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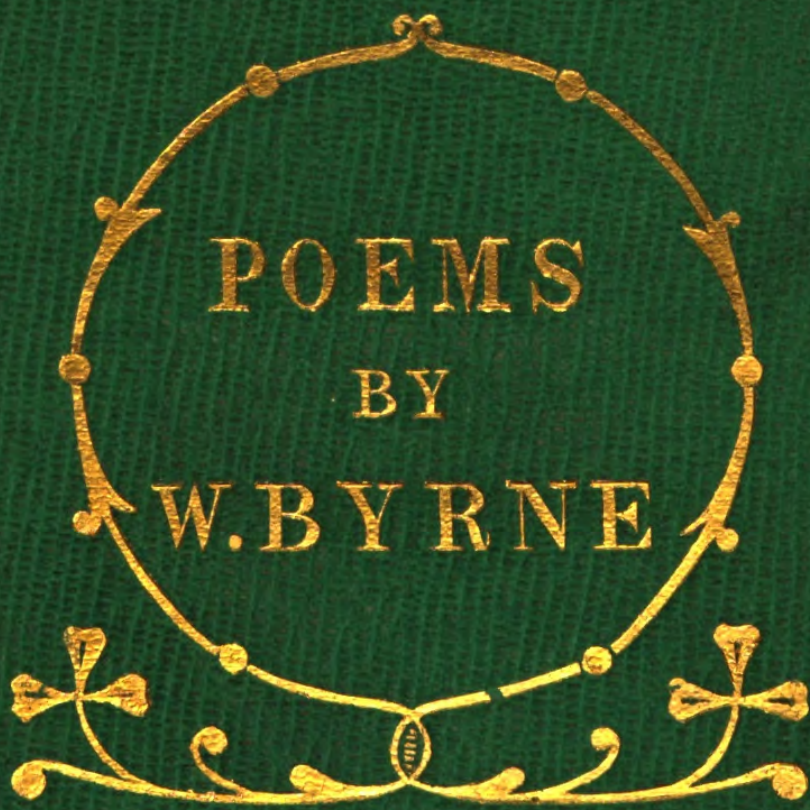
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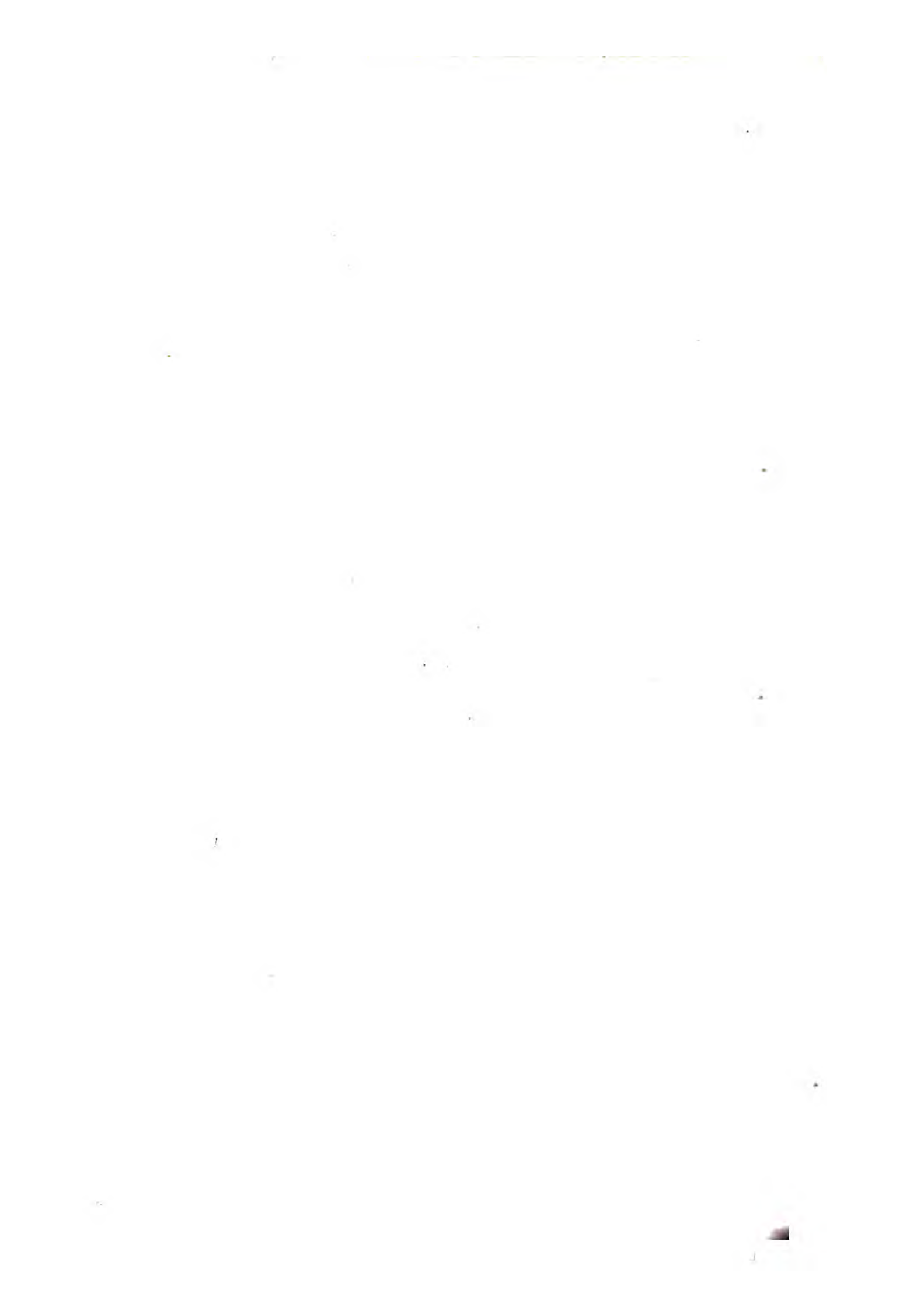


