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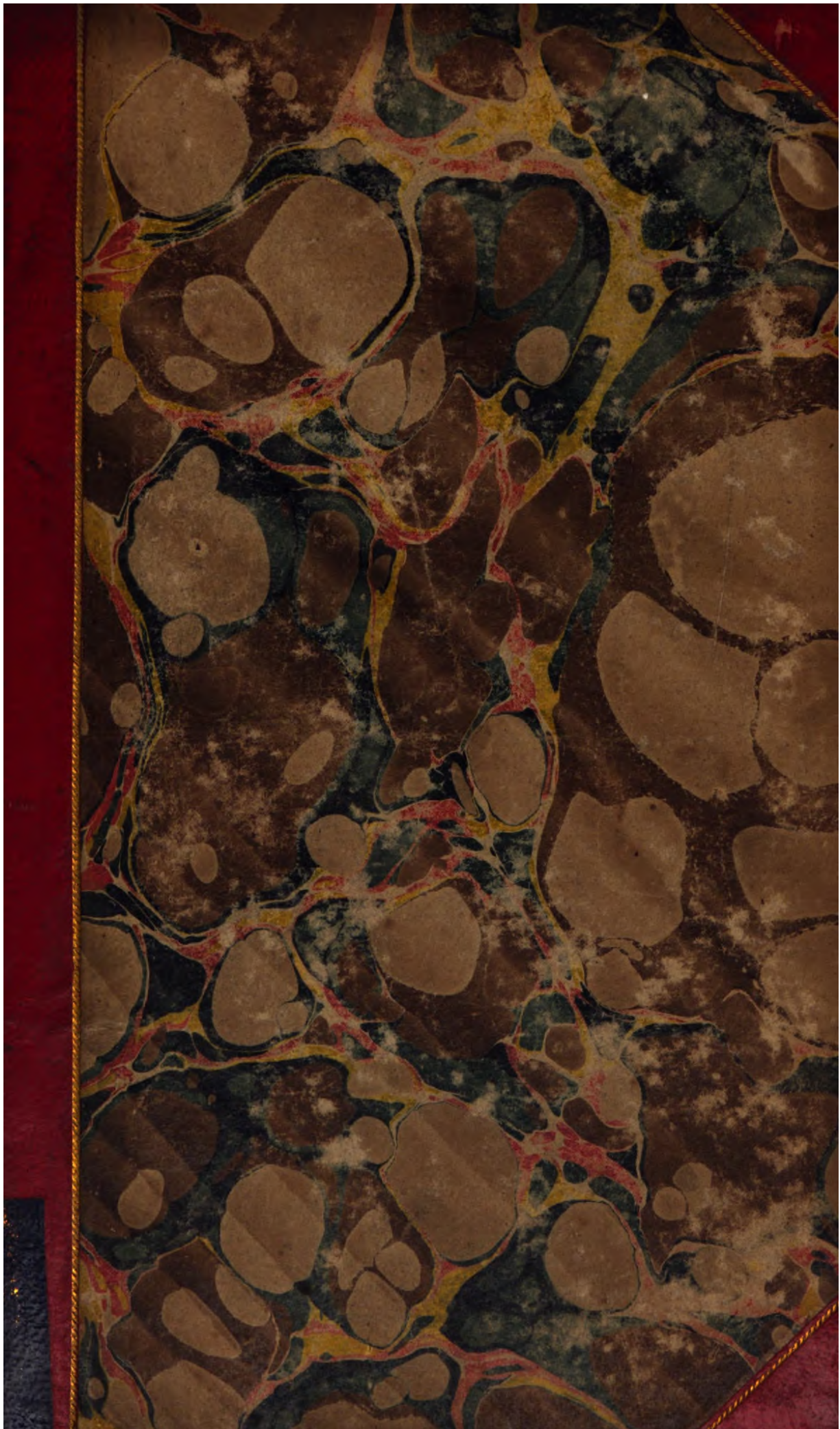
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