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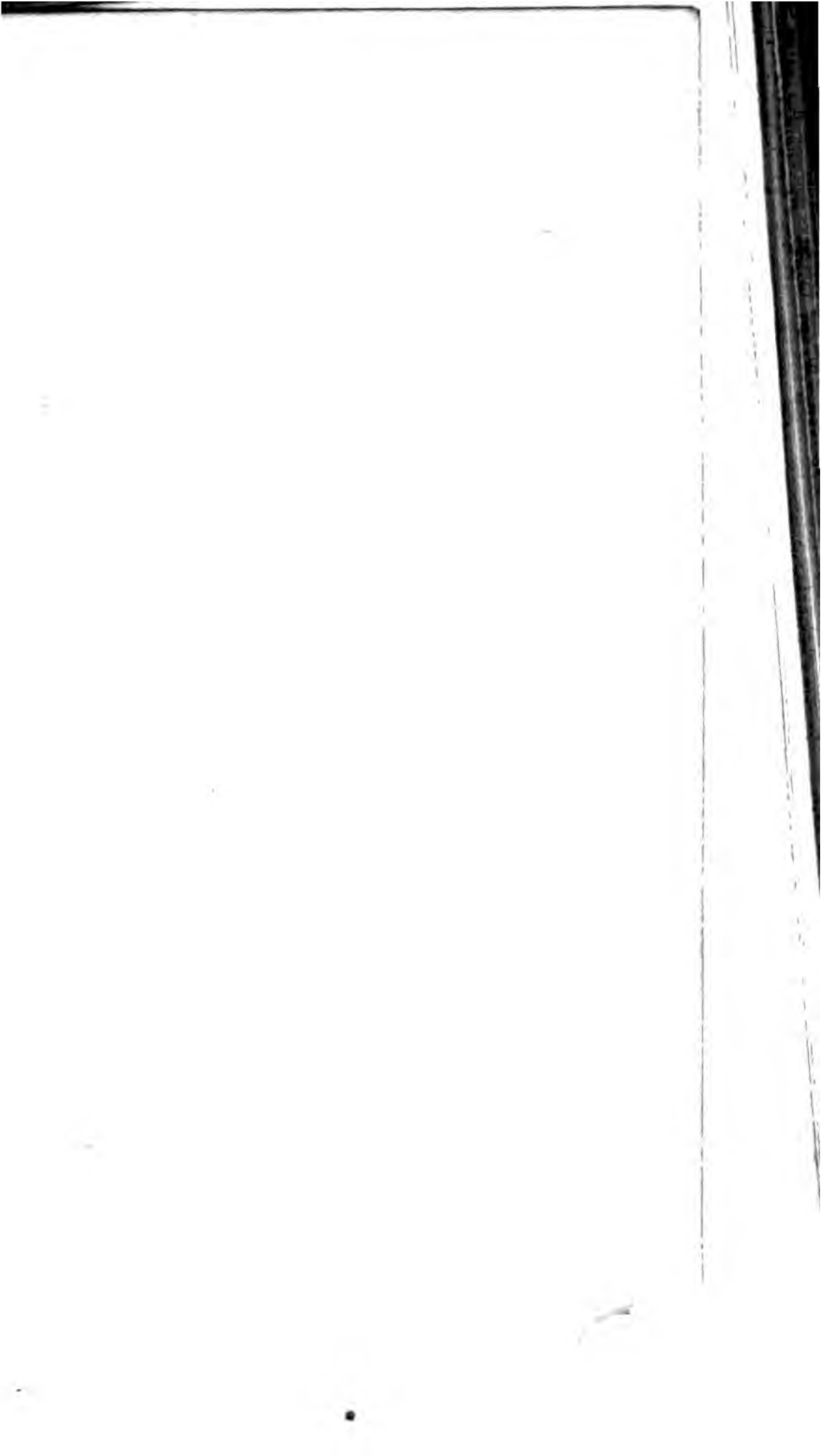
