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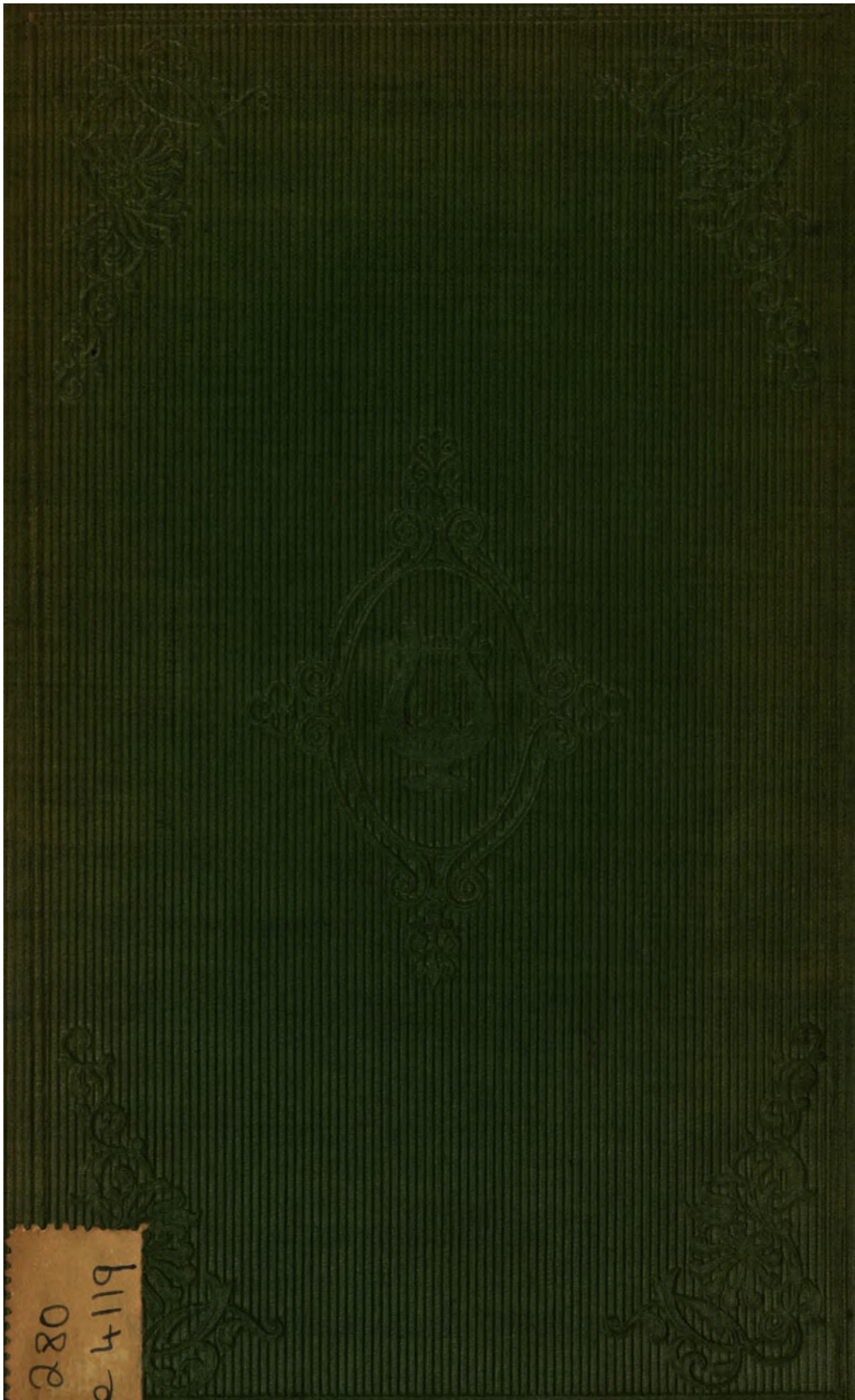
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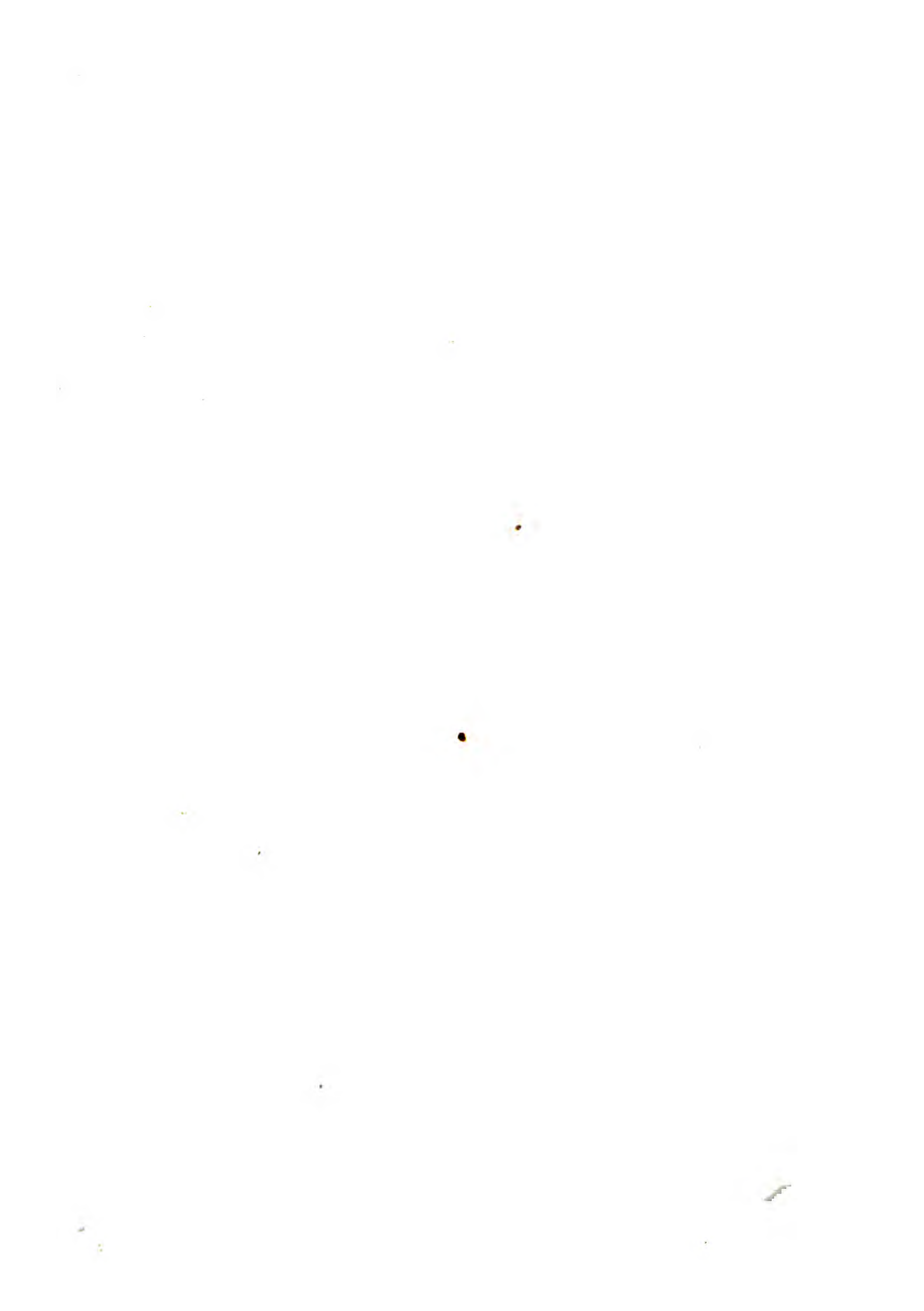
St. from E.C. Lowe, Cat. 164/362



William Nash Skillicorne, M.A.

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ERRATA.

Page 30, line 1. for "we" read "ye."  
.. 32, .. 10. .. "e'er" .. "ere."  
.. 49, .. 4. .. "smile" .. "scowl."  
.. 61, .. 13. .. "tow'rs" .. "low'rs."  
.. 61, .. 15. .. "ought" .. "aught."  
.. 87, .. 1. .. "farewell, farewell, &c." .. "farewell,  
a long farewell, &c."  
.. 130, .. 13. .. "page 17" .. "page 78."

THE  
AMUSEMENTS  
OF  
MY LEISURE HOURS,

BEING A SMALL  
COLLECTION OF POEMS,

BY THE REV. THOMAS HILL,  
PALACE YARD, GLOUCESTER.

---

HEREFORD :  
PRINTED BY WEBB & PHILLIPS.  
1843.



## TO THE PUBLIC.

---

BEFORE I submit the following little Work to the Public, I must be permitted to say a few words upon the motives that induced me to do so. And in the first place, I beg that credit may be given to my assertion, that it was not the vanity of becoming an author. This will be the more readily believed, when the simplicity of the Work itself be taken into consideration. Had I wished to exhibit myself before the world as an author, I should probably have taken much higher ground, and have selected subjects and forms more suited to the profession to which I belong. But the truth is, that even when a boy at school, I was ever fond of reading our own Poets; and I used frequently, at my leisure hours, to exercise myself in trying my own hand at a little versification. At length I got into the habit of putting my



thoughts into verse (I had almost said poetry), upon any subject that happened to attract my attention. In the course of years, these trifles grew into a pretty considerable number; and many of my friends, who had seen some of them, were perpetually asking me for copies of them. From time to time I supplied them, and they were pleased to approve of my humble endeavours to gratify them; till at last they gave me to understand, that they should be still more gratified, if I would allow them to appear in print. A request so flattering could not well be resisted. One thing alone opposed, namely, the expense attending the publication, and the consequent chance of entailing a heavy burthen on myself. Upon this it was proposed to publish them by subscription. And now a sufficient number of names having been obtained to secure me against loss, and for printing four or five hundred copies, I have selected a few out of the whole, which were most approved, and have ventured to lay them before the public.

Although I sincerely hope that the eye of criticism will not be severe in scrutinizing their faults, which are probably very many; yet if it should be so, I confess that it will not very much distress me, when I consider it was not the applause of the world that I sought; nor had I the slightest wish to lift myself unnaturally into any degree of notoriety. The desire of gratifying my immediate friends, was the sole cause of their appearing before the public. That object being attained, I leave them to meet from the world whatever fate they deserve.

I have subjoined a few notes, which will be found useful towards the better understanding of some of them, especially by those not versed in classics; and of others I have given the *cause* of their being written, without which, they would perhaps, not be very intelligible. To all, I presume, a reference to passages alluded to, or quoted, or which tend to elucidate, in any way, the subject before them, must be pleasing and satisfactory. I have also in the same notes (to which

I beg the reader's particular attention), introduced a few very elegant poems, or fragments of poems, with which I have accidentally met, since writing my own. And although they may not be strictly illustrative of those to which they are attached ; yet there will readily appear a sufficient connexion between them, to plead an apology for their introduction here. And as they are written with great elegance and feeling, they will, I am sure, be read by every one of taste and judgment, with much pleasure, interest, and satisfaction.

THE AUTHOR.

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ON REVISITING THE CATHEDRAL OF  
HEREFORD, 1839.

---

Hail, noble pile, whose tow'ring head  
Smiles o'er old Vaga's winding stream ;  
Sacred deposit of the dead,  
Whose deeds are now th' historian's theme :  
Within whose walls the holy word  
Of truth, which brought salvation near,  
Still, as for centuries long pass'd, is heard,  
To melt the heart, and claim th' attentive ear.

Hail! venerable, noble pile!  
Again I hail thy goodly sight ;  
Thy fretted vault, thy long-drawn aisle,  
That fill my bosom with delight.  
What varied thoughts possess my soul,  
While pond'ring on thy spacious walls!  
What by-gone scenes before my fancy roll,  
Which legends tell, or memory recalls!

Imagination's busy wing

May take her flight to cent'ries gone,  
 When in mock penance Mercia's King  
 First planted thy foundation stone.  
 Here many a Prince and Prelate grave,  
 In gorgeous robe, and rich attire,  
 Swell'd th' unholy pompous train, that gave  
 A solemn sanction to the murd'ers hire.

Fancy may paint, in glowing strains,

The proud parade, the gaudy throng  
 Of mitred Abbots with their trains,  
 That pac'd thy cloister'd courts along ;  
 While, rear'd with costly state, they bare  
 The elevated Host on high ;  
 And monkish priestcraft lent a lofty air,  
 To that which should bespeak humility.

Borne on with rapid wings again,

Fancy may paint a diff'rent scene,  
 May tell, with waken'd grief and pain,  
 A tale of woe and anguish keen :

Where many' a virgin bright and fair,  
 The victim of a parent's pride,  
 Has knelt before thy shrine in mute despair,  
 And vow'd to be of Heaven alone the bride.

These scenes have fled, and wiser days  
 Have shewn the follies of the past;  
 The beams of truth, with brighter rays,  
 Now hold their influence firm and fast.  
 Beneath their pow'rs the darker hues  
 Of superstition now give way;  
 As fleecy clouds, surcharg'd with nightly dews,  
 Are scatter'd by the glare of sunshine day.