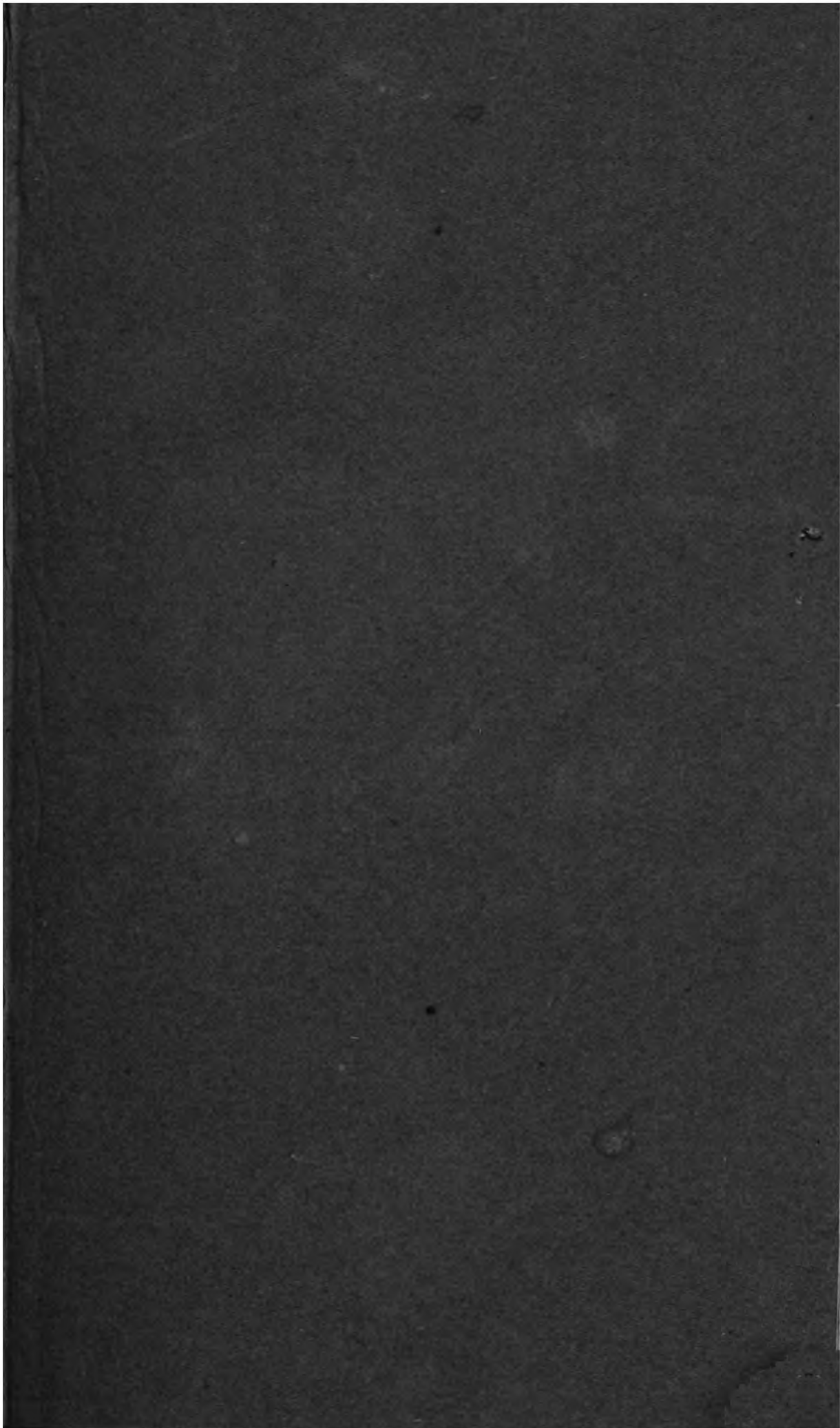
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