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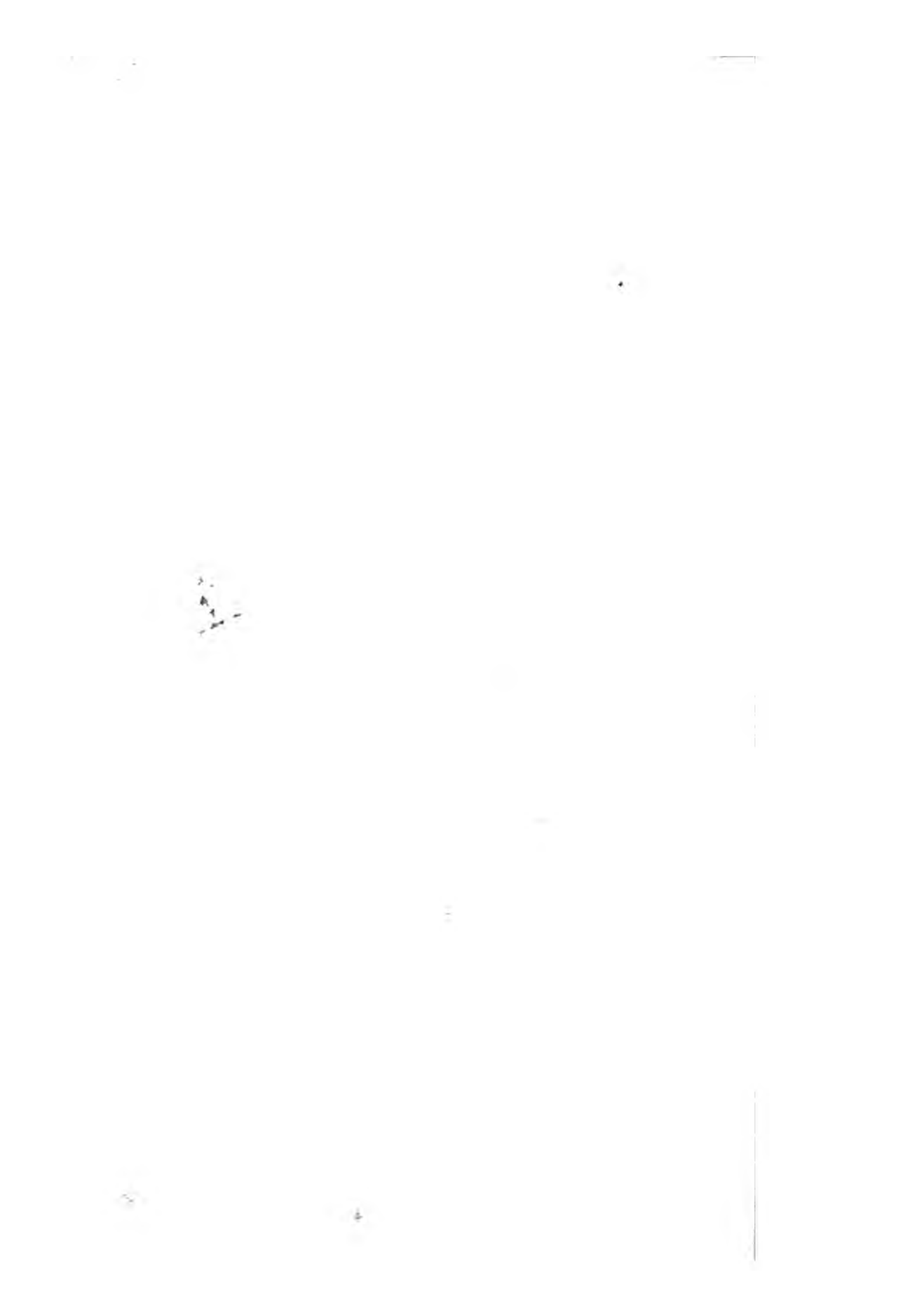




