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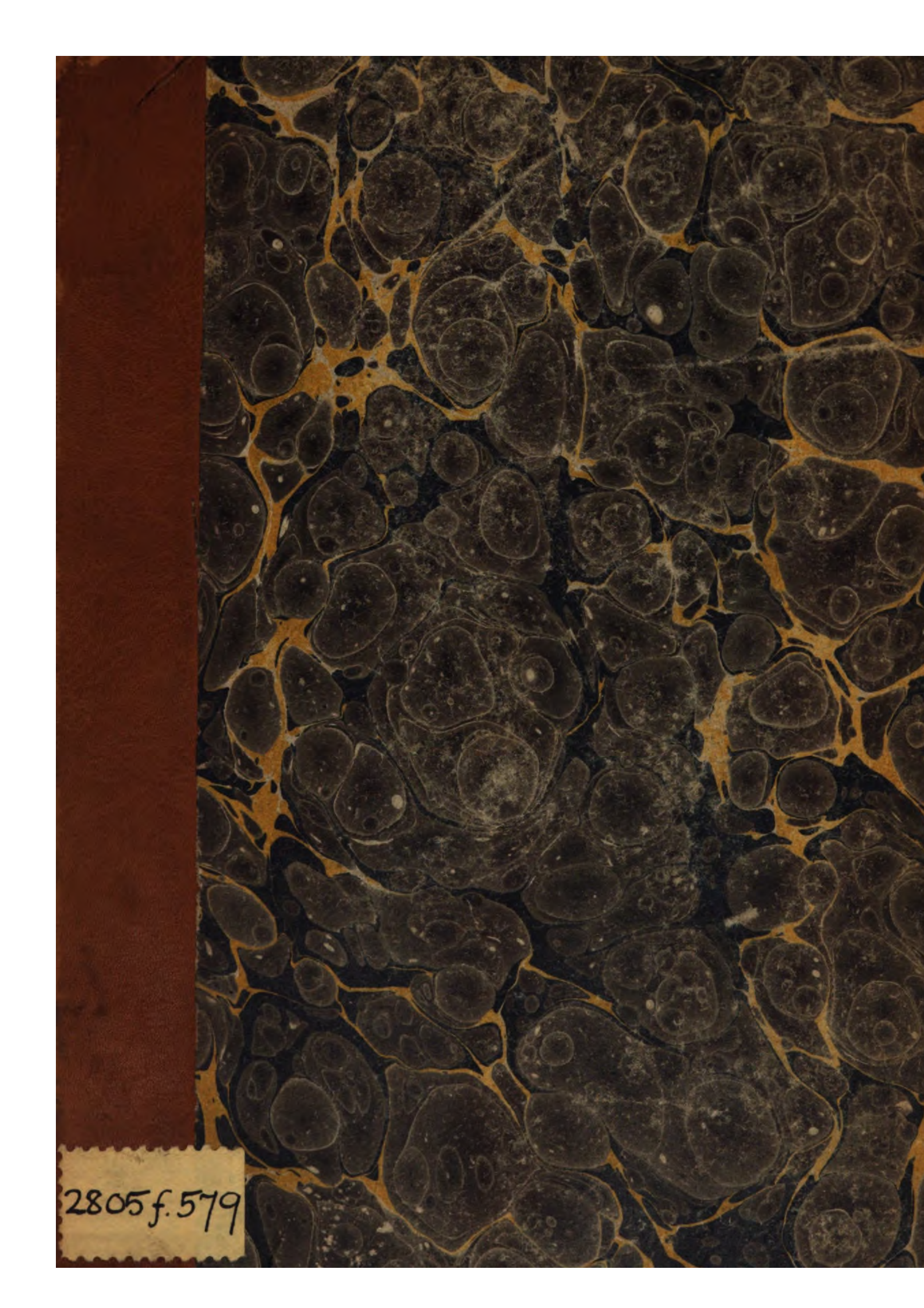
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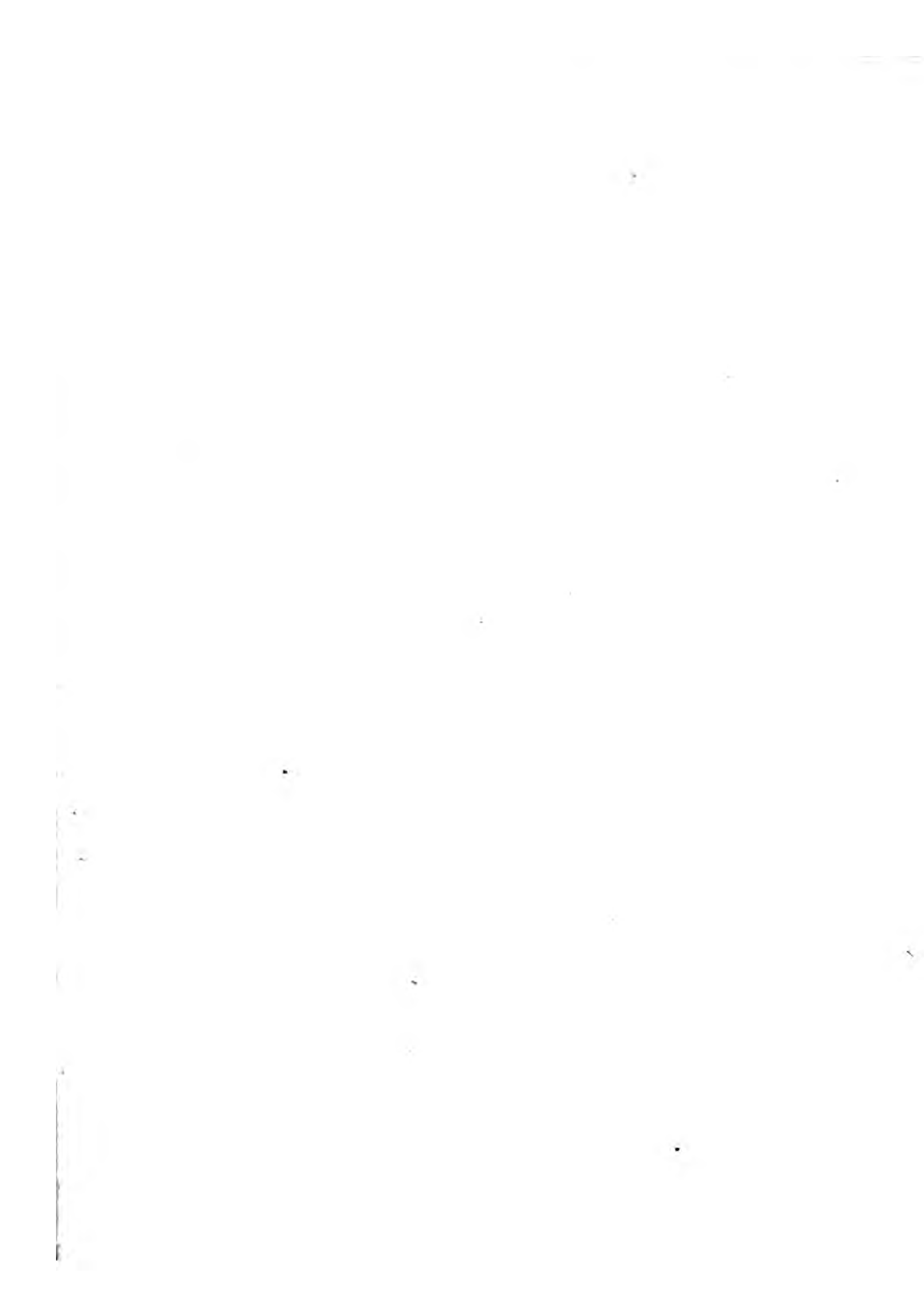
The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, specifically a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern, featuring large, irregular, dark grey or black shapes with lighter, yellowish-tan borders. A solid, dark brown spine is visible on the left side. In the bottom-left corner, there is a small, rectangular, off-white paper label with a scalloped edge, containing the handwritten text '2805 f. 579' in black ink.

2805 f. 579

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2805 f. 579

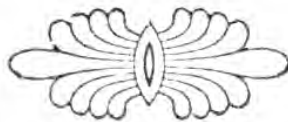




Thoughts from the Inner Circle.

"For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

TENNYSON.



LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
E. C. OSBORNE, BIRMINGHAM.
J. T. PARKES, MANCHESTER.
1850.



P R E F A C E .

THE most appropriate preface to the present volume will be its history.

In the Summer of 1848, a few friends agreed to meet for the purpose of obtaining close and intimate intercourse upon the great questions affecting the interests of humanity.

For this purpose they met once a month at their respective homes. At one of these meetings it was determined that some subject should be written upon by each, read at the following meeting, and preserved as a memento of the deep pleasure received from their intercourse. These meetings they called "The Inner Circle;" hence the title of the volume.

Being desirous that others should adopt a plan which had been of so much importance to their own individual culture, and no course appearing so well calculated to effect this object, as that of publishing some of their compositions, they have done so, and the present volume is the result.



THE AGE.

'Tis pleasing to the thoughtful mind to trace,
Ev'n step by step, the progress of mankind:
The early struggles of the infant race,
The first emancipations of the mind;
Its Titan labours wild, and gropings blind,
To 'scape the tyrant's thrall, and despot's power;
Now seeming still; now like the rushing wind
Of Asian land, whose fury, in an hour,
O'erwhelms in stricken death all 'neath its awful shower.

The past hath epochs high, august and grand;
Exemplars unto us of later day;
Landmarks on History's varied page they stand,
To point the path, and indicate the way.
"Thus did your fathers, thus do ye alway;
And as ye gain in knowledge, strength, and age,
Our errors shun."—Thus unto us they say,
Their voices trembling with that holy rage
Which fires the souls who dare with tyranny engage.

The lesson we have learned, and heard their voice ;
 Nor hath the past a nobler epoch seen
 Than this in which we live,—ay, and rejoice
 To live : an age whose like hath never been
 For wronged humanity. Calm and serene,
 We view its anarchy ; for well we know,
 That storm, and strife, and rage, must intervene
 With calm, before the sun of peace can glow,
 And Liberty and Love unite mankind below.