POEMS
BY
W. BYRNE



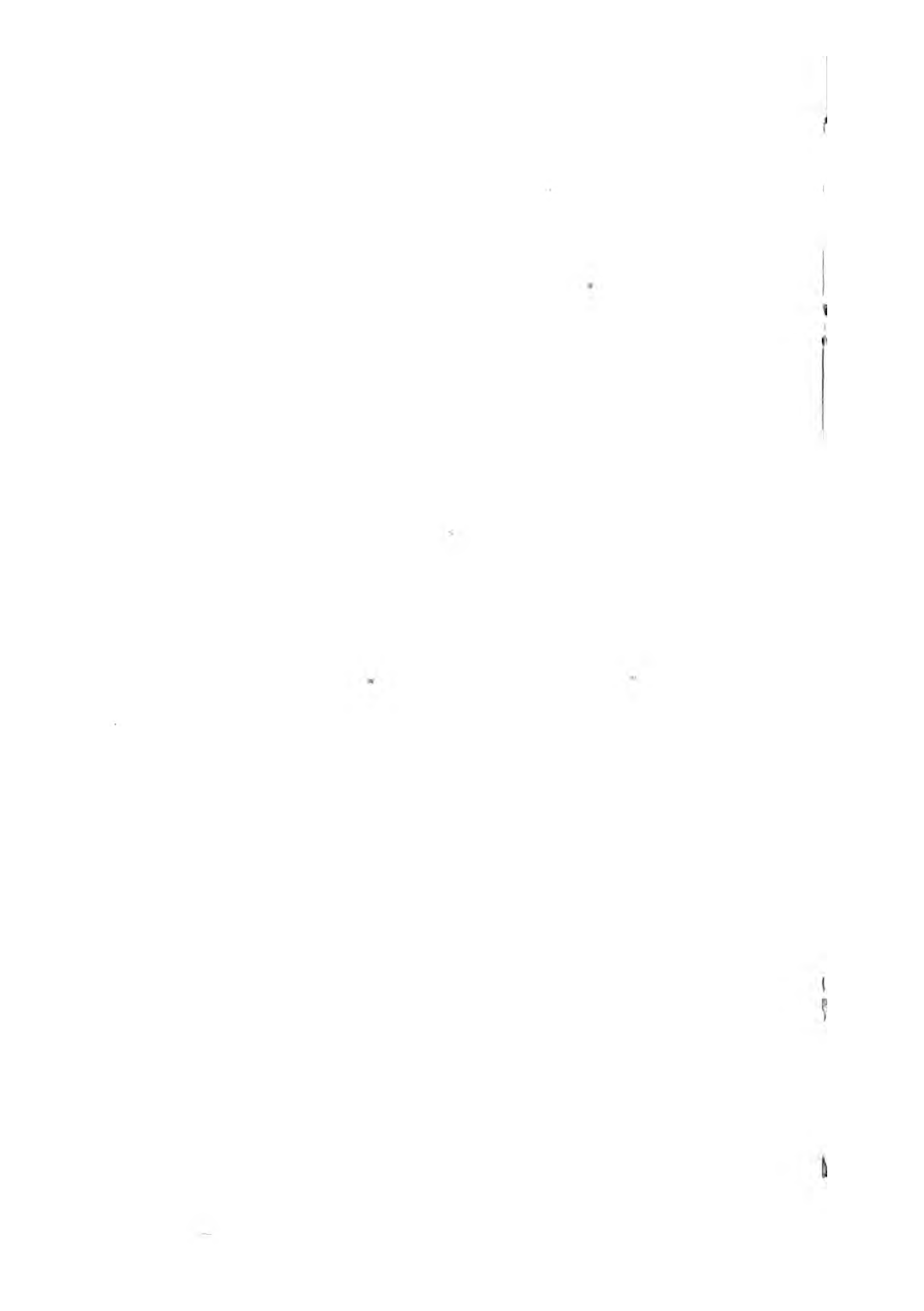
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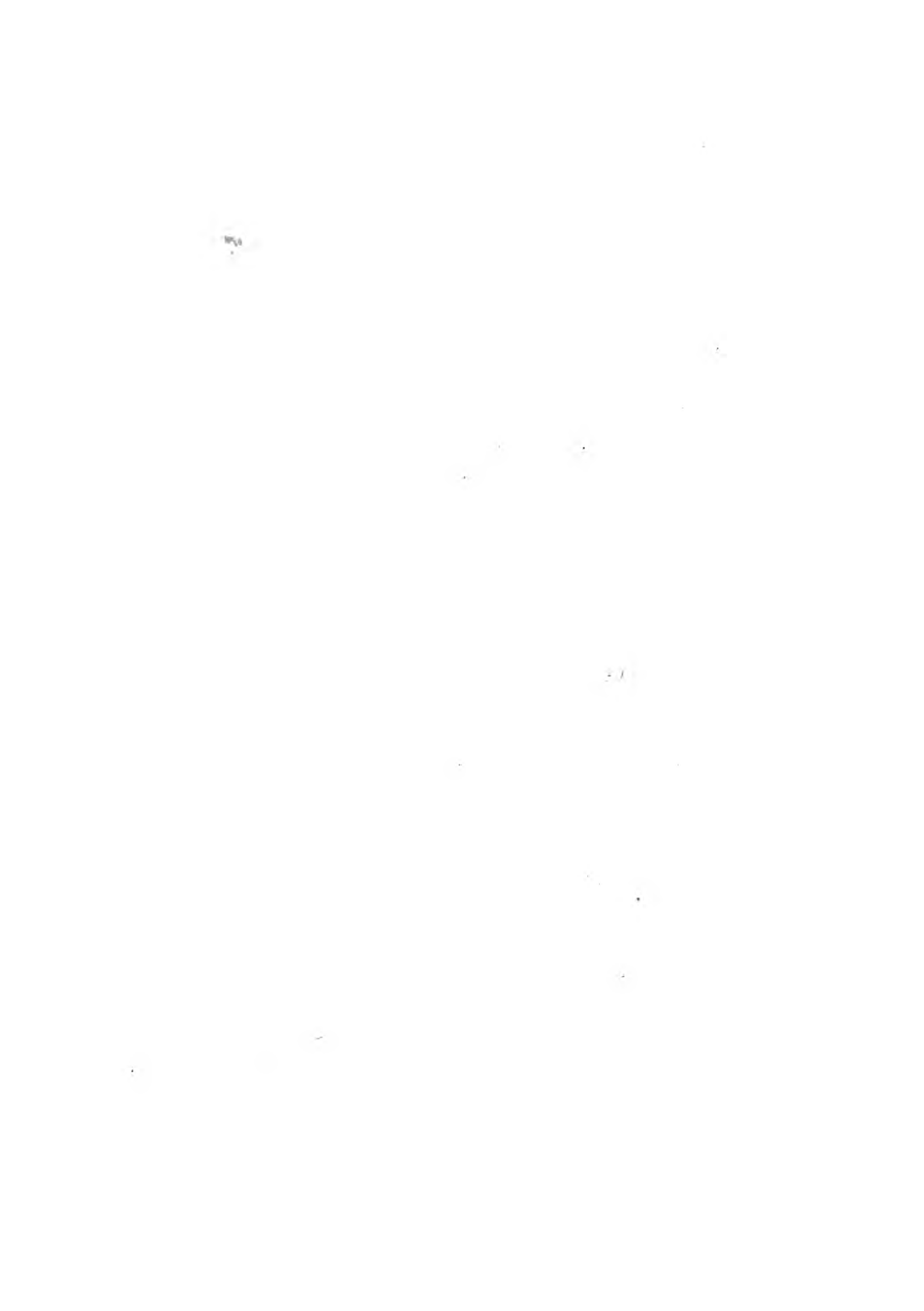






POEMS.







W. Willis del et sc

Vide p. 17

P O E M S.

BY

WILLIAM BYRNE.

“Go, little book, from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways.”
—SOUTHEY.

LONDON :
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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JAMES HOGG, NICOLSON-STREET.

1855.

280. no. 108.



NORMAN, PRINTER, CHELTENHAM.

TO
THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON THORP,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS,

(BY PERMISSION)

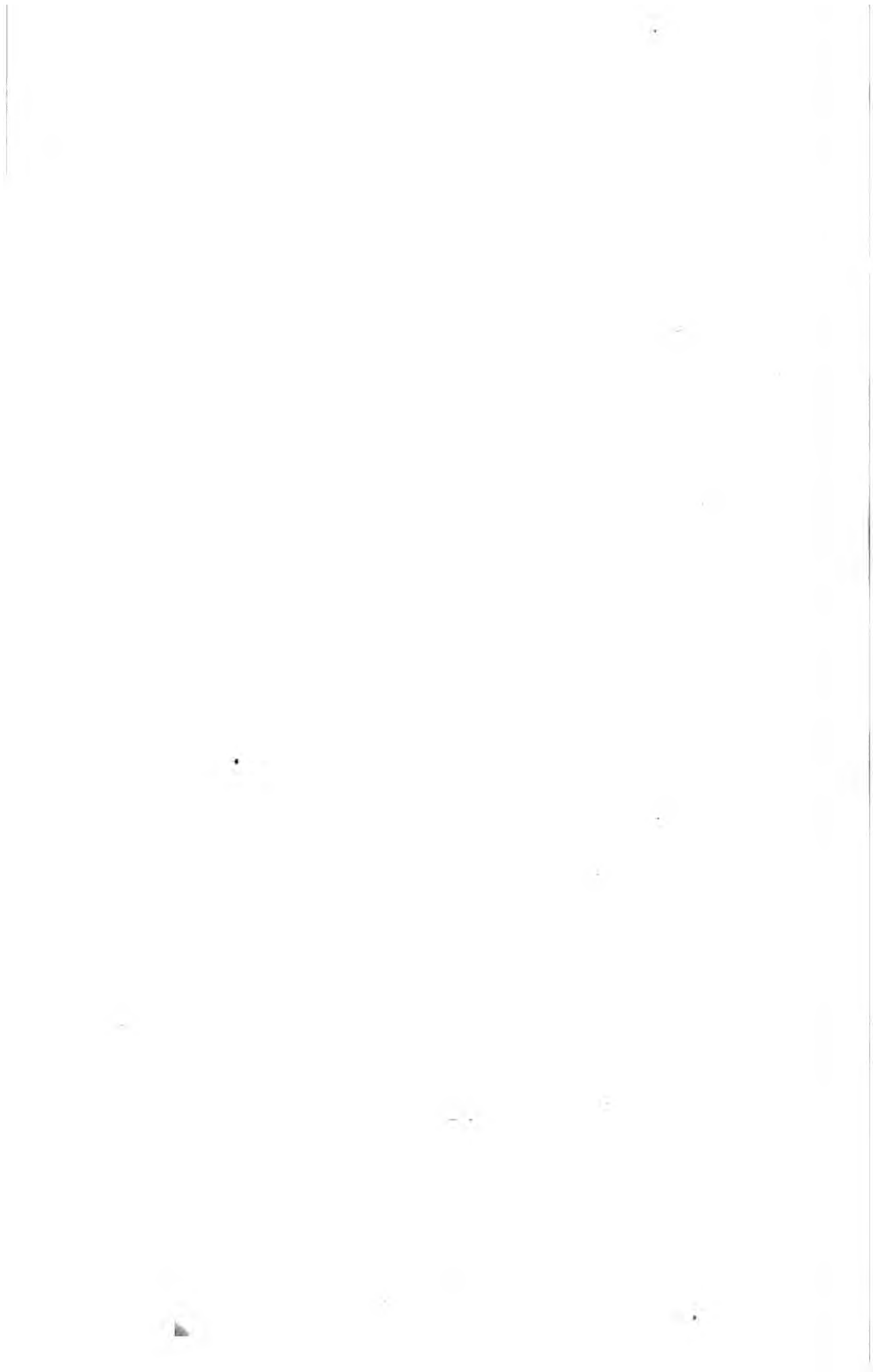
INSCRIBED,

WITH GRATITUDE AND RESPECT,

BY

HIS VERY OBLIGED SERVANT,

WILLIAM BYRNE.