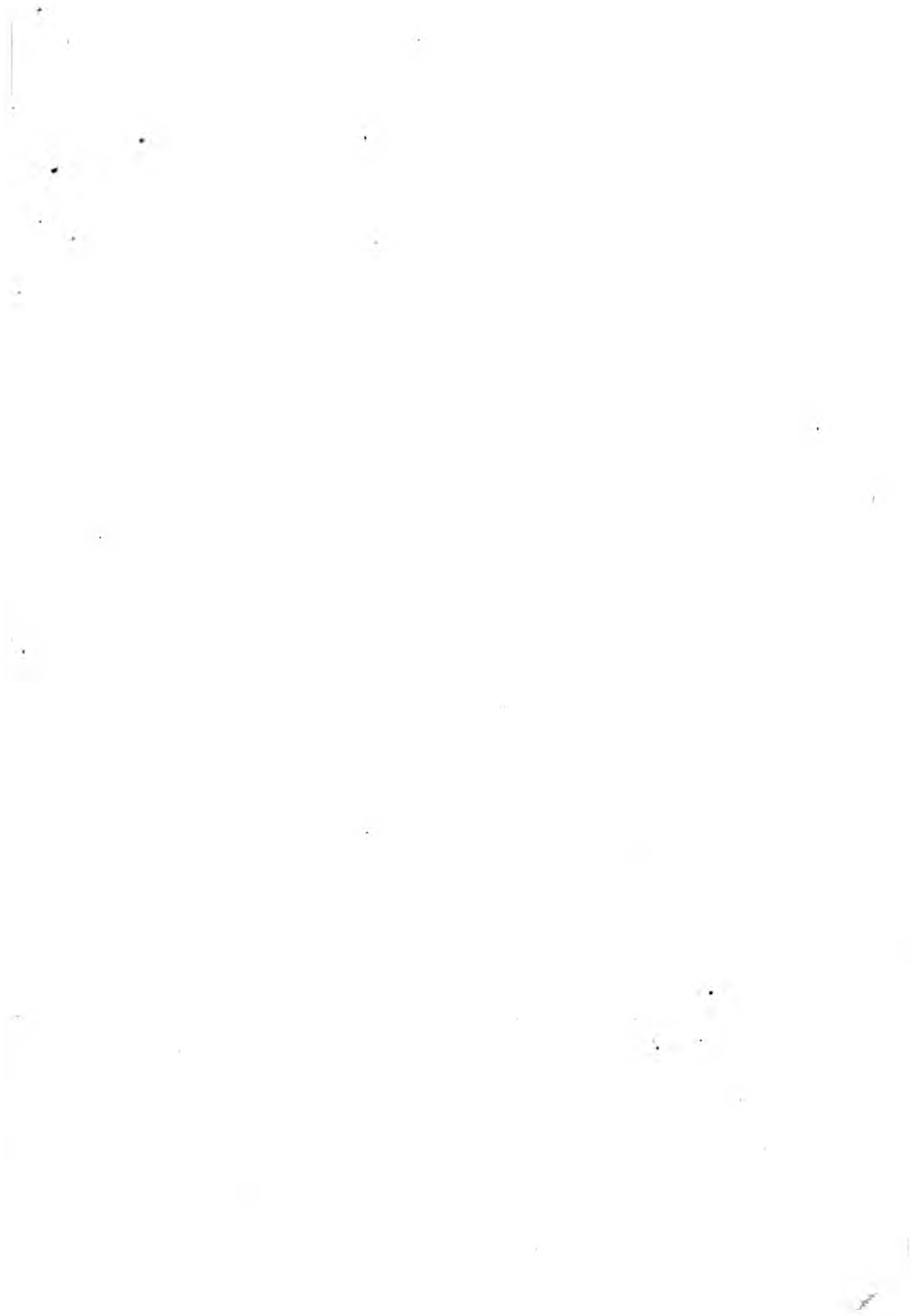
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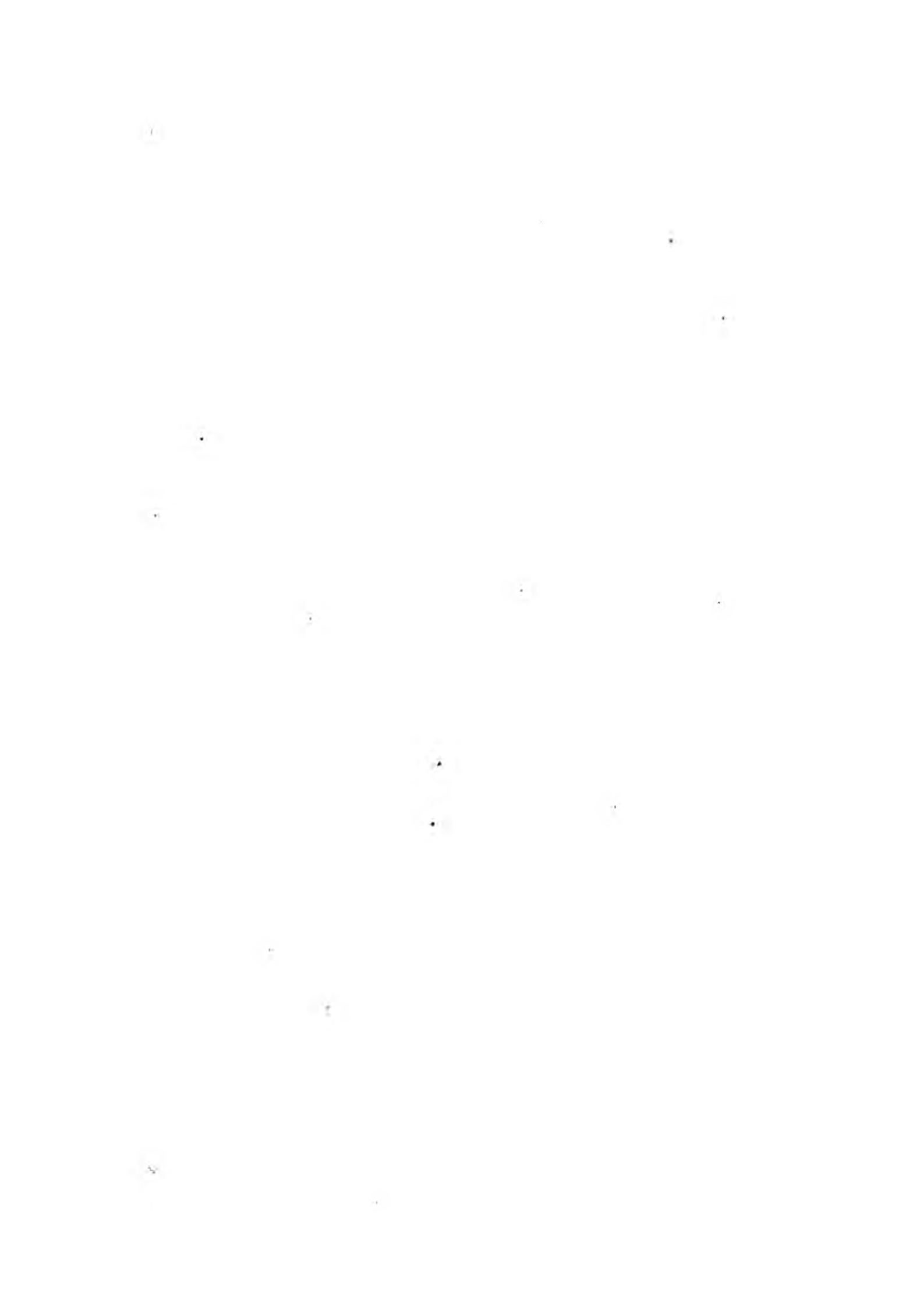