The age hath much to give us pain ; but more
 To fill the heart with trust, and hope, and joy.
 The despot kingdoms fall, and few deplore
 Their utter ruin ; themselves, themselves destroy,
 And men look on with aspirations high,
 And gather promise of a better day,
 When freedom shall be pure without alloy ;
 They smile, and tremble not, though nations say,
 “ Thrones crumble, empires fall, dynasties pass away.”

The age is for the many, not the few ;
 For suffering weakness, not aggressive might ;
 Its love is for the beautiful and true ;
 Its hope, the high ascendancy of right ;
 Its trust in God : and thus, through day and night,
 We labour with the highest end in view,
 Amongst the peoples to increase the light
 Of knowledge, wisdom, truth ; and thus to shew
 How they may wrongs redress, and passions ill subdue.

The age is full of promise. Hand in hand
Democracy and Christ's religion go,
Like sisters-twin ; and many a goodly band
Of earnest, hopeful souls, whose bosoms glow
With freedom's holiest fire, receive them so ;
Fit harbingers of that appointed time,
When all, the greatest and the least, shall know
And do the right ; and man in every clime
Shall live a righteous life—simple, august, sublime.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

March, 1849.

THE AGE.

Look back upon the ages of the past,
 And read the records of the days gone by :
 There learn the deeds sublime, experience vast,
 Left unto this age as a legacy.

How poet-spirits, 'midst distress and pain,
 Strove for mankind, hopeless themselves to serve ;
 How patriots bled, whom neither hope of gain
 Nor fear of death could ever tempt to swerve :

And how, when tyrants dared in God's place stand,
 And proudly dictate what men's faith should be,
 Then the heroic, glorious martyr band
 Died, that souls from thenceforth might be free :

How, through that mighty gift, the printed page,
 Minds, distance parted, meet in union ;
 And with the wise thoughts of the wisest sage,
 The lowliest of us hold communion.

And we of this age, whom each year doth gift
 With some new lesson, some new trust to guard,

What can we do, the human soul to lift,
And speed it on its progress heavenward ?

Ours be the task those thousand souls to right
Whom foulest ignorance has made its prey ;
To rescue them from error's gloomy night,
And bring them into wisdom's clear, bright day.

'Tis ours to shake off empty form and show,
Which ne'er can satisfy the longing heart ;
To find the holy shape of truth, below
The mask and dress imposed by human art.

And we will teach that life, which God has given,
Shall not by man's command be made to cease ;
The sword shall from the nations' hands be riven,
And man with man for ever dwell in peace.

And, looming in the distance, dark and dim,
A mighty work seems rising into view,
Heralded by the voice of labour grim,
Telling its wants ;—which must be listened to.

Let us with study earnest, deep and bold,
Try its demands, and, if we find them true,
The after coming ages must unfold
Its banner, and with it the world subdue.

THE AGE.

WHILE the Past, in varied colours, makes the page of History
 bright,
 And the Future beckons to us with its promise of delight ;
 Yet the Age in which we wander, and in which our mission's
 cast,
 Fills our souls with deeper feelings than the future or the past.

For we see in all its features, in its thoughts we clearly trace,
 That an era bright hath dawnéd for the mighty human race ;
 And with joy and strong emotion, watch it as it rolls along,
 Like a mighty river flowing with a current swift and strong.

Look abroad across the nations scattered o'er this beauteous
 earth,
 See the people all uprising with a new and glorious birth ;
 Men their birthright sternly claiming, proudly asking to be
 free ;
 Kings before them bending lowly ! surely this is good to see.

Now with thoughts that rend asunder feelings old and fashions
 worn,
 See the Poet and the Preacher, with the onward progress
 borne ;

But a darkened picture riseth, when we look with searching
eye
O'er the haunts by sin polluted, full of guilt and misery ;
See the guilty walk unpunished, see the suffering and the poor,
See unsheltered virtue wandering, spurned from many an
earthly door.

This should prompt us on to labour, for it points the work to
do,
Ere fair wisdom's with the many, ignorance is with the few ;
Make us strive with stronger sinews for that universal plan,
Which shall grant each human being all the social rights of
man.

Thankful to the Spirit-Father for this wondrous Present Age,
Let us make our lives heroic, write high deeds upon its page ;
Serve with fervour and devotion all its aspirations bright ;
Wander with it in its searchings for a truer, nobler light.

And if clouded o'er with sadness, sigh not for the buried Past,
For howe'er with storms encompassed, sunshine needs must
come at last ;
On the future cast no yearnings, wait not for a brighter day,
We, the Builders of the Present, *make* the Future what we
may.

H. LATHAM.

E V I L.

LIFE is full of wondrous riddles, riddles pressing to be read ;
 And this earth of ours hath problems, puzzling e'en the wisest
 head.

Hard to solve are its enigmas, hard to solve and understand ;
 Hopings, doubtings, and despairings, alternate with iron hand.

Light and shadow, thorns and flowers, good and evil, side by
 side,
 Journey alway here together, raising, checking human pride.

Bright the sun in summer splendour ; sweet the genial breath
 of spring ;
 Yet the former oft consumeth ; and the latter death doth bring.

Glorious is the rolling ocean, with its music wild and free ;
 And we love its mighty throbbings, love its vast sublimity :

Yet how oft the tempest sweepeth, with its overwhelming wave,
 Thousand thousand fellow-beings to a cold, unpillowed grave.

Thus the universal seeming ; dual are all things below ;
 Joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, tears and laughter, weal
 and woe.

In the soul of man are striving, as fleet Time rolls round his
hours,

To obtain supreme dominion, two contending mighty powers:

And they struggle daily, hourly, struggle aye from morn to
night;

And too oft, with bitter feelings, the wrong we see subdue the
right.

And men call this power EVIL; dark and darkening is its face;
Like a thunder-cloud it lowers, lowers o'er the human race.

Small at first is its appearance; day by day it grows and grows;
From horizon to horizon, over all its gloom it throws.

In each sphere of life it enters; in the cottage and the hall;
Rich and poor, and strong, and weakly, all at times become
its thrall.

Every land and every people own its omnipresent sway;
Bending many a strong heart lowly, turning raven locks to
grey.

Yet for its presence we are grateful, though black and ruthless
its control;

For the work it hath to perfect, is to purify the soul.

As the ore cast in the furnace, with its base alloys entire,
Floweth pure and molten metal, from the ordeal of the fire;

So the soul that bravely struggleth, step by step, and blow by
blow,
Shall acquire a loftier purpose from its battlings with the foe.

Not for vain and idle purpose, doth the all-wise God allow,
O'er the bright and gladsome sunshine, evil's darkening gloom
to flow.

Deep and wondrous is the meaning, in the universal plan,
Of this omnipresent EVIL; deep its meaning unto man.

High its mission is, and holy; and its purifying power
For the promised land prepareth, where its darkness cannot
lower.

Where the sun for ever shineth; grief and sorrow are no more;
Good sits on his throne of glory; EVIL casts no shadow o'er.

There the blest are ever blessing—ever blessing, ever blest;
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

J. A. L.

April, 1849.

E V I L.

WHY dimmeth the Student's beaming eye, why paleth the
 Student's face,
 When he seeketh to learn the laws which rule the destiny of
 his race?
 He seeth that evil and good contend, in conflict fierce and
 strong;
 And oft doth he see that the victory is apparently given to
 wrong.

And his heart rebelleth against the Power that in this wise
 doth govern the earth;
 Nor will he believe that Omniscience could give to such sys-
 tem birth.
 "Oh! if mine were the power the laws to make!" even such
 is his heart's vain cry,
 "Then the right should for ever triumphant be, and evil
 should fall and die."

Have firmer trust; hold a nobler faith; look farther and bolder
 on;
 Know that evil is used but for a time, by the mighty hand of
 One

Who trieth therewith the hearts of men. It liveth but for a
day,
And when its appointed work is done, it shall utterly pass
away.

Why grieveth the feeling heart of him whose love is for all
his kind?
Amid every rank of the human race doth he pain and misery
find;
And though he would fain have the righteous succeed, and
the good in prosperity live,
Yet he knows that the world to the low and the base doth oft
its rich pleasure give.

Oh let not your mind be for that made sad! Oh grieve not
your loving heart!
Of the mighty scheme which the soul shall act, thou here
canst behold but part:
From evil, through pain, shall we here be cleansed; we a
better life soon shall own,
Where sighing and sorrow shall pass away, and where evil
shall never be known.

F A I T H .

THE earth was desert, and a void,
 And darkness o'er its waters lay ;
 And chaos held a ruleless rule,
 And silence awe-compelling sway ;
 Nor sun, nor star, nor tree, nor flower,
 Was there to charm with beauty's power ;
 No breezes fragrance bore from leafy-shaded bower.

Then came the awful voice of God
 Across the silence of the deep ;
 Bade order, light and concord reign,
 And beauty high dominion keep :
 Then hill and dale with verdure dight ;
 Gave sun, and moon, and star their light ;
 Called into being all that soothes and cheers the sight.

Even thus, a desert and a void,
 And verdureless, the human heart ;
 It can, though all things round it smile,
 Nor joy receive, nor joy impart,
 'Till Faith, God's messenger below,
 Shall warm it with its cheerful glow,
 And bid its holy stream in genial currents flow.

How cold, how barren were this life ;
How terrible the thought of death ;
How sunless, flowerless, hopeless all ;
Wert thou not here to warm us, Faith !
Thou art a beam from heaven cast,
A ray from God, a holocaust,
Which glorifieth all,—the present—future—past.

Faith is the staff whereon to rest
Throughout life's changeful pilgrimage :
In youth it giveth earnestness,
And peace and deep content in age :
Where'er is felt its holy sway,
Doubts and despairings flee away ;
On earth we taste the bliss of heaven's eternal day.