PREFACE.



Perhaps no writer ever issued a *first* volume without timidity, and he who now writes is no exception to this general rule.

The Poems of which this volume is composed have, with a few exceptions, been contributed to "Hogg's Instructor" and other Magazines; nor did the Author, at the time of such contribution, think of their re-appearance in the present volume.

He is as conscious as the reader can be of their imperfections; and they would not have been republished but for the urgent solicitations of friends. His only

hope is, that crude and unlettered as they are, they may yet be found to contain

“Some not unprofitable thoughts,”

and with this hope he leaves them in the hands of an indulgent public.

CHELTENHAM, APRIL, 1855.

P.S.—This volume was first announced by the title “Lonely Hours,” but another work bearing a similar one being in circulation, mistakes might have arisen, and therefore the word “Poems” is substituted.

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The angry storm that rends the mighty oak,
Tearing its limbs asunder in its power,
Stays not to crush the simple wilding flower
That bows its head, unscathed, before the stroke.

Therefore, my little book, fear not the storm
That critics hurl : the hollow praise of men
Thou seekest not, nor lovest ; fear not, then—
'Twill pass thee by, nor deign to do thee harm.

Go, then, my wreath of wild poetic flowers—
Entwined with many weeds I know thou art ;
Yet thou, perchance, may'st meet one kindly heart,
And, haply, serve to soothe its *Lonely Hours* !



P O E M S .



TO CHELTENHAM.



If but a century since I could have stood
Where now, deep musing o'er the past, I stand,
Mine eye had fall'n on stream and bow'ring wood,
And straw roof'd cots strewed o'er the pleasant land !
The golden cornfield, with its sunburnt band
Of reapers, and its nodding sheaves of grain ;
The farm-house clad with rustling vine leaves, and
The pear tree avenue, and old green lane,
And pastures reaching to the Cotswold's noble chain !

I too had seen the smithy, heard the din
Of ringing metal, and beneath the trees
Had gazed upon thy quiet low-roof'd inn,
With creaking signboard swinging in the breeze,
And pleasant garden with its hives of bees !
Oh, cheerful looked that little inn at night,
When the snow fell and the still pool did freeze :
Then through the windows gleam'd a ruddy light,
Which told that on its hearth a fire burn'd warm and
bright.

Oh, in that day thou beauteous wert, for all
Was simple ; then not thine the grand hotels—
Thy glory now ! nor lofty pillar'd hall,
Nor high-arch'd dome ; yet oh, thou had'st thy dells,
Where violets lurk'd, and cowslips droop'd their bells,
And graceful lilies grew, and snowdrops fair !—
(Spots such as these where thrush or blackbird dwells,)
And feathery songsters fill'd the fragrant air,
And bright-ey'd children came to pluck the daisies there !

Thy school-house, too, stood 'neath the spreading beech;
Near thy old parsonage and beside the mill,
From the tall elms the rooks at eve would preach,
When the red sun was sinking o'er the hill;
Thy wide and straggling street a babbling rill
Did channel, and the rosy barefoot maid*
Would oft her earthen pitcher come to fill,
Where o'er the stones its crystal waters play'd,
And there would stay awhile her truant hair to braid!

But where are *now* thy little peaceful cots?
Thy sunny cornfields and thy orchards where?
Thy shady groves and violet-scented spots,
And they that came to pluck the wild flowers there—
Those laughing boys and girls with golden hair?
And where the whistling ploughboy and his team?
The little smithy where the forge did glare?
The maid that fill'd her pitcher at the stream?
All, all have pass'd away like some remembered dream!

* See Frontispiece.

Yes, all are gone that mark'd the rural scene !
No more thy groves and orchards meet the eye,
And where the humble village once had been,
Stand now thy sculptur'd buildings tow'ring high,
And gilded spires that climb the azure sky,
And sweeping terraces, and grand parades,
And circling crescents ! Oh, what place can vie
With thy fair avenues and cooling shades,
Or boast such beauteous forms as throng thy promenades !

Hygeia's favourite haunt ! I love thee well,
Thou Queen of Towns ! thou nursery of flowers !
Thou art my birthplace, and I fain would dwell
With thee for aye ! Oh, may my latest hours
Be spent beneath the shadow of thy tow'rs,
That so like old friends seem ; my last fond sigh
Be breath'd amid thy quiet sylvan bowers !—
My dying look be fixed on thy fair sky ;
My bones within thy churchyard's hallow'd precincts
lie !

SABBATH MORNING.



'Tis Sabbath morn ! the solemn sound of bells
Is borne upon the quiet holy breeze,
From hallow'd churches that in yonder dells
Lift up their heads half hidden by the trees !
The birds, methinks, sing with a sweeter lay,
And the sun too shines brighter on the Sabbath day.

The streamlet with a clearer ripple flows,
The very flowers a richer perfume yield,
Even the cawing of the stately crows,
That undisturbed strut o'er the new-ploughed field,
Seems musical to me ! while in the grove
With a more dreamy sound the rustling branches move.

All toil is o'er ! I miss the blacksmith's stroke,
The anvil's ring, the carter's noisy song,
The forge's roar—and e'en its wreath of smoke
Now curls no more yon fir-tree boughs among ;
The noisy mill, too, for a time doth cease,
And all things tell of rest, and holy calm and peace.

But now the bells are silent, and appear
(Within that sacred building, old and gray)
The honest rustics, who are met to hear
The word of God, and keep His holy day !
'Tis sweet to see the group assembled there—
The youth—and timid maid—and those with silver hair !

Through the stained windows the glad sunshine streams
Upon the Gothic pillars—worn and old,
And on each fretted arch, until it seems
That they are built of precious stones and gold,
And casting on the floor in colours faint
The shadowy outline of some rudely-pictured saint !

Though few they are and simple there that raise
Their voice to heaven, responding to the prayer,
Nor pealing organ mingles with their praise,
Yet think not thou that God the less is there !
For He hath said, “ Wherever two or three
Are gathered in my name, there in the midst I'll be !”

Oh, there is something in a Sabbath morn—
As if a charm to this sweet time were given—
To wean the mind from all that's earthly born,
And lift the heart adoringly to heaven ;
Making the spirit strive to break the chain
That binds it to this life of chequered joy and pain.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER'S EVENING.



Oh, can I e'er forget that beauteous even
When thou wert by my side?
How calmly in the azure western heaven
The lady moon did ride!

And on our path her silver light was streaming,
While in the sky afar,
Like a pure lovely gem, was softly beaming
The gentle evening star.

And on our ear fell music's sweetest measure
And woman's dulcet voice,

Recalling many long-past hours of pleasure—
Making the heart rejoice.

And thou, dear Amy! on my arm wert leaning—
I held thy hand in mine;
And gentle glances full of artless meaning
Beamed from those orbs of thine.

I never felt till then how much I lov'd thee—
How fondly and how well!
A holy feeling of devotion mov'd me,
Too deep for words to tell.

But when I saw that cloud of sadness shading
Thy lovely brow of light,
I wept to think that thou, sweet flower, wert fading,
Perchance 'neath sorrow's blight!

Oh, dearest, did that evening's closing grieve thee?
For all too quick it flew;

And say, oh had I—soon as I did leave thee—
Pass'd from thy mem'ry too ?

Or, like me, didst thou, when night's shades were
creeping
Across the silent plain—
And thou wert on thy pillow calmly sleeping—
Live o'er those hours again ?

But why thus dare *I* dream ? Perchance another
Is of thy heart possess'd !
Then let me only be to thee—a brother,
And, Amy, I am blest !

And wilt thou not, when 'neath the turf and flowers
I low in death may be,
Sometimes, recalling that sweet evening's hours,
Bestow one thought on me ?