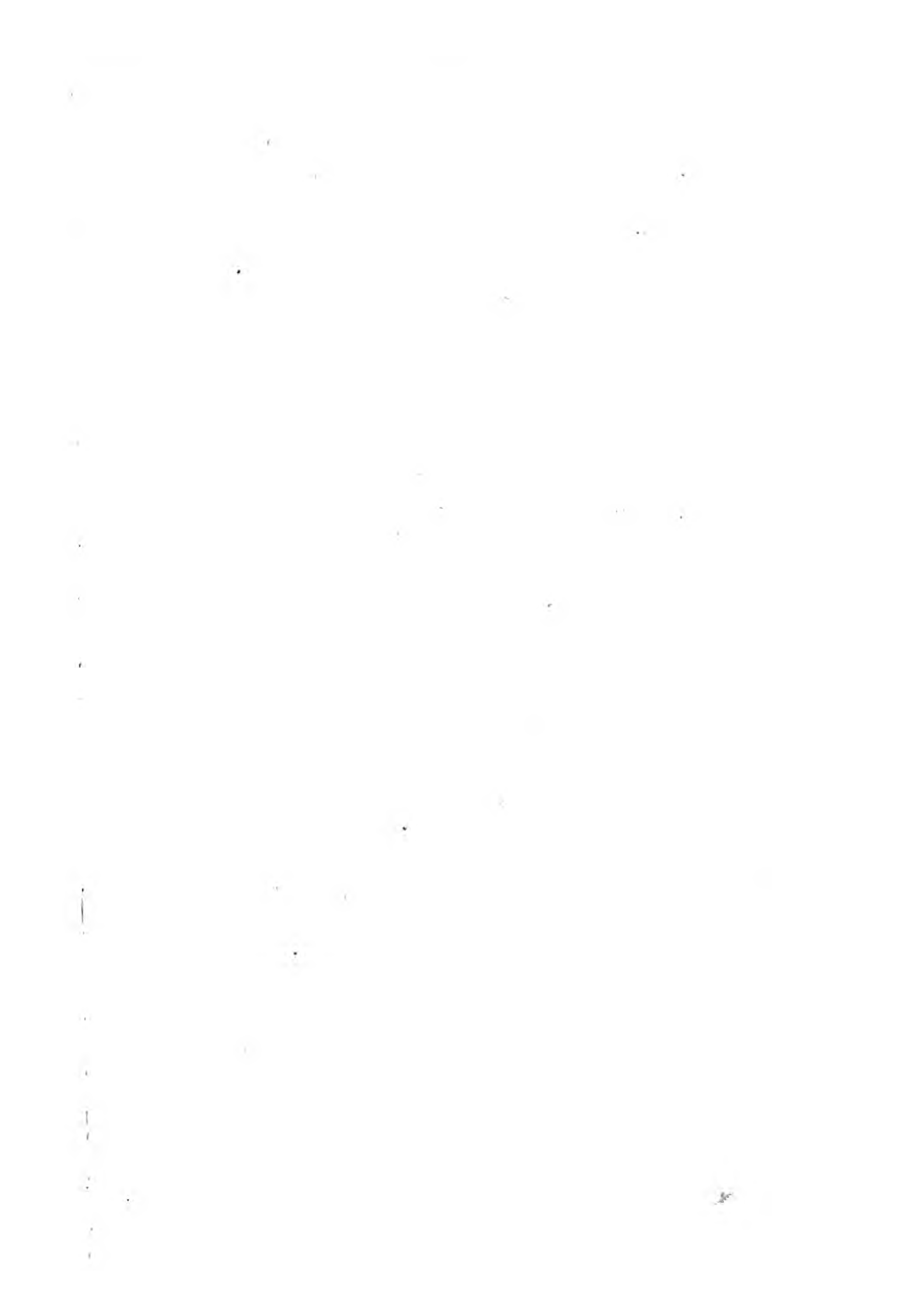


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POEMS

ON A

VARIETY OF SUBJECTS,

BY

CUTHBERT SHARP.

“What, though all the world neglect me,
Shall my haughty soul repine?
And shall poverty deject me,”
Whilst I court the hallow'd Nine?



SUNDERLAND:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY E. SMITH,

1828.

280 . 0 . 192 .

P R E F A C E .

In order to attract attention, or acquire celebrity in literary compositions, whether poetical or prosaic, in this critical and discerning age, a man should dedicate a great part of his time to obtain the necessary requisites for such an elegant and important science: the writer of this little work wishes to observe that he has not had those peculiar advantages, which are necessary to enrich and beautify the style of language he has adopted; and had it not been for circumstances peculiar to himself he would not have sent it into the world. He hopes, therefore, the reader will not entertain the idea of self-preservation in his putting it to press; but, without prejudice, bestow upon it that countenance and respect, which the author has endeavoured to obtain.

C. SHARP.

Sunderland, Sept. 1828.

THE PEASANT AND HIS SON,

I am poor and of ignoble birth ; my
Rough and tarnish'd cheeks pourtray the features
Of the poor man's son ; my father toils from
Early twilight till twinkling stars peep through
The vaulted sky ; and I too take my task
Of daily toil, as though the Parent of
The world had doom'd me to travel in
The footsteps of my wrinkled sire, till
Growing, tir'd of life I sink sequester'd
In a peasant's grave. And must this be the
Destined history of my life, and I,
With patience bear it out ? No, a nobler
Blood flows through the channel of my beating
Breast ; I'll rise with free undaunted soul, leap
O'er the boundaries of this narrow field,
And on the wings of blooming hope soar through
The world, unlettered and untaught, like

The first effort of an unfledged bird, trying
 Its feeble wings, till gathering strength, mounts
 Into the unbounded air, and sings sweet
 Melodies to the rising sun. But how
 Shall I reveal the adventure to my
 Sire ; he'll sigh and weep away his eyes with
 Plaintive agony and grief the few short
 Days he wanders on the earth.

Son. Sire, thy locks are like November dew, when
 Whiten'd by the frost ; thy hollow eyes, with
 Cheeks indented and limbs grown numb with toil,
 Show thou art drooping fast, and soon will be
 At rest. Well hast thou stood the beating storm
 Of life ; with fortitude hast borne bleak winds
 And scorching suns, hard toil and sleepless nights.
 Few were thy hours of peace ; the fair smiling
 Sabbath, that gives rest to every child of
 Adam's race, scarce was allotted to thy
 Share ; wouldst thou have me, thy son, to travel
 In the same rough path, to spend my blooming
 Days in miserable want ? and must I
 Count long years of sorrow yet to come, when
 I must plod o'er Alpine hills of grief with
 Slavish fetters bound ? Must I not taste the
 Sweets of all the rosy hours that glow in
 Bright succession round the soul, when vig'rous

Manhood beams on the glowing cheek? Had I
 Not better dwell beneath the burning zone,
 Clothed with another skin, wear shackles in
 The noon-day's beam, and walk on scorching sands?
 O, sire, 'tis true I love thee, but we must
 Surely part, and it is a painful task
 To bid thee now farewell; yet ere the sun
 Shoots out meridian splendor o'er the
 Silent hills, I must be hence, and leave this
 Damp abode of penury and want. Hear me,
 Thou guardian of my infant days, I'm
 Going to seek a smoother passage to
 The sunless regions of the grave.

Sire. 'Tis true, my son, I have had a gloomy
 Voyage, fraught with unnumber'd ills; hard fate
 To buffet on the dreary sea of such
 A life, without one ray of hope to cheer
 Our passage through this troubled scene; but canst
 Thou leave me when the storm is almost o'er?
 Wilt thou, to purchase ease, heap woes upon
 Me, such as I can't bear? wilt thou, that shouldst
 Support my drooping head, when dismal death
 Roves round my pillow, add painful struggles
 To my dying hour? Ah! ingratitude,
 That hellish vice, at early life men fix
 It in their breasts, which, like a cancer, spreads

Its poison through the busy soul ; its dire
Contagion, ever on the wing, soars through
Society in all its grades, ripe with
Eternal venom, ready to infuse
Its noxious dregs in the stained bosom
Of polluted man ; which, after taking
Its deleterious draught, fills up the
Climax of infernal crime. And thou, my
Son, what power has froze thy heart, and bound
Up the tender sympathies of love ? how
Oft have I watched thee, when thy young limbs
First learned to travel on the earth ; and
Many a tedious night I have hush'd
Thee in my arms, till soothing sleep had press'd
Thy little eyes, and kissing the bud that
Bloomed upon thy tender cheek, would sigh
For thy poor mother that now sleeps in the
Quiet grave, who, with her dying breath, pray'd
Heaven to watch her little child, and bring it
Through the trials of a troubled world : 'tis
Strange that parents' love should be so much
Despised, that after watching all their
Infant days with fond affection, and ever
Cherishing that love which nature urges
To perform with deep anxiety and
Care ; endeavouring hard to bring them up
To manhood's bloom, should be repaid with foul

Derision ; it is the worst and direst
 Pain that human nature feels ; it feebles
 And makes dull the soul ; in lowly life they
 Are the poor man's only hope ; but if they
 Break the nat'ral bond, they are his deepest
 Curse ; and too oft does misery like this
 Distract the families of earth.