Long since the mists which once were hung  
 Upon Religion's sacred head,  
 And, like the cold torpedo, clung  
 With paralyzing grasp, are fled.  
 Long since have holier tenets bound  
 Upon the soul their pow'r benign; [around,  
 And godlier forms have spread their charms  
 That lead the heart to worship more divine.



But these are not the scenes that here  
     Upon my busy mem'ry hang;  
 But scenes of boyhood far more dear,  
     That mingle pain's and pleasure's pang.  
 From this lov'd spot though fate's decree  
     Has forced me through the world to rove,  
 And many' a tedious year has sever'd me,  
     Yet nought could ever make me cease to love.

While here on thy cemented walls,  
     Grown grey with age, I fondly gaze;  
 Each niche, each buttress now recalls  
     Some pleasing scene of former days.  
 Some antic gambol each restores  
     With freshen'd colours to the mind,  
 (Like sometime faded, now reviving flow'rs)  
     And leave their long and lasting mark behind.

Here have I spent the live-long day,  
     With kindred spirits gay and free,  
 In joyous, though laborious play;  
     And who so happy then as we?

What though laborious! no one car'd!

To struggle through the toilsome game,  
Was what he lov'd—and who has ever dar'd  
To call his pastime by so harsh a name?

Who flung the ball with vaunting air,  
With emulation's piercing shout?

Who hit the trembling wicket fair,  
And struck their crest-fall'n rivals out?

Who with elastic, pliant knee  
O'er-leap'd the tombstone or the mound,  
That hid the bones of some once young as we,  
Once gay as those who o'er their ashes bound?

Who whirl'd the top with greatest skill,  
Or shot the marble from the ring?

Who sought with ardent vigour still  
To pluck the plume from fortune's wing?

All, all, with eager hands and eyes,  
(Like greyhounds from the slips set free,)  
Mingl'd in active strife to gain the prize,  
The glorious palm of hard-earn'd victory.

But, hark! the bell's appalling sound  
     Calls from the play to seek the book;  
 And ev'ry joyous face around  
     Assumes a sad and serious look.  
 Little, ah! little did we deem,  
     As these unwelcome hours would fly,  
 That seem'd to haunt us like a painful dream,  
     With them our greatest happiness would die.

Unwillingly the truth we learn,  
     That these will be our happiest days:  
 With anger, too, the thoughts we spurn,  
     That shut out suns of brighter rays.  
 Youth, sanguine youth, impatient bears  
     The curbs that boyhood would restrain;  
 And sees (or fancies so) they're nought but cares,  
     And pants the freedom of the man to gain.

But ask the wise, consult the grave,  
     Whose sage experience best can tell;  
 Whose arms have beat the surly waves,  
     The tides that on life's ocean swell.





Can busy statesmen's constant toils  
     Contentment to the mind impart?  
 Can worldling's idolized turmoils  
     Give peace or comfort to the heart?  
 Can wild ambition's flighty dreams  
     The restless, furious bosom calm?  
 Or youth's desires, or age's wisest schemes  
     Ease the perturbed brain with nature's balm?

What can the parent's fears allay,  
     What sooth his agitated breast,  
 While watching the unkindly way  
     Of him that should have made him bless'd?  
 No velvet couch, no downy bed,  
     Can lull to peace and slumber mild, [head  
 His thoughts, whose nightly hours and aching  
     Are rack'd with musings on a wayward child.

Yet these are scenes to which we haste,  
     To join the world's fantastic strife,  
 When from our boyhood's ties released,  
     We fill our measur'd course of life.

The mingl'd yarn of good and ill  
We through our varied paths pursue;  
But as we travel on, our journey still  
Presents no prospects of a brighter hue.

Pause for awhile—What now has chanc'd  
The little host of thoughtless boys,  
That round these hallow'd precincts danc'd,  
And fill'd the air with cheerful noise?  
Full well my mem'ry here recalls  
The fate of many a hapless friend,  
That gaily play'd beneath these sacred walls,  
And fondly deem'd his joys would never end.

On him no more the mother's eye  
Is bent, in fond and anxious thought;  
No more for him, with heaving sigh,  
The father's beating heart is fraught;  
No sister feels his fond embrace,  
Nor brother folds him to his breast;  
Their only happiness is now to trace  
His name upon the lowly tombstone press'd.

To these this consolation's left,  
To ease the torture of their mind;  
But, ah! to some alike bereft,  
Fate has not always thus been kind.  
The pensive, melancholy joy,  
By stern decree has been denied,  
Of weeping o'er the relicts of their boy,  
From whose cold grave a thousand shores  
[divide.

Their glass has prematurely run;  
Some, or on Afric's desert cast;  
Or struck by India's parching sun;  
Or frozen by the northern blast.  
These, with ambition's fury drunk,  
In honour's bed now soundly sleep:  
Those, by the storms in ocean's bosom sunk,  
Have fed the monsters of the watery deep.

Nor deem these dreams by fancy bred,  
The creatures of fantastic thought;  
Figures, the offspring of a head  
With scenes imaginary fraught.

Too well does memory recall  
The actors in this mournful tale ;  
Whose sad, lamented fate, and early fall,  
E'en now full many tender hearts bewail.

While yet I pace the path along,  
And ponder o'er the happy past ;  
Each well-known group appears to throng  
In quick succession to the last.  
And as I quit this hallow'd spot,  
To ev'ry fond affection dear ;  
I sigh to think my own appointed lot  
May destine this my last of visits here.

If so, I calmly bid adieu  
To this belov'd and sacred scene ;  
The antique walls of solemn hue,  
The verdant soil so fresh and green.  
And while my days glide fast away,  
That bear me to my latest rest ;  
I'll still in mem'ry's eye the spot survey,  
And be again in contemplation bless'd.

Yet e'er my footsteps hence I turn,  
     Doubtful again thy courts to tread;  
 While fancied fears my bosom warn,  
     And anxious thoughts possess my head;  
 I'll breathe one pray'r, a pray'r sincere,  
     As e'er from pious vot'ry fell,  
 From modern puritan, or ancient seer,  
     Or monkish saint within his lowly cell.

When time with sure, but stealthy pace,  
     Shall sap thy base and shake thy wall;  
 When storms and tempests shall deface  
     Thy crumbling tow'r, or threat its fall;  
 Then may the pious hearts and hands  
     Of those who've knelt before thy shrine,  
 Be loos'd from penury's unholy bands,  
     To save from wreck a structure so divine.

Then shall thy turrets still sustain  
     The angry blasts of future storms;  
 Still brave the tempests, and again  
     Stand firm and free from time's alarms:

Still shall they gladden hist'ry's page,  
And rise above their threaten'd doom;  
Still shall they stand the wonder of their age,  
The boast and pride of cent'ries yet to come.

---



## ON THE FALL OF AN OAK.

---

What hideous crash salutes my wounded ears,  
Startling my soul with wild and panic fears?  
Nor headlong avalanche, nor fallen tower,  
Nor pond'rous walls crushed by the cannon's  
power;

Nor mighty cat'ract from the mountain's brow,  
Rushing with clamour to the gulf below;  
Nor thunder rolling with appalling voice;  
E'er issued forth a deeper, louder noise.

Where shall I look? my eye which quarter turn?  
Where point my steps the awful cause to learn?  
Suspense was short indeed—on looking round,  
The mighty cause lay stretch'd upon the ground.  
The massy Oak, whose hundred arms on high,  
Briareus like, seem'd Heaven to defy,  
Now lay, with lower'd looks and humbl'd mien,  
A fractur'd heap upon the burthen'd plain.

Here for a century twice told had stood,  
 In tow'ring strength, the monarch of the wood.  
 Here had he claim'd the wonder-stricken eye,  
 Of classic taste afar, of rustic nigh.  
 Coeval with his Lord's departed race, [grace;  
 Whose honor'd names the sculptur'd marble  
 His lofty boughs still flourish to ensure  
 The memory of greatness gone before.  
 With grand majestic mien he sternly frown'd,  
 And aw'd to littleness his subjects round.  
 'Gainst man himself he seem'd to rear his head,  
 His lengthen'd arms in threat'ning posture  
 spread.  
 Full many a midnight blast has rock'd the world,  
 While nature seem'd almost to atoms hurl'd;  
 Peal upon peal, while awful thunder roll'd,  
 And light'nings ripp'd the beast beneath that  
 stroll'd ;  
 Still he undaunted brav'd the tempest's ire,  
 The thunder's howling and the light'ning's fire ;  
 And rising day restor'd him to the sight,  
 Uninjur'd by the terrors of the night.

Alas! alas! his day of glory's flown,  
 His stately bearing ceas'd, his beauty gone.  
 The fatal woodman mark'd him for his own,  
 Soon seal'd his doom, and pull'd his honours  
 down :

Earth trembled at his fall, and far around,  
 Th' astonished rustics startled at the sound.

E'en thus proud monarchies in splendour rise,  
 And with aspiring brows o'ertop the skies :  
 E'en thus obedient to their destin'd call,  
 Nations and empires into ruin fall.

The pride of conquest and the pomp of pow'r,  
 Bend to their doom and wait th' appointed  
 hour ;

Till, ripe for fate, they totter and decay,  
 And sink in turn beneath the conq'ror's sway.

Lo! where the lofty tow'rs of Belus lie,  
 Belus, the tyrant of the eastern sky.

Once in proud majesty she rear'd her head,  
 The nation's envy and the nation's dread.

Here in the pride of pow'r she held her sway,  
 And tributary kings around her lay.

Here heroes chain'd, and captive monarchs knelt,  
The galling yoke here conquer'd millions felt ;  
Here Sion's sons consum'd the mournful day,  
And Judah's daughters ceas'd th' accustomed lay.  
These scenes of former glory long have fled,  
And Babylon is number'd with the dead :  
The spot now water'd by the liquid flood,  
Where once her hundred tow'rs terrific stood ;  
Destruction fell in one tremendous show'r,  
And on her ruins rose the Persian pow'r.  
For Cyrus now had drawn his flaming sword ;  
Cyrus predicted by the prophet's word.  
Then impious Babel to the centre shook,  
Assyria bow'd, and fell beneath his stroke :  
The sceptred Lydian here a conq'ror found,  
And Croesus' walls were levell'd with the ground :  
Surrounding nations trembled at his nod,  
And sunk beneath the instrument of God.  
Once more the captive breath'd his native air,  
Once more repair'd the ravages of war ;  
Mercy and peace sustain'd the Persian throne,  
She reign'd the empress of the world alone ;

A brilliant star by fate allowed to shine,  
 Till rose the youth of Macedonian line.  
 He, seated high upon his blood-stain'd car,  
 Unfurl'd the banners of licentious war,  
 And flush'd with conquest, clad with vict'ry's  
     crown,  
 Stalk'd through the world, and trampled empires  
     down.

Persia soon bow'd ; Darius, great and good,  
 Stretch'd on the plain lay welt'ring in his blood.  
 The bord'ring kings own'd his resistless sway,  
 And nation after nation all gave way.  
 E'en Europe trembled at his mad career,  
 And sigh'd to think her day of slav'ry near ;  
 All, all appear'd in one vast ruin hurl'd,  
 And Alexander's Græcia rul'd the world.  
 Yet short his triumph, short his destin'd run,  
 Though splendid as the bright meridian sun.  
 Ere long, succeeding kings divide the spoil,  
 And kindred blood bedews th' ensanguin'd soil :  
 Faction's loud brawls the jealous nations jar,  
 And civil strife "lets slip the dogs of war."

Weaken'd by discord, shatter'd with dismay,  
 The Roman legions found the easier prey :  
 And Greece proud hist'ry, and the Muse's  
     theme,

Sunk like the fabric of an earthly dream.

See, how th' Hectorean bands, victorious hosts,  
 Spread o'er her fields, and desolate her coasts !

See, how their youth fire the Corinthian walls,

See, how she totters, see how Corinth falls !

See, how they revel there, in murd'rous joy,

And glut their vengeance for the flames of Troy !

Imperial Rome stretch'd her dominion round,

From Afric's sands to Scythia's northern bound.

E'en distant India low'r'd her lofty crest,

And Britain's self her haughty rule confess'd :

Rome through the world her mighty sceptre

    sway'd,

And Europe, Asia, Africa, obey'd.

Yet Rome has fallen ; all her glories fled ;

Her heroes mould'ring with the silent dead :

And all that pow'r, or wealth, or honour gave,

Is wrapp'd within time's all devouring grave.