Bt. from J. Thomson Aug. 1917, for 1/-

A. C. 1.





THE HARP
OF
THE WILDERNESS;

OR,

Flowers of Modern Fugitive Poetry.

—Let it be wild and sad !
A more Eolian melancholy tone
Than ever wailed o'er bright things perishing !

LONDON :

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., WHITTAKER AND CO ;
DARTON AND SON ;
AND A. COPLAND, CHELMSFORD.

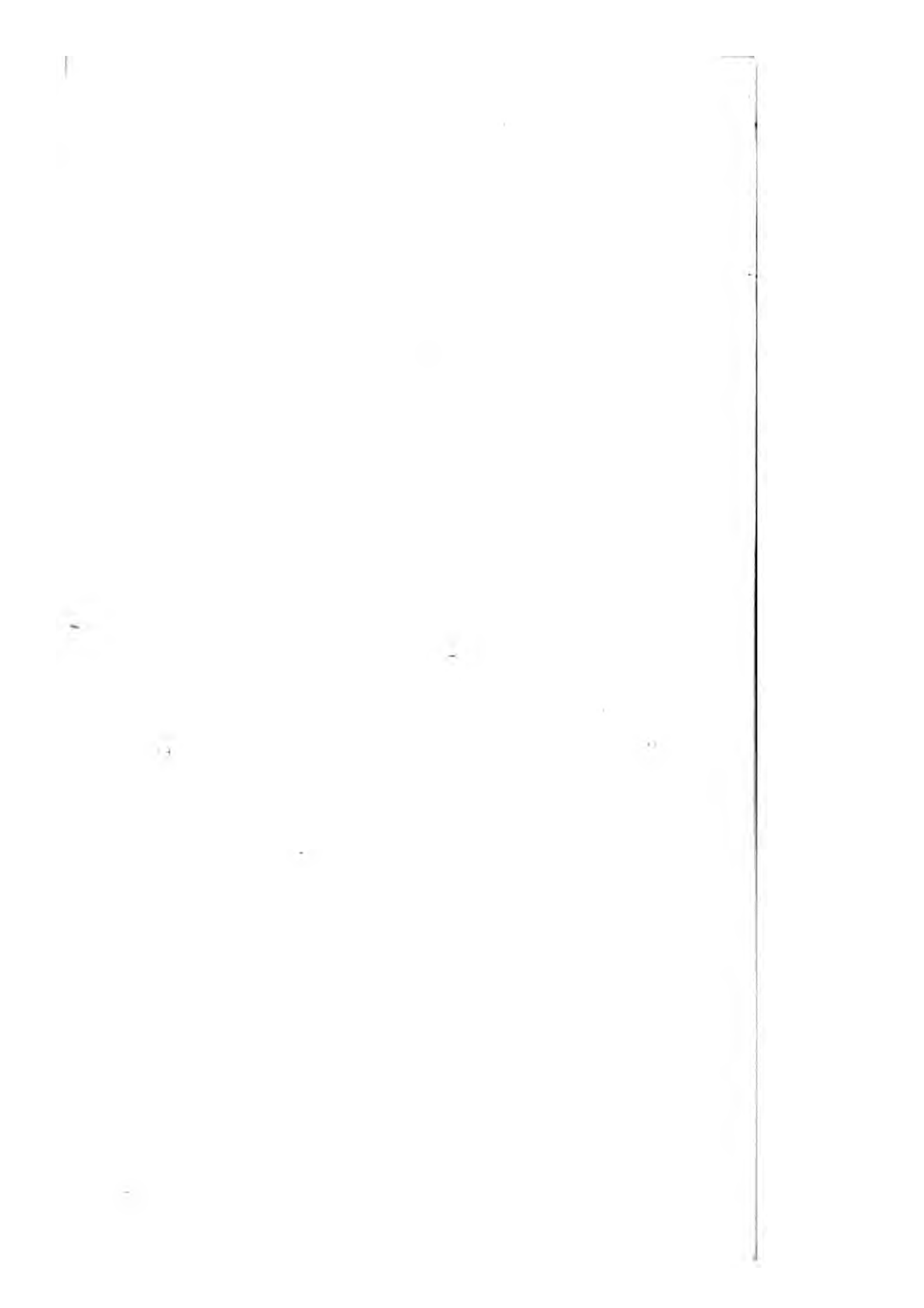
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THE HARP OF THE WILDERNESS is the third volume of a Series of FIVE, to which the Publisher solicits the attention of the lovers of true poetry. It is not, of course, for him to sound the praises of his own performances—he is content to solicit a comparison between these Selections and all and every other extant.



P R E F A C E.

THE title of this publication is chosen less for appropriateness than for originality. Poetical selections, as various in talent as in name, have been so multiplied of late, that we have been at no small pains to discover an appellation sufficiently distinctive for our purpose. It is for this reason that we have a certain pleasant melancholy upon our brow, and not because we have banished our readers into the wild waste, far from the strife and turmoil of congregated thousands and the populous city; on the contrary, wherever man hath tabernacled or nature dwelt, there, with a joyous gladness have we followed the leadings of the Muse:—we have tracked her

from sea to sea and from shore to shore ; the Old and the New Worlds have alike furnished contributions ; and wherever her gifts have been most prodigally dispensed, have we put in our sickle and gathered in the harvest :—

TO OUR READERS

WE DEDICATE

THE FRUITS.