Sire. My child ! my son ! my single hope ! all I
 Possess, or now regard, the only joy
 And pleasure I partake below the skies,
 Wilt thou abscond, forsake, and finally
 Abandon me to penury and death ?
 Will not the sighs of a mind worn out with
 Grief, fatigued with many years of toil,
 Ready to take its last sleep amid the
 Crumbling atoms of the dreary grave,
 Arouse the callous nature of thy heart ?
 Will not the voice of sympathetic love,
 That sometimes cools the hot-blood nature of
 The untutored savage ? will not the
 Echo of that heart-subduing sound draw
 Water from thy tearless eyes, and bring thee
 To a state of penitence and grief ? and
 Knowest thou the unpaid debt of true parental
 Love ; or knowest thou the strong unsever'd
 Tie that binds thy heart to mine ? and knowing

This, canst thou stop up thy ears and bid me
Plead in vain ? if so, farewell ! farewell !

Son. Never till now did I such throbbings in
My bosom feel ; resistless tears have wash'd
My cheeks ; I now must yield with tame and free
Submissive will, be obedient to
His ardent wish, and by obeying sooth
His weary mind ; for who can bind his heart
At such devout appeals, his plaintive and
Pathetic eloquence, with arguments
So strong,—such natural inferences,
And feelings so intense, melt the icy
Nature of my heart, and check the roving
Phrensy that leads me to forsake my sire.
I'll now begin, and stretch my supple arm,
Put all my efforts into general use ;
With vigilance and manly zeal discharge
The duties of a son, though slavish ills,
And adverse wrongs, and sorrows of the direst
Cast, in strong phalanx oppose my way ;
I'll strive with double force, invoke kind heav'n
To send a blessing from her spotless throne,
Where mercy, crown'd with the bright diadem
Of love, shines like the gracious sun that
Travels through the speechless beauty of the
Boundless sky ; come, O come to my embrace !

Thou time-worn pilgrim ; come and rest thy snowy
 Head upon my arm, this is the winter
 Of thy days, dark frowning clouds are gath'ring
 Fast around, and death now sighs on every
 Roving blast ; who knows but ere another full
 Faced moon shines from the lucid arch, that
 Gaping death, whose unshut jaws are never
 Filled, may have snatched thee hence, to be
 No more seen by me, nor any of thy race.
 Forgive me for my vile offence, I then
 Will stop and close thy eyes, and do the office
 Of a grateful son ; hear and forgive, most loving sire.

Sire. My son, I've told thee of religious
 Truth, enforced its just demands, the dread
 Result of breaking its eternal rules ;
 In plainest reasoning laid down thy duty
 To thy sire ; and when thy tongue first moved
 Within thy lips, I learnt thee to lisp thy
 Heavenly Father's praise : so take my
 Last advice ; obedience to a father's
 Will is requisite and just ; and he who
 Breaks a link of that strong chain, mocks virtue,
 Despises the great law of moral truth,
 And stains his soul with guilt.

THE DEPARTED PILGRIM.

REST, O weary traveller, rest
Thy tiresome age-worn limbs ;
Thou'st battled with the wild contest
Of world and worldly things.

Thy spirit now soars far away
Beyond the lucid skies ;
Methinks I hear thy Saviour say,
Well done, thou'st won the prize.

Bright angels hail thee welcome home,
And place thee by their side ;
Close to thy Father's dazzling throne,
For ever to abide.

There joy unalter'd ever reigns,—
There pleasure never dies ;
Ambrosial seats and flow'ry plains
Attract thy wond'ring eyes.

Now, sire, thy trials all are past,
The voyage of life is o'er ;
And thou hast reach'd the port at last
Of heav'n's delightful shore.

A LAMENTATION ON THE DEATH OF
VOLINO.

The matchless beauty of the night,
That lately glow'd with starry light,
Has vanish'd from my gazing eyes,
And floating mists now dim the skies.
O'er mountain tops the orb of day
Drives morning shadows fast away ;
He mounts my native land to cheer ;
But ah ! his beams are cold and drear
Where lovely sweet Volino lies,
Hid from the beam of glowing skies :
She's gone a journey to that bourne,
Where travellers never more return ;
She sleeps upon that lonely bed,

Where many a traveller rests his head :
No more she views yon red-bright sun,
His azure path of glory run ;
No more she views the moon's fair light,
Adorn the splendor of the night ;
Nor yet the blooming starry host,
That shed their beams upon our coast ;
Nor yet the summer's twilight scene,
Where Venus sheds her silver beam.
When round the heav'ns a silence reigns,
And warbling birds have ceas'd their strains ;
Or early morn when rosy bowers
Dispense the sweets of budding flowers ;
Nor yet the thunder's loudest roar,
That peals above the silent shore :
The tempest's howl, the noise of waves,
The winds that sigh o'er lovers' graves ;
She hears no voice, she hears no sound,
Though I weep nightly near the ground,
Where she in calmest beauty sleeps,
And crawling worms in silence creeps ;
She is at peace amongst that number,
That rest in everlasting slumber ;
Beneath this spreading tree's green shed,
Or on its bough my painful head
I'll rest and pass the day away,
And all my happy hours pourtray,

And pondering o'er departed scenes,
Amuse myself with fancy's dreams.
The love which hallow'd friendship brings,
Moves swifter than the falcon's wings ;
My halcyon days of peace are dead ;
My sunny hours have long since fled ;
My hopes were blighted in their bloom,
And long since buried in the tomb ;
And I now through the wild woods stray,
And sigh my weary hours away ;
And oft when o'er her grave I weep,
I sigh my weary soul to sleep ;
And in the lonely midnight hour,
I rest beneath a cyprian bower ;
Thus all my idle moments pass,
Like shadows o'er the waving grass :
O that some higher power above,
Would all these gloomy scenes remove ;
Would ease me of this writhing pain,
That shoots incessant through my brain :
For ah! there's nought below the skies,
Can dry the fountain of my eyes.
Have you ne'er seen fair shining Mars,
The reddest of the blooming stars,
Throw round the heav'ns a crimson light,
And ride majestic through the night,
Volino's graces did by far
Outshine the beauty of that star.