As is the fragrance to the flower,
As is the rainbow to the sky,
As is its music to the bird,
And to the raven's wing its dye,—
A transcendental halo thrown
Round what were beautiful alone,—
So Faith gives to the heart a glory not its own.

J. A. L.

May, 1849

F A I T H .

I.

WHEN the heart of man upheaveth,
 With the thought of this life's close,
 And his spirit fondly cleaveth
 To the world with all its woes ;
 When the blackness and the darkness
 Of the night seems coming on,
 And he fears to meet the starkness
 Of annihilation ;
 When he knows that he must sever
 From all things that he has loved ;
 Can he be supported ever,
 When thus deeply he is moved ?
 Is there aught that can uphold him,
 Or shall blank despair enfold him,
 When thus deeply he is moved ?

II.

Yes ; 'tis then he sees the brightness
 From the gift of faith received ;
 And he knows the spirit lightness,
 Gained from promises believed.

Then his faithful heart doth truly
 Deem Omnipotence his friend,
 Although reason cannot, duly,
 That dread Power comprehend ;
 Then the future's mystic portal
 Opens wide before his ken :
 Yes, 'tis faith in the immortal
 That alone can aid him then.
 Though all earthly hopes have vanished,
 Yet the faith shall ne'er be banished,
 That alone can aid him then.

III.

When the soul of man, surrounded
 By the wondrous infinite,
 Strives, although by light confounded,
 To search out its source of might ;
 Then he finds that he can never
 All the infinite conceive :
 'Tis by faith alone he ever
 Can a glimpse of it receive.
 Faith, the highest, noblest feature
 Ever upon man bestowed ;
 Faith, the eye with which the creature
 Strives to look upon its God :
 Faith it is, whose mission holy,
 Makes each soul, though meek and lowly,
 Strive to look upon its God.

FAITH.

WHAT is it that comes like a light o'er the soul,
When tossed on the ocean of thought,
Smooths down its fierce billows, cries peace to the waves ;
And calm to that ocean is brought ?

'Tis that which floats round us wherever we be,
And Faith is the name which we give ;
It enters our souls, as an angel's sweet song,
Bids us be of good cheer and believe.

We may reason of things, of their cause and effect,
To explain the deep problems of life ;
But this will not give us the comfort we seek,
Nor ease the soul's dark inner strife.

There's a want in man's soul which asks for relief
From the horrors of doubt and despair,—
That shrinking from death, which the wisest must feel,
And the king with the peasant must share.

Faith supplieth that want with a wonderful power,
And fills up that void in the soul ;
Gives belief in the future, reliance on God,
And heaven as the ultimate goal.

It plays round the brow of the child, when he asks
 Who made the bright sun or the sky ;
It enters the soul of the wise thinking man,
 When he feels that he never can die.

It springs in the mother, when fondling her babe,
 Or watching his slumbers by night,
She pierces the curtain the Present has drawn,
 And dreams that his Future is bright.

And when at the summons, rung out by old Time,
 We yield up our last earthly breath,
It comes, fresh and pure from the gardens of God,
 And conquers the mighty king Death.

Its universality all will confess,
 When they look through the tribes of our race ;
From the Russ in his fur, 'mid his desert of snow,
 To the Ethiop with his dusky face.

Though our pathway through life be encircled with thorns,
 And clouded with pain and with care ;
If faith be our guide through its trials and storms,
 We need nor to faint nor despair.

The infidel boasteth that he hath no faith,
 And he laughs at the thoughts of a God
Who ruleth the years, created the spheres,
 And moveth the world with his nod :

But he closeth his eyes to the harmonies grand
 Strewed around him on earth everywhere ;
Like a tree without fruit, or a plant without flower,
 His life is all barren and bare.

Faith inspireth the Poet to sing of a time
 When the earth shall be happy and free ;
Thrice blest is that poet, and blest is the power
 That gives him such visions to see.

Diving deep in the future, Archimedes once sat,
 And he dreamed of a lever of power,
That should move from its orbit the earth as it rolled,
 And alter its course in an hour.

'Twas a dream to that sage, but the Christian has proved,
 Since the flag of the Cross was unfurled,
That Faith, with its finger uplifted to God,
 Is the lever that moveth the world.

H. L.

THE RAILWAY.

WONDROUS is the march of ages; wondrous is the growth of
mind ;

Between the savage and the sage what an awful gulph we find.

Yet the savage hath the promise,—for fair knowledge opes
her page,

Science too her truth revealeth,—to become a future sage.

History lies behind to teach us this one lesson fair and bright,
That the race hath ever struggled out of darkness into light.

Nations, o'er whose sons have lowered the gloomy clouds that
ignorance spreads,

Now in all the radiance glowing which the sun of knowledge
sheds.

Day by day it spreadeth slowly, brighter gloweth day by day;
And in time it all will gladden with its ever-present ray.

Take a survey of the nations; see the progress of mankind,
In whatever casts a halo round the workings of the mind.

See the heavens mapped and charted, see their mysteries
descried ;

O'er the restless, boundless ocean, see the navies proudly ride.

See the earth, e'en from her centre, all her hidden treasures
yield ;

O'er the death-compelling lightning, see man high dominion
wield.

Not the least too of our triumphs, the triumph of this later day,
See man over vale and mountain stretch his mighty iron way.

Like a net-work o'er the nation, iron threads are strangely
woven ;

And, unconsciously, the workers for a holy end have stroven.

Never hath the world beheld, since the earth her course began,
Such a manifest display of the skill and power of man.

See the dragon-engine foaming, with a fury fierce and wild ;
Yet, unto his master's willing, as obedient as a child.

With a speed the wind's surpassing, on and on it ever bears ;
All the work of man's achieving, works of anxious hopes and
fears.

Strange the thoughts which crowd upon us, as its fleeting
course we view ;

Realising ancient legends, making ancient fables true.

See those mystic wires extending, how at time and space
 they laugh,
 As the peoples, in amazement, breathe, "The Electric Tele-
 graph!"

How they smile at Ariel's vaunting! Put a girdle round the
 earth [mirth.
 In forty long and dreary minutes! Proper subject that for

In a moment will their tendrils creep along her lovely face,
 Linking nation unto nation, in a firm and fond embrace.

In a moment will they carry, from the north unto the south,
 All the lovings, hopings, yearnings, falling from a people's
 mouth.

Who shall say what high results, in the holiest sense sublime,
 Still are left for their achieving, in the fruitful womb of time?

Wonders never yet imagined, e'en in fancy's wildest flight,
 Shall these instruments accomplish for the triumph of the
 Right.

They shall be the iron levers, aiding aye the good and wise,
 To make this dædal earth of ours a type of that beyond the
 skies.

Humanity will ever bless them; will sing pœans to the day
 When first were laid their deep foundations,—first was wrought
 an iron way.

They will aid the "good time coming," with an unexpected
power :

They will aid the people's progress, onward, upward, every
hour.

They will races link together, which apart or hostile stand ;
Till mankind shall gladden heaven, firmly knit, a holy band.

Justice, Temperance, Peace, and Freedom,—these their pro-
gress shall attend ;

"White, and Black, and Tawney-coloured," each shall be
the other's friend.

That Democracy, the future in her bosom doth enfold,
Full developement shall have ; and shall come an age of gold,

Fairer than have sung the poets : and each wire-girt iron way
With its adjuncts shall assist, with eagle speed, the promised
day.

They shall bless the world with plenty, chasing want, and
crime, and woe ;

And the earth shall beam with rapture, and the sun of love
shall glow.

Daily, daily all preparing for the promised jubilee,
When men shall have one Master only, have one rule—
Christology.

J. A. L.

June, 1849.

THE RAILWAY.

THE action and the being of all things
That are on earth tend ever to one point,
The good of man and glory of the Lord.
And if in all things this is seen, 'tis most
When spirit works its mission to perform.
For although matter, time and space do here
The spirit's action check, they check to be
O'ercome. For spirit is immortal, and
Doth, issuing forth from the Almighty, strive
And long for power. Its word is ever—On!
Its happiness is action; and it leaves
Behind it, as it flieth onward, tracks
By which to mark its course. Greatest of these,
That seems but commonplace to vulgar eyes,
The giant railway standeth wonderful.
Footprint of progress. 'Teacher to the age
Of spirit's power; and that the will of man
Can bend stern matter 'neath its high behest,
And conquer time and space.
Nor this alone its work upon the earth,—
But to join man to man, and state to state,
In social intercourse, and to o'erthrow

The reign of hatred and of selfish pride.
For hatred springs from ignorance, and there
Exists no human soul that doth not hold
Within itself, some spark of heaven's light,
Some goodness, hidden from the general view,
Which, if we knew, we could not choose but love.
And so it is with nations and with states ;
Bring them together, let them know each other,
And love and peace shall come and discord fly.
So look we on the railway as a means
For hast'ning on that blessed time, which shall
Full surely come, though years may pass before,
And we may never live to welcome it ;—
When all the people of the earth shall be
United in the bands of peace and love,
Forming one mighty whole—one unit in
The countless scheme of worlds, which, as they move,
Sing praises to the God of mercy, peace and love.

W. H.

THE RAILWAY.

EACH age is lit by some wondrous lamp, which guides its
 onward way,
 Directed, all unseen, by God, illumined by his ray :
 One hath the triumphs of Art and Song, another the Prophet-
 sage ;
 But the Railway is the glorious lamp which lights our present
 age.

With its lightning speed, with its giant march, it comes to
 bless mankind,
 And scatter the old and worn-out things like chaff before the
 wind ;
 It conquers time, and it laughs at space, while working its
 mission grand,
 Extending its wide embracing arms o'er every earthly land.

To the poor and toiling son of earth it comes as nature's key,
 And opes the gates that shut him out from her wealth of
 stream and tree ;
 It takes him from the city's gloom to the opening flowers that
 rest,
 Like glorious jewels made by God and set on nature's breast.

The scroll of science, far unrolled, disclosing worlds to view,
And men all Poets, worshipping the Beautiful and True.