CHELMSFORD,

June 4, 1836.

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THE
HARP OF THE WILDERNESS.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

MISS JEWSBURY.

Oh! 'tis the curse of absence, that our love
Becomes too sad, too tender, too profound,
For all our far off friends.

Wilson.

SUMMER is with us in its pomp and power,
Placing the green crown on the forest trees,
And woodland music, like a gushing shower
Mingled with flower-scents, floats upon the breeze;
Summer is with us brightening every brow,
And thrilling every heart,—but where art thou?

Thou being formed of love, and song, and smiles,
Linked by thy genius to the stars of heaven,
Yet linked again by woman's gentle wiles,
To lowlier blessings that to earth are given;
The tremulous blossom, the sweet-laden bee,
And the lone streamlet—they too emblem thee.

Thou shouldst be with us when the sun descending
 Walks to his rest along a path of gold,
 When o'er the hills triumphantly are blending
 Colours that mock the Tyrian dyes of old ;
 Thou shouldst be with us when the dews of morn
 String their bright pearls upon the slender corn :—

With us at noontide in some grassy lair,
 Hid in its green depths, like a folded flower,
 The rustic meal with merry heart to share,
 Far from the grave restraints of courtlier bower ;
 With us to wake the smile and prompt the song,
 Wing the sad hour, the pleasant one prolong.

Come to us, bright one—sunbeam of the heart !
 There rests a shadow on our souls till then ;
 But come, and fresh flowers in our path will start,
 And joyous greetings ring through grove and glen :
 Come back and listen to affection's vow,
 And the glad household-welcome—“ Here art thou ! ”

S O N G.

RYAN.

OH ! where is love ?
 With yonder silv'ry light 'tis blended,
 When far above,
 The radiant moon shineth !
 But when she declineth,
 Then love like her reign is ended !

Oh! where is love?
 'Tis in the beauteous rainbow beaming!
 And doth remove
 From him that pursueth,
 'Till the chase he rueth,
 And he finds he hath been dreaming!

Oh! where is love?
 'Tis in the short-lived meteor glowing
 The stream above;
 And affection ceaseth
 As that light decreaseth,
 Or sinks in the streamlet flowing!

 STANZAS.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN the voices are gone
 That breathed music around,
 And the faces we look for
 Are not to be found;
 Then Love is a hermit,
 And steals all apart,
 For cold strikes the world
 On the strings of the heart.

That world that we dreamt of
 In home's pleasant bowers,
 Ere we drank of its fountain,
 Or gathered its flowers;

That we pictured as bright,
And we found as frail too,
As the gossamer's web
With its garlands of dew.

All the glitter that dazzled,
The newness that won,
Fade away from our reason,
Like clouds from the sun ;
As the angel of truth,
Growing bright through our tears,
Shows the world but a desert,
When sorrow appears.

Our childhood is fleet,
As a dream of the night ;
And youth fades anon,
Like the flower in sunlight :
And manhood soon ripens
As corn for the flail ;
And age drops to dust,
Like the leaves on the gale.

Thus, year after year,
Life's enchantments decay ;
The glow of the spirits,
So buoyantly gay,
Is chilled by unkindness,
Or chastened by woe,
Till man finds his paradise
Darkened below.

But man has a spirit
The world cannot bind,
That mounts to the stars,
And leaves darkness behind ;
Where the voices we loved
Breathe a holier sound,
And the faces we look for,
Again may be found !

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

DAY dawned. Within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay, at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light.
But for the lady fair and bright—
She rested in undreaming night !

Springs came. The lady's grave was green,
And, near it, often-times was seen
A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then ! *He* died !——Behold before ye
Humanity's poor sum and story ;—
Life—Death—and (all that is of) Glory !

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.**MRS. NORTON.**

'Tis past! we've learned to live apart;
And with a faint and gradual ray,
All hope hath faded from my heart,
Like sunset on an autumn day.
Forgetful of these hours of pain,
They tell me I shall love again.