Have you seen Venus with her doves,
 An emblem how true friendship loves ;
 Then had you gaz'd with one faint view,
 You'd say that she was Venus too.
 Oft has she watch'd an April show'r
 Ope the leaves of many a flow'r ;
 Then had you watch'd her smiling brow,
 You'd say that she was Flora too ;
 Could you but see her whilst I weep,
 You'd say she's ta'en an endless sleep ;
 Could you but feel what I could tell,
 You'd say, Volino, fare-thee-well.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER.

O LOVE, thou tameless passion of the
 Human mind, that drives the soul to phrenzied
 Madness ; when shall the power of reason
 Gain the empire of my breast ? the pressing
 Load of grief now bends me to the dismal
 Gloom of cheerless solitude : the blessed
 Hour of hope is lost ; my smiling hours of

Pure untainted love have rolled into
 The ocean of unmeasured time, and
 Left me blighted like a withered bloom
 In early spring. Nature's alluring scenes
 Have lost their powers to charm. The refulgent
 Splendor of yon shining star, that scatters
 All its beauty in the hour of twilight—
 The prettiest tints of garden flow'rs
 That sip the dew and blossom in the sun—
 The soothing cadence of the sweet-tun'd
 Lyre, touch'd by the finger of an angel's
 Hand—the sweetest music of the tuneful
 Birds in England's fertile groves,—all, all is
 Discord, for I cannot love. No, could I
 Shed tears to swell the Atlantic's bounds, or
 Float the navy of Britannia's isle :
 Yea, could tears of blood in torrents dye my
 Cheeks, 'twould but increase the pang of bitterest
 Grief. O sweet society, and lovely
 Friends! O England, my country and my home,
 Farewell! may social friendship crown your
 Happier hours, when I, lone wanderer
 O'er the desert plain, will seek a shelter
 In some distant clime.

THE STORM.

COLD blew the wind from off the sea,
As I walk'd on the moor ;
The ships were driving to the lee,
And clouds began to lour.

The eastern sky was all o'ercast,
And troubl'd seem'd the air ;
And sea-fowl, conscious of the blast,
To shelving rocks repair.

The sun was glim'ring through the sky,
In robes of mist array'd ;
I thought a storm was surely nigh,
As on the moor I stray'd.

Scarce had I rov'd its banks an hour,
When waves began to roar ;
And rain in torrents fast did pour
Upon the affrighted shore.

When night her gloom had gather'd round,
No star beam'd on the deep ;
The east wind sigh'd a doleful sound—
The world was hush'd in sleep.

A ship, not distant from the beach,
 Was soon with billows tost,
 And striving hard the piers to reach,
 Was wreck'd upon the coast.

But, ah! my tale is not yet told—
 The tear rolls down my cheek,
 For what I now to you unfold,
 Would make a Nero weep.

For ere the night had dark'd the skies
 With dread and sullen gloom,
 The Captain gaz'd with ardent eyes
 To see the life-boat come.

In vain he looks o'er rising waves,
 No help approaches nigh,
 Whilst fresh'ning storms his soul dismays,
 And all his powers defy.

Now fierce winds through the cordage sweep—
 Now cries moan in the air—
 Now gazing on the frightful deep—
 Looks round with wild despair.

Then turning, thus address'd his crew,—
 Down bend your knees and pray,
 To-morrow's sun we ne'er shall view,
 All hope is fled away.

Hear us, O hear, eternal God,
Midst ocean's waves we cry,
Where midnight horror howls abroad,
Beneath a convuls'd sky.

Wilt thou, that ridest upon the storm,
And bidst the billows rise,
Look from the splendor of thy throne,
And hear our plaintive cries ?

Wilt thou in mercy calm the deep,
And make the winds to cease ?
And wilt thou hush the storm to sleep,
And all our woes release ?

But if the furious surge must roll,
And plunge us in the waves ;
Hear the last pleadings of my soul,—
Protect our little babes.

Huge roaring billows still resound,
And heave her to the shore ;
She strikes the rock—all hands are drown'd—
They sink to rise no more.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

O WHAT a wond'rous sight for human eyes,
To see a throne stretch'd in the boundless skies ;
To see Jehovah in the centre fix'd,
And dazzling angels round the circle mix'd :
When God, the everlasting judge above,
Shall the foundation of the world remove ;
When the blue arch in flaming sheets shall roll,
And fiery lustre blaze from pole to pole ;—
The stars grow dim, the moon be turn'd to blood,
And countless worlds bow to the mighty God.
Sinner, dost thou not know 'tis drawing near,
When all mankind must in the clouds appear ?
Sure as thou hast blasphem'd eternal God,
So sure shall justice smite thee with its rod ;
Sure as the saint hath trod in paths of peace,
So sure he'll dwell where pleasures never cease ;
Sure as this earth rolls round the mighty sun,
And orbs transcendent in their courses run ;
Sure as Jehovah rules them by his sway,
So sure will come that awful *judgment day*.

A RURAL SONG.

COME, Ellen, let our footsteps be
Where rivers gently flow,
Or else beneath some spreading tree
Where fragrant zephyrs blow.

Come, let us rise at early hour,
When larks are on the wing ;
We'll rove along the sunny moor,
And hear the church bells ring.

Come, Ellen, yonder beams the sun
O'er hills where we will stray ;
Sweet singing birds have now begun
To greet the op'ning day.

We'll range on yonder banks of down,
Close by the verdant vale,
Where new-blown flow'rs with rich perfume
Incense the western gale.

The wild rose waves its dewy head ;
The willows kiss the stream ;
The timid hare has left its bed,
And trips along the green.

Once more, dear Ellen, hear my voice ;
 Once more I loudly cry,
 Let's o'er yon rising hills rejoice,
 Beneath the glowing sky.

But, ah ! what sound is that I hear—
 A sound I must deplore,
 It whispers doleful in my ear,
 Thy Ellen's now no more.

My Ellen was the sweetest flow'r
 That blossom'd in the sun ;
 And this to me's the fatal hour,
 When all my peace is gone.

A PASTORAL SONG,

Imitation of Shenston.