And fancy paints the forms of men swift moving through the
air,
With fleets of commerce, richly laden, aerial navies bright and
fair ;
Sporting with the lightning's flashes, sailing o'er the thunder
cloud ;
Sending forth, in joy and gladness, hymns of triumph long
and loud.

Sceptics of the earth's vast progress, doubtless, laugh such
thoughts to scorn,—
Call it vain and idle vaunting, of an idle fancy born ;
Baseless as the beauteous mirage, which the traveller sees afar ;
Fickle as our wayward feelings, short-lived as the falling
star.

Yet the thoughtful soul believes it, when he views the storied
past,
Or sees the wonders o'er our age these later days have cast ;
And traces out, since Eden days, the wondrous progress made,
And sees before man's mighty will all difficulties fade.

God gave the beasts the wool and fur, to shield them from the
blast,
But o'er man's naked, shivering form no mantle was there
cast ;

Yet with his keen inventive power he clothed himself from
harm,
And built a shelter from the storm with his strong and mighty
arm.

God gave the deer his lightsome step and foot of swiftest pace,
But man with his giant engine comes, and strips him in the
race :
And God hath given the birds their wings, to sail in the aerial
blue,
And there shall man in the future days become a dweller too.

Thus then the Railway shineth forth the star of this present
age ;
The poor man's aid to social bliss, the queller of war's fierce
rage ;
With a power surpassing the mightiest king that ever on earth
held sway ;
And holding a promise of brighter days, when this age shall
have passed away.

The sculptured form is a noble thing, and the painting rich
and rare ;
And noble is the pillared aisle, with its arch raised high in air ;
And the earth hath a thousand noble things, that loud for
praises call ;
But the grimy engine, black with smoke, is as noble as them
all.

SOCIETY.

MAN is by nature social, O'er his soul
 Those sympathetic feelings hold control,
 Which man with man in peace and concord bind,
 And prophesy the union of mankind.
 For common woes, enjoyments, hopes and fears,
 From early youth to eld's advancing years,
 Show how we on each other must depend,
 For all the pleasure life the heart can lend.
 How wretched were our lot unhelped, unknown,
 In petty triumph here to reign alone!
 Earth were a wilderness, with no oases there
 To soothe the wearied soul, the mourner's heart to cheer.

First in the savage state, where, day by day,
 Man roams the forest wild, his food his prey :
 With savage beasts doth savage warfare wage,
 For fierceness fierceness gives, and rage for rage.
 War, hunting, fishing, are his sole employ,
 And for destruction threatened doth destroy.
 Yet even here, his sweetest pleasures spring
 In social converse in the festal ring ;
 There all his deeds heroic to rehearse,

In fiery prose, or wild, unmeasured verse :
 Or, hand in hand, to whirl the rapid dance,
 Or join the more exciting game of chance.
 Alone, the savage would no pleasures find
 To equal those he shareth with his kind.
 In want, in plenty, would alterne his life ;
 A change from strife to peace, from peace to strife.
 Without Society, his days would pass,
 Scarce equal to the beast that crops the grass,
 And struggles with him to possess the prey
 Which adds to either's life another day.
 Thus in the forest wild, or desert shore,
 Wherever men have lived, and toiled, and bore,
 Tis from Society, to old and young,
 The deepest, most enduring joys have sprung,
 Which raise us for a time the earth above,
 And fill the heart with Friendship, Truth, and Love.

From the same cause the same effects we trace,
 Through all the varied progress of the race,
 As upward in the social scale we rise,
 When men improve, refine and civilize.
 'Tis then Society around us pours
 A thousand thousand charms, in rainbow showers.
 For hence the Arts and Sciences have birth,
 And all that glads and beautifies the earth,—
 Gives woe its solace, its refinement mirth. }
 Hence the august and solemn temples rise,
 Their hallowed spires aye pointing to the skies,

Man of a higher, nobler life remind,
 Where he will purer, holier pleasures find ;
 And all the bliss which earth can round him fling,
 Sublimed and glorified, without a sting.
 Hence too the theatre, whose living page
 Revivifies whate'er a by-gone age
 Immortal makes, and generous souls inspires
 To emulate, if not transcend, their sires.
 Hence poetry and music, holiest arts,
 Which solace, cheer, warm, elevate our hearts ;
 And shadow forth, in this our earthly home,
 A softened transcript of the home to come.
 Hence all that makes our life worth being prized,
 And makes man noble, god-like, civilized.

But, oh ! our picture has a darker side,
 To lessen boasting, and to humble pride.
 Your eye across our social system throw,
 And contemplate the misery, want and woe,
 Which side by side with plenty, joy and mirth,
 Like demons, gaunt and ghost-like, stalk the earth.
 Behold the newspaper's recording page,
 (That chiefest wonder of this wondrous age !)
 A millionaire's decease has deified ;—
 Below, the verdict,—“ From starvation died.”
 See here a palace rears its lofty head,
 Adorned with all that wealth and skill could shed,
 Where taste, and elegance, and Art combine,
 To make a royal home in splendour shine ;

While near its site a hundred hovels lie,
 Where human creatures but exist and die;
 Whence dense and putrid exhalations rise,
 And spread their horrid gloom o'er sunny skies,
 Rife with disease and fever's baleful breath,
 And bearing in their course untimely death;
 Which, though it strikes the low and lofty door,
 Falls chiefly on the hovels of the poor.*
 Here riot, revelry, waste, debauchery reign;
 And here the heart is rent by hunger's pain.
 Thus want and luxury, almost hand in hand,
 Walk up and down this highly-favoured land;
 And o'er such scenes humanity turns pale,
 And shudders as she tells the sickening tale.
 Yet such things are, though we profess the creed
 Whose Founder for the lowliest did bleed,
 And taught,—the highest, meanest of mankind
 Alike are children of one Father kind,
 And brethren are in God's eternal sight;
 Oh, would they were in this our earthly light!
 Then these anomalies would pass away,
 And be the records of a by-gone day.

Such time will come. The bards of every clime,
 Far-seeing men of earth's remotest time,

* Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperam tagam,
 Regumque turres.

HORACE. *Ode* iv. B. 1.

Have all foreseen, foretold an age of Peace,
When wrong and misery, want and woe should cease;
And now the watchman, from his airy tower,
Has gladly heralded the coming hour,
And told the dawning of the promised day,
When holy brotherhood on earth shall sway,
And through each heart shall flow the social stream,
And here be realized the poet's dream.
Hasten, O Lord! in thy good time the hour,
And Thine be all the praise, as Thine the power!

J. A. L.

July, 1849.

SOCIETY.

WHEN placed alone, an isolated creature,
Alone, amid the grandeur that doth bear
The impress of the mighty God of nature,
How weak, and mean, and low doth man appear!

No message he receiveth from the ages
That have before him passed on their flight ;
No hope doth gild for him the future's pages ;
Before him death doth lie, behind him night.

His mighty spirit, trained by no true learning,
Knows not the inner life and power it bears :
His highest thoughts quenched by base matter's yearning ;
His whole life spent to tend his lowest cares.

Before him springs the rock with giant frowning ;
The forest's thousand arms around him play ;
The barren earth his mean toil meanly crowning,
With pain he feeds his body for a day.

Then turneth he for aid towards his brother,
And mutual want doth make a mutual tie,
Of aid and help, from each unto the other ;
Which both do give, for both do gain thereby.

Then do the gifts with which each one is teeming,
Towards the welfare of the whole mass go ;
The fruitful brain matureth well its scheming,
The strong arm strikes secure its manly blow.

The capabilities in each soul hidden,
Useless, while yet in rude, unsocial state,
Spring into action when by culture bidden,
With all the vigour of true life elate.

And nature, to the spirit's prowess bowing,
Unfolds her treasures for the human good ;
The mine and wood alike their gifts bestowing,
The well-tilled earth groaning 'neath weight of food.

Thus doth Society, its roots entwining
Around the earliest, greatest wants of man,
Spring glorious forth ; the good of all combining,
Within the limits of its spacious plan.

And all the wisdom that each soul doth gather,
And every lesson that the world doth gain,
Tend both the progress of the race to farther,
And make each individual life more plain.

Only remember we, this bond of junction
We may beyond its lawful uses strain ;
That there are things that lie without its function,
Holy and noble things, free from its reign.

The thoughts, the aspirations and the worship,
Which to its God each human soul doth bear,
Are sacred to itself : and dares no kingship
Between a soul and God to interfere.

And those deep thoughts which make the soul's true living,
Shall boldly in the general ear be said ;
For truth will triumph in fair, open striving,
And tyranny can ne'er a just cause aid.

Look to it well, ye nations, know your duties ;
See that on both sides holds the compact strong ;
That spiritual freedom sheds her beauties
Upon the head of each one in your throng.

So shall all act in manly, earnest fashion ;
So shall true brotherhood to all men reach ;
Firm trust shall bind them in co-operation ;
For each shall strive for all, and all for each.

SOCIETY.

IN that word of little compass
Lies a meaning vast and grand;
And how few who scan it deeply,
Few who rightly understand.
But it speaks to all who listen
Mighty words for lofty thought,
When the soul, in holy silence,
To its calm discussion's brought;
When enamoured with the glory
Of our being and our birth,
We would learn what binds our feelings
To our brethren of the earth;
Makes us cherish ever dearly,
Spite of struggle, wrong, or strife,
All those social ties that link us
With the chain of human life;
'Tis the product of that impulse
Granted by a hand divine,
Entering into each man's being,
Causing all to intertwine.