My muse here sickens, as she turns to see,  
 In fancy's eye, the future fate of thee,  
 Of thee, Britannia, daughter of the wave,  
 The tyrant's foe, th' avenger of the slave ;  
 Around whose shores Justice and Honour sail,  
 And Freedom's wholesome breezes fill the gale.  
 Long may'st thou reign the pattern of mankind,  
 Th' instructive volume to enlarge their mind :  
 Long may the neighb'ring states resemble thee,  
 Be free themselves and let the world be free ;  
 Long may thy sons support thy former fame,  
 And foreign despots tremble at thy name.  
 But still thou canst not hope to shun the fate  
 Alike the lot of humble and of great.  
 Though ten-fold millions own thy gracious sway,  
 Revere thy pow'r, and cheerful homage pay :  
 Though twice ten arms were brac'd alone in  
     one,  
 And ev'ry hero were a Wellington ;  
 Though each brave tar that guards thy sacred  
     rest,  
 A Nelson's heart, a Nelson's fire possess'd ;



Thy greatness still may meet a hasty fall,  
 The doom of thousands, and the chance of all.  
 Pursue thy course, thy earthly tenor run,  
 The glorious course thy freeborn sons begun :  
 Still rule with justice, and with mercy save,  
 Redress the injur'd, and reward the brave ;  
 Protect the helpless, quell oppression's rod,  
 And still make tyrants tremble at thy nod ;  
 Still bid the captive and the slave be free,  
 Bid him walk forth in native majesty :  
 Then, though the fated doom on thee descend,  
 That leads to thy (grant Heav'n) yet distant end ;  
 As thou hast liv'd the wonder of thy age,  
 And thy proud deeds have brighten'd hist'ry's  
     page ;  
 So shalt thou still be great ; and in thy fall,  
 Be yet rever'd, regretted, lov'd by all.

E'en thou, whose prostrate honours and whose  
     fate,  
 In measur'd terms, these artless lines relate ;  
 E'en thou, though reft of ev'ry wonted grace,  
 And fractures now thy shatter'd limbs deface ;

E'en thou may'st yet survive in other guise,  
A prouder object to admiring eyes.  
Perhaps, in future years, thy alter'd form  
May skim the seas, and still defy the storm :  
Long guard thy Britain's shores from servile  
woes,  
Long carry thunders to her distant foes :  
Protect in peace this jewel of the sea,  
That gave for cent'ries nourishment to thee ;  
And, like a duteous child, the debt requite,  
The parent's claim, the parent's native right.

---

A MORNING WALK IN SEPTEMBER, 1838.

---

The golden sun had climb'd the mountain high,  
And spread his glories o'er the eastern sky :  
I left my bed to stroll my morning's walk,  
And spend my wonted hour in mental talk.

Nature has deck'd herself in gaudiest dress,  
And gayest air, my waking eyes to bless.  
I paus'd, I gaz'd, I listen'd to each sound,  
That caught my eye, or reach'd my ear around.

Full, dewy drops the dark hue'd verdure grace,  
Like brilliant gems that deck the Æthiop's face ;  
While, as they dangled from the hawthorn's  
    spray,  
They seem'd like lamps that glitter'd on my  
    way.

The village boys, with merry cheerful brow,  
Run from the cot to make their humble bow;  
The busy housewife, while the faggots burn,  
Prepares the meal, and waits the hind's return.

The ploughman, whistling, drove his team to  
field,  
The lab'ring road-man here his barrow wheel'd;  
Anon, the distant dog my ear salutes,  
Joining in concert with the shepherd's notes.

The sprightly birds put forth their morning  
song,  
While from the spire a merry peal was rung;  
The harbinger of joy, of hope and fear,  
To some fond, simple, and confiding pair.

While thus delighted with the varied scene,  
I wander'd on along the pasture green,  
A partridge, startled as I near her drew,  
Rose, and in terror from my presence flew.

Well pleas'd, no doubt, and happy too was she,  
To be so soon from sudden danger free :  
But ah ! how little do we know our state,  
Or see our error till it be too late.

For as she gaily wing'd her speedy flight,  
The murd'rous fowler darted on her sight ;  
Alas, alas ! her wings no safety found,  
Next moment saw her lifeless on the ground.

Poor simple bird ! From thy mischance I trace  
A moral for our own unthinking race ;  
And view the cares our anxious life that fill,  
From one false step to shun a fancied ill.

Fond, foolish man, to future fortunes blind,  
With ever restless, discontented mind,  
Flies from the good he has, his present bliss,  
And ends his errors with a fate like this.

With peevish thoughts he views his narrow lot,  
And leaves his happy home, his peaceful cot,

To slave and toil and sweat on foreign strands,  
And seek for riches in far distant lands.

Hope still his spirit cheers, as oft he turns  
His thoughts to home, where milder summer  
burns,

The hope that plenty may at length repay,  
The heavy labours of his youthful day:

Till wise too late begins at last to find,  
His real happiness is left behind;  
While pale disease, the scourge of Eastern air,  
Fills up the measure of his sojourn here.

To fly life's fancied ills, the hardy tar  
Seeks foreign climes, and tries the tug of war;  
Braves the rude storms on Ocean's bosom vast,  
In hopes to gain a peaceful home at last.

The gallant soldier urged with a like desire,  
Meets the opposing ranks, and dares their fire;  
And sees through fields of blood, and slaughter'd  
The happy end of all his former woes. [foes,

Alas, the chances of the bloody strife,  
But haste to rob him of his transient life ;  
Or bring him maimed to his native shore,  
The taste of happiness to know no more.

In humbler walks, the busy, restless mind,  
Is urg'd the softer scenes of life to find ;  
While ev'ry step and ev'ry scheme they try,  
But leads them nearer to the ills they fly.

Those very bells that sound upon my ear,  
Have sweetly rung to many' a happy pair,  
Whose varied toils through life some unseen hand  
Has still depriv'd of their expected end.

Thus the boy Icarus, dares the azure sky,  
Prepares his wings and spreads them forth to fly ;  
To shun the dangers of his present state,  
Tempts the light air, and tries a doubtful fate.

His hope of safety here alas, was vain !  
Death follows close, and dogs him in his train :



His waxen pinions melt—no pow'r can save ;  
He falters, falls, and sinks beneath the wave.

Ye hapless beings, o'er whose gloomy hours,  
The storm of wretchedness or danger low'rs ;  
Whose daring hand and over anxious mind,  
Seek hasty means a safe retreat to find ;

Beware intemp'rate steps, and learn from hence,  
To hang your fortunes more on Providence :  
Perhaps, to-morrow's sun, with brighter rays,  
Will tinge the cloud that dimm'd your earlier  
    days.

Pursue life's painful task with prudent cares,  
But not with restless and impatient fears ;  
Thus, He who form'd you still will be your  
    friend,  
And lead you to a safer, better end.

### THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Written on the funeral of a beloved friend and companion  
of my early life, Lieut. John Wood, of the 83rd Regt. of Foot;  
eldest son of the late General Wood. Nov. 17th, 1809.

---

What mean those sounds of martial woe  
That swell the murm'ring gale?  
Why does my slacken'd pulse beat slow,  
Why turn my cheeks so pale?  
Alas! alas! that deep ton'd bell  
The fatal truth declares too well.  
E'er Phebus' beams the billows lave,  
They'll tremble o'er the Soldier's grave.

And what are ye, whose sunken eyes  
Your inward grief declare?  
Whose woe-worn 'bosoms breathe no sighs,  
Mute emblems of despair?

How slow with fault'ring steps we come !  
 How hollow rolls the muffl'd drum !  
 While death's black ensigns grimly wave,  
 In silence o'er the Soldier's grave.

When o'er these aisles the waning moon  
 Her partial radiance throws ;  
 When not a sound through night's still noon  
 Shall chase her calm repose ;  
 Fond, musing mem'ry oft shall tread  
 These gloomy confines of the dead ;  
 While whisp'ring winds the grass shall wave,  
 That grows upon the Soldier's grave.

Though Fame no verdant laurels give  
 To deck his blazon'd crest ;  
 His modest worth enshrin'd shall live  
 In ev'ry feeling breast.  
 The graces round his urn shall bend ;  
 They lov'd him, sought him, call'd him  
 And Pity, though she could not save, [friend ;  
 Shall weep beside the Soldier's grave.

ON THE DEATH  
OF A FAVORITE CANARY.

---

My little pet, my fav'rite bird,  
The sweetest songster ever heard,  
Was flutt'ring loose on golden wings,  
Around my room, in airy rings.

With liberty he seem'd delighted,  
And chirp'd on ev'ry thing he 'lighted :  
'Ah ! who" thought I, "from prison free,  
"Would not be quite as blithe as he?"

Amus'd I listen'd to his song,  
So cheerful, sprightly, loud, and long ;  
And as the hour thus happy pass'd,  
I little deem'd 'twould be his last.

But Providence, who watches all,  
Whose eye surveys the sparrow fall,  
Had doom'd that my Canary too  
Should pay the debt to nature due.

His song had ceased; he seem'd oppress'd  
With weariness, and wish'd to rest;  
All other wantons flirt about,  
Till with their gambols tired out.

I rose to catch my little prize,  
And cage him e'er he clos'd his eyes;  
But no, the sweets of liberty  
Were fresh upon his memory.

He started from his pensive mood,  
As anxiously I near him stood;  
And as I stretch'd my hand to hold him,  
And in my bosom to enfold him,

He dash'd with force against the wall;  
I saw him stagger, faint, and fall;

To save his life I vainly tried ;  
 He flutter'd, hung his head, and died.

Ah, little think the gay, the vain,  
 That crowd the road in pleasure's train,  
 And rush through folly's giddy maze,  
 The lesson that my bird conveys.

From study, from restraint set free,  
 Youth haste's the busy world to see ;  
 Borne forward by the glitt'ring prize,  
 Which pleasure raises to their eyes.

Mad with their freedom they pursue  
 Life's fancied joys within their view ;  
 Nor ever to the voice attend,  
 That warns them where their follies end.

The friendly hand that would restrain,  
 Is stretch'd to save, but stretch'd in vain ;  
 The wiser youth sage wisdom scorns,  
 And laughs at ev'ry voice that warns.

The fears the prudent would presage  
Are deem'd the dotage of old age,  
Chimæras, fancies they forebode,  
To rob them of their present good.

The counsel thus to folly lent,  
In noise and ribaldry is spent ;  
Fandango, ball, and rout contend  
Against the warnings of the friend ;

Till wise too late, the phantom flies,  
And passes from their aching eyes ;  
Too late they see their errors past,  
And vainly mourn their fate at last.

Had little Birdy trusted more  
The hand that foster'd him before,  
He still had liv'd to sing his song,  
And I to listen all day long.



ON THE FALL OF A LEAF.  

---

I walk'd in my garden ; its beauties were flown ;  
All its lilies and roses were wither'd and gone :  
The birds there no longer were heard, or were  
    seen ;  
The shrubs wore no longer their liv'ry of green.

I walk'd in the fields ; they no longer delighted ;  
Their former soft verdure was wither'd and  
    blighted :  
The pale sickly leaves of the ash and the oak,  
The dullness and dankness of winter bespoke.

As I gaz'd with some awe on these emblems of  
    man,  
And weigh'd the resemblance again and again,  
A large heavy leaf overcharg'd with the dew,  
Was torn from its bough by the wind as it blew.

As it fell through a cluster that quiver'd beneath,  
 It involv'd all its fellows in ruin and death ;  
 In an instant they follow'd ; and strewing the  
                   ground,

Display'd a wide field of destruction around.

“ A resemblance,” I cried, “ to mortality's kind,  
 A resemblance again is here forc'd on my mind !  
 The thousands that perish by faults not their  
                   own,

And lament in affliction the follies of one.

How oft has the youth felt the faults of the sire !  
 The parent how often the son's vicious fire !  
 How often has beauty, by flatt'ry o'er-borne,  
 Left the lov'd and the loving her folly to mourn !

No shadow of shame, no hue of disgrace,  
 Which falls on the guilty and darkens his face,  
 But extends to those innocent dear-ones at  
                   home,

Involv'd in his fortunes and link'd to his doom.”

Thus the cloud that envelopes the orbit of light,  
Hides his beauties, his glories, and beams from  
the sight :

While its lengthening shadow o'ercharging the  
ground,  
Spreads the same sombre gloom on each object  
around.

Then learn from the leaf as it falls from the tree,  
The same simple truth it imparted to me ;  
Learn the lesson betimes, ere thy days are all  
gone,

“ That vice, in its fall, never suffers alone—”



THE RAINBOW.  

---

See, see, where the clouds in majestic array,  
The bright face of nature deform!  
They roll on the air; and with terrible sway,  
Awe the world with their frowns, and darken the  
day,

Big with tempest, and charg'd with the storm.

Hear the winds how they whistle! the hurri-  
cane's blast

Sweeps through the horizon amain.

The shade of deep night through the firmament  
vast,

Spreads her dark ebon wings; and terrific at last,  
Descends in wild torrents of rain.

Anon in the distance the murmuring tone  
 Of the thunder strikes full on the ear :  
 The blue light'nings flash in the midst of its moan,  
 And mingle their fires in the deafening groan,  
 As it bears on its course through the air.

Now in full vivid sheets the tempest unfurl'd  
 All its horrors; the beasts fled the field;  
 The poor little birds sought their nests; and  
 the world  
 Seem'd shatter'd, as if to eternity hurl'd,  
 And with terror and dizziness reel'd.

It is gone! it has vanish'd! the sun's cheering  
 light  
 Once again bless'd the world with his smile;  
 When, lo! in the distance, a rainbow so bright,  
 So brilliant, so clear, that it dazzled the sight,  
 Spread forth its gay beams for awhile.