MY cheeks are all moisten'd with tears,
 My heart is half melted with grief ;
 No nymph save the muse yet appears,
 To bring me the balm of relief.

O could I all anguish forbear,
 And could I bid sorrow begone ;
 I would banish the gloom of despair,
 And join in the nightingale's song.

Alas ! my dear Ellen is gone,
 And sleeps in the land of the dead ;
 She's left me to wander alone,
 With the mantle of grief o'erspread.

No more will we range in the spring,
 The fields where the primroses grow,
 Nor haunt where the sweet linnets sing,
 Or by streams as they murm'ring flow.

How pleasing the glance of her eye—
 It beam'd like an orb of the night—
 Its azure resembled the dye
 Of the heav'ns when lucid and bright.

Her breast was as fair as the moon,
 When rolling in glory above ;
 Her countenance beam'd as the sun—
 Her temper as mild as the dove.

The music that flow'd from her tongue
 Was sweet as the seraphim's lyre ;
 Her forehead with ringlets was hung—
 What more could a lover desire ?

Then how can I sorrow forbear !
 Or how can I dry up my tears !
 Alas ! I lie down in despair,
 And nipt is the bloom of my years.

Hark ! hark ! 'tis the sound of the knell—
 It fixes the date of my woes ;
 'Tis now I bid pleasure farewell—
 Now vanish the sweets of repose.

Ye angels, that rove in the air—
 Ye convoys, from heaven above,
 Did you waft my Ellen safe there ?
 And did she say, think on *my love* ?

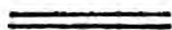
Methinks that I hear ye repeat,
 She sings a loud anthem of joy ;
 Her triumph o'er *death* is complete,
 And praise is her constant employ.

O could I such tidings but hear,
 'Twould soften the pang of my grief—
 'Twould wipe from my cheek the sad tear—
 'Twould bring me the *balm of relief*.

LINES ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

HARK ! from the classic land of slaughter'd Greece,
Loud triumphs echo " Victory and peace !"
COCHRANE and CHURCH join in the mighty cry,
" Greece shall be free ! we'll conquer, or we'll die !"
Yield, stubborn Turk ! see, Britain ploughs the main !
Yield, or thy savage tribes shall now be slain !
No longer fill that hallow'd land with blood,
Ere thy dull chiefs sink in the roaring flood !
A triple pow'r now sails the Grecian sea,
Led on by love, that sacred land to free :
The turban'd tyrant, rous'd by vengeful hate,
Hurl'd wide his furies, thoughtless of his fate ;
Then, hand in hand, the combin'd pow'rs unite,
Whilst matchless England leads them on to fight ;
And, ere the sun sunk o'er the Grecian isles,
Their shatter'd fleet was wreck'd in blazing piles !
Thus ceas'd the battle's wild tremendous roar,
And raving Turks shall haunt their land no more.
Loud peal your bells ! make all your vallies ring !
Hoist vict'ry's flag ! and songs of triumph sing !

Eternal sire ! great Sov'reign of the skies !
 Dispense thy glory on those brave allies ;
 An empire fix once more in mournful Greece,
 And crown our globe with universal peace.



LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.



O DEATH ! thou universal monster, and
 Destroyer of domestic peace ! why didst thou
 Dart thine arrow at a virtuous youth
 Just dawning in the morn of manhood ? Why
 Didst thou hurry him to thy dread regions,
 To dwell forgotten in that darksome cell ?
 Forgot by all, except the tender feelings
 Of a parent's heart, and a brother's fond
 Regard. Why, unsparing archer, didst thou
 Not shoot thine arrows in the field, where
 Human tyrants reign, and ease some slave of
 His oppressive load ? Alas ! these are the
 Questions of a tortured mind. If
 Nature asks her just demand, there's none dare
 Her deny : who knows but 'tis the mild decree

Of heaven that some bright angel with his
 Golden wings, from heaven's imperial
 Court, on errand sent, to waft him to the
 Sunny shores of immortality and bliss,
 To tune a golden harp in rosy bow'rs,
 And walk by silver streams, to drink the pure
 Fountain of unmingled joy. If such his
 Glorious exit from this world of woe,
 Let's dry our weeping eyes, nor longer let
 Them roll with melancholy glare; but let
 Us bend the humble knee, in prayer, in
 Adoration, and in gratitude, to
 God. But keen reflection rushes on my
 Mind; the joys of happy days that's gone, when
 We went hand in hand to school, with two green
 Satchels, full of sportive play and native
 Innocence, roving on the rural banks
 Of happiness; we thought that death would never
 Come,—such is delusion's magic power.
 No more he'll rise at morn, to view the lark
 Mount high the scented air to greet the rising
 Sun. For now he slumbers in the dark abode
 Of death; there no gleam of light can enter;
 But one still night of unmolested
 Sleep, till time shall be no more. Yon moon,
 Enwrapp'd in murky clouds, at intervals
 Throws back her darken'd robes, and smiles upon
 His peaceful grave. And when Aurora opes

The gates of day, the binding weeds, waved
 By the morn's chill breeze, shake off their dewy
 Tears upon his green spread mound ; whilst I, the
 Object of despair and sorrow, will wail
 At midnight when all nature rests. O John !
 I bid thee now adieu, thy weary soul
 Has found a home ; but I must wander still,
 In this drear world, to bear the bleak winds of
 Sorrow, care, and pain, till, nipt by the cold
 Hand of death, I die—I sleep, and mingle
 With thy dust.

A SONNET.

IN this delightful village I was born,
 And pass'd the glowing hours of youth away,
 Ere disappointment taught the soul to mourn,
 Or frantic passion led the heart astray.
 Alas ! I've been a wanderer since the day,
 When first with hopes alluring smiles elate,
 I left these scenes, impatient of delay,
 Regardless of the frowning storms of fate ;

And here I stand—dejected and unknown—
 A stranger on my own paternal soil,
 With all my tow'ring schemes of bliss o'erthrown—
 The fruit of endless peril, pain, and toil;
 And nought can cheer my care-worn bosom, save
 Anticipated joy beyond the grave.

THE LAND WHERE I DWELL!

How sweet is the place of my birth!
 Its joys I'm unable to tell;
 There's not such a spot upon earth
 As England, the land where I dwell.