LONELY THOUGHTS.



What is this human life below ?
How vain it all appears !—
A few short days or years of woe,
And blighted hopes and tears ;

And then we pass—and with the clay,
In cold corruption rot,
And nearest friends again are gay
So soon we are forgot !

Oh yes ! e'er yet our new-raised mound
Doth grass and flowrets wear,
Another at the board is found
To fill our vacant chair !

And forms assemble round the hearth
All smiling as before,
And pass the evening hours in mirth,
But think of us no more!

And ev'n the one that loved us well—
Our own fond blue-eyed maid—
Perchance with grief her heart may swell
When 'neath the sod we're laid.

But oh! how soon that grief hath pass'd,
And left no trace behind,
'Till in her memory at last
A place we scarcely find!

Then why desire to live, or be
With honour crown'd or fame?
Since life is but a mockery—
A vain and empty name!

Yet, wherefore shed these bitter tears ?
Or why this spirit's gloom ?
Though all *on earth* so vain appears
There's life beyond the tomb !

Oh ! for a Seraph's wings to soar
To regions of the bless'd,
To gain that bright and happy shore
And ever be at rest !

THE BLUE SKY IS BEAMING BEYOND.



How dismal the prospect! how cheerless the scene!
The horizon with clouds is o'ercast;
Bowed down are the flowers—that so lovely had been—
By the rain which in torrents falls fast.
But soon will disperse, 'neath the sun's cheering ray,
The clouds that now bid us despond;
For see in the West, tho' 'tis far, far away,
The blue sky is beaming beyond!

Then weep not, tho' now thou'rt o'erburdened with care,
And affliction's dark cloud o'er thee lours—
'Tis a folly to sigh and give way to despair,
As if life had no *sunnier* hours!
For if thy lot's *now* like a dull dreary day,
Oh! cheer thee, and never despond!
Let the dark clouds of sorrow droop low as they may,
The blue sky of Hope beams beyond!

EVENING.



It is the sweet—the calm—the holy hour,
When winds are hush'd, and every leaf and flow'r
Is bathed in balmy dew ; and all is mute
Save the soft notes of some fond lover's flute,
That mingled with the sound of waters near,
Floats in sweet music on the list'ning ear :—
Or save the soothing tones of village bells
That chime so sweetly in the distant dells.
Scarce a leaf stirs—so quiet is the air—
It seems as though 'twas Nature's hour of prayer !
The glorious sun hath set, yet there are still
Bright golden clouds o'er yonder wood-crowned hill ;

And spires, and lofty towers, and turrets grey,
Catch the departing smiles of setting day !
The lovely twilight's rich and purple hue
Is sweetly blended with the sky's deep blue ;
While in the east the beauteous Queen of Night
Rises among the woods in splendour bright,
Looking with tearful eye upon the stream
Where trembling plays her cold and silvery beam.
How pensive memory, with a magic power,
Doth call to birth, at this sweet tranquil hour,
Remembrances of days, for ever fled !
Sad thoughts of those now numbered with the dead
Come o'er the soul, uncall'd for ; and we see
Each long-lost face just as it used to be !
Oh ! often at this hour the form will come
Of her—the worshipped idol of our home—
The blessing of our hearts—our joy and pride !
Yes ! *even now* I see her at my side
In all her sweet angelic beauty stand !—
I feel the pressure of her soft white hand ;

And see again that sunny smile that told—
Too plainly!—she was not of *earthly mould*;
She does not speak, and yet I hear a voice
Like heavenly music;—and I do rejoice—
(So real the vision seems)—that she again
Doth dwell among us here!—but when I fain
Would once more fold her in a fond embrace,
And print one kiss upon her angel face,—
I hear a rush of wings—the vision's gone—
And I am left—*O God! how much*—alone!

I THINK OF THEE.



I think of thee—when in the east
Bright amber tints o'erspread the sky,
And the lark leaves its downy nest,
And mounts with songs of joy on high ;
When gentle blossoms drink the dew
That sparkles on each flow'r and tree,
And nature wakes to life anew—
In that sweet hour—*I think of thee !*

I think of thee—the live-long day,
In pleasure's hour and hours of care ;
And when the daylight fades away,
And evening comes, serene and fair,

When the pale vesper star's faint beam
Rests trembling on the calm blue sea,
And sweetly sounds each rippling stream,
And whispering breeze, *I think of thee!*

I think of thee—when o'er the hill
The moon looks down upon the vale,
And every little warbler's still—
Save night's own bird—the Nightingale ;
And when the quiet hour of rest
Draws nigh,—and when I bend the knee
In prayer *for those I love the best*—
Oh, dearest! then, *I think of thee!*

THE DEATH-ANGEL'S VISITS.



Just at the shut of eve an angel pass'd
On pinions borne;—his brow a sadness wore;
And as he went a gloomy shade was cast
On things that seem'd so fair and bright before;
And e'en the flowers were blighted by his breath!
That angel's name was "DEATH!"

With half-closed violet eye and golden hair,
Lay on its mother's breast a cherub child:
That fond young parent's hope:—the angel there
Alighted, and the infant sweetly smiled!—
Death pluck'd the lovely flower, and bore his prize
To bloom in Paradise!

At early dawn again that angel came
To where upon a couch all still was laid—
(Like a pale lily wither'd by the flame
Of noontide's sun)—a sweet and gentle maid!
The deep-drawn sigh—the flush—the nervous start
All told a broken heart!

To those that came in sorrow there to weep,
In dulcet tones that beauteous maiden said—
“Oh do not mourn because I go to sleep,
Nor grieve for me when in the tomb I'm laid;”
Then for her base deceiver breath'd a prayer
And wing'd with Death the air!

Again 'twas night!—and all things holy seem'd—
Silent and solemn, yet with naught of gloom;—
The soft pale moonbeams thro' the vine-leaves stream'd,
Filling with silver light a little room:—
A hoary man lay on a sick bed there,
And one knelt by in prayer!

The cares of many a long and weary year
Had bow'd his form ;—yet now his aged eye
With pleasure beam'd. He knew Death hover'd near ;
And all his friends had died in days gone by,
Leaving him lonely in this world of woe,
And *he too* long'd to go !

Death at the casement tapp'd, and call'd his name—
With joy the spirit left the worn-out clay !—
And through the lattice then the soft breeze came
Laden with scent of flowers and new-mown hay,
Fanning the few grey locks that floated now
Upon his lifeless brow !

BIRTH-DAY STANZAS.



Ellen, on this thy natal day,
Thy lover strikes his lyre for thee :
And wilt thou not accept his lay,
All poor and feeble though it be ?

Oh, that he could entwine a wreath
Worthy to deck a brow so fair
As thine, or all his wishes breathe
In verse more suited to thine ear !

But if he cannot sweep the chords
Of his poor harp with master hand,
Or tell his love in lofty words,
Or pen his thoughts in rhymings grand,

Still, still on this, thy natal day,
How could, how *dare*, he silent be ?
Then, oh ! accept this feeble lay,
A token of his love for thee !

Long as each swift succeeding year
Flies onward on the wings of time—
Bringing this day—Oh ! may no tear
Dim those blue, tender orbs of thine !

May sorrow never come to shade
The sunlight of thy fair young brow—
Nor aught but virtue e'er invade
That heart so pure and gentle now !

May peace, and love, and happiness,
And health thy portion ever be ;
And every joy thou could'st express
Be thine—this is his prayer for thee !

And oh ! may he who pens this lay,
That doth his fond affection prove,
Become, on each succeeding day,
More worthy of his Ellen's love !

WHAT IS IT?



What is it, dearest! when we meet,
That bids my heart rejoice?
That makes my pulse so quickly beat
Whene'er I hear thy voice?
That calls the life-blood to my cheek
When others tell of thee?
That makes me falter when I speak,—
Dearest, what can it be?

What is it—when thou'rt by my side
At evening—when we stray,
Doth cause those hours of bliss to glide
With lightning speed away?

What is it makes me—when the chimes
Tell that 'tis time to part—
Repeat—“ Good Night”—a thousand times,
Yet, hold thee to my heart ?

What is it makes me 'mid a scene
Where other ones are gay—
And *I with thee* have happy been—
Feel sad when thou'rt away ?
Oh ! tell me, what this charm may be,
That wheresoe'er I rove,
Makes me thus feel—speak—think of thee !—
Dearest, it must be LOVE !

“ SHE DIED IN EARLY YOUTH.”



She died—our much-lov'd cherished flower—
Just in her morn of bloom ;
She left us in life's sweetest hour,
And sought the cold damp tomb :—
Ere yet she had been taught to stray
From the bright paths of truth,—
While still she trod the NARROW WAY—
“ She died in early youth !”