It gleam'd through the air and it reach'd to the  
 The emblem of mercy and peace; [sod,

With blushes returning the looks of its God,  
 Who raises or stills the rude blast with his nod,  
 And bids the rough whirlwind to cease.

Bright omen ; bless'd token of bountiful grace,  
 Vouchsaf'd to the remnants of man !  
 I learn, from the beams of thy heavenly face,  
 The contract of God with his creatures to trace,  
 And his promise with rapture to scan.

How joyful the day, how bless'd was the hour,  
 When thy beauties first gleam'd from on high ;  
 The rain it had ceas'd from the Heavens to pour,  
 The tempest no longer alarm'd with its roar,  
 And darkness was swept from the sky.

'Twas then from Thy archway the promise was  
 heard,  
 Which breath'd consolation to man :  
 'Twas then in soft accents was utter'd the word,  
 " Henceforth nor the rains, nor the storms shall  
 Destruction and deluge again." [afford,

“ When clouds and thick darkness the Heavens  
shall strew,  
And hurricanes trouble the day ;  
My Bow in such seasons serenely I'll view,  
And my promise to man again will renew,  
And their terrors and sorrows allay.”

Thus spoke the First Cause : and with rapture  
mankind.

Place reliance and trust in His word.  
And when elements threaten, when storm and  
wild wind  
Rock the earth with their blasts, I'll still quiet  
my mind,  
And repose on my God and my Lord.

Yes, yes, there's a Providence seated on high,  
That presides o'er the tempest's alarms ;  
That rides on the wings of the winds as they fly,  
That hovers above in the realms of the sky,  
And fosters the world in his arms.

ON A GLOW-WORM,  
KILLED BY A LITTLE BOY.

---

The show'r had ceas'd, the clouds had pass'd  
away,

Bright drops of pearl bespangl'd ev'ry spray;  
The waning moon display'd a sickly light,  
That scarcely seem'd to smile upon the night;  
Wrapp'd in a contemplative mood,  
The beauteous scene alone I view'd.

Beneath the hedge a Glow-worm chanc'd to stray,  
And proudly spread around its feeble ray :  
And as it crept the plants and shrubs between,  
Lent all its aid to beautify the scene.

Ah! little did it deem or fear,  
The hour of its fate was near.



Danger and death pursued its devious way ;  
 Its torch but lit the murd'rer to his prey.  
 George started forth, with joy and rapture wild,  
 To seize a prize so tempting to a child ;  
     And for a while, with infant pleasure,  
     Fondly caress'd his costly treasure.

With ardent gaze the glitt'ring toy he eyed,  
 And turn'd it o'er and o'er with conscious pride ;  
 Till by degrees at length familiar grown,  
 He dropp'd it carelessly, its int'rest flown ;  
     Tir'd of his sport, with wanton tread,  
     He crush'd the pretty insect's head.

And thus I reason'd;—This no novel scene ;  
 A portraiture of man may here be seen ;  
 Where the rich charms which Nature's gifts  
     supply,  
 Lead their fair tenants but to blaze and die.  
     The pleasures which to-day we prize,  
     Soon lose their value in our eyes.

Deck'd with the choicest beauties of her kind,  
 With ev'ry ornament of face and mind;  
 The lovely maid is led to grace the ball,  
 The theatre, saloon, or painted hall;  
     To flutter for a season there,  
     To shine the fairest of the fair.

With panting heart, with feelings all on fire,  
 O'ercome by beauty, melted by desire,  
 Th' impatient youth the dazzling form sur-  
     veys;  
 To win her smile his ev'ry art displays:  
     Love and ambition urge their sway  
     To bear the golden palm away.

But dwell not on the raptures of the hour,  
 Nor, Maiden, overrate thy magic pow'r:  
 Thy bloom may fade, thy beauty soon may  
     die,  
 And man is seldom form'd for constancy.  
     All mortal pleasures are but frail;  
     Life's brightest hues grow soonest pale.

Alas! the sweets of pleasures long possess'd  
Surfeit the sense, and sicken in the breast:  
Cloy'd with delights long pass'd, the lover  
flies,

And seeks fresh beauties under other skies;  
Throws her away with wanton scorn,  
And leaves her at her fate to mourn.

Se'st thou yon lovely, fragrant, damask rose,  
Its blooming colours to the view disclose?  
Won by its charms, anon, some haughty fair,  
Plucks the sweet flow'r to deck her glossy hair;  
Ere night, its faded beauty dies,  
And, cast away, neglected lies.

The little glow-worm while it spreads its light,  
And throws its cheering gleam upon the night,  
A pleasing object to the gazing eye,  
Will still this lesson to the mind convey;  
The brightest charms may fail of bliss;  
Far humbler lead to happiness.

The glitt'ring torch that lit the glow-worm's path,  
Shone but to point a passage to its death ;  
While other insects less observ'd and kenn'd,  
Attain a safer though an humbler end.

Distinction's but an air-balloon ;  
Attracts all eyes, but falls ere noon.



## TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY,

JANUARY 14th, 1836.

---

A dreary dark sky had for some time prevail'd ;  
It had rain'd, it had blown, it had frozen and  
hail'd :

Hoary winter, old, crippled, and bent like a bow,  
Had cloth'd himself snug in his mantle of snow.

The leaves were all dripping, and wet was the  
ground,  
Cross Nature had spread desolation around :  
The beasts too look'd sad : the birds hung ev'ry  
feather,  
And seem'd to partake of the gloom of the wea-  
ther.

Dejected and sad, and a pris'ner at home,  
 I gaz'd from my window, I travers'd my room ;  
 Till, wearied and moody, the long-wish'd-for night,  
 Closing gently around, wrapp'd the whole from  
 my sight.

I 'woke the next day : what a cheerful surprise !  
 Oh, how chang'd ! what a scene met my won-  
 dering eyes !

The snow was all gone, not an icicle seen ;  
 And nature again wore her liv'ry of green.

And what magic, what charm, could have scat-  
 ter'd so soon,

The darkness that hung over yesterday's noon ?  
 E'en the birds seem'd delighted, and perch'd on  
 each spray,

Were chanting their hymn to the God of the day

'Tis the birthday, I cried, tis the birthday of one,  
 O'er whose features good humour has evermore  
 shone ;

To whom bountiful nature has given a grace,  
That thrills through her frame and illumines  
her face.

And could nature then smile on a season so fair;  
Could she sadden her looks, or assume a rough  
air :

Ah no ! she relax'd from her gloom for awhile,  
And bless'd the whole world once again with a  
smile.

You have seen a cloud frown as it sweeps  
through the air ;  
And, anon, the sun's beams in their splendour  
appear ;  
E'en thus, too, it is with the theme of my lay ;  
Darkness self she converts to the brightness of  
day.

And thus may it be as her life glides along :  
May she see Nature smile, and hear the bird's  
song :

Thus pass through the world, till she reach to  
that rest,  
Where cheerfulness reigns, in the realms of the  
bless'd.





TO THE SAME ON HER WEDDING DAY.  

---

Dear girl, full well thou know'st the mind  
Of him who pens these simple lines ;  
A heart that's fraught with feelings kind  
That to thy ev'ry good inclines.

In early childhood's playful days,  
When ev'ry act was free from guile,  
I've watch'd thy little winning ways,  
And joy'd to see thy artless smile.

I've joy'd to see thy parent's eye  
In silent gaze peruse thy face,  
While heaving many a tender sigh,  
It seem'd thy future fate to trace.

I've joy'd to see thy rip'ning years  
 To learning and instruction bend;  
 Pursue Religion's path, that steers  
 But to a bless'd and happy end.

Nor wonder that some anxious thought  
 Should now possess my swelling breast,  
 When well I know this hour is fraught  
 With that which marr's, or makes thee  
 [bless'd.

No more in sportive giddy maze,  
 Must frolic now the artless child;  
 No more the girl must pass her days  
 In merry game, and spirits wild.

Duty now calls to other views,  
 From childish trifles, romp, and play;  
 Such as present far diff'rent hues,  
 From those which ting'd thy earlier days.

Those thoughts which once were free as air,  
 And left thee to thyself alone,

Thine, my dear girl, no longer are ;  
 Another claims them for his own.

The graver duties of a wife  
 Must now succeed thy gayer hours ;  
 Though sunshine cheer thy gen'ral life,  
 Thou'lt find a day or two with show'rs.

Perhaps at distant date, another,  
 Still fonder era may appear,  
 When duties that attend the mother  
 Will fill thy soul with many a care.

When with a parent's heartfelt joy  
 Thou bear'st thy babe upon thy arm,  
 The smile that beams upon thy boy  
 Will fly at thoughts that bode his harm.

Perhaps—but no ; that cannot be ;  
 Yet still the thought will cross my mind :  
 Perhaps (I'll whisper it), even he,  
 Thy “all the world,” may prove unkind.

Perish the thought! nor lend thine ear  
 To one on whom the world has frown'd;  
 Nor suffer his suspicious fear,  
 To raise a doubt thy peace to wound.

Thy goodness would the savage tame;  
 Thy loveliness the ruffian bend;  
 Then fear not him who boasts the name  
 Of husband, guide, protector, friend.

But still, thou may'st not entertain  
 The silly thoughts that oft prevail;  
 Thoughts, far the vainest of the vain,  
 That mar the good they would entail.

Think not that nought but smiles, fond child,  
 Will play upon his curling lip;  
 Nor frame ideas, passing wild,  
 Nothing but nectar there to sip.

Think not that frowns will ne'er o'erspread  
 The brow that beams on thee so fairly;

Banish such fondness from thy head,  
Thou'lt pay, thou'lt pay for it too dearly.

In commerce with life's busy scenes,  
A thousand crosses may arise ;  
Some disappointments intervene  
To cloud the bliss before his eyes.

Some villain may his trust abuse,  
To gain his own too worldly end ;  
And, e'en at risk of ruin, use  
The credit of his hapless friend.

Believe me, scenes like these are rife,  
The common features of the day.  
Whatever tract or path of life,  
We hold the tenor of our way.

Expect not then to see the beams  
Of pleasure brighten in his eyes ;  
Such joyous looks and sparkling gleams  
Must yield to frowns, his heart to sighs.

If through this world's uncertain way,  
Such hours as these should ever come ;  
The smile, the gentle smile assay,  
That should adorn "the wife at home."

The graces of the softer sex  
Were by indulgent Nature giv'n,  
To soothe mankind when storms perplex,  
And make his earth to taste of heav'n.

When all things fail, still there are pow'rs,  
Charms cent'red solely in a wife,  
To cheer our melancholy hours,  
And smooth the roughest path of life.

Then use those pow'rs, thy utmost sum ;  
Employ thy ev'ry winning grace ;  
And teach him when he seeks his home,  
He'll find that home his happiest place.

ON A PARENT PRESENTING  
HIS PORTRAIT TO HIS TWO SONS.

---

Accept, dear boys, belov'd and only boys,  
Sole objects of my hopes, my fears, and joys,  
Accept with filial love, and filial fire,  
The counterfeit presentment of your sire.  
Nor think it but a bauble for the wall,  
T' adorn the parlour or to grace the hall.  
Had nature stamp'd my figure and my face,  
With ev'ry human beauty, ev'ry grace,  
The idle vanity of being view'd,  
The gaze of fops and folly's paltry brood;  
Such charms had ne'er prevail'd on me to stand  
The subject of the tedious limner's hand;  
Far other motives fill'd my anxious view,  
And their intent, the future good of you.

Pause then awhile; take up the moral strain,  
 Rais'd by the tints which that same canvass stain.  
 You see within the limits of its frame,  
 The earthly author of your life and name;  
 Your father, to your love a title given,  
 Inferior only to the God of Heaven.  
 And when hereafter pensively you dwell  
 Upon that form and face you lov'd so well;  
 Let not false pride forbid the tear to start,  
 Nor check the gen'rous current of the heart.  
 But as, in fancy's eye, he seems to smile,  
 As if his graver feelings to beguile;  
 Think each on moments, when in fond embrace,  
 He smil'd exulting in thy infant face:  
 Think on those moments, when with joy caress'd,  
 He press'd thee to his fond and throbbing breast:  
 Or view'd with rapture ev'ry varied dye,  
 That stain'd thy cheek, or sparkled in thy eye;  
 That strove to raise a smile upon thy face,  
 With tickling grass, or tender feather's trace;  
 Or gazed the op'ning of thy mind to scan,  
 That mark'd the future genius and the man;



And with a dream of bliss before his eyes,  
Thought all his fondest hopes to realize.

Perhaps a passing cloud, or sombre sky,  
May tinge the canvass with a deeper dye.  
The smile may seem to flit; the darker hue  
Present the gloom of sorrow to thy view.  
Let that demurer look, thou watchest now,  
Announce th' appearance of his alter'd brow,  
When oft in silent pray'r his trembling knee,  
Has by thy couch been humbly bent for thee;  
When wrapp'd in innocence thy infant head  
Has press'd unconsciously thy lowly bed.

Or when thy cheek with pain and sickness  
flush'd,

Thy tender mother in her arms has hush'd  
Thy palpitating sobs and plaintive cries,  
While the big tears bedimm'd her streaming  
eyes;

Or when perchance that all controlling fate,  
Which shapes our present and our future state,  
Sent me from home to other distant place,  
And kept me pris'ner from thy fond embrace.