Thus is formed for purpose mighty,—
Thus is formed Society ;
Blending separate human creatures
Into one grand unity.
All the ages, all the nations,
Wheresoe'er a brother's found,—
All have been by this directed,—
By this social feeling bound.
Old as when our race commencéd,
'Midst that Asian garden's bloom,
When, in days of earth's first beauty,
Man with angels held commune.
True it is that not at present
Is it what it yet shall be,
Realising full the meaning
Of the word Fraternity.
Classes, parties, sects, divisions
All deform its present state,
Breaking holy ties asunder,
Changing human love to hate.
Men respected,—not for virtue ;
Highly honoured,—not for truth ;
Youth contemning age's wisdom ;
Age despising untaught youth.
While the earth from her fair bosom
Yields a plenty for us all,
Hundreds die, starvation's victims,
Hundreds stoop at misery's call.
While before one great Creator
All are equal in his view ;

Placed before man's narrow vision,
This grand law is owned by few.
For the poor, however virtuous,
Reap few honours in the land ;
And the rich, however vicious,
High in earthly favour stand.
What, amidst such sad contention,
Is the duty we should do ?
What, amidst this state unholy,
Is the work all should pursue ?
Clear as sun-light, 'tis our duty
To make earth a common home ;
Where no outcasts mar its beauty,
Where no pariahs ever roam.
When all men of all the nations
Shall be cultured heart and soul,
Every man shall garner knowledge
In the brain, God's human scroll.
Heroes true, of by-gone ages,
Each have worked for this great end ;
And to this high consummation
Should our labours ever tend.
Oh! and if we labour truly,
Soon the future bright shall be ;—
Earth as one great cultured garden,
Our race one happy family !
Poets' dreamings, now despised,
Prophets' visions, laughed to scorn,
Then shall be no idle seeming,
But regarded heaven-born.

Then our social rights and duties
All shall clearly know and do ;
We shall be as HE designed us,
Pure and holy, just and true.
Glorious is this social feeling,
Glorious is this social plan ;
Ever pointing to the future,
Ever binding weakened man ;
Binding families together
With a firm and lasting bond ;
Binding nations unto nations ;
Type of what we hope beyond,
When this life is merged in darkness ;
When our earth career is sped ;
When our ashes mix in common
With all ashes of the dead ;
When our souls, in sweet communion,
Join that social band above ;
Who, throughout eternal ages,
Wander on in perfect love.

FRIENDSHIP.

EARTH is not wholly filled with thorns,
But roses on her bosom grow ;
And sorrow oft gives place to joy,
And mirth succeeds the reign of woe.

Earth is not all a wilderness,
But here and there oases rise ;
And though we mourn our " rainy days,"
We still have bright and sunny skies.

And beauty beameth everywhere,
To glad the eye, the heart to cheer ;
And every pang a solace hath,
And every wound a balsam here.

God scatters blessings o'er the earth,
With hand unclosed and unconfined ;
And for the ills that flesh endures,
He gives the pleasures of the mind.

And chiefest of the glorious throng,
That makes this world so bright and fair,
Are those emotions, feelings, trusts,
Which here the name of Friendship bear.

In pain and pleasure, weal or woe,
In earth's contentions, feuds, and strife,
Its holy influence glads the heart,
And proves the sweetest charm of life.

To joy it brings increasing joy,
And gives a solace unto woe ;
It adds fresh vigour unto health,
And softens pain's extremest throe.

No lot of life, how high soe'er,
But owns its kindly, warmly glow ;
And none but feel its wondrous power,
Though want and sorrow line the brow.

Nor time, nor space, o'er knitted hearts,
Can exercise a weakening power ;
They bind more firmly soul to soul,
And bless them with a richer dower.

Death severs not the holy tie,—
It triumphs o'er the victor grave ;
For spirit with the spirit freed,
A sweet communion can have.

And stretching o'er the buried past,
Our glowing hearts a friendship claim
With all who nobly did and dared ;
With every high, heroic name ;

With Shakspeare, Milton, Cromwell, Fox,
The good, the noble, and the brave ;
With all who toiled for God and man,
And earth a bright example gave.

And hope and faith, to trusting hearts,
The soul-rejoicing pledge have given,
That we the friends of earth shall know
And love immortally in heaven.

J. A. L.

August, 1849.

T R U T H .

THERE is a light that beams from heaven,
 Upon the earth below ;
And all beneath its grateful power,
 It gladdens with its glow :
Nor sun, nor moon, nor hosts of night,
So clear, so calm, so pure, and bright.

To every heart that's clean and pure,
 That loves the just and true ;
To all who strive the good to know,
 And knowing it, to do ;
To all who seek to free the soul
From mazy error's dark control ;

To every heart that nobly bears
 Earth's sorrow, care, and strife ;
Who leads, amidst unholy scenes,
 A high and holy life ;
To every heart with anguish riven,
That looks from earth with hope to heaven ;

In every land that's trodden been
By foot of human kind ;
From frigid zone of ice and snow,
To strength-destroying Ind ;
To prudent age, and sanguine youth ;
That Light is free—the Light of Truth !

It was the fire Prometheus stole,
From Jupiter of old ;
And sought to give our suffering race
A better Age of Gold
Than that which bards, in idle rhyme,
Have given to an olden time.

Where'er it beams, all wandering thoughts,
All errors pass away ;
Pass like the dews of early morn,
Before the coming day :
Nor time, nor space, nor depth, nor height,
Escape its all-pervading light.

Though for a time it seem obscure,
And clouds of darkness lower,—
Bide thou thy time ; its day is near,
Near its triumphing hour :
For spite of all 'twill victor be,
Sublimely bright, sublimely free.

Though sophist-art in error's path
 May lead the trusting mind ;
And hopes and fears to naked truth
 The seeker's eye may blind ;
Yet battle bravely ; onward press,
And Truth at last thy zeal shall bless.

For God is Truth : and His must be
 The sovran rule and reign ;
And He at last the victor King
 Of error's wide domain :
For darkness e'er must yield to light ;
And wrong succumb before the right.

Hasten, O Lord, the promised time,
 And bless this earth of ours
With Peace, and Love, and Brotherhood,
 And all benignant powers !
Oh ! bless us with His holy sway,
Who is the Truth, the Life, the Way !

J. A. L.

September, 1849.

T R U T H .

God first the silence broke that reigned,
Afore time, throughout space :
Quick, at the word, an universe
Unveiled its glowing face ;
And into life and being sprang
Full many a noble race.

For, at the great and mighty word
Thus spoken, passed away
The reign of night and chaos, in
Disorder and dismay ;
And all was bright and cheerful made,
By His eternal day.

And ever hath the word of truth,
Since that first glorious hour,
Dwelt upon earth, and still doth dwell,
With ever-ruling power ;
And vainly do the gloomy clouds
Of lies and falsehood lower.

All lies shall perish from the earth,
And every falsehood die ;
The truth alone, which is divine,
Shall live eternally ;
And those who love its holy cause,
Shall rise with it on high.

For many a noble, manly soul
Hath been, with virtue rife,
Who, for the love of truth, hath led
A troublous, weary life ;
And gone to immortality,
A victor in the strife.

Ay, many such as this have been,
And many more shall be ;
Their numbers surely shall increase,
Till earth, O Truth, shall see
Her every son, in God's good time,
Subjected unto thee.

And then shall all false rulership,
All superstition too,
Depart, and men be governed
Alone by what is true ;
Then earth itself shall pass away,
And heaven rise into view.

T R U T H .

AMID the great and varied range
Of alt'ring fashions, customs strange,
Truth is eternal ! cannot change.

It comes from God, and spreads o'er earth,
Calls into being, life and birth
All virtue, nobleness and worth.

It comes to all who seek its light ;
The student, o'er his lamp at night ;
The worker, with his arm of might.

For this earth life hath Teachers grand :
Alike in ev'ry age or land,
Men awed before their lessons stand.

Time is one Teacher, stern, severe,
Noting each day, each passing year,
Marking the course allotted here ;

Dimming in sight the failing eye ;
Whitening locks of the raven's dye ;
Breaking many a love-knit tie.

Another Teacher too we see
In Death, and all humanity
Bow low before his stern decree.

Then comes, while friends around us weep,
A Voice from Truth's eternal deep,
That whispers, " Death is but a sleep."

That Voice is Faith, celestial dove,
Truth's gentlest teacher, full of love,
That links our souls with heaven above.

The lesser things of life to know,
The thoughts upspringing as we go,—
In various colours Truth will show.

Conflicting thoughts, which men divide,
Opinions strange, let none deride ;
Who holds the Truth let none decide.

Not yet upon this earthly scene
Have two created beings been
Alike in mind or feature seen.*

* " No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another all in all."—TENNYSON.

So varying to each varying mind,
Unnumbered forms of truth we find,
Spreading abroad on every wind.

O'er each succeeding age new light,
From Truth's perennial fountains bright,
Dawns slowly o'er the human sight.

As men grow ripe for higher thought,
So some new germ of truth is brought,
And nobler, loftier lessons taught.

Yet perfect truth we ne'er can know :
Though ever in its path we go,
Eternity will fail to shew.

But unto it let all aspire,
Onward and upward, ever higher,—
A heavenly march, with souls of fire.

Then men united heart and hand,
Shall follow out God's purpose grand,—
Living in Truth, a glorious band !

I T A L Y.

I.

NAMES there are that warm the heart ;
 Make the blood more quickly flow ;
 Aspirations high impart ;
 Fill the heart with rapture's glow ;
 Lead the spirit far away,
 Through the annals of the past ;
 Glories of a by-gone day,
 Seldom rivalled, ne'er surpassed.

II.

Such, fair Italy, is thine,—
 Land of beauty, art, and song !
 Nations bow before thy shrine ;
 Tread thy streets the pilgrim throng :
 From the east and from the west,
 All who beauty love and prize,
 Seek the gems that grace thy breast,
 Seek thy warm and sunny skies.

III.

Of all lands thou art the gem ;
Blessed by nature is thy brow
With a richer diadem
Than the world beside can show.
Oh, thou art indeed a queen !
Proud, majestic, smiling, fair !
Man's to thee indebted been,
For possessions rich and rare.

IV.

Nation of an ancient story,
Written in an olden time ;
Nation of an ancient glory,
High, heroic and sublime :
Once the mistress of the earth,
Ruler of the human race ;
Noble children owe thee birth,—
Thou their chosen dwelling place.

V.

At thy bidding, monarchs bowed ;
At thy daring peoples quailed ;
Lion-hearted, iron-browed,
Thou by all wert victor hailed.
Far and wide thy flag, unfurled,
Did thy eagle standard spread ;
Ruler, Blessor of the world,
Savagedom before thee fled.