She died e'er yet her gentle heart
Contained one thought of guile ;
She died before affliction's smart
Had stol'n away her smile :
Ere care had marred her beauteous face,
That beamed with love and truth—

Where none could aught but virtue trace—

“ She died in early youth ! ”

She lived to bless us when with flowers

Bright Summer came array'd ;

But when the Autumn stripp'd the bowers,

She too began to fade :

When Winter's snows were on the field,

Then, to the God of Truth,

Her pure young spirit she did yield—

“ She died in early youth ! ”

Oh ! who may tell what hearts did break

Beside her last low bed !

Oh ! who may tell, for her dear sake,

How many tears were shed !

But grief no more shall dim our eyes ;—

Can we not say with truth,

“ This flower now blooms in Paradise ! ”

Yes ; for she died *in youth* !

THE REJECTED.



Farewell ! thou false and worthless one—

I will not linger here to *grieve thee* ;—

Since thou dost love for *gold* alone,

To richer suitors I will leave thee :

I never did believe that thou

Could'st such cold bitter words have spoken—

I was deceived—I know thee now

Too well—for oh ! my heart is broken !

Farewell ! since thou dost *wish me* gone,

My presence here shall ne'er distress thee ;

Henceforth I tread life's path, *alone*,

Farewell ! may God for ever bless thee !

Yet *thou*, perchance, when years have flown—
 Long years, with all their changes o'er thee ;
And all thy flattering friends are gone—
 Wilt think of him who did *adore* thee ;
Should'st thou e'er feel the cold world's scorn,
 Or live to find thyself neglected ;
Thou'lt call to mind the lowly-born
 Who dared to love, and was rejected !
 Farewell ! since thou dost wish me gone,
 My presence *here* shall ne'er distress thee :—
Henceforth I tread life's path, alone ;
 Farewell ! may God for ever bless *thee* !

“SHE IS AN ANGEL NOW.”

SEQUEL TO “WE NEVER MET AGAIN.”



I saw her *once* again—how changed !
I stood beside her bier :
I felt as though my heart would break,
And yet I shed no tear—
For in the breeze that came to play
Upon my burning brow,
Methought a still small voice did say,
“ She is an Angel now.”

Oh ! she was lovely e'en in death !
Her long bright golden hair
Flowed in dishevelled beauty o'er
Her neck and shoulders fair ;

A heavenly smile was on her cheek—
A calmness on her brow,
Which said—far more than words could speak—
“She is an Angel now.”

They laid her gently down to sleep
’Neath where yon yew-trees wave :—
The beauteous flowers she always loved
Now bloom upon her grave.
And when the sun’s departing ray
Is on the mountain’s brow,
The breezes seem to me to say,
“She is an Angel now.”

N I G H T .



'Tis Night! the tranquil hour
When labour sleeps and holy thoughts have birth,
The hour when quiet breezes roam the earth,
Kissing each sleeping flower.

'Tis Night! the calm—the still!
And the fair moon—the angel-eyed, the meek,—
Comes out to lay her sadly-pale, soft cheek,
Upon the rugged hill!

'Tis Night! beloved Night!
And the sweet primrose lifts its modest eye
Up, wondering, to the blue meads of the sky,
Where blossom flowers of light!

Here 'neath the cypress-trees
I love to stand, and watch the moonbeams fall
In silver fretwork on the ruin'd wall,
And feel the lovely breeze,

All laden with perfume,
Borne from the hawthorns, that in yonder vale,
Where now so sweetly sings the nightingale,
In rich profusion bloom.

Slowly the long grass waves—
Whilst here and there the simple daisies peep,
And the blue violets bow their heads to weep,
Upon the quiet graves.

Up to the antient dial
The creeping ivy silently doth climb,
As if it fain would reach the hands of Time,
And stay their course awhile!

How hush'd all things appear,
As if I stood alone; and yet this spot
Is thickly peopled, but I hear them not—
For all are silent here!

Yes! many a heart that beat
As warmly as my own, in days gone by;
And many a breast that heav'd the lonely sigh,
Lies silent at my feet.

And, oh! their lot, how blest—
How truly blest!—for what availeth now
The throbbing heart and brain—the aching brow?
Naught! for they are at rest.

Here lie the old and young—
The gentle maiden, and the aged sire—
The love-sick youth—the man with soul of fire—
The weakly and the strong!

Calmly, too, sleep the blest—
The worldly-minded slumber here in peace—
The wicked from their fear and troubling cease—
The weary are at rest.

He, whose sad earthly lot
Was pain and woe, with joy resigned his breath,
And laid him here to sleep the sleep of death,
And now his pain's forgot!

And when *I* too shall die,
In some such nook as this, far from the din
Of the dark city, with its strife and sin,
May I in quiet lie!

Not that the body sleeps
More sweetly in the hush'd secluded spot
Than in the city-ground where thousands rot,
Festering in crowds and heaps!

Yet here upon the brink
Of this new grave I stand with stifled breath,
Shuddering—for oh ! it gives a form to death,
More terrible to think—

—(For 'tis a thought of gloom)—
That our poor yellow bones and mouldering dust
Shall from their resting place be rudely thrust,
To give another room.

But hark ! the solemn bell—
The heart of time—that beats in yonder tower,
Reminds me that it is the midnight hour :
Most solemn Night, farewell !

WHY WEEPEST THOU?



Sweet Maiden ! wherefore dost thou sigh
As if no joys were near ;—
And why stands trembling in thine eye
That bright and pearly tear ?
Why hath the sunlight fled thy face ?
And why upon thy brow
Hath sorrow's finger left its trace ?—
Maiden ! why weepest thou ?

Thy cheek that once was like the rose
Now wears the *lily's* hue !
Sweet lurking smiles did *once* repose
Within those eyes of blue.

Alas, how changed!—thy smiles are flown,

And *tears* replace them now!

Oh, why art thou so sad and lone?

Say, say! why *weepest* thou?

They tell me that thy lov'd one's dead—

Sweet Maiden! do not weep!

Remember, in the same low bed

Thou'lt soon beside him sleep!

And there's a *better land* above,

Where, haply, he doth now

Await thee—to renew his love—

Then, oh! why *weepest* thou?

A LESSON FOR MAIDENS.

“ SHE TRIFLED WITH HIM 'TILL SHE LOST HIM.”



Within a cot—a pleasant cot—
 (To whose white walls a vine was clinging)—
That stood in a sweet shady spot,
 Where birds seem'd ne'er to tire of singing,
A maiden dwelt, that loved a youth,—
 But oh, how many a sigh she cost him!—
Instead of loving him *with truth*,
 She trifled with him 'till she lost him!

How oft he came and breathed her name,
And knelt upon the turf before her ;
And told her cupid's ardent flame
He felt for her, and did adore her !—
He sighed and said, ah, cruel lass !—
What sleepless nights her coldness cost him :
She said she lov'd him, but, alas !
She trifled with him 'till she lost him !

You would have thought this maiden ought
To strive her best to love and please him ;
But when she knew his heart was caught,
Her whole desire seem'd but to tease him !
To jealous make him she would gaze
On *others*,—thus his peace she cost him ;
But soon he sickened of her ways—
She trifled with him 'till she lost him !

Now to each fair I say beware !—
Whene'er your sweetheart comes a courting,

Take my advice—pray have a care

How with his feelings you are *sporting* !

Or else—*too late*—you'll find 'tis wrong

To flirt, and boast what sighs you've cost him ;

He will not bear such treatment long—

You'll trifle with him 'till you've lost him !

THE MAIDS OF ENGLAND.

IN IMITATION OF MRS. HEMANS' "HOMES OF ENGLAND."



The fair young maids of England,
How beautiful are they !
What sunny and angelic smiles
Upon their features play !
How sweet their look—how fair their form—
Their eyes how deeply blue !
How tender are their hearts and warm !
And, oh ! in love—*how true!*

The fair young maids of England,
Without them what were life?
But, oh! how blest the man that wins
A fair young English *wife*!
What peace, what joy, what happiness,
Unto his home she brings;
And to him—should he know distress—
How fondly then she clings!

The women fair of England,
When mothers, sure such love,
Such holy love as theirs is found
Alone in realms above!
Then, oh! love woman well—as she
Were of *thyself* a part:
For sure God's richest gift to thee
On earth is woman's heart!

'The daughters fair of England!
May manly hearts of worth

Be ever found to treasure up
Those priceless gems of earth !
May God's best blessing ever rest
On each fair gentle flower ;
And may their native land be bless'd
"In sunshine and in shower !"