What pleasure's then, what distant scenes could  
charm

The agitating fears that deem'd thy harm?  
So the fond bird, that flies abroad for food,  
Impatient to support her callow brood;  
What joy elates the tender parent's breast,  
Till once again she lulls them in her nest?  
Like hers my heart with anxious fire has burn'd,  
Like her, with hope and joy, have I return'd.

These are the thoughts which bent my brow with  
cares ;

Think, think on these, and know a parent's fears.

Should painful memory to scenes recur,  
When sharp rebuke and anger pierc'd thy ear,  
What time thy boyhood's frolics led astray,  
And claimed the needful curb to check thy way;  
Or when thou'ert pond'ring o'er the unwelcome  
book,

With idle gaze and dilatory look ;

Think not that anger glisten'd in that eye,  
An arbitrary sway to gratify ;

With tyrant pow'r thy pleasures to restrain,  
 Or to inflict unnecessary pain.  
 Let not such thoughts a moment fill thy mind;  
 Such seeming cruelty was truly kind.  
 Believe that ev'ry pang and ev'ry smart  
 By thee sustain'd, were daggers to his heart;  
 And meant thy mind to duty's path to bend,  
 And guide thee to an honourable end.  
 And when his soul shall take her winged way,  
 And death receive at length his destin'd prey;  
 Regard the senseless form before thy sight,  
 A beacon spread to guide thy path aright;  
 To steer thy bark when life's dark tempest tow'rs,  
 And land thee safe upon eternal shores.  
 View o'er his virtues, (if possess'd of ought,)  
 And by their model form thy future thought:  
 Scan o'er his num'rous faults, and learn to shun  
 The shoals and rocks his vessel split upon.

Perhaps the spirit of thy buried sire,  
 Object of thy regret and fond desire,  
 May in the realms above permitted be,  
 To cast his longing, anxious glance on thee.

If so, while gazing on that still lov'd face,  
His looks appear thy ev'ry step to trace,  
Let thy imagination dimly see  
His living visage still intent on thee.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL,  
FOR TWO BROTHERS.

---

Brother, awake! our voices raise,  
Our Great Redeemer's name to praise;  
This the day He came on earth;  
This day is our Redeemer's birth:  
Then let us lift our little hands  
To Him who gave His life for man's.

What though our voice be mild and weak?  
What though we scarce can plainly speak?  
The God of love will not disdain  
To hear our lisping infant strain.  
Then let us lift our little hands  
To Him who gave His life for man's.

If only innocence be meet  
 T' approach th' Almighty's mercy-seat,  
 We sure may dare to venture there,  
 And in our innocence appear ;  
     So let us lift our little hands  
     To Him who gave His life for man's.

Our tongues ne'er yet have spoken guile,  
 Nor faces worn the scorner's smile ;  
 Our hearts are yet from blemish free,  
 From malice, pride, hypocrisy.

For this let's lift our little hands  
 To Him who gave His life for man's.

To teach the stubborn heart to fear,  
 He'll listen to the infant's pray'r ;  
 To Him the music of their tongue,  
 Is sweet as ever Angels sung.

Let us then lift our little hands  
 To Him who gave His life for man's.

He drew them gently to His side,  
 Promis'd to be their future guide ;

Oh! how He held them to His breast  
 And with a parent's warmth caress'd!  
 For this let's lift our little hands  
 To Him who gave His life for man's.

Our innocence the Saviour gave,  
 To be men's pattern to the grave;  
 And warn'd them with the tend'rest care,  
 To be as meek as children are.  
 Let us then lift our little hands  
 To Him who gave His life for man's.

The special care of gracious Heav'n,  
 To infant innocence is giv'n:  
 E'en Angels on their footsteps wait  
 To guard their feeble, helpless state.  
 For this let's lift our little hands  
 To Him who gave His life for man's.

Then, brother, why should we despair,  
 Although we only infants are?

Why dread our Saviour's view to meet,  
Who sits upon the mercy-seat ?

Why fear to lift our little hands  
To Him who gave His life for man's ?

Rather let's raise our voices higher,  
And louder strain our feeble choir ;  
Invoke His aid that He may save  
Still pure the purity He gave :

While still we'll lift our little hands  
To Him who gave His life for man's.

Then may we hope, when time is pass'd,  
To join the heavenly choir at last,  
For ever feel His fond embrace,  
And view eternally His face ;

And bless the hour we rais'd our hands  
To Him who gave His life for man's.



ON A SUMMER-HOUSE,  
BUILT ON CORSE-HILL BY J. HAWKINS, ESQ.

---

Once on a time a wight was born,  
A very Nimrod in the chase,  
Who loved the sound of hound and horn,  
Better than park, estate, or place.  
But growing unable to pursue  
This antidote to melancholy,  
He rais'd a little house to view,  
The people call'd it Jerry's Folly.

Here would he take his stand, and track  
Each well known covert, wood, and den,  
Frequented by Lord Seagrave's pack,  
Who hunted all the country then.

Here too, sometimes, he'd take his glass,  
His pipe and pot prepar'd by Dolly;  
Thus merrily his life would pass  
At certain times at Jerry's Folly.

But this, like other follies, spread,  
And soon became a favorite spot;  
He little thought when first his head  
Had plann'd it, such would be its lot.  
But so it was; and every one  
Who wish'd to spend an evening jolly,  
Would hie from home, and saunter on,  
To this same noted Jerry's Folly.

Here may be seen the boy from school,  
The Miss (in teens), and graver maiden,  
Posting, the one upon a mule,  
The other on a donkey laden.  
And even older heads were seen,  
With hoary hairs, not one said "Nolle,"  
Hast'ning in crowds, with simp'ring grin,  
To spend the day at Jerry's Folly.


Yea belles and beaux of better sort,  
     Driving along the road at random,  
 Were known in clusters to resort,  
     In gig, in phaeton and tandem.  
 Here often two fond lovers stray'd,  
     With arm in arm, like John and Molly;  
 And, lost to all beside, delay'd  
     Full many an hour at "Jerry's Folly,"

Thus old and young of each degree,  
     To view this little Folly roam;  
 Strange they should go so far to see,  
     What's very plentiful at home!  
 But so it is that all mankind,  
     From kings to sweeps begrim'd with colley;  
 Though kindly to their own they're blind,  
     Will see their neighbour Jerry's Folly.

Thus is this little house become  
     A theme to guide the moral pen;  
 To teach mankind to look at home,  
     Whene'er they seek for faults again.

If all their follies could be known,  
    Reproofs would light on them full volley;  
And all the world would cast a frown,  
    To hear them laugh at Jerry's Folly.

Yet, after all that can be said  
    Of this frequented fav'rite spot;  
Whose builder's number'd with the dead,  
    And but for this, perhaps, forgot:  
Had Jerry ever thought for once,  
    (A task for him too melancholy,  
He ne'er had rais'd a stone t'announce  
    His own, or other people's Folly.



A SCENE IN A COTTAGE.  

---

As 'cross the heath I chanc'd to stray,  
In thoughtless mood, I miss'd my way.  
At length a cottage met my view,  
Adorn'd with dark and shading yew ;  
The rustic owner bar'd his bushy head,  
And kindly bade me welcome to his shed.

Around the fire in cheerful chat,  
His ruddy, rosy children sat ;  
Aw'd by a stranger's rare approach,  
In huddled groups the urchins crouch :  
The stifled titter the broad laugh succeeds,  
As wanton thoughts their tickled fancy feeds.

And now the crackling faggot flies,  
And gladdens their delighted eyes:  
Bright sparks emit their darting fires,  
In brilliant stars, or forked spires;  
Till one full glare the crimson flames assume,  
And spread their lustre through the scanty room.

The waving light, the bonny blaze,  
Engage their joyous, eager gaze;  
In wanton gestures now they bound,  
And catch the sparks that fly around:  
In unrestrain'd delight their spirits flow,  
Their happiness no limits seem to know.

But ah! the hour is hast'ning on;  
Their glass of mirth is nearly run:  
No more the magic sparkles fly,  
Th' exhausted flames in embers lie:  
With downcast looks they watch th' expiring  
light;  
Their short-liv'd joy is wrapp'd again in night.

See here, within this narrow space,  
A picture of our earthly race ;  
Where youth, its bonds at distance hurl'd,  
Assays the wild and giddy world.  
No fears arise his ardour to subdue,  
Or throw a shade on life's enchanting hue.

Which ever way he turns his eye,  
'Tis all serene and glowing sky ;  
Where'er he bends his thoughtless way,  
The world presents its brightest ray :  
Life's loveliest, happiest prospects sparkle here ;  
Its gayest sports and pleasures wanton there.

The ardent view of sanguine youth  
Sees ev'ry thing in guise of truth ;  
He fondly catches at the prize  
That hourly beams upon his eyes ;  
And all life's glories, all within his gaze,  
Spread on his sight in one transcendent blaze.

But know, deluded, foolish boy,  
 Breezes will rise to cool thy joy;  
 The world look shy, and friends disown;  
 Or bankrupt hopes procure their frown;  
 And all that lately seem'd so fair and bright,  
 Flit, like the spark, before thy aching sight.

Yet think not that my purpose is  
 To throw a damp upon your bliss.  
 Witness above, ye heavenly pow'rs,  
 My early days were bless'd as yours.  
 What then? such fleeting bliss no witch'ry  
     knows,  
 To save from human ills, from human woes.

Return, return, ye laughing hours,  
 That strew'd my simple path with flow'rs;  
 When nought but hope, and mirth, and joy,  
 Pursu'd the footsteps of the boy;  
 No worldly passions sway'd my guiltless breast;  
 No blighted prospects robb'd me of my rest.



Vain is the wish! the hours I mourn,  
Are vanish'd never to return;  
And nothing now remains behind,  
Nought but their shadows on my mind,  
Which busy fancy, in a magic train,  
Presents, with soften'd colours, once again.

Then let them go; one joy is left,  
Although of all things else bereft;  
One soothing comfort still is giv'n,  
The boon alone of bounteous Heav'n;  
The hope, when death shall close my wearied  
    eyes,  
The hope of brighter scenes in brighter skies.

## ON A MOTH CAUGHT IN A WINDOW.

---

Little, foolish, flutt'ring fly,  
Native of the vernal sky;  
Cease, thou pretty, senseless thing,  
To batter thus thy painted wing.

Vain is thy strength, thy efforts vain,  
Thy wonted liberty to gain;  
That weak defence of brittle glass,  
To thee's a barrier of brass.

Come to my hand, thou simple moth,  
To harm thee I am more than loth,  
And if thou'rt left within this room,  
The housemaid's care will be thy doom.

Why should I wish to see thee dead?  
Why wish to crush thy little head?  
The life thou hast was freely given,  
The unconstrained gift of Heav'n.

The hand that form'd the world we see,  
Gave life to thee as well as me,  
And bade thee trifle time away,  
The busy creature of a day.

Then go and spend thy little hour,  
And wing thee to some fairy-bower:  
With pleasure thus I set thee free,  
Go and enjoy thy liberty.

I will not show a tyrant's sway,  
And shorter make thy shorten'd stay;  
I will not bid thee cease to live,  
Nor take the life I cannot give.

For know, that simple though thou be,  
Were once my power used on thee,

All, all that power would be vain,  
To give thee back that life again.

Go then, and spread thy busy wing,  
And flutter through the flow'rs of Spring;  
Enjoy thy hour, thy little span,  
And teach these truths to wanton man—

Bid him attend the pris'ner's cry,  
The wretch condemn'd by him to die;  
Bid him to breathe the word "Forgive,"  
And let the wretched creature live.

Bid him behold the giant's might,  
How great to his astonish'd sight;  
But oh! how tyrannous to use  
That power as the giant does!

Then may he hope at that dread bar,  
Where all the world mere pris'ners are,  
That mercy may by him be felt,  
Which he himself to others dealt.

ON A BOY PURSUING A BUTTERFLY.  

---

A little, gaudy butterfly,  
Painted with ev'ry varied dye  
That decorates his race,  
With wav'ring and unsteady wing,  
Was flutt'ring through the flow'rs of Spring,  
That give my garden grace.

Its trifling charms were far too strong  
To be refus'd by one so young,  
And Tom in rapture flew,  
Eager to seize so gay a prize,  
That dazzled thus his straining eyes.  
And gave him feelings new.

With hasty step and panting heart,  
With looks that fire appear'd to dart,  
    He closely hunts his game ;  
And still as oft he miss'd his prey,  
More eagerly he sped his way,  
    His failures fann'd his flame.

One effort more his prize may gain ;  
Once more he tries, but tries in vain ;  
    And in the effort falls :  
His flatt'ring tempter, winged, light,  
Quitted the spray with hasty flight,  
    And clear'd the garden wall.

With moisten'd eye, and downcast look,  
Tom sought his home, his sport forsook,  
    And wip'd his streaming brow ;  
With labour tir'd, with heat oppress'd,  
He sunk his little head to rest,  
    Unconscious where or how.