VI.

But the lot of human things
Is to change and pass away ;
Time o'er all his power flings,
Spite of grandeur and display.
Evil days at last were thine ;
The ferocious northman came,
Razed thy palace and thy shrine ;
Marked his track by sword and flame.

VII.

Not alone from foreign foe
Did this wreckful ruin come ;
Nearer foemen struck the blow ;
Nearer foemen sealed thy doom :
Those whom thou hadst nourished, blest,
Those to whom thou gavest birth,—
Who had suckled at thy breast,—
Laid thee prostrate to the earth.

VIII.

Long and gloomy was the time,
Thou didst in prostration lay ;
In thy weakness, still sublime,
Peoples gladly owned thy sway.
Not the terror of thy sword,
Bowed the neck and bent the knee ;
But the blessing of "The Word,"
Made the nations turn to thee.

IX.

Ages passed, and once again,
Art and song, fair Italy,
With the painting and the strain,
Wreathed a deathless wreath for thee.
Science lent her mighty power,
Laid her hand upon thy shrine,
Blessed thee with her priceless dower ;
As she should be, was divine.

X.

All that makes a nation great ;
All that makes a nation free ;
All that makes a holy state ;
God, in mercy, gave to thee :
Gifts which hadst thou rightly used,—
Used them wisely, used them well,—
Men thy power had ne'er refused ;
Earth had never rung thy knell.

XI.

But ambition, lust and pride,—
Greed of all,—have lost thee all ;
Men, indignant, turned aside,
Watched with joy thy second fall.
Tyrant once—the victim now ;
Ruler—now the suppliant slave ;
Stern tyrants brand thy brow
Than the northman, fierce, but brave.

XII.

As thy glory, so thy shame :
 High the one, the other deep.
 On the cheek the blushes flame,
 Thus to see thee cringe and creep.
 Long the nations called to thee,—
 “ From the dust raise up thy head,
 Strike again for liberty !
 Strike ! Be worthy of thy dead ! ”

XIII.

'Twas not vain. In this our age,
 Thou hast done high deeds of glory ;
 Thou hast writ another page
 Of thy own immortal story :
 And the nations, mourning sadly
 O'er thy ancient glories gone,
 Heard the stirring tidings gladly,
 Of the deeds which thou hast done.

XIV.

Deeds, all-worthy of thy sires ;
 Deeds, which are a prophecy,
 That quenchless are the glowing fires
 Of eternal Liberty.
 Oh, it is a goodly thing !
 Fair and beautiful to see !
 Slaves aside their fetters fling,
 Bravely struggle to be free.

XV.

Italy! oh, Italy!
Thine has been a varied fate;
Tyrant—victim—fettered—free—
Heroic—servile—mean and great!
Yet a future shall be thine
Far more glorious than the past;
Brighter suns above thee shine,
Pure and radiant to the last.

XVI.

Hope is holy: we will hope,
For we know that God is just;
Room is for thy spirit's scope:
In her aspirations trust.
Justice will at last prevail;
Truth will not for ever bleed;
Nations thy uprising hail;
Courage, brave one! God thee speed!

J. A. L.

October, 1849.

I T A L Y .

ITALY, the time has passed,
And the years have fled by,
Since o'er nations and o'er peoples
Thou didst hold dominion high.

Once thou sendest out thy legions,
And they traversed every land ;
But could find no power so mighty
As their progress to withstand.

But not this thy chiefest glory,
Not on this depends thy fame ;
But for art and learning cherished,
Give we honour to thy name.

Down the ages have come science,
Art and skill with solemn pace ;
And each era hath borne witness
To the progress of the race.

First stood Egypt, strong and mighty,
Rearing up, with giant hand,
Temples which would seem for ever
'Gainst time's ravages to stand.

Deep and mystic was the knowledge
Which her priests bent 'neath their sway ;
But they held it from the people,
And their power passed away.

Then rose Greece among the nations,
Making art so chaste and pure,
The sweet influence of whose working
Unto this time doth endure.

Greece, the land of sage and poet,
And philosophers, whose brain
Gave unto a race of freemen,
All the wisdom they could gain.

But that wisdom, in their living,
To apply they never knew ;
And the vices of the many
Drowned the virtues of the few.

Then for virtue desecrated,
And for good men trodden down,
Fell from Greece's hand the sceptre,
Fell from Greece's head the crown.

Then was Italy exalted
To the high and noble throne ;
And her reign became the widest
That the world had ever known.

While her arms with victory brightened,
And her laurel wreaths were twined,
Then her noblest sons gained conquest
In the regions of the mind.

But on her the blight fell also :
Luxury, excess and pride,
Tamed the spirit of her heroes,
And their strength and virtue died.

Then upsprang the strong barbarian,
From his frost-home in the North ;
And the hordes of Western Europe,
To the battle field came forth.

And before their native fierceness,
And their untamed, savage might,
Bent down Italy her high head,
Bent it lowly in the fight.

For a time alone she stooped ;
Soon again in strength she rose,—
Strength of spirit, not material,
And she triumphed o'er her foes.

For another, nobler mission,
Higher, mightier, owned she ;
Highest ever given to nation,—
Head of Christian lands to be.

To her sway the Churches yielded,
To her sway the Princes bowed ;
And the souls of boldest warriors
Were beneath her stern voice cowed.

Honoured thus among the nations,
Soon her land became the home
Of a noble race, whose glory
Is the song of fame become.

Many a noble name is left us,
Of that glorious time to tell ;—
Dante, Ariosto, Tasso,
Angelo, and Raphael.

Oh, that she had wielded justly
The high power that she possessed
Oh, that she had preached purely
The pure faith which should have blessed !

Woe ! alas ! that she should ever
Become superstition's throne !
That whilst blinding other nations,
She should but enslave her own.

For upon her land a darkness
And a heavy sleep did fall ;
And a battle field it formed
For the Austrian and the Gaul.

Thus by meanness and oppression
Was that beauteous land defiled ;
Whilst alternate tyrants scourged it,
And alternate armies spoiled.

But in that long, gloomy slumber,
Noble dreams have passed her eyes,
Dreams of freedom and of glory,
Which she yet shall realize.—

Dreams, like that when her Rienzi,
With his voice of wondrous power,
Roused the heart of all his nation,
Roused it for a transient hour.—

Dreams, of close triumphant union ;
Dreams, for which her heroes died ;
Which her sons have hoped and sighed for,
And her poets glorified.

Wake, Italia, from thy slumber,
Cast thy lethargy aside !
Be united in thy striving,
Fear not thou what may betide !

For the time which shall behold thee
An united Italy,
That same time, come when it may come,
Shall see Italy the free.

I T A L Y.

LAND of ancient fame and glory,
Of memories high and proud !
Land of nature's brightest splendour,
Of skies without a cloud !

How changed thou art, how sadly changed,
From those great antique days,
When Europe trembled at thy power,
And courted thee for praise !

Now divided, rent asunder,
A tyrant's easy prey ;
Subjected low to priestly rule,
To bigots' evil sway.

Once Freedom's noblest dwelling place,
And now sad Freedom's grave ;
Once mistress proud o'er all the earth,
And now a crippled slave.

Where now is all thy mighty power,
Thy laurels and thy pride ?
Thy schools of learning, seats of wealth,
Of old extended wide ?

Where now Venetia's princes ?
Genoa's merchants, where ?
Once Europe's boast, the Turkish scourge,
Now sunk in dark despair.

Shame ! shame ! upon thy children's heads,
For shadows o'er thee cast ;
Oh, shame ! that all thy greatest deeds
Are only of the past.

Rouse, rouse ye up from slumber,
Heirs of Rienzi's fame !
Awake to life and freedom,
Restore your ancient name.

Have ye forgot that once ye were
The first in art and song ;
With Poets, Painters, Sages wise,
A glorious, god-like throng ?

When Angelo, with genius vast,
Brought mighty works to view ;
When Galileo read the stars,
And Raphael's pencil drew.

Oh! think of all their wondrous deeds,
And dream no more in vain;
At the altar of the Present time
Act, act them once again.

Is Petrarch's verse forgotten?
Hath Dante's spirit fled?
Have all thy noblest lived for nought?
Is all thy glory sped?

Shall men for ever scoff at thee?
Shall we be ever told
That Dancers are thy noblest men,
Thy boldest of the bold?

Forbid it, shade of Tasso!
It must not, cannot be;
A voice *has* issued forth, which cries,
Italia shall be free.

From east to west, from north to south,
O'er all that glorious land,
Are rising up her noblest sons,
A brave, heroic band.

Before their but awakening power
The Austrian pales with fear;
The Priestly Ruler shakes with awe,
The tyrants' end is near.

Ye nations, help their onward march,
To rear a future name,
Eclipsing all the glories grand
Of all their ancient fame.

Thou hast not done thy duty well,
Old England! proud, though free;
And France! when Rome is named, we blush,
Blush for and pity thee.

Oh, give her help! but rightly give,
Then shall the future see
That glorious land, that sunny clime,
Once more among the Free.

H. L.

THE FUTURE.

“ Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new ;
 That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.”
 TENNYSON.

THE promised Future realised,
 In vision I beheld ;
 And through my brain a flood of thoughts
 In flow resistless welled ;
 As by a power invisible
 My spirit seemed upheld.

Then airy shapes about me flew ;
 Bright spirits o'er me hung ;
 And soul-intoxicating sweets
 They from their winglets flung :
 Of heaven they seemed, and heavenly were
 The melodies they sung.

It was a heart-refreshing lay,
 A bliss-inspiring song ;
 Man was the theme, god-like, sublime,
 Free, innocent, and strong ;
 The fraternising of the race,
 Redemption of the throng.

The strain vibrated through my soul ;
My deepest hopes expressed ;
And rapt in an Elysian trance,
My breathing seemed suppressed :
A foretaste this of all the bliss
Of the immortal blest.