THE SLAVE AUCTION.

(Vide "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,"—Chap. XII.)



A woman slave, bow'd down with care,
Whose sands were well-nigh run,
Stood, the sad image of despair,
Beside her infant son.
To those that barter'd flesh and blood,
She cried with breaking heart,
"Dear Mas'rs, for the sake of God,
O sell us not apart!"

Roughly, from her convulsive hold,
Her boy is torn away,
Placed on the block, and quickly sold—
As he were *naught* but clay!

You would have deem'd—(as thus they part)—
Those tears—that bitter groan,
Had touched the brutal Trader's heart—
But no!—his heart was *stone*!

Great God!—can man be so depraved?
For men unmoved stood there!
Calmly—nor pitied when she raved
With cries of wild despair!
Oh thou the nation—*boasted* FREE—
That crimes like this hath nursed,
Sure God's displeasure rests on thee—
Yea! and thou shalt be cursed!

I'LL THINK OF THEE.



When winter's blasts are through the stark trees sighing,
And nature's face is sad and drear to see—
And gentle daisies 'neath the snow are lying,
I'll think of thee.

And when the spring comes, deck'd with many a flower,
Bidding stern winter from her presence flee,
And melody doth fill each sylvan bower,
I'll think of thee.

When o'er its pebbly shore the stream is tripping
With joyous song; and when the wilding bee
From out the woodbine blossom sweets is sipping,
I'll think of thee.

When through the verdant meads at eve I wander,
When dew-drops glisten on the willow tree,
Upon some mossy bank I'll sit and ponder,
And think of thee.

When all is silent save the murm'ring river,
And the bright stars are mirror'd in the sea,
(Those beauteous lamps of heav'n that burn for ever),
I'll think of thee.

In hours of sorrow and in hours of gladness—
Whate'er the time—where'er the place may be,
I'll swell my joy, or chase away my sadness
With thoughts of thee.

“LOVE ONE ANOTHER.



Oh, “love one another!”—this world, at the best,
It aboundeth in sorrow and care ;
And there’s not one among us, tho’ never so blest,
But that has of misfortune his share.
Yet, as clouds are dispersed ’neath the rays of the sun,
When they darken the blue sky above us,
So the clouds of our sorrow depart, if there’s one
To sympathise with us and love us !

Oh, “love one another!”—for is there a heart
That unloved and unloving could live ?
Or any that would not far rather depart
From the world, if no *love* it could give ?

This life would indeed be all worthless and vain,
If no form of affection were near us,
To share in our mirth—to console us in pain—
And in sickness to comfort and cheer us !

Oh, "love one another!" and brightness shall beam
O'er the sky of your gloomiest hours ;
And e'en though your path through a desert may seem,
You shall find in it many fair flowers !
Oh, "love one another!"—and then shall ye know
How that *love* unto mortals is given
To gladden their hearts as they sojourn below,
And to fit and prepare them for Heaven !

LINES TO AMERICA.



Is *this* the Land of Freedom? Oh, my brothers!

And are these Liberty's proud boastful sons,
That tear the tender children from their mothers,
And trample on the poor afflicted ones?

And are they *Christians*? can you call them *human*,
That cramp their brother men with chains and gyves,
And lacerate the flesh of feeble woman,
And make a trade of human creatures' lives?

Oh, free-born citizen ! in this thy nation

Are there not thousands—flesh and blood like thee—
Toiling in ceaseless, hopeless degradation,
Groaning beneath the curse of slavery ?

Are they not daily like dumb cattle barter'd ?

Is not their wailing heard throughout the land ?
Have not the forest-trees beheld them slaughter'd ?
Do not their bones lie bleaching on the sand ?

Is not the young wife from her husband riven,

The infant stolen from its mother's knee ?
Can'st thou, then, stand beneath God's broad blue heaven,
And *dare* to tell me that thy land is FREE !

And you, ye stiff-necked, viper generation,

That call yourselves the *Shepherds of the Lord* !
That strive to justify your tyrant nation
By straining texts of God's most holy word !

That walk the earth in purple and fine linen,
That rob the poor, and in the pulpit pray !
There's One above that doth behold your sinning,
How will ye meet Him in the judgment day ?

Oh land of base injustice and oppression !
Oh land of groans and tears and human blood !
Heaven surely will not pass thy great transgression,
No, thou shalt one day feel the curse of God !

TO THE DANDELION.

“It is the blessed and Christlike privilege of poetry to take to her bosom whatsoever the world hath cast out.”—*Gerald Massey*.



Dear little flower with yellow eye,
That bloom'st beside the dusty way,
Tho' others coldly pass thee by,
Yet will I sing thy praise to-day ;
For often in the crowded street,
'Mid busy trade's discordant jars,
'Mong rolling wheels and tramping feet,
I meet thy golden stars !

And then I seem to leave behind
The sounds I thought so harsh and loud :
I see not those that pass, nor mind
The jostling of the vulgar crowd :
The noisy mart—the shops of trade—
The dark and gloomy houses seem

Before my eyes to shrink and fade—

I walk as in a dream !

And scenes I lov'd in boyhood's hours

Rise up before my "inward eye:"

Sweet quiet glens—green shady bowers—

Fields filled with sunshine from the sky !

Sounds, too—familiar sounds—I hear :

The dreamy rustling of the trees—

The warbling of the brooklet clear—

The drowsy hum of bees !

And this too passes, and I seem

To stand beneath the silent stars ;

The tearful moon's soft timid beam

Streams faintly through the cloudy bars

That part us from the broad blue sky ;

The gloomy yew-trees round me wave,

And sad and broken-hearted, I

Look down upon a grave !

And o'er my spirit then will steal
A sadness that I oft have known—
A pensiveness that makes me feel
How bitter 'tis to be *alone*.
And as I starting meet the stare
Of some rude clownish passer-by,
I breathe to Heav'n a silent prayer—
And almost wish to die!

But when I see thee, little flower,
Thus blooming on the humble sod,
Content alike in sun or shower—
I learn to put my trust in God!
And feeling then how darkly blind
We are to truths as clear as day,
More cheerful-hearted and resigned,
I go upon my way!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUNDAY MORNING
AT THE OLD CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.



'Twas the sweet and blessed Sabbath, God's own holy
hallowed hour,
And the bells were softly chiming, in *Saint Mary's* time-
worn tower.

Silent was the voice of labour, no harsh sounds disturbed
the air,
And the rows of stately lime trees bowed their heads as
if in prayer!

And I stood within the chancel; many forms were
bending low;

There I saw the blue-eyed maiden, and the sire with
locks like snow.

And the breeze, "like breath of Angels," came in from
some flow'ry plain,

And the sun's glad rays were streaming through the
dusty window pane;

Casting strange mysterious shadows, dreamy figures,
gold and red,

On the marble urns and tablets—sad memorials of the
dead;

Pouring down upon the pavement, where departed feet
had trod,

On the crimson cushion'd pulpit, and upon the Book of
God!

And I leant against a pillar, musing strangely, for it
seemed

As it were some sweet enchantment, or as if I only
dreamed.

And I listen'd to the Pastor, who, with voice of solemn
tone,

Read the Words that God had written on the tablets
made of stone.

And I heard the people chanting, "Lord, our thoughts
to thee incline,

And within our hearts so sinful write these holy laws
of thine."

And I heard the lofty organ, and its pealing seemed
to me

Like the rush of mighty waters, or the swelling of the
sea!

And the voices of the children sounded like some rip-
pling rill ;
Or like strains of moonlight music, heard when all the
earth is still.

Solemn thoughts came stealing o'er me—thoughts be-
yond my own control—
Meditations of devotion, such as purify the soul.

Surely from all sin to wean us, that bright day to earth
was given,
For I feel that I was nearer then, than now I am, to
Heaven.

TO ——— ON HER BIRTHDAY.

(WITH A LOCKET.)



Dear Nell, a year has pass'd away,
And brought again thy natal day.
Once more I strive to twine for thee
A simple wreath of poesy.
'Tis most unmeet for lady's eyes,
Yet thou, I know, wilt dearly prize
This poor rude verse of mine, and take
The gift, and wear it for my sake.—
What shall I write?—'Twere idle now
To tell my love; thou knowest how
My heart of hearts is all thine own
And beats for thee and thee alone!

For long, long years, oh ! may this day
Return to thee with joy, and may
Virtue and Truth—those stars divine—
About thy pathway ever shine !
And should'st thou know or grief or care,
May *I* be near, those ills to share !
Soon, darling, shall I call thee “ Wife,”
And tread with thee the path of life—
That rugged path, with snares beset,
Where thorns amid the flowers are met,
And sorrow and misfortune hide !
Yet, will I bear thee by my side,
In days of joy and days of ruth,
Still loving thee with all the truth
And fervour of the love of youth !
And may'st thou ever love me true !
God bless thee, dear one ! now adieu !