And thus through life our busy race  
Pursues some glitt'ring, gaudy, chase,  
    In pleasure's empty train :  
Caught by the gay and tempting bait,  
Suppos'd her ev'ry step t' await,  
    We follow, but in vain.

Like Tom we try, like Tom we fail ;  
Like him, renew the painful toil ;  
    Hope still our prospect cheers.  
But ah ! like him, with heavy sigh,  
We see the simple phantom fly,  
    And leave us to our tears.

Sick with pursuing futile schemes,  
Which fly our grasp, like airy dreams,  
    We turn our thoughts to home :  
That home where disappointments cease,  
Where labours rest, where joys increase,  
    Where pain can never come.

THE TASK.

---

Alone in my warm *Chimney*-corner I sat,  
 With a *Lamb-skin* laid down at my feet for a  
     mat :  
 Vex'd to death that I could not attend to my  
     Church,  
 Forc'd to leave, on a Sunday, my flock in the  
     lurch ;  
 I groan'd, and I sigh'd, o'er a fit of the gout,  
 Like a *Rattle-snake* twisting and writhing about.  
 Inur'd to good health, and but yesterday well,  
 This stroke upon me like a *Thunder-bolt* fell.  
 "Fetch the doctor," I cried, "if in searching  
     around,  
 In this world's ample theatre, one can be found,  
 More skill'd in the gout than in probing a wound."



And bring me my *Writing-desk*; oh ! what a job;  
 And tell William to put the old saddle on Cob.  
 The doctor's sour draughts in whole bumpers

I'll try ;

If as deep as a *Draw-well*, I'll drink 'em all dry.  
 While thus fretting and fuming, I vented my ire,  
 The daughter call'd in of our *Country Squire*;  
 With a wreath round her hat form'd of *Tulip*  
 and rose,

And lilies, whose tints her complexion compose.  
 While in chat, from her hand she something let  
 fall

On my toe, like the weight of a huge *Cannon-*  
*ball*.

Tho' the pain set me growling and grinding my  
 teeth,

I found it was only a light *Scissors-sheath*.  
 I could not be angry ; no mischief was meant ;  
 I bore it with patience, almost with content.  
 I resolv'd, too, no longer to scold or to flout,  
 But wrapp'd up in my flannels to sulk the fit  
 out.

And, good heav'n! what a change in the course  
of a week!

Once more free from pain, I could move and  
could speak;

The tardy-pac'd gout had at length left his hold,  
And my health thus restor'd, I grew sprightly  
and bold.

I determin'd again to set sail in the world,  
With top-gallant and *Mainsheet* of pleasure un-  
furl'd;

And, like a brisk bee, sip each full-blooming  
flow'r,

In greenhouse, in *Flow'r-pot*, in garden, or bow'r.  
No more, like a *Numpskull*, o'er evils to pore,  
Which good water-gruel and patience can cure;  
But from sickness set free, to adopt my old plan,  
And enjoy ev'ry hour of my life as I can.

ON HEARING A LADY  
SING THE BALLAD, "GO, FORGET ME."

---

"Go, forget me," didst thou say?  
 Oh! how impossible a thing,  
 For one, who many' a happy day,  
 Has seen thee "smile," and heard thee "sing."

In this strange world, where self alone  
 Prevails almost in ev'ry breast;  
 Pleasing it is to find that one  
 Has banish'd this unsocial guest.

'Tis clear that no such feeling lies  
 In that good-natur'd heart of thine,  
 That takes such pains, such efforts tries,  
 To please, to win, and thus to shine.

Who can forget the winning smile  
That plays upon thy rosy lip,  
While thrilling strains the hours beguile,  
And time and night unconscious slip.

Believe me, in this earthly scene,  
This desert with such ills beset,  
Such sunny beams are seldom seen ;  
You must not bid me then forget.

No, no ! thou dost but little note  
The int'rest thy good humour raises ;  
And, trust me, I shall not be mute,  
In duly setting forth thy praises.

When distant, I shall oft recur  
To scenes that were to me so pretty ;  
Where I have lent a willing ear,  
In list'ning to thy pleasing ditty.

ON THE DEPARTURE  
OF A  
VALUED FRIEND AND FAMILY  
FROM STOCTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

---

Farewell, farewell, thou peaceful spot,  
Scene of departed, not forgotten, joy ;  
Farewell, lov'd tenants of the rose-spread cot,  
Where pleasure's cup I've drain'd without  
[alloy.

Remembrance still shall dwell upon the scene,  
Though clos'd for ever but to fancy's eye ;  
Still memory shall keep thee fresh and green,  
Dead as thou art to bless'd reality.

Oft will that busy fancy take her flight,  
While solitude's dull hours pass still and slow,  
To where the mill crowns Stocton's gentle height  
And peeps upon the village huts below.

Here will it dwell on ev'ry simple bush,  
Which will some trifling incident detail;  
Near this I've listen'd to the tuneful thrush,  
On that has warbl'd forth the nightingale.

But 'twas not you, ye little, cheerful throng,  
That tun'd to rapture all my feeling heart;  
In vain had warbled forth your ev'ning song,  
Had that been all that could delight impart.

Far from the busy world and meddling crowd,  
'Twas here I've known my happiest hours to  
roll,  
Free from the gorgeous forms that wait the  
proud,  
And 'freeze the genial current of the soul.'

With kindred spirits form'd by arts refin'd,  
I've trod the path where lay our ev'ning walk,  
And even now can mem'ry call to mind  
The fav'rite subjects of our social talk.

How have we paus'd great Nature's works to scan,  
 The waving grain, the vegetative sod!  
 How prais'd the Deity's fond love to man,  
 Rising from 'Nature up to Nature's God!

Haply, from sober subjects, such as these,  
 To livelier themes our talk would often stray;  
 When jocund wit our graver thoughts would  
 ease,  
 Harmless, yet bright, as Summer light'nings  
 [play.

The cottage reach'd, when night serene and  
 grave,  
 Had thrown o'er Nature's form her mantle  
 grey;  
 While Phæbus' horses drank the western wave,  
 And left the world to her more peaceful sway:

Dear friendship's voice my anxious thoughts  
 would soothe,  
 And with fair hope my darken'd prospects  
 raise;

With cheering voice my ruffled cares would  
smooth,  
And bid me look for happier, brighter days.

These scenes are fled, swift as the passing  
wind,  
Which skims along the surface of the main ;  
Unlike the wind, they still have left behind  
The marks of their existence deep and plain.

Yes, the remembrance of this now lost bliss,  
Within the precincts of my heart I'll wear ;  
That heart, which though of happiness it miss,  
Still shall such valu'd friends for ever share.

And tho' the Fates forbid, with stern decree,  
These once lov'd pleasures ever to return ;  
Yet this one thing from Fate itself is free,  
It cannot bid me cease their loss to mourn.

So the rude tar, when from his aching sight,  
By fierce succeeding waves his bark is tost,



Now views with sullen joy and stern delight,  
The remnants of the treasure he has lost.

So the poor bird, whose nest some pilf'ring boy,  
With wanton hand, has robb'd of all her  
young,

Still hov'ring near the spot, with mournful joy,  
Sings forth with plaintive note their fun'ral  
[song.

Thus I alike, of friendship's charms bereft,  
Still in my fancy will these scenes pursue ;  
Yes, this much bliss, this pleasure still is left,  
Tho' to the rest I've bid a last adieu.

---

ON THE DEATH OF A FEMALE FRIEND.  

---

And is she gone? Her peaceful spirit fled?  
Her graceful form mix'd with the mould'ring  
    dead?

List, how the murmurs of yon distant bell,  
With drowsy toll the dreadful tidings tell!  
List, how its tones moan on the troubled air,  
And awfully the painful truth declare!  
And seems to mourn the loss, with heavy sigh,  
Of all that charm'd the soul, or pleas'd the eye.  
Oh! that some Muse, whose dull and ebon wings,  
O'er human joys her melancholy flings;  
Whose sadden'd brow scowls on the garish day,  
And scares with frowns life's blissful scenes away;

Whose leaden eye no pleasing beams impart,  
 To cheer the soul, or raise the sinking heart ;  
 Oh! that such Muse would lend me all her pow'r,  
 To guide me for one painful, pleasing hour ;  
 Whilst I in mem'ry, mournful mem'ry, dwell,  
 On one, whom all bewail, and lov'd so well.  
 But why invoke a melancholy muse,  
 A sadder vein of sorrow to infuse,  
 Than that which even now my bosom fills,  
 And from my eyes in copious drops distills?  
 Why strive to sink the string already lower'd  
 To the last tune of melancholy's chord?  
 If themes like this no rapture can impart,  
 No language find to ease the aching heart ;  
 Vain were the hope such ardour to inspire,  
 "With incense kindled at the Muse's fire."

Who can forget the scenes of early years,  
 Full-fraught with pleasure, free from hopes and  
     fears :

Scenes that in childhood were so bright and  
     gay,

When nought but frolic wil'd the hours away ?

Who can forget, as youthful days advance,  
 The sprightly song, the still more sprightly  
 dance?

Who can forget the tricks, the playful mirth,  
 To which good-humour evermore gives birth;  
 Where innocence alone enthron'd presides,  
 And ev'ry prank, and ev'ry pastime guides?  
 Who can forget, then, those who join'd the  
 throng,

In dance, in frolic, or in cheerful song?  
 In these, the subject of my mournful lay  
 Pass'd all her peers, and bore the palm away;  
 Inspir'd the young, and made the old forget  
 Their day of merriment was nearly set;  
 And made them chide the nimble-gaited night,  
 For robbing them so soon of such delight.

Yet think not these the summit of her praise,  
 These, the mere trifles of her earlier days.  
 In her, the nobler virtues of the mind,  
 That grace her sex and ornament her kind;  
 In her, the softer, gentler passions shone,  
 That ev'ry heart and all affections won.

Ardent her feelings and her soul sincere,  
 Whate'er she lov'd, she lov'd and held it dear:  
 Affection's chord vibrated through her heart,  
 And parents, sisters, brothers shar'd a part;  
 While kindest Christian feeling ever bound  
 Her sympathy to ev'ry heart around.  
 Should poverty her desolations send,  
 Or sickness round her ravages extend;  
 Her tender hand, ready, tho' scanty purse,  
 Afforded comfort or supplied the nurse;  
 And once again health, joy, and peace were  
     found,

Where nought but misery seem'd to stalk around.

Thus good, thus happy once this lifeless corse,  
 Whose mem'ry I recall in simple verse.

Yet think not, though my Muse exert her lays  
 To fondly tell her worth and sing her praise,  
 Think not, though here in varied virtues dress'd,  
 No imperfections lodg'd within her breast.

Such excellence resides not here with man,  
 Mix'd good and evil is the whole we can.

E'en angels no such eminence attain,  
 E'en angels selves abhor the thought profane.  
 Whatever faults she had, take care to shun,  
 And know, complete perfection dwells in none :  
 In silence let them lie for ever hid,  
 Nail'd with her dust beneath the coffin-lid.

And when hereafter, hast'ning to our end,  
 We sit us down a pensive hour to spend,  
 Mayhap, our wand'ring thoughts may sometimes  
 stray,

To her who first has trod the destin'd way.  
 Then from the tomb her voice will seem be  
 heard,

Like some sweet, soft, but melancholy bird ;  
 E'en from the tomb her shadow seem to flit,  
 And at our side, in fancy's eye, to sit :  
 E'en there, where mould'ring by her sainted  
 sire ;

E'en in the tomb will live her wonted fire.

Ye giddy wantons, that with thoughtless air,  
 Sweep through the world's gay scenes devoid  
 of care ;

Who pride yourselves upon your form and face,  
 Unrivall'd beauty, and surpassing grace ;  
 To this poor pallid corpse here turn your view,  
 Once beauteous, flatter'd, aye, and lov'd like you,  
 And let it whisper to your shudd'ring ear,  
 The empty vanity of all things here ;  
 And warn you, when your thoughtless joys are  
     past,  
 "To this complexion must you come at last."  
 Though all that beauty, youth, and health, can  
     give,  
 Should strew your path, and in your fortunes  
     live,  
 Ye cannot shun the fate of all your race ;  
 Death will outstrip you in the fatal chace.  
 These too much valued gifts, life's flow'rs must  
     die ;  
 One thing alone can live eternally.  
 However lov'd, however valued, still  
 Ye must obey the mighty conq'ror's will ;  
 The tend'rest ties of sweet affection part,  
 Tho' parting break the cordage of the heart.

Oh hard condition ! oh unhappy fate !  
Allotted, twin-born with our earthly state !  
Yet why repine ? 'tis useless to complain ;  
'Tis worse, 'tis impious, as well as vain.  
Hence foolish plaints ; unholy murm'ings hence ;  
Self-mock'ry cease ; 'tis daring Providence.  
Let's rather turn our thoughts to other views,  
That shed a radiance o'er life's darker hues.  
And since on quitting once this earthly bourne,  
No wand'ring spirit ever can return ;  
Let's humbly hope, when time and age are pass'd,  
And all our mortal coil from off us cast ;  
Let's humbly hope our faults may be forgiven,  
And all again meet happily in Heaven.

