
For thy rest on high,
Midst the wreck of a frail mortality.

Yes, alone—
And an alien grown,
As the Dove from the Ark of refuge flown,
Go, return,—
Let thy cold heart burn
For the friends that o'er thy coming yearn.

Sweet repose
At thy sad life's close,
And a peace no empty worldling knows,

May be thine
Where the bright stars shine,
And the white-robed saints in bliss recline.

“AND HE PASSETH.”

JOB. xiv., 20.

The rain falls thick and the leaves drop fast
'Neath the fitful gusts of the moaning blast,
As it dies o'er the glen away ;
But a sound doth ring in my startled ear,
Like the wail of the sinner, that dreads the
bier,
And the grave, and the judgment day.

'Tis gone and past ; but the echo fell
Doth linger yet of the passing bell ;
The dirge of mortality—
Tho' vain alike for the parting soul
The merry peal, or the death bell's toll,—
'Tis a warning voice for thee.

A warning voice from the deathless one
Whose toil is o'er, and whose crown is won ;
Or whose fiery doom is sealed ;
He bids thee watch, and work, and pray,
Thy guilty soul 'neath the cross to lay—
'Tis the road to Heaven revealed.

Whene'er again, o'er the hill and dale,
I hear that voice on the sighing gale
From the lonely village tower,
O! Son of Man! on the bended knee
May I seek thy smile my light to be
In the gloom of the parting hour.

“WHICH HOPE WE HAVE AS AN
ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.”

HEB. VI., 19.

Tho' lonely and sad on the world's high way,
'Neath the stormy clouds of a wintry day;
Tho' rent by sorrow, beset by fears,
I drink the dregs of the cup of tears,
O! Saviour of Sinners! I'll think on thee;
Remember Thee, friendless, forlorn, for me—
'Neath a storm more rough and rude.

Tho' silent the voice that hath lulled to rest
Each tiny wave of my infant breast;
So soon recalled to her home above,
I repose no more on a mother's love;
A hand, more mighty, a love more true,
With hopes for the future my path shall strew,
And hush my fears to rest.

Tho' death and disease on my steps attend,
And my feeble frame 'neath the burden bend;
Tho' none betake them to watch and pray
For the soul, forsaking its tent of clay,
I'll think on her then, in eternal rest,
Inviting me thither, a welcome guest,
Where saints shall part no more.

Methinks she now chideth my long delay,
And the doubtings that on my bosom prey;
Methinks she now chideth the sighs and tears
O'er the bygone pleasures of former years;
And in the sweet accents remembered well,
Her lips of the fervour unchanging tell
Of a Father's love divine.

He waiteth the hour when the captive soul
Shall rend the fetters of earth's control;
"A crown of life" on its brow to lay,
That ne'er shall moulder or fade away—
Oh Father of Mercies! This hope shall be
Enough of blessing, of gain to me,
Whate'er my loss decide.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

ACTS VII, 16.

'Tis o'er, — the hour of dread.
 Rest now the weary head;
 All terror gone, all weak repining fled;
 Yea, gently sink to rest,
 Sleep well, thou wedding guest;
 No babe may safer lie upon a mother's breast.

See'st thou the land afar?
 The bright and morning Star
 Thy guide shall be, thy fleet and fiery car,
 That once in times of yore
 The favoured Prophet bore
 To regions far above, where death may reign no
 more.

Thy pains now quickly past,—
 Thine eye hath wept its last,
 The Martyr's blood is ebbing full and fast;
 Thrice blessed Stephen, now
 Thy lowly head shall bow,
 To rise with bliss untold upon thy bleeding
 brow.

Close then the glazing eye,
The scenes of Earth flit by ;
The dawn is breaking of a world on high ;—
So, softly sink to rest
As the sun i'the glowing west ;
In brighter garb arrayed, in truer glory drest.

“A MORNING WITHOUT CLOUDS,”

2nd Sam. xxiii, 24,

Night comes apace ; the reddening sun doth shed
A last, a lingering ray ;
His burning eye now soft and mild appears
All sad to steal away ;
Yet, smiles with promise sweet ofe'en as bright
a day.

Night comes apace,—upon the drooping head
The clouds hang dark and grey ;
The bright hued cheek, the clear and shining eye,
Have lost their beauty gay ;
And hourly wasting thus shall sink in dull decay.