O LET ME WEEP WITH THEE!



Lady, I do not ask to share
Thy hours of mirth and glee,
Nor yet thy smiles ; for oh, it were
Too great a boon for me !
And there are others by thy side,
For thee with smiles to bless,
And one who soon will call thee “ Bride,”
To share thy happiness !

But when with grief thy heart doth swell,
And all thy joys are fled ;
When those, perchance, that loved thee well,
Are numbered with the dead ;
When nought can give thy heart relief—
So lonely thou may'st be—
Oh, lady ! I would share that grief—
Yes, I would weep with thee !

YOU ARE GOING TO "THE DIGGINS."

(WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.)



You are going to "the Diggins"—

You will venture o'er the main ;

All your vows of love forgotten,

In this "mania for gain !"

But the world if you roam over,

Oh tell me in what part

You will find a greater treasure

Than a loving maiden's heart !

How often have I pictured

To myself a happy lot—

A kind and loving husband,

And a little peaceful cot !

And I've dreamed of blue-eye'd children
Clinging fondly to my knee ;
But, alas ! those hopes have faded,
There is no such bliss for me.

Oh wherefore seek for riches ?
They will only bring you care !
Then why not be contented ?
You have plenty, and to spare !
Your heart is strangely alter'd,*
And your love is growing cold ;
Or you'd ne'er forsake your Mary
To go searching after gold !

You'll have perils to encounter
On that distant foreign strand ;
And your heart will then be pining
For your own dear native land.
For there's danger in the climate,
Should you live to cross the main ;

And a something whispers to me
That we ne'er shall meet again.

And should sickness overtake you,
Who will watch beside your bed?
There'll be none to smooth your pillow,
Or to bind your aching head!
Then be, oh! be persuaded,
Ne'er in other lands to roam;
For be sure the greatest treasures
Are found often *nearest home!*

THE EMIGRANT'S DREAM.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE IRISH EMIGRANT.")



He lay beneath a giant tree,
Whose hundred arms outspread,
Form'd a rich canopy of green
Above the sleeper's head.
A burning tear was on his cheek,
His brow the cool breeze fann'd ;
And oh ! his heart was far away,
In his own dear native land !

He dreamt of one belov'd, who slept
Beneath the willow tree,
Within that spot where, when a boy,
He chased the wand'ring bee ;

Or stretch'd upon a grassy mound,
 In summer's gladsome hour,
Had watch'd the swallows come to build
 In th' old grey ruin'd tower.

He thought a bright angelic form
 Was standing by his side ;
And 'neath her crown of light he traced
 The features of his Bride—
Not as she look'd when pain and want
 Had robb'd her of her smile,
But fairer than when first she sat
 Beside him on the stile.

Her face it wore a holy smile,
 And with a radiance shone,
Her robes of snowy whiteness were
 Too bright to gaze upon !
Her voice—'twas Mary's voice, whose tone
 He loved so well to hear—

Fell like the notes of some sweet lute,
Upon his ravish'd ear.

“ Oh ! weep no more,” she said, “ that I
Have left this world of pain ;
Your constant love could never wish
Your Mary back again !” —
She told him how, in God's good time,
To him it would be given
To meet his Mary, and to dwell
With her, for aye, in Heaven.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE POOR.

“Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.”

—LONGFELLOW.



Speak kindly to the poor, my friend,
For oh! thou knowest not
What balm there is *e'en in kind words*,
To soothe their lonely lot!
Their wasted forms too often show
What sorrows they endure!
Then add not to their cup of woe—
Speak kindly to the poor!

And if, perchance, thou canst afford
 With something *more* to part
Than *words*, to help them on their way—
 Give with a cheerful heart.
But if thou hast not *gold* to give,
 A blessing thou'lt ensure,
If thou dost lend thy sympathy—
 Speak kindly to the poor !

Remember, too, if thou thy bread
 Dost on the waters cast,
It will return to thee again
 E'er many days be past :
Thou art but lending to the Lord—
 Thy payment shall be sure,
And God will bless thee ! therefore speak
 With kindness to the poor !

A VALENTINE.



Ida, I love thee !—not because
Thou'rt so divinely fair,—
Not for thy bright and laughing eye,
Not for thy raven hair ;
Not for thy voice—whose ev'ry word
Hath music in its tone—
Although I well might worship thee,
Dear girl, for these alone.
Yet dearest, No ! 'tis not for these,
But for that “ better part ”—
The priceless *beauties of thy mind*,
The treasures of thy heart !

Which, when old age doth wrinkle o'er
Thy fair and sunny brow,—
And dim thine eye—will still remain
As beautiful as now !
Oh ! Ida, dear ! wilt thou accept
The heart I offer thee ?
And tell me is there in thy breast
One spark of love for me ?
Oh ! bid me hope that I some day—
E'en tho' it distant prove—
By constancy and truth may win
Thy undivided love !

WHERE ART THOU ?



How calmly yon bright star doth rest
Upon the ocean's tranquil breast!
How sweetly in yon leafy grove
The night-bird tells its tale of love!
On such a night as this, with thee—
Thou lost one!—'neath our trysting tree
How oft I've sat! The *tree* stands now;
The scene's the same; but where art thou?

The aged yew; the village church
With old gray tow'r, and time-worn porch;
The willow tree beside the rill
That turns the noisy, rattling mill;

The glen where first I breath'd thy name ;
Each well-known spot—looks still the same ;
But, oh ! I gaze upon them now
With breaking heart, for where art *thou* ?

I weep—and yet, oh ! yet, I feel
A soft composure o'er me steal ;
For as I gaze on yon blue sky
Where Luna, with a mournful eye,
Looks down upon this world of woe—
A *something holy* bids me know
That *there*—with glory round thy brow—
In Heaven, an angel bright art thou !

TO A CHILD.



Oh, beauteous child—blue-eyed and sunny-hair'd;
(With coral lips, that slightly parted show
A row of whitest pearls)—gazing with look
Of sweetest awe on heav'n's ethereal vault!
And now, anon, with laugh of wild delight,
And fairy step, chasing the painted moth
And honey-bee, the wilding flow'rs among—
That are so like thine own sweet spotless self—
Surely thou something art, almost divine!

What mem'ries wak'st thou, dear one, in the heart?
Dreams of the time when we ourselves were young;
Visions of those sweet fields around our home,
Where we would gambol 'neath the anxious care

Of her—our mother—who is sainted now !
Then lonely thoughts will o'er the spirit steal,
Like dark clouds closing o'er a summer sky—
Of days that sadder grew, and still more sad,
Until the time when, 'mid a weeping throng,
We saw the still, pale form that once enclosed
Our mother's gentle spirit, slowly borne
To the cold tomb, and laid beneath the sod !
And we in this drear world stood all alone—
And life to us *reality* became !

But now those visions—by thy voice dispell'd—
Are gone, and I am led to think and feel
How babes like thee are of the Lord belov'd !
For sure some angel-form, by us unseen,
Doth watch o'er thee, and guide thine infant steps ;
Or else how could'st thou daily tread, unharm'd,
The danger-paths with which this life abounds ?

Sweet child ! Oh ! were we all like thee—as pure
And free from all deceit, and guile, and sin—
How nearer far we then should be to God !

Well may thy mother's eye beam down on thee
With love and pride ! Well may her heart adore
And almost *worship* thee ! Surely thou art
Of *Heav'n* a living type ! for He who left
His Father's throne on high, came down, and on
This tearful sin-polluted earth of ours
Did take *thy* nature on Him—He hath said
Of *such as thee* is Paradise composed !

Heav'n bless thee, sweet ! Play on—enjoy thy morn !
For oh ! a time will come, and quickly, when those orbs—
Those fringed orbs of thine, will lose their light,
And be with bitter tears of sorrow dimm'd !—
Thy dimpling cheeks cast off that sunny smile—
And thy fair brow be clouded o'er with care !

How often have I, in my boyhood's hours,
Pined for the time when I no more should be
A child, and sigh'd to reach "brave manhood's years :"—
But *now*, alas ! if worlds on worlds were mine,
O Heav'n ! with what a thrill of perfect joy
I would them all resign, could I but turn
And once more tread in innocence, the paths
Of youth, and be again like thee—A CHILD !

THE CLOUD AND THE STAR—AN EMBLEM.