A spirit of freedom and love
 Is seen every bosom to swell,
 As though heaven smil'd from above
 On England, the land where I dwell.

O'er woodlands and mountains I've stray'd,
 I've wander'd the plain and the dell;
 And if beauty was ever pourtray'd,
 'Tis England, the land where I dwell.

There's none for more valour renown'd,
 Her foes she can quickly dispel ;
 With laurels immortal she's crown'd—
 How sweet is the land where I dwell !

She's blest with the brave and the true ;
 Her wisdom there's none can excel ;
 And I never will bid an adieu
 To England, the land where I dwell,

Till death his keen arrow shall dart,
 And then I must bid her farewell ;
 But ah ! what a pain to depart
 From England, the land where I dwell.

THE ADVENTURER'S ADDRESS TO
 HIMSELF.

COME, health and strength, renew your store,
 Let's spread our slacken'd sails once more,—
 Come, faith, come, hope, let's onward press,
 If there's no rule, we'll go by guess.

On reason, build resolve, says Young,*
 What value we the poet's tongue,—
 Come, hope, wide is our course to steer,
 Health cries, we've nothing now to fear;
 Like eagles soaring far away,
 We'll claim dame fortune as our prey,—
 We'll range Columbia's golden shore,
 And pluck rich treasures from her store.

SUNDERLAND LIGHTHOUSE.

HAST thou ne'er seen in some still night,
 The glowing light-house gleam?
 And hast thou seen that vivid light,
 Upon the billows stream?

Or hast thou heard the wild waves roar,
 And winds howl o'er the moor?
 Or hast thou trod on yonder shore,
 In lonely midnight hour?

Dost thou not know, in darkest night,
When storm-clouds dim the sky,
That yonder shedding stream of light
Is watch'd by many an eye?

And dost thou know, when homeward bound,
With hopes and prospects bright,
The sea-boy, gazing all around,
Looks for yon stream of light?

And when the billows foam, he'll oft
Upon the topmast climb,
And shouting from his seat aloft—
I see the lighthouse shine.

The seamen then elate with joy,
At such a welcome sight,
Cry out, halloo! come down my boy,
We'll be at home to night.

Till safe across yon rising bar,
Their hearts glow with delight;
They gaze on objects which by far
Surpass yon stream of light.

THE CALAMITIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

MAN knows not what he can withstand,
When adverse wrongs oppose—
When poverty's unfeeling hand
Deals out afflicting woes.

He knows not what it is beyond
His patience for to bear,
Though sometimes ready to despond,
And sink into despair.

As when we climb ambition's height—
Whilst gazing from below,
The prospect seems serenely bright,—
But ah! how vain the show.

For every anxious step we rise,
Discovers something new;
Some hidden gloom which our faint eyes—
Before could never view.

So when we travel from the height
Of pleasure, we behold
Misery's dark appalling sight—
Looks dreary, dark, and cold.

But yet the busy mind is still
 Amus'd with something new,
 And whilst descending down the hill,
 Fresh objects come to view.

Fresh sights still flatter us, and please
 As we approach the vale ;
 And objects lighten by degrees,
 Which once look'd dark and pale.

But when the mental eye becomes
 Adapted to its gloom,
 Such scenes it then no longer shuns—
 Contented with its doom.

A SUMMER'S EVENING,

At Hartlepool

WHAT glad'ning prospects does the evening
 Bring! Can it be nature or her God, that
 Paints such lively beauties round this lovely
 Spot? O'er the wide surface of the silent
 Deep, whose billows, oft like ceaseless thunder

Roar, on this huge congeries of frightful
Rocks, is calm and placid as the village
Pool. Yon chain of lofty hills, dim'd by the
Shade of evening mists, seem mingling with
The clouds; whilst on the green surface of their
Sloping breasts, rich culter'd fields, in neatest
Order ranged, down to the bare sand
That marks the boundaries of the rippling
Waves. Far in the heav'ns a silent majesty
Prevails; and on the busy earth scarce is
A murmur heard, save now and then the fisher's
Paddle on the ocean's breast, whose noise is
Music to the musing ear. This time-worn
Venerable church—those antique walls which
Once were ramparts, reared by our father's
Hands, to guard their children from the tyrant's
Grasp, when war's loud trump roused peaceful
Citizens to arms; at such an hour as
This, seem objects fit for meditation:
And to adorn the enamour'd beauty
Of the sight, sweet Vesper, in her silver
Chariot, mounts through the blue expanse,
Rivaling in beauty all the starry host,
And scattering her locks of dew upon
Fair Albion's hills, smiles as she climbs
The azure fields. 'Tis pleasing, far beyond
The poet's power to tell; for heaven,
And earth, and all the objects round, are calm,

Delightful, and serene. O that the breast
 Of man was quiet as this summer eve,
 And placid as the region I survey;
 No human groans of poverty and crime would
 Then be heard—the tongue of discontent would
 Then be silent as those aged walls,—
 Then would the dread oppressor's arm
 Of blood be rul'd with tenderness and love,
 And man would live at peace, like bleating lambs
 That crop the mountain grass. Alas! a
 Ceaseless storm pervades the human breast—
 Conflicting passions and ungodly
 Zeal—eternal war within the flesh—
 Sedition, strife, and all the numerous
 Ills that paint the face of misery, which
 Makes one shudder at the thought of human
 Woe:—but I will drop a subject so immense,
 And publish to the world, that nature's
 Beauties pleased me most on the green
 Border of those sunny banks.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the lovely moon
 When all the world's asleep—to muse on

Wond'rous nature's charms—to view the starry
Host in countless numbers glitter in the
Spacious concave of high heaven. Oft
In autumn's clearest night, on some high
Grassy hill, wet with the midnight dew, I've
Stood, and looking at the boundless glory
Of immense delight shed tears of joy. 'Tis
Sweet to gaze on yon wide deep when breathing
Zephyrs wave o'er the still surface of its
Lucid breast, or floating vessels glide in
Smooth serenity with loaded cargo,
Bound for the banks of glorious Thames. Yes,
'Tis nature pleases most, and yields the greatest
Pleasure we partake.

FINIS.