Night comes apace,—Yet, 'ere the light hath fled
That cheers the sons of clay,

A hope within the glazing eye shall gleam,
 Its ghostly fears allay,
And, from thine arm Despair, release the trem-
 bling prey.

Night comes apace,—Yet soon the morning red
 Shall chase the mists around ;
O'er the new Heavens not one dark gathering
 cloud,
 One brooding storm be found ;
With life and life replete, with stars unfading
 crowned.

Night comes apace,—yet oh ! my trembling soul,
 That Morn approaches too ;
Its sun, the rosy glow of beauty's bloom
 On thy wan cheek renew ;
And Heaven's clear light break full upon thy
 wondering view.

“OF SOME HAVE COMPASSION.”

St. JUDE XXII.

Whene'er on thy knees at the altar
 Where, as sacrifice holy,
Petitions and praises be offered,
 By worshippers lowly ;

Oh, then of the fallen ones bethink thee,
The weak and declining ;
While grace on thy spirit unworthy
Still brightly is shining.

Yea, bear them in love and compassion
Where of old time, believing,
Ye prayed at the Holy One's footstool,
Like blessing receiving.
Their failings, tho' many and grievous,
Despise not, nor loathe them ;
Thy Master with love as a mantle
Doth cover and clothe them.

How fair is the name on each frontal ;
That only, beholding,
Extend thou the arms of a Brother,
The weak ones enfolding.
As cleansing, the blood of their ransom,
Each faulty one shareth
A robe as unblemished and seamless,
As Cherubim weareth.

Oh Thou, of our own wayward flittings
Long tried, yet forbearing—
Where, where in our midst the Disciple
Thy blest image wearing ?
Like Thee, o'er the frail and polluted,
In tenderness yearning ;
Like Thee, 'mid the smouldering embers,
The least spark discerning ?

**“WHO HATH REQUIRED THIS AT YOUR
HAND TO TREAD MY COURTS?”**

ISA. I., 12

'Tis the grey hour when, thro' the misty air,
Tolls the old time-worn bell ;
Mournful the clang, as if it summoned there
The dead, as with a knell ;
So few acceptance find within the House of prayer.

I hear it still. Methinks it seems to say,
“Ye come, but come in vain—
With thoughtless jestings, decked like puppets
gay,
Why come ye here again ?
Oh, be it now at last, to mourn, confess, and
pray.”

Down, down, the haughty head, erect and high ;
Stoop low, the Gate is small—
Here enter not but with a downcast eye,
And, yielding place to all ;
For, worship some around, to God more nigh !

Come, Pilgrims, come. A blessed welcome here
Awaits your wayworn feet ;

Each lowly one, to God and Angels dear,
 May claim this still retreat ;
Where no terrestrial care, may interfere.

See, thro' the mist look down those starry eyes,
 As e'en with weeping dim ;
(And wrapped in clouds, as in a mourning guise)
 Upon the battle grim,
Between the Powers of Hell, and Pilgrims of the
 skies.

Strait is the Gate, and rough the upward way
 Your Lord hath trod before ;
Yet, as ye mount, obstructions wear away,
 And grief o'erclouds no more ;
But, darkness Sin and Death is lost in Heavenly
 Day.

CONCLUSION.

“Not chance of birth or place has made us
 friends ;
“Being oftentimes of different tongues and
 nations ;
“But, the endeavour for the self-same ends ;
“With the same hopes, and fears, and aspira-
 tions.”

Wild offspring of my fancy born ;
Laments of Night, and Songs of Morn,—
 Bright hopes, with sorrow blended ;
Upon each fluttering leaflet fly,—
To startle oft a careless eye ;
 With much good will attended.

Go, fearless, forth. To many a heart
No gladness will my songs impart,
 No solemn thoughts awaken ;
Your changeful murmurs still shall sweep
O'er kindred harps,—perchance that sleep,
 Till by those breathings shaken.

Congenial souls ! what tho' unknown,
 I travel not to Heaven alone—
 My way mid Strangers wending ;
I know some Hearts responsive beat
To mine,—glad thought,—their music sweet
 With songs celestial blending.

Far distant 'neath this cloudy sky,
Our varied course on Earth may lie,—
 Until the glorious morrow ;
Yet, if like hopes and fears ye share,
I ask not much,—one kindly prayer
 The Pilgrim fain would borrow !

Poor Exiles! we together gaze
Far upwards, where the dawning rays
 Lost Paradise disclose!
O! may the now far-sundered feet
Together in that Kingdom meet,—
 For ever there repose.

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45