INSCRIBED TO _____



A cloud lay in the western sky ;
'Twas gloomy as the brow of night,
Yet it *alone* was dark, for nigh
Were other clouds all bathed in light !
At length a star—with eye so bright—
Upon that dreary cloud did gaze,
Which quickly turn'd to fleecy white,
Cheered by its soft and gentle rays !

And oh ! I thought how much that cloud—
That lonely cloud—resembled *me*,
When oft amid a joyous crowd
All sad and silent I would be !
And how that star did liken thee—
When thou—like Angel from above—
Bidding the clouds of sorrow flee—
Did'st come and bless me with thy love !

TO THE OLD YEAR.



Old Year, thou'rt dying!—yet no forms in sorrow
Are bending o'er thy bier;—
They know thou wilt have left us ere the morrow,
And yet they shed no tear!

Ah, no! they hail thy death with happy meetings,
With feastings and with mirth;
And there are joyous sounds, and friendly greetings
Around the blissful hearth!

And wreaths of Ivy they are gaily twining
To deck thy hoary brow,
Mingled with Holly leaves so green and shining
And the white-berried bough.

Yet though no human forms are bending, weeping
 Around thy lonely bier,
In the sad winds that through the trees are sweeping
 Thy mournful dirge I hear!

I, too, am watching here with thoughts of sadness
 Old year! to see thee die!—
I could not mingle in their scenes of gladness,
 And yet I know not why.

But as I think upon the days of mourning
 That thou did'st bring to me—
The days of bitter tears—I feel a yearning
 To pass away with thee.

For many a hope that I had fondly cherish'd
 When first I hail'd thy birth,
Hath long since, like the leaves of Autumn, perish'd
 And fallen to the Earth.

And Life seems all a vain and empty bubble !

Yet wherefore do I sigh ?

Since man is born to grief and care and trouble

As the sparks upward fly !

And pain is often sent to us *in kindness,*

Could it but so be seen !

We look upon the dark clouds, but in blindness,

Trace not the stars between !

And thou did'st bring me too, as well as sadness

And hours of pain and grief,

Many bright sunny days of hope and gladness,

Although they seemed so brief !

And as I turn and cast a glance behind me,

Sweet thoughts are called to birth—

Thoughts of the many much-loved ties that bind me

To this our beauteous earth !

Therefore, Old Year, I bless thee, broken hearted !

But hark ! they ring thy knell ;

And *now* thou'rt numbered with "The days departed" —

Farewell, Old Year !—Farewell !

S O N N E T S .



I.

TO SPRING.



Spring ! beauteous blue-eyed maid ! that in the vale
And on the mountain-tops dost strew the sod
With star-like daisies—those sweet “ Smiles of God,”
That cheered me in the hours of childhood—Hail !
The timid violet and the primrose pale
Lift up their heads, and, smiling, welcome thee !
Thou fill’st the woods with tuneful minstrelsy,
Blest gladd’ner of the earth !—yet dost thou fail
To bring my heart the joy thou once did’st bring,
Ere the dark Winter of the world did chase
The sunlight from my soul, and suffering
And life’s inherent sorrows fill’d its place !
Tell me, when wilt thou, O beloved Spring,
Restore the feelings of my youthful days ?

II.

TO THE DAISY.



Daisy, I love thee ! for thou'st been to me—
In joy's bright day and sorrow's gloomy hour,
O thou, with meekness for thy priceless dower—
Companion and friend from infancy !
Therefore, when spring with voice of bird and bee,
And all her wealth of flowers, doth walk the earth,
With a glad thankful heart do I go forth
In some green field to meet and welcome thee !
But, oh ! a day will come when I shall tread
These verdant paths no more, nor seek the dell
Where thou my gentle friend dost love to dwell,
But lay me down among the silent dead ;
Then, wilt thou not, O Daisy ! come and bloom
In all thy beauty on my lonely tomb !



III.



On reading an extract from the *New England Farmer*, in which it was stated that JOHN MITCHELL, the Irish "champion of freedom," indignantly denies that he is opposed to American slavery, and says, "We deny that it is a crime, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work by flogging or other needful coercion. . . . We, for our part, wish we had a good plantation well stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama."

Erin ! my tearful mother ! is this he—
The boasted patriot !—that did of late
Within thy streets and marts so loudly prate
Of thy foul wrongs and "English tyranny ?"
Can it be, O my mother, can it be
That one whom thou hast nourished at thy breast,
Lifts up his voice 'gainst those that are oppressed ?
Wilt thou not curse him in thine agony ?
Shall he not wear his worthless life away
Far from his kindred, in a foreign land,
With no fond member of his household band
Near him to cheer him in his latest day,
Nor e'en one friend beside his bier to stand
To drop a tear upon his reptile clay ?

IV.

TO ———.



Since last I feebly struck my lyre for thee,
Twelve weary months, with all their hopes and fears,
Their clouds, their sunshine, and their smiles and tears,
Have rolled into that dread and boundless sea,
The Past! Heav'n knows how dear thou wert to me
E'en then; but now without thee, Amy, life
Were very death! Oh, may I call thee "wife"
Ere many days pass o'er us wearily!
Till then and ever, wheresoe'er thou art,
Oh, my adored one! may our God above
Bless and preserve thee—keeping thy young heart
All pure and guileless! granting *thee* to prove
Like her of old, who chose the "better part"—
And *me* not all unworthy of thy love!

V.

DAISIES.



How beautiful are flowers ! Hast thou not felt,
Oh friend, thy heart o'erflow with holy love
For all created things, when in some grove
Or quiet dell upon the sod thou'st knelt,
And gazed upon the little daisy wild ?
Did it not call a tear-drop to thine eye,
And whisper to thee of the days gone by—
Those days thrice happy, when thou wert a child ?
And did'st thou not once more in fancy tread
The sunny fields around thy peaceful home ?
And did not, too, thy sainted mother come,
And gently lay her hand upon thy head ?
Then do I know, oh friend, that in that hour
Thou did'st bless God for this sweet gentle flower !

VI.

ON THE WAR.



Amid a quivering heap of human clay—
That heav'd and moan'd, as heaves and moans the sea—
Mangled and torn!—writhing with agony—
A stripling of some eighteen summers lay!
He heard his wounded charger's dying neigh,
And on his ear fell many a stifled groan
And cry of anguish!—and he knew his own
Young blood of life was welling fast away!
And then he gazed across the western main,
And "Mother!" shrieked, with such despairing cry,
That ev'n the dying turn'd his death-film'd eye
Towards the spot, with wild and eager strain!—
"Mother, dear Mother!" then his soul threw by
Its worn-out shell upon the gory plain!

NOTES.



NOTE I.

“If but a century since I could have stood
Where now, deep musing o’er the past, I stand.”—P. 15.

“A visitor to Cheltenham, some few years ago, would have found, in the centre of the present High-street, a running stream crossed here and there by rude stepping-stones. The testimony of persons now living, together with official documents, unquestionably prove that less than a century since the town presented all the appearance of a straggling village. The parish register at this period records but three or four deaths and christenings annually, and there are aged inhabitants yet surviving who can repeat by rote all the once occupiers of houses in the town! A more retired, rural, and unfrequented place was not to be found in England than Cheltenham, prior to the discovery of the mineral waters, and the establishment of the Spas as places of public resort.”
—*History of Cheltenham.*

NOTE II.

“The Death-Angel’s Visits.”—P. 34.

At the time this poem appeared in “Hogg’s Instructor,” I was accused by a writer, of rather prolific pen, of having made use of a very ridiculous term. “Who,” says he, “ever heard of a *Death-Angel*?” Now, though I believe the most generally entertained idea of death is that of a

“Phantom of grisly bone,”

yet, I think the following quotations will be sufficient to show that I am not *quite alone* in my idea, and that the writer alluded to has therefore given me more credit for *originality* than I deserve:—

“For the *Angel of Death* spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he pass’d.”—BYRON.

“Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the *Death-Angel* touches those swift keys.”—LONGFELLOW.

“Two *Angels*, one of Life, and one of *Death*,
Pass’d o’er the city as the morning broke.”—IBID.

“Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day,
'Twas an *angel* visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.”—IBID.

NOTE III.

“The fair young maids of England,
How beautiful are they.”—P. 58.

In justice to myself I am bound to state that this little poem was written, though certainly *since* the *publication* of Mr. Carpenter’s beautiful song, the “Merry Maids of England,” yet, *before it* had ever met my eye.

Any person comparing the two will at once see that my production bears no resemblance to Mr. Carpenter’s, except in the lines above quoted, but that it was written, as it professes to be, “in imitation of Mrs. Hemans’ ‘Homes of England.’”

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