---



AN ALPINE SCENE AT SUNSET.  

---

Hark! 'tis the summons of the Alpine horn!

The sun has sunk beneath old Gothard's  
brow,

The Southern Indian hails th' approach of morn;

We, the still hour of eve. The distant low  
Of browsing herds, returning to their fold,

With quick ear train'd to note the ev'ning call,  
Floats on the breeze: pale roses chas'd with  
gold

The snow-clad hills appear: each waterfall,  
Like molten diamonds pouring from the skies,  
Flings back again to Heaven its own resplen-  
dent dyes.

The horns have ceas'd; their thrilling tones  
grow weak;

The last faint echo mingles with the air;  
The cloud-capp'd herdsman, from the topmost  
peak,

Proclaims aloud the solemn hour of pray'r;  
And ev'ry voice repeats the holy call,

From Alp to Alp, the frozen cliffs around.  
Low on their bended knees the rustics fall,  
And ev'ry tongue takes up the grateful sound;  
"Praise ye the Lord," with hallow'd lips they sing!  
"Praise ye the Lord," rocks, caves, and hoary  
[glaciers ring!

Such the bless'd strains the Eastern shepherds  
heard,

When, with the word "Salvation," on the wing  
A glorious angel host on earth appear'd,

To hail the birth of Heaven's eternal King!  
With loud acclaim the choir of Cherubs sang,  
"Peace, peace to man! Glory to God on high."  
The mountains shook, the air with anthem's rang,  
And shouts resounded o'er the sea and sky;

So Alpine peasants still at ev'ning call  
Sing praises to the Lord, and at his footstool fall.

A solemn pause succeeds—a sacred calm,  
As deep as though the very breath of life  
Had ceas'd for aye; and death's eternal balm  
Had heal'd all wounds and ended human strife.  
The mountain serfs within their huts retire,  
To hold communion with their God alone;  
(Hush'd ev'ry worldly thought, each vain desire,  
Absorb'd in that profound and holy one;)   
Before His throne the contrite heart to bare,  
And plead, tho' undeserv'd, for grace and mercy  
[there.

The pray'r is o'er; and night and darkness throw  
Their starry mantle o'er the radiant sky.  
Again the horns, like Angel-trumpets, blow;  
“Good night,” from ev'ry voice ascends on  
high.

Sink, sink, ye vallies into silent sleep;  
Fear not, tho' tempests rend the mountain's  
breast!

A faithful Shepherd watches o'er his sheep,  
And lulls them, midst the wildest storms, to  
rest,

Though earthquakes split, and avalanches tear  
The world's dark womb, and lay her deep  
foundations bare.

Soft fall the cooling dews of parting day ;  
The painted flow'rs their fragrant eyelids  
close,

Again to ope with morning's earliest ray,  
Like beauty waking from the dread repose  
Of chaos, when the Almighty's word was giv'n,  
(And darkness burst and stagger'd at the  
blaze,)

“ Let there be light !” and light sprang forth  
from Heav'n,

And all Creation shouted hymns of praise.  
So close my eyelids, free from earthly care,  
And holy dreams bring back this scene of  
mountain pray'r.

THE FUNERAL.

---

I walk'd the church-yard path along,  
And heard a feeble wailing cry;  
Seem'd as to me the plaintive song,  
The dying cygnet's parting sigh.

A weeping infant shed the tear  
Of sorrow on the mother's bier.

I heard, again, a deeper moan  
Of inward and expressive grief;  
A silent and a stifled groan,  
That seem'd to give a heart relief.

It was a husband mourn'd a wife,  
The solace of his chequer'd life.

Say, what can ease the tortur'd hearts,  
 When death, with unrelenting hand,  
 Such ties of fond affection parts,  
 And spends so soon the glass's sand?  
     Few are the hours of earthly bliss!  
     Brief, brief, the span of happiness!

Deem not, ye mourners for the dead,  
 While thus you pour the pious tear,  
 With her all consolation's fled;  
 It is the lot of pilgrims here:  
     “Sages, peasants, monarchs must  
     Follow her, and turn to dust.”

The King of Terrors rudely scorns  
 The titles to distinction given;  
 Wealth's glitt'ring tinsel toys he spurns,  
 And levels all things under heav'n:  
     The thistle and the lofty oak,  
     Both sink alike beneath his stroke.

No flatt'ry soothes his dull cold ear,  
Nor beauty blunts his deadly dart;  
Blind to the tender, piteous tear,  
And heedless of the harden'd heart.

No human art can safety bring;  
No med'cine cure his fatal sting.

And is there then no pow'rful friend  
To baffle this tremendous foe?

When to the tomb we see descend  
The darling subjects of our woe;

Is there no balm, no comfort left,  
To soothe the anguish of the 'reft?

What mean those words of peace and love  
That crowd th' inspir'd and sacred page?

That point the road to joys above,  
Where worldly passions cease to rage?

Where mortals' joys immortal gain,  
And angel-pleasures ever reign?

In vain those sacred feet had trod,  
 In human guise, Judæa's soil;  
 Cast the bright figure of the God,  
 And there encounter'd mortal toil;  
     In vain his life a ransom gave,  
     And rose triumphant o'er the grave,

Unless to weeping man were giv'n  
 A hope to soothe his anxious breast;  
 A ready passport towards heav'n,  
 A promise of eternal rest:  
     These, these, (the anchor of his soul,  
     The storms and tides of life controul.

Here, then, the pilgrim's sorrows cease—  
 The weary journeyer to the tomb  
 Beholds in heav'n a place of peace,  
 A blessed never-ending home:  
     And knows that those he held most dear  
     Have found that rest they wanted here.



What tho' a husband then deplore  
The loss untimely of a wife ;  
Or child, a parent now no more,  
That hush'd the plaints of infant life ?

What, tho' their home, once scene of mirth,  
Is now a desolated hearth ?

Angels receive, in sacred ward,  
The orphans' footsteps to attend ;  
Their helpless infancy to guard,  
And guide them to a happy end.

Angels alike on age await,  
To lead it to its destin'd fate.

If once the spirit pass the "bourne,"  
Far, far above the azure skies ;  
That spirit never shall return  
Again to greet our anxious eyes :

But we, at length, shall mount to rest,  
And with it be for ever bless'd.



## NOTES.



Page 1, line 1.

*Hail, noble pile, whose tow'ring head.*

The Cathedral Church of Hereford stands upon the north side of the river Wye, and near to its bank. It is a large, massive, and in many respects, a beautiful structure. The Dean and Chapter of the day, to which the poem principally refers, were in the habit of allowing the boys of the College School, contiguous to the Cathedral, to use the Church-yard as a play ground. Here the author was brought up; and in Hereford spent the first twenty-five years of his life.

Page 2, lines 3—4.

*When in mock penance Mercia's king,  
First planted thy foundation stone.*

The Cathedral of Hereford is generally believed to have been built at the instigation of Offa, king of Mercia. This monarch, having invited over Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, under pretence of giving him his daughter in marriage, got him into his power, murdered him, and took possession of his kingdom, which he added to his own dominions. He afterwards obtained absolution from the Pope; and on his return from Rome to England, built several monasteries, &c. by way of expiation; and among them, the Cathedral of Hereford, which was accordingly dedicated to Sts. Mary and Ethelbert.

Page 3, line 4.

*And vow'd to be of Heav'n alone the bride.*

Most people have read the description, and therefore understand the meaning of "a lady taking the veil;" and there would be no need of any observation here, in explanation of the passage above.

But the author has referred the reader to this note, in order to introduce a fragment of a poem accidentally discovered in the poet's corner of a newspaper. The connexion with the passage will be evident and elucidatory; and the simplicity, beauty, and pathos of the fragment itself, will, he is sure, be a sufficient apology for its introduction here.

The maidens sought her at the dawn,  
And sleepless from her couch she rose;  
Her cheeks had lost the hue of morn,  
And grief forbade her to repose.  
And pity melted in her tears,  
And sorrow spoke in ev'ry sigh;  
But if her cheek was pale with fears,  
It stole no lustre from her eye.

Her robe was wove in Indian loom,  
And diamonds glitter'd in her hair:  
The Virgin's image grac'd the room;  
Before the niche she knelt in pray'r.  
No sob did burst, no tear did flow;  
The chisell'd marble from above,  
Met the lorn suppliant's gaze of woe,  
With changeless look of peace and love.

Her father sought her at the noon ;  
 Still knelt she at the Virgin's shrine :  
 " Arise, Heav'n claims its vot'ry soon ;  
 " Thou must the world and me resign.  
 " 'Tis well ! no sign of wayward grief,  
 " The pardon to submission given :  
 " There's not a tear upon thy cheek ;  
 " 'Twould ill become the bride of heav'n."

" Most true, my father ; no weak fear,  
 " Can rob my soul of late-found peace ;  
 " How can those sorrows claim a tear,  
 " That e'er to-morrow's dawn shall cease."

His daughter's hand the Baron took,  
 And led her from the Castle door ;  
 She went ; nor gave one parting look  
 To his dark tow'rs, her home no more.

The Abbess sought the Nun at night ;  
 The hymn was sung, the vow was said,  
 That chain'd the wild-bird's joyous flight  
 To that dark cage of gloom and dread.  
 They sever'd ev'ry graceful tress,  
 Falling like snow-flakes on the ground ;

The first wreck of her loveliness,  
Like scatter'd flow'rets lay around.

And hath she left her childhood's home,  
Within the convent's shade to dwell?  
And hath she left a princely dome,  
To 'bide in cold and narrow cell?  
The Abbess sought the nun at night:  
She came with slow and measur'd tread;  
She spoke, but none replied—her light  
Gleam'd on the features of the dead!

Page 5, lines 3—4.

*Was what he lov'd—and who has ever dar'd  
To call his pastime by so harsh a name?*

“The labour we delight in, physics pain.”

*Shakespeare.*

Page 6, line 1.

*But hark, the bell's appalling sound.*

The small bell in the Cathedral was rung every day at seven o'clock in the morning, and at one in the afternoon, to announce the hours of morning school, and of dinner.

Page 7, line 13.

*Ah no ! refreshing, balmy sleep.*

The Author cannot resist the impulse of quoting that very beautiful passage, which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry V., *Act 4, Scene 1.*

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore a king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world ;  
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;  
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful tread ;  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;  
But like a lackey from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phæbus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium—

Page 14, line 1.

*What hideous crash salutes my wounded ears.*

The occasion of these lines was as follows.—Some



years ago, the author was in the habit of taking a long walk before breakfast. In one of these morning rambles, as he was passing near a small inclosure, some labourers, at the time unseen by him, were employed in felling timber. Just as he had reached the spot where they were so employed, every thing had been prepared for pulling down an elm of considerable dimensions. He consequently heard nothing, till the sudden crash of the falling tree, within a short distance, startled him, and roused him from the reverie into which he had fallen. Some few weeks after this, a majestic oak, which grew upon an estate of Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart., at Stanton, Worcestershire, and had for years been the admiration of the neighbouring country, was felled; and the author, amongst others, went to witness its fall. The suddenness experienced on the former occasion, he transferred to this; and his mind afterwards pursuing one thought after another, he formed his ideas into their present state.

Page 14, line 15.

*Briareus like, seem'd Heaven to defy.*

Briareus was a celebrated giant of antiquity, the son of Cœlus and Terra ; he had a hundred hands, and fifty heads ; and was called by men, Ægeon, and only by the gods, Briareus. When Juno, Neptune, and Minerva, conspired to dethrone Jupiter, Briareus ascended to Olympus, and seated himself by Jupiter ; where he so terrified the conspirators, by his fierce and threatening aspect, that they desisted from their attempt. He himself, however, was afterwards induced to join the confederate giants, against the gods ; but he was struck by a thunder-bolt from the hand of Jupiter, and condemned to perpetual confinement under the weight of Mount Etna, in Sicily.

Page 15, line 1.

*Here for a century twice told had stood,*

It is supposed, and with good reason, from the accounts of many of the inhabitants of the place, as well as from the opinion of the woodmen, employed in felling this tree, that it must have stood more than two hundred years.

Page 17, line 6.

*And Babylon is number'd with the dead :*

Babylon, the capital of the Assyrian Empire, which was the oldest in the world, and one of the most extensive. It was situated on the banks of the river Euphrates, and was remarkable for the height and thickness of its walls, and for its hundred gates of massive brass. Here it was that the nation of the Jews were carried captive, and wept "by the waters of Babylon;" and here they continued in captivity for seventy years, till they were restored under Ezra and Nehemiah. Its greatness was so reduced in succeeding years, that in Pliny's time it was a desolate wilderness; and at present the spot where it stood is not exactly known. By some it has been said to be covered by water.

Page 17, line 11.