Perhaps I may! we laugh at jests
Some buried friend at random made :
Peace steals within our grieving breasts,
As sunbeams pierce the forest shade :
We learn to fling *all* mourning by—
Even that which clothed our memory!

Therefore I do believe this woe.
Like other things, will fade and pass ;
And my crush'd heart spring up and blow,
Like flowers among the trodden grass :
But ere I *love*, it must be long—
The habits of the heart are strong.

Ere my accustomed eye can seek
In some new, unfamiliar face,
The smile that glow'd upon thy cheek,
And lent thine eye a softer grace,
When in the crowd I turned to thee,
Proud of thy certain sympathy :

Ere my poor ear, that hath been used
To live upon thy angel voice ;
Its daily sustenance refused,
And forced to wander for a choice,
Can listen to some other tone,
And deem it welcome as thine own :

Ere the true heart thou couldst deceive,
Can hope, and dream, and trust once more,
And from another's lips believe
All that THY lips so falsely swore,
And hear those vows of other years
Without a burst of bitter tears :—

Ere I have half my mind explain'd
To one who shares my thoughts too late ;
With weary tongue, and spirit pain'd,
And heart that still feels desolate—
Have travell'd through those by-gone days,
Which made life barren to my gaze :

What years must pass ! in this world's strife,
How small will be my portion then :
The fainting energies of life
Will scarcely serve to love again.
Love ! to the pale, uncertain flame,
The fervent god denies his name.

No ! let no wrong'd heart look to mine :
Such fate the wanderer hath in store,
Who worships at a ruin'd shrine,
Where altar-fires can burn no more ;

Vain is the incense—vain the prayer—
No deity is lingering there!

Oh! never more shall *trust* return,
Trust, by which love alone can live:
Even while I woo, my heart shall yearn
For answers *thou* wert wont to give,
And my faint sighs shall echoes be
Of those I breathed long since to thee!

TO JUNE.

LEIGH HUNT.

MAY'S a word 'tis sweet to hear,
Laughter of the budding year;
Sweet it is to start and say
On May-morning, "This is May!"
But there also breathes a tune,
Hear it—in the sound of "June."
June's a month, and June's a name,
Never yet hath had its fame;
Summer's in the sound of June,
Summer, and a deepen'd tune
Of the bees, and of the birds;
And of loitering lovers' words:
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;

And the very colour's tone,
Russet now, and fervid grown :
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gipsy June.

May, the jade, with her fresh cheek,
And the love the bards bespeak,
May, by coming first in sight,
Half defrauds thee of thy right ;
For her best is shared by thee
With a wealthier potency,
So that thou dost bring us in
A sort of May-time masculine,
Fit for action or for rest,
As the luxury seems the best
Bearding now the morning breeze,
Or in love with paths of trees,
Or dispos'd, full length, to lie
With a hand-enshaded eye
On thy warm and golden slopes,
Basker in the butter-cups,
Listening with nice distant ears
To the shepherd's clapping shears,
Or the next field's laughing play
In the happy wars of hay,
While its perfume breathes all over,
Or the bean comes fine, or clover.

O could I walk round the earth,
 With a heart to share my mirth,
 With a look to love me ever,
 Thoughtful much, but sullen never,
 I could be content to see
 June and no variety,
 Loitering here, and living there,
 With a book and frugal fare,
 With a finer gipsy time,
 And a cuckoo in the clime,
 Work at morn, and mirth at noon,
 And sleep beneath the sacred moon.

TO THE SKYLARK.

PROCTOR.

O EARLIEST singer! O care-charming bird!
 Married to morning by a sweeter hymn
 Than priest e'er chaunted from his cloister dim
 At midnight; or veil'd virgin's holier word,
 At sun-rise, or the paler evening heard;—
 To which of all heaven's young and lovely hours,
 That wreathe soft light in hyacinthine bowers,
 Beautiful spirit, is thy suit preferr'd?—
 Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,
 Still dost thou woo although thy suit be won;
 And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever.
 Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth;
 So may'st thou yet live on from sun to sun,
 Thy joy uncheck'd, thy sweet song silent never.

I AM COME BACK TO MY BOWER.

MISS JEWSBURY.

O 'tis the heart that magnifies this life,
 Making a truth and beauty of her own.
Wordsworth.