“ The spirits of the Future we,
And ours the mighty power
The thick-wove veil of Time to raise,
And show the coming hour ;
The freedom, truth, love, happiness,
That yet shall be earth’s dower.

“ Behold !” they said. Oh, what a scene
Now filled my ravished sight !
Earth seemed in matchless radiance clad,
In heavenly beauty dight ;
Man’s cheeks were ruddy, fair, and full,
And woman’s eye was bright.

There all were happy ; for I saw,
All toiled for daily bread ;
A hive of bees, without a drone,
By others’ labours fed :
God’s holy spirit over all
Equality had shed.

There schools in plenty graced the land,
And men were taught the True ;
There old and young, from Wisdom's fount,
Her purest waters drew ;
And Art and Science laboured for
The many, not the few.

The poet sung his deepest lays
To thousand throbbing hearts ;
The painter, for the multitude,
Employed his choicest arts ;
The marble, 'neath the sculptor's hand,
To all its grace imparts.

Museums stood, in goodly rank,
August and classic piles ;
Within whose walls collected were,
From continents and isles,
Whatever earth has rich and rare,
Wherever beauty smiles.—

There all the people freely came,
Their wives and children brought ;
And lessons of new truth to all
These silent teachers taught :
From gazing on the beautiful,
Was beauty's feeling caught.

God's Book was free. No priests were paid
To falsify the Word :
From every voice, and every hearth,
God-praising hymns were heard ;
And Christ had rule in every heart,
And each one knew the Lord.

“ Such is the Future. Earth will be
What now thou dost behold ;
And men, united, live and love,
Sheep of one common fold ;
And God and Angels will rejoice,
And bless this ‘ Age of Gold.’ ”

The Spirits sung, and as their notes
Died tremblingly away,
The vision from my senses passed
Before the morning ray.
I rose resolved, with God's good help,
To aid the “ coming day.”

J. A. L.

November, 1849.

THE FUTURE.

AH, why with labour and with endless care,
 Pass we our life ?
Why do we see around us, everywhere,
 Struggle and strife ?

Yet is not life more happy made, or blest ;
 Why is it, then,
That men, though failing, never pause or rest,
 But strive again ?

Into the future look the cause to find,
 And thou shalt know,
That every germ of hope within the mind
 Doth spread and grow.

All noble purposes long time must take
 To strike their root,
Ere into birth and beauty they will break
 And upward shoot.

And in the present time it may not be
 That we should sow,
And also the rich fruit in ripeness see
 Around us grow.

The present takes its beauty from the past ;
 How pure, how bright,
Those thoughts o'er which the memory has cast
 Its holy light.

So shall the future from the present take
 Its form and bent ;
And each one of us his own future make,
 By God's aid lent.

Says not the Preacher, when he speaks to men,
 And truly says,
That disappointment broodeth over them,
 For all their days ;

That every hope fixed upon things below
 Must sure be broke ;
And yet his hearers still live on as though
 He ne'er had spoke.

Still must he labour, still must he preach on ;
 And though he gains
Into the path of truth and life but one,
 Rich are his pains.

In the great harvest-home of the to-come
 High place he'll hold ;
When to those gathered to his Father's home
 His work is told.

Hear the true patriot lift up his strain,
 Exalt his voice ;
Bid tyrants from their tyranny refrain,
 The poor rejoice.

Vainly he speaketh : scattered all around,
 Beneath his eye,
He sees the race with whom his heart is bound,
 Oppressed and die.

But yet he acteth on his noble part ;
 Bravely he still
Strives for the holy object of his heart,
 With might and will.

And though he pass from hence, nor can ensure
 The wished-for end ;
Yet shall the triumph, though deferred, be sure,
 And far extend.

For every human soul to the earth given
 Shall one day be,—
And his bright spirit shall rejoice in heaven
 To see them,—free.

And men shall build him up, in their success,
 A noble name,
Which none shall ever mention but to bless ;
 Is not this fame ?

Sing, Poet, sing aloud to every land,
That song of thine ;
And dream that 'mid fame's honoured, deathless band
Thy name shall shine.

And yet neglected art thou and forlorn,
And none declare
That the pure strain which thou aloft hast borne
Is sweet and fair.

Still dost thou sing and wilt, in spite of fate,
Neglect and scorn ;
And though with struggle of despair and hate,
Thy heart is torn.

But in the future time thy strains shall flow,
And all shall see,
That they with purity and beauty glow
And prophecy.

For not a noble deed hath e'er been wrought,
Or noble word
Spoken, in all the earth, but it hath bought
A rich reward.

And in the future, when shall be made bright
The spirit's eye,
The praise of what is good, and true, and right,
Shall never die.

THE FUTURE.

“ For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and the wonders that would be.”

TENNYSON.

WHEN oppressed with toil or sorrow, turn we from life's
heavy care,

See the Present all surrounded with the darkness of despair ;

Like a rainbow, many coloured, dawn upon the weary soul
Thoughts of what the Future shall be, in Time's yet
unopened scroll.

Wondrous are the mighty glories written on the Future's
page,

Far surpassing hoary legends of a fancied golden age :

Changed from all that makes the Present filled with discord,
hate and strife ;

Mockery of the wise intentions of the Author of our Life ;

Mockery of those laws so beauteous, taught of old in Galilee,
Rousing earth from Pagan darkness, raising bowed humanity.

Then the questions all so vexéd, puzzling to the human
 mind, [kind ;
 Duty, Labour, Peace and Freedom, social wants of every

In the Future's mystic volume lie the answers for them all,
 Waiting, waiting, ever surely, for the advancing age's call.

Labour, sternest need of manhood, clearly shall be under-
 stood, [good ;
 All men working, ever thankful, working for the common

Not as now the many toiling, toiling on through want and
 pain, [gain.
 That the few, in pampered pleasure, ease and luxury may

Then shall earth no more be witness of the sights we hourly
 see,
 Side by side with heaps of riches, rags and squalid misery ;

One man, lord of boundless treasure, blest with every earthly
 joy ;
 Thousands, in a land of plenty, laying down in want to die.

Then the Church, no more divided by a ritual or a creed,
 Shall obey this great commandment—Charity, in word and
 deed :

Men of every shade of doctrine, one in unity of love,
 One in all that lifts a people nearer to the throne above ;

And though less of outward splendour deck the public place
of prayer,
Every home shall have an altar, every heart shall worship
there.

War, the giant curse of ages, then shall rend the earth no
more ;
Thought of only as a record of a day for ever o'er.

Art, that should ennoble all men with its angel-guidance
true,
Then shall clothe man's life with beauty, ever glorious, ever
new ;

Now, too oft the hands that wield it prostitute its sacred trust,
Make it pander basest passions, foul high-priest of sensuous
lust.

Science ! Who shall dare to measure all the wonders great
and grand
That shall pour in streams unending from her ever-yielding
hand ?

Whether shewing starry glories, glories startling man's belief,
Or the world of tiny insects sporting on a single leaf.

Social ties, those springs of kindness, speaking to each human
heart, [part.
Of the rainbow-coloured Future they shall bear no trifling

Justice, with an even balance, meting out with equal hand,
Seeing, owning no distinction of a colour, race or land.

Nations bound by federal union, based on Christian law and
rule,
Then shall need no tyrant monarch, mitred priest or sceptred
fool.

Steam, grand conqueror of distance, conqueror of time and
space,
Steam will bring men widely parted to a close and firm
embrace;

Enmity of different races then will pass from earth away;
Sturdy Saxon linked in friendship with the wild and fierce
Malay;

Trained by intellectual culture Afric's sons erect shall stand,
With the now degraded dweller of the frozen polar land :

Wheresoe'er a man may wander, wheresoe'er his footsteps
roam,
He shall find in all men brethren, find in every land a home.

Not in weeping Jeremiads should our lives be passed away,
Idly waiting till the Future brings about millennial day.

This the great, the mighty lesson, earth no holier hath to tell,
We create a nobler Future, working in the Present well.

This shall aid the speedier coming, speedier bring the
promised day,
Visioned to the loved Apostle, when in Patmos Isle he lay ;

When he saw, by God commanded, age on age successive roll,
Each unfolding mystic glories to his rapt and wondering soul.

We, to help us in our struggling, hold a glorious heritage,
In the knowledge and the wisdom garnered up by every age ;

With the lives of noble heroes, not the warrior, not the king,
But the men who've lived and laboured earth in harmony to
bring :

See them come in grand procession, making up a stately
throng,
Workers in life's hidden battles—Prophets, Painters, Sons of
Song.

Though afar by years uncounted stands that future glorious
day,
And our graves may green with verdure ere it sheds o'er earth
its ray ;

Yet we see the way is entered—see the sacred path is trod,
Ending but in all becoming, Prophets, Priests and Kings to
God.

H. L.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

An Ode.

I.

BLEST PALLAS! in whose honoured name
 The Athenians reared their loftiest shrine ;
 Nor to the Thunderer's awful claim
 Awarded honours more divine ;
 Thy wide-d'sseminating power
 Its holy influence spreads each hour,
 And bids the earth, each rolling year,
 More bright, more beautiful appear ;
 Each flower, which erst the rambling eye
 Passed carelessly neglected by,
 A thousand sweet attractions shows,
 And redolent with beauty glows ;
 Each budding shrub, each murmuring rill,
 Each flowering glade, and hoary hill,
 And all the works of God, impart
 Unwonted pleasure to the heart ;
 And, touched by Thee, our raptured eyes
 See in this goodly earth a type of Paradise.

II.

O knowledge ! mild is thy control,
And gentle is thy ruling sway ;
And nought so cheering to the soul
As wisdom's mind-illumining ray :
Her humble, unpresuming light
Attracts, but dazzles not the sight ;
Her holy presence, from the heart
All evil feelings bids depart ;
Then cankering envy, scornful pride,
And all the passions men divide,
Creating wrath, and strife, and hate,
Contentions sharp, and fierce debate,
The bosom flee ; nor can endure
Her steady gaze, so mild, so pure ;
The mists which erst obscured the eyes,
Before her radiant presence rise,
And fired with love, th' expanded mind
A brotherhood beholds in all his fellow-kind.

III.

Hark ! what means that joyous song,
That rolling stream of melody ?
Majestic, vehement and strong,
And, as the ocean's billows, free !
Again ! the song resounds again,
And heaven and earth echo the strain ;

Nations have heard the goddess' voice,
And now before her shrine rejoice.
See! haggard Superstition flies,
With horrent hair and glaring eyes;
And Bigotry, and party Pride,
Seek their deformities to hide;
And Prejudice with all her train
Are vanquished by the lofty strain;
And Anarchy, and bloody War,
With shivered spear and shattered car,
No longer prey for vultures yield,
Nor ruthless stalk the battle field:
But fruitful Peace, with plenty's horn
And olive wreath, salutes the morn;
Goodwill and Friendship warm each breast,
And all are blessing, all are blest;
While pious Zeal in virtue's cause
From bounding hearts gains just applause;
And meek Religion shows her face,
With humble port and modest grace;
And Charity, and Hope, and Faith,
Strew choicest flowerets in her path;
And Innocence, with beaming eyes,
Looks fondly on their revelries,
And o'er the vast assembled heads
Her richest, purest blessings sheds,
Till every heart the feelings prove
Of happiness, content, and universal love.

IV.

When Ignorance reign'd o'er the earth,
And man was lost in mental night,
And war and rapine his delight,
And feasts of blood his feasts of mirth ;
With reeking sword, and burning brand,
He followed passion's fierce command ;
Each saw in each a common foe,
And safety bade him give the blow ;
No thought of fond, fraternal love,
To soothe his wrath, his pity move,
To mould him with its sweet control,
E'er rose within his savage soul ;
From birth to death his active life
Was one unmingled course of strife ;
Till Knowledge came, with blessings fraught,
And other cares and labours brought ;
And first was shed her heavenly smile
O'er Egypt's sunny land, the favoured land of Nile.

V.

But soon the fair and blue-eyed maid
Her golden-fretted pinions spread,
And to the land of hill and glade,—
The glorious land of Greece,— she fled ;
And Poesy, her favourite child,
Looked on the land and brightly smiled !
Oh ! then arose a mighty race,
Skilled all the turns of thought to trace,

The passions of mankind to move,
 From deepest hate to purest love,
 To mould the heart, to sway the soul,
 'Neath Beauty's high and pure control,
 The bosom rouse with virtue's fire,
 And those heroic deeds inspire
 Which shed a halo round her name,
 And grace her with immortal fame ;
 While limitless their power to pierce
 The far-extending universe,
 Creation's wonders to descry,
 With interpenetrating eye,
 And all her secret wonders show,
 Adorned with fancy's richest glow :
 There Art and Science, hand in hand,
 Like sisters-twin, walked o'er the land,
 And from their happy union sprung
 What god-like Plato taught, and sightless Homer sung.

VI.

Behold those banners waving high !
 Behold those huge phalanxes move !
 Behold the fierce barbarians fly,
 Before the daring bird of Jove !
 See, see her golden pinions spread
 From Britain's isle to Thule dread !
 From fallen Greece the goddess came,
 And breathed in Roman hearts her flame ;

Then rapidly the youthful state
Became the envy and the hate
Of all the world ; yet much we owe
Our proud and overbearing foe.
Here Virgil struck his wondrous lyre,
And Horace breathed his lyric fire ;
And luscious Ovid tuned his lay,
Love's various mazes to display ;
And Cicero revealed his store
Of brilliant philosophic lore ;
And Brutus,—freedom's champion blest,—
Taught man on virtue's strength to rest,
The scorns of Fortune to defy,
And yield up life without a sigh,
When Duty's awful voice was heard
To utter the invoking word.
Oh ! widely was the flag unfurled
That Greece first gave to Rome, Rome gave unto the
world !

VII.

Then came the Goths, the Vandals came,
Unnumbered numbers, strong in war ;
With sword and brand, and spear and flame,
Destruction spreading near and far.
Oh, now the mighty empire fell,
And Rome became a type of hell !
There fiends, with loud, exulting voice,
Did o'er her ruined piles rejoice ;

Then crimes, unheard before, had birth,
 And Astræa, shuddering, left the earth ;*
 Blood called for blood, and oft in strife
 The father took his offspring's life ;
 Men nourished at one common breast,
 Each other sent to endless rest ;
 Wild Anarchy and War again,
 With Superstitions held their reign,
 And darker, blacker, thicker night,
 Hid from the soul Truth's holy light ;
 While Knowledge, trembling, shrunk aghast,
 Before the bloody storm, the overwhelming blast.

VIII.

O strike again the joyous strings !
 Again the pealing anthem raise !
 A song of triumph loudly sing,
 In Wisdom's glory and her praise !
 Again her mighty foe's subdued,
 Again her kingdom is renewed ;
 And over fair Britannia's isle
 Is shed her most entrancing smile.
 Hark ! fanned by hers and fancy's wings,
 Our old and antique Chaucer sings ;
 How full of life ! how fresh and free,
 The " day-starre " of our poesy !

* " Terras Astræa reliquit. "—OVID.

He set, he set! The "sun-rise" came,
Fired with description's richest flame,
And Spenser's flowing numbers told
The actions of the fair and bold,
In "morall virtues" meet disguise,
The deeds of gallant knights, and power of ladyes' eyes!

IX.

See pallid Fear all wan appears!
See gladsome fairy forms arise!
Sublimity his statue rears,
High towering far above the skies!
And gentle Pity, wild Despair,
And all the powers of earth and air,
And all the passions that molest
The tortured soul and writhing breast,
Now rule in turns the willing heart,
Called by their master's magic art;
A Shakspeare strikes the thrilling chord;
A Shakspeare's mighty voice is heard!
And fired by his inspiring strain,
Around him stand a glorious train,
All lesser stars, yet all display
Th' ineffable and glowing ray,
Which raised their loved, their England's name,
Far, far above the Roman's fame.
But who is he above the rest,
His brow with furrows deep imprest?

He moves with slow and solemn tread,
 A glory beaming round his head ;
 While " Milton ! " angels sing on high ;
 And " Milton ! " echo earth and sky.
 O ! mightiest of the mighty race,
 That God has chosen earth to grace ;
 Nor evil days, nor loss of sight,
 Could all destroy thy visions bright,
 Nor malice of thy foes subdue
 Thy inspiration deep and true ;
 Nor all their fury stay thy tongue,
 Nor check thy heaven-enrapturing song :
 Two ages since thy death have run,
 Yet England and the world, hail thee her noblest son !

x.

Hard were the task, and vain to tell
 The noble sons our land has borne,
 Whose glorious works will prove a spell,
 The hopes to raise, the fears to quell,
 Of generations yet unborn ;
 Whose every name a household word,
 In palace and in cot is heard ;
 For over all the goddess now
 Has shed her bright benignant glow ;
 Nor offers but to Fortune's sons,
 A few and favoured chosen ones,
 The joys she only can impart ;
 But every hopeful, seeking heart,

The humblest children of the soil,
The hardy sons of daily toil,
Her never-changing smiles may share,
And win a portion of her care.
For day by day, and hour by hour,
More firm and broader grows her power ;
And hour by hour her votaries swell,
Her joy-inspiring rule to tell ;
Oh ! may she ever thus increase,
Nor catch with her " success surcease,"
Till every heart on earth may know
The pure delights that from her boundless blessings flow.

J. A. L.

December, 1849.

KNOWLEDGE.

I.

"LET there be Light!" were the words of Jehovah,
 As in darkness and chaos earth lay;
 And, flooding with glory the mountains and plains,
 Upsprang the bright glory of day:
 Then darkness and discord and chaos were gone,
 And the earth in the smiles of its Maker rolled on.

II.

'Tis thus with the being whose mind is untaught,
 When the days of his childhood are gone;
 Frail bark on the tempest-tossed ocean of life,
 He moveth all rudderless on.
 Fair nature to him is a book unrevealed;
 The stars have no language for him;
 Earth's wonders, hope's visions, faith's marvellous deeds,
 His soul to their glories are dim;
 Like a clod of the valley or beast of the field,
 Knowing only the pleasures the senses can yield.

III.

Yet illumine his spirit with knowledge and truth,
 Enlighten with science and art,
 And the darkness and shadow that hung o'er his path
 Shall soon and for ever depart :
 The lay of the Poet shall gladden his heart ;
 The voice of the Sage shall be heard ;
 He will read a great truth in the murmuring stream,
 Or the song of the carolling bird :
 Each breeze shall come laden with knowledge from God ;
 Each leaf shall instruct and delight ;
 Each mote in the beam of the life-giving sun ;
 Each gem on the brow of the night :
 All, voicéd with wisdom from spirits above,
 Shall fill him with gratitude, wonder and love.

IV.

Dark, dark is the picture, and sad is the state
 Of a nation with people untaught ;
 That land is accurséd with numberless ills,
 With ruin and misery fraught ;—
 But if the earth's rulers could feel what they owe
 To their country, their race, and their God,
 Then no spot o'er the breadth of this wide-peopled earth
 By ignorant men should be trod.
 We may talk of reform, or the weight of a tax,
 Till our voices are sunk in the grave ;
 We may punish the erring, or shelter the weak,
 Or strike at the bonds of the slave ;

If we give not men knowledge, our labours are vain ;
We sow but in folly, and we reap but in pain.

v.

A few in all ages, from farthest time,
Have laboured with courage untired,
That men might be wiser through knowledge and truth,
By virtue and goodness inspired ;
Bright spirits who've aided this glorious cause
By the might of the tongue or the pen ;
Who, gifted with wisdom, have shed it like light ;
These, these are earth's noblest of men.
To the great and the wealthy the bow may not fall ;
But we bend to the wise ones, we honour them all.

vi.

Great God, in thy mercy, speed onward the time,
When knowledge shall spread over all ;
Every being created thy image divine,
On Thee, the Great Father, shall call ;
And the nations of earth, as the angels above,
Bound together by faith and the fulness of love!

H. L.