*For Cyrus now had drawn his flaming sword ;*

This great king and conqueror, was the son of Cambyses and Mandane, daughter of Astyages, the last king of the Medes. He had been mentioned by name seventy years before he was born,

by the Jewish Prophet, Isaiah, as the restorer of the Jews from captivity. There are two passages of the Prophet, referring, not only to this particular action, but evidently intimating his other conquests and achievements. The first is in the 44th Chapter, verse 28.—“That saith of Cyrus, he is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure; even, saying to Jerusalem, thou shalt be built, and to the temple, thy foundation shall be laid.” He fulfilled this prophecy by giving directions for this purpose, although the actual execution of his orders did not take place till the reign of Artaxerxes, or Ahasuerus. The second is in the 45 Chap., verse 1.—“Thus saith the Lord to his anointed to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut: I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron: And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord,

which call thee by name, am the God of Israel. For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me." The history of Cyrus literally fulfils this prophecy, in many respects. He first united the kingdoms of Media and Persia, and formed the whole into one monarchy: he subdued the Assyrians, and broke their dynasty: he took Babylon, which he did by turning the course of the river, and entering the city by the main bed, thus dried up; he ordered the restoration of the Jews, and gave directions for rebuilding Jerusalem. He conquered Lydia, and connected the whole under the Persian monarchy, which continued until the time of Alexander the Great.

Page 18, line 2.

*Till rose the youth of Macedonian line.*

Most of the wars of Alexander the Great, appear to have been undertaken wantonly, merely to gratify an insatiable ambition. He spread his conquests over the Eastern world; and, in all

probability, had he lived long enough, would have conquered Europe, and attempted to extend his arms over the then known world. He was the son of Philip and Olympias, and died at Babylon, at the age of 32. He left his dominions to his generals. These and their successors, in the course of time, by their continued dissensions, were soon weakened, and one after another became the prey of the Romans.

Page 19, line 6.

*See, how th' Hectorean bands, victorious hosts.*

The Romans prided themselves upon their assumed descent from the Trojans: and this passage refers to the promise of Jupiter to Venus, the mother of Æneas, that from him should descend a nation which should hereafter conquer Greece, and thus revenge the destruction of Troy by the confederated princes of that country. The passage is as follows: Æneis, book 1, line 272—

Hic jam tercentum totos regnabitur annos  
 Hectoreâ sub gente; donec Regina Sacerdos  
 Marte gravis, geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.

\* \* \* \* \*



Sic placitum. Veniet lustris labentibus ætas, [nas,  
 Cum domus Assaraci Phthiam, clarasque Mycæ-  
 Servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis.

The whole of the passage, including the lines omitted in the intermediate part, is thus translated by Dryden, book 1, line 360—

\*        \*        \*        Alba Longa build ;  
 The throne with his succession shall be fill'd  
 Three hundred circuits more : then shall be seen,  
 Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,  
 Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,  
 Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose  
 The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain ;  
 And Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain ;  
 Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become ;  
 The people Romans call, the city Rome.  
 To them no bounds of empire I assign,  
 Nor term of years to their immortal line.  
 E'en haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,  
 Earth, sea, and heaven, and Jove himself turmoils,  
 At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,  
 To cherish and advance the Trojan line.

The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,  
 And prostrate shall adore the nation of the gown.  
 The age is rip'ning, in revolving fate,  
 When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state.  
 And sweet revenge her conq'ring sons shall call,  
 To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.

There is another passage, similar to this, in the sixth book, where Anchises is pointing out to Æneas his future descendents, as he is shewn them in the Infernal Regions. Book 6, line 836—

Ille triumphata Capitolia adalta Corintho  
 Victor aget currum ; cæsis insignis Achivis,  
 Eruet ille Argos, Agamemnonisque Mycænas,  
 Ipsumque Eaciden, genus armipotentis Achillei :  
 Ultus avos Trojæ, templa et temerata Minervæ.

Dryden's translation, book 6, line 1147—

Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,  
 And to the Capitol his chariot guide  
 From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils,  
 And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,  
 On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,  
 And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause :



Shall drag in chains their Achillean race,  
 Shall vindicate his ancestor's disgrace,  
 And Pallas for her violated place.

Corinth was the last place of Greece that held out against the Romans, and was taken and burned down by them after a memorable siege.

Page 21, line 9.

*Still bid the captive and the slave be free.*

These lines were written in the year of the emancipation of the slaves in our colonies.

Page 38, line 1.

*See, see where the clouds in majestic array.*

It is now some years since the author was walking in the parish of Corse, Glostershire, about the month of August. He had just parted from a friend, and was pursuing his walk along the lawn, when a thunder storm suddenly came on, and with such rapidity, that he had no time to reach a small cottage within view, before it burst over his head. He felt a violent shock, but did not know to what to attribute it; nor could he compare it to any

thing better than the sensation which would be occasioned by the fall of a full heavy bag on the back of a person's neck. For some time he stood bewildered; nor was he roused from his stupor, till he heard the distant murmur of the thunder over the Chase, and Weston, near Ross. In a few minutes the storm was gone, and a most splendid rainbow stretched across the Heavens. This circumstance gave rise to these lines. They were written principally with the view of occasionally bringing to his mind the danger he had escaped, and the feelings he experienced on that day.

Page 39, line 15,

*When, lo! in the distance, a rainbow so bright,*

It cannot be doubted that the reader will be very much pleased with the following beautiful lines, and will readily pardon the insertion of them here.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

Oh father, dear father, why pass they away,  
 The Dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day?  
 That glitter'd like stars in the light of the moon,  
 Oh, why are those Dew-drops dissolving so soon?

Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness  
 away,

As though nothing that's lovely might live for a  
 day ?

The moonlight has faded, the flow'rs still remain,  
 But the dew has dried out of their petals again.

“ My child,” said the father, “ look up to the  
 skies,

Behold yon bright Rainbow, those beautiful dyes!

There, there are the Dew-drops in glory reset ;

'Mid the jewels of Heav'n they are glittering yet.

Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray,

To mourn not for beauty, though fleeting away ?

For though youth of its brightness and beauty be  
 riven,

All that withers on earth beams more brightly in  
 Heav'n.”

Alas! for the father—how little thought he,

That the words he had utter'd prophetic would be;

That the beautiful child, the bright star of his day,

Was e'en then, like the Dew-drop, dissolving away.

Oh ! sad was the father ; when lo ! in the skies,  
 The Rainbow again spread its beautiful dyes ;  
 And then he remember'd the maxim he'd given ;  
 And thought on his child, and the Dew-drop in  
 Heav'n.

Page 40, line 18.

*“ Henceforth, nor the rains, nor the storms shall  
 afford.”*

Genesis, Chap. ix, verse 12.—And God said,  
 “ This is the token of the Covenant which I make  
 between me and you, and every living creature  
 that is with you, for perpetual generations. I do  
 set my bow in the cloud ; and it shall be for a token  
 of a covenant between me, and the earth. And  
 it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over  
 the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud :  
 and I will remember my covenant, which is be-  
 tween me and you, and every living creature of  
 all flesh ; and the waters shall no more become a  
 flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in  
 the cloud : and I will look upon it, that I may re-  
 member the everlasting covenant between God and  
 every living creature of all flesh that is upon the  
 earth.”

Page 64, line 13.

*To teach the stubborn heart to fear.*

“ Out of the mouths of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength : because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.”—Psalm viii, verse 2.

Page 64, line 19.

*He drew them gently to His side.*

“ Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of Heaven as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them.”—Matt. x, verse 15.

Page 65, line 5.

*Our innocence the Saviour gave.*

“ And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, “ Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble

himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."—  
Matt. XVIII, 2—6.

Page 65, line 13.

*E'en Angels on their footsteps wait.*

“Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones: for I say unto you, That in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.”

Page 67.

*On a Summer-house built on Corsehill,*

*by J. Hawkins, Esq..*

Jeremiah Hawkins, Esq., of the Haw, in the County of Gloster, was a gentleman well known to the sporting world, as one of the boldest riders and most experienced hunters of his day. He followed the sport for fifty years, to the neglect of

almost every other pursuit. His portrait, on his old favorite horse, is in existence, and a very excellent one it is. In the latter part of his life, he purchased a piece of land on the top of Corse-hill, a most beautiful spot, about seven miles from Gloster, on the Upton road. Here he built a neat little Summer-house, where, as he used humourously to say to his friends, "when he could no longer ride after the hounds, he would stand and watch them." He certainly could scarcely have selected a more sweet or commanding a situation, the country all round being open to a very considerable distance over the County of Gloster; and bounded only by the Malvern, Cotswold, and Hatterell hills. He was good-natured enough to permit his neighbours to make little gipsy-parties to this Cottage; and for many years it was a scene of frequent and happy enjoyment. The author himself was witness of a scene of this kind, with his own family and friends, which gave rise to the lines here written. An old woman was placed there to keep it in order, who is here designated by the name of Dolly.



Page 78, line 7.

*Bid him attend the pris'ner's sigh.*

“ Oh, let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee: according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die.—Psalm lxxix, verse 12.

Page 78, line 11.

*Bid him behold the giant's might.*

ISABELLA.—Oh! it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.”  
*Shakespeare.—‘ Measure for Measure.’ Act 2nd.  
Scene 2nd.*

Page 17, line 15.

*'Then may he hope at that dread bar.*

“ And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also, which is in Heaven, may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in Heaven, forgive your trespasses.—Mark xi, verse 25, 26.



Page 82.

*The Task.*

These lines were written at the request of a Lady. She, and some others, had engaged to procure a copy of verses from a friend, upon any set of words thrown promiscuously together; and whoever procured the most satisfactory, was to be rewarded with a trifling present from the rest. The words were these, viz.,—Chimney, Lambskin, Church, Rattle-snake, Thunder-bolt, Theatre, Writing-desk, Draw-well, Country Squire, Tulip, Cannon-ball, Scissors-sheath, Main-sheet, Flower-pot, Numpskull. The words in the lines are printed in Italics, to distinguish them. The author had the satisfaction of hearing that his lines gained the lady the prize. The story of the gout is merely feigned for the occasion.

Page 92.

*On the death of a Female Friend.*

Since writing the lines referred to above, the following have been accidentally met with by the author, and which he here introduces without any

apology whatever. The connexion between the two is obvious, and requires no comment ; and will be read, with much pleasure, by those who have any sensibility or taste.

THE FORGOTTEN.

They have forgotten thee ; and yet,  
     How beautiful wert thou ;  
 The light of holiness seem'd set  
     Upon thy lovely brow :  
 And ever 'neath thy soften'd eye,  
 Affection's fountains seem'd to lie.

They saw thee fading in thy youth,  
     And shrunk with mournful fears ;  
 Dreading to look upon the truth ;  
     Thinking thereon with tears :  
 Hoping, when hope was wild and vain,  
 A sad relief from present pain.

I stood with them beside the bed,  
     Where lay thy mortal frame ;  
 And oh, what bitter tears were shed,  
     Murm'ring thy sainted name ;

Link'd with expressions fond and dear,  
Which thou in life hadst lov'd to hear.

Yes, in that chamber's solemn gloom,  
    What idle vows were made;  
Methought their anguish for thy doom  
    Would never more be stay'd:  
It seem'd as if all happy glee  
Had from their dwelling pass'd with thee.

But this is chang'd; a few short years,  
    And thou art with the past;  
Thy name reveals no source of tears;  
    And scarce a shade is cast,  
When thou art mention'd by some chance,  
On the light tone, or mirthful glance.

They would not own thy lessen'd pow'r;  
    And yet, a fallen star,  
A perish'd bird, a last year's flow'r,  
    As much remember'd are;  
E'en he, whose heart seem'd wholly thine,  
Is kneeling at another's shrine,

I look upon the silken hair  
I treasure for thy sake ;  
And wonder others do not share  
The thoughts it can awake.  
Strange, that I keep thy mem'ry yet,  
When nearer friends can so forget.

Page 99.

*An Alpine Scene at Sunset.*

“The horn of the shepherds of the Alps is chiefly known among us, by the accounts we have heard of the effects of its wild mountain music in calling in the cattle from their pastures ; but it is also used for a more noble purpose, namely, as a signal for the performance of a solemn religious ceremony. When the sun has quitted the valley, and his lingering beams still cast a glow of fading light on the snowy summits of the mountains ; the shepherd, whose hut is placed on the highest peak, takes his horn, and pronounces through it, as through a speaking trumpet, the solemn injunction to the world below, “Praise ye the Lord.” Every shepherd in the neighbourhood, as he catches the sound,

repeats, in succession, the same sentence at the door of his cabin. Thus, perhaps, for a quarter of an hour, the cliffs and rocky precipices fling to each other the oft repeated echoes of the sublime "Praise ye the Lord." A solemn stillness succeeds the last reverberation, and all kneel bare-headed and in silent devotion. When darkness rests upon the earth and veils the towering mountains, the horn again sounds; and a peaceful, social "Good night" is pronounced. This is repeated from rock and cliff till the distant echoes melt away; and the shepherds then retire to their peaceful cabins."—*Saturday Magazine*.

Such is the very beautiful scene which is copied from the above work, and which gave rise to the little poem before the reader.

Page 102, line 7.

*And darkness burst and stagger'd at the blaze.*

"The grey-eyed morn shines on the frowning  
night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light:

And fleched darkness like a drunkard *reels*  
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's  
wheels."—*Shakespeare, Romeo ana Juliet, Act*  
*2, scene 3. (London Edition, 1807).*

THE END.

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