I AM come back to my bower,
 But it is not as of yore,
 Withered every glowing flower,
 And the leaves are green no more;
 Winter winds are sighing
 Where summer breezes strayed;
 Winter mists are lying
 Where the sunbeams played;
 Hope, the sprite that gladdens,
 Flees upon the blast,
 Memory, that but saddens,
 Lingers to the last:—
 Telling of the roses,
 Telling of the joys,
 That life in spring discloses,
 Its waning time destroys.

I am come back to my bower,
 'Tis precious as of yore,
 Though withered every flower,
 And the leaves are green no more;
 Though mute the lark and linnet,
 And still the humming bee,
 Affection dwells within it,
 A summer world to me;

Though leaf and blossom perish,
 And zephyrs pass away,
 The glory that I cherish
 Will never so decay ;—
 HEARTS, to whom no weather
 Change or blight can bring,
 These love on together,
 In winter as in spring.

DIRGE.

W. HOWITT.

Chorus of Youths.

SISTER, thou art fled !
 Sister, in a goodly time,
 Thou hast sought a better clime ;
 Ere thy evil days were come,
 Thou hast hastened home.

Sister, blest art thou !
 Blest are they who take their flight,
 While life's dews yet sparkle bright ;
 While the bloom is on the tree,—
 Blest who pass like thee !

Happy, happy doom !
 Loved below, desired above ;
 In life, in death enshrined in love :
 Bright on earth, and brighter where
 Every soul is fair.

Sister, sister, joy!
On the wings of youth upborne,
Through the regions of the morn;
Gladness, glory go with thee,
To eternity!

Chorus of Old Men.

Daughter, thou art fled;
But we linger, faint and old,
Till the bright earth waxeth cold;
Till the dew is all exhaled!
Till the bloom hath failed.

Daughter, blest art thou!
Where the earth's first bright ones trod,
There we find the burial sod:
The dwellings of the patriarchs stand
In a desert land!

Happy is thy doom!
Ours is, here to stand and mark
How the lights of life grow dark;
How the loved ones drop away—
And feel the soul decay.

Daughter, daughter, joy!
None of all these ills are thine,
Thou shalt not in tears repine;
Spent in frame, and spent in heart,
And unwept depart!

General Chorus.

Maiden, maiden, joy !
 On the wings of youth upborne,
 Through the regions of the morn ;
 Gladness, glory go with thee,
 To eternity !

LIFE.

C. C. COLTON.

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
 'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth ?
 Where all worth knowing never can be known,
 And all that can be known, alas ! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
 And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
 We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
 Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from
 ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
 Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
 And lust of change, though for the worst, proclaim
 How dull life's banquet is—how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
 Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—
 Prefer th' eternal, but oblivious past,
 To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended
 sword ?

He that the topmost stone of Babel plann'd,
 And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
 Did these a clearer, closer view command
 Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd
 they led?

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
 The Night, her rich star-studded page to read—
 Could he point out, 'midst all that brilliant throng,
 His fixed and final home, from fleshly thralldom freed?

Minds that have scann'd Creation's vast domain,
 And secrets solved, till then to sages seal'd,
 Whilst Nature own'd their intellectual reign
 Extinct, have *nothing* known, or nothing have re-
 vealed.

Devouring grave! we might the less deplore
 Th' extinguish'd lights that in thy darkness dwell,
 Wouldst thou, from that lost zodiac, *one* restore,
 That might th' enigma solve, and Doubt, man's
 tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
 Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
 Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope in
 Heaven.

Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside;
 Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
 Low at the Cross bow down—in *that* confide,
 Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS FOR DARK HOURS.

R. F. HOUSMAN.

I WOULD I were a Fairy, as light as falling snows,
To do whate'er my fancy bade, to wander where I chose:
I'd visit many a pleasant spot—a merry life I'd lead,
With all of bright and beautiful to serve me at my need.

I'd never give a single thought to misery or care—
My heart should have the gladness of a wild bird in
the air—

And if perchance a tempest should gather in the sky,
I'd crouch beneath a lily-bell until the cloud passed by.

The violet—the cowslip—the little warbling bee,
That cannot for his life withhold the music of his glee—
The butterfly, that silent thing of many gorgeous dyes,
The denizen of garden realms—a pilgrim of the skies.

The starry-twinkling glowworm, that like a drop of dew,
Sheds faintly on the trembling grass a line of emerald
hue—

The daisy and the daffodil—the small gem on the lea—
Of these I'd make my playmates, and these my friends
should be.

I'd hie me to the greenwood—I'd sit me down and sing,
Beneath the quiet curtain of the nightingale's soft wing!
My pillow should be rose-leaves without a single thorn,
And there I'd chaunt my roundelay until the blush of
morn.

The world is full of sorrows—on every side I see
 Shadows instead of sunlight, and grief instead of glee ;
 Or if I hear the trumpet-voice of Pleasure cleave the
 sky,

The mournful echo, Sadness, is certain to reply.

O would I were a Fairy, as light as falling snows,
 To do whate'er my fancy bade—to wander where I
 chose :

I'd visit many a sunny spot, and far away I'd flee,
 Where Crime and Folly seldom come—beneath the
 forest tree.

A STILL PLACE.

PROCTOR.

UNDER what beechen shade, or silent oak,
 Lies the mute Sylvan now—mysterious Pan ?
 —Once (while rich Peneus and Ilissus ran
 Clear from their fountains)—as the morning broke,
 'Tis said, the satyr with Apollo spoke,
 And to harmonious strife, with his wild reed,
 Challenged the god, whose music was indeed
 Divine, and fit for heaven.—Each play'd, and woke
 Beautiful sounds to life, deep melodies :
 One blew his pastoral pipe with such nice care
 That flocks and birds all answer'd him ; and one
 Shook his immortal showers upon the air.
That music hath ascended to the sun ;—
 But where the other?—Speak! ye dells and trees!

THE EVENING WIND.**BRYANT.**

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their
spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast ;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 That is the life of nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more ;
 Sweet odours in the sea air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

A MAIDEN'S FANTASY.

MISS JEWSBURY.

Thou must
 Acknowledge that more loving dust
 Ne'er wept beneath the skies.
Earth and Heaven.

O WERE my Love a bee,
 I would not chide his absence from my bowers,
 His bright wild wanderings 'mid a thousand flowers ;
 Enough for me,
 To know my heart the hive where he might bring
 His treasured honey, fold his weary wing.

Or if a rose were he,
 I would not frown upon his gallant play
 With dews, and sunbeams, and the zephyrs gay ;
 Enough for me,
 To pluck the coronal when nought caressed,
 And shroud its dying beauty in my breast.

Or if a fair star he,
 That won all eyes and seemed on all to shine,
 I would not blame his beauty or repine ;
 Enough for me,
 Like a small quiet billow none survey,
 To tremble in his light, then melt away.

O sweet Love be
 Of the wide world the glory and the dream,
 Whate'er may fairest, brightest, goodliest seem.
 Enough for me,
 To mark and tell thy triumphs, yet divine,
 No love so gentle, or so deep as mine.

GENIUS SLUMBERING.

PERCIVAL.

HE sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame ;
 He has no feeling of the glory gone ;
 He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
 That once in transport drew his spirit on ;
 He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares
 Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there ;
There are who still remember how he bore
Upward his daring pinions, till the air
Seemed living with the crown of light he wore ;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps,—and yet, around the sightless eye
And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays ;
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
There hovers still the light of other days ;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep for ever, but will rise
Fresh to more daring labours ; now, even now,
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
The gathered slumber leaves his lifted brow ;
From his half-opened eye, in fuller beams,
His wakened spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep ; the spell is gone ;
The deadly charm departed ; see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing ;
The goal is still before him and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquer : shall they take—
They, who, with feebler space, still kept their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,
Now he renews the race, the victor's bay ?

Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal ; they may try
To darken and degrade it ; it may rust
Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die ;
And, when it wakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

REMEMBRANCE.

SOUTHEY.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends ;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends ;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.
To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,
What then shall sooth his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms ?

Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,

And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.

From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
The child's sad thoughts will roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye,
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes : the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind ;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find ?
Then is not youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy ?
Ah ! no ; for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
The fabled bliss destroy ;
And he remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of youth
Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth ;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below;
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet Age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

LOVE.

R. F. HOUSMAN.

A SPIRIT, golden-haired, upon the side
Of a dark willow-shaded streamlet lay;
Sweetly the silent waters lapsed away,
And silently that spirit watched them glide.
And oft he fondly culled the violets pied,
And virgin lilies, with the budding spray
Of roses, ere they pined in soft decay—
And gently cast them on the peaceful tide.
Day passed, and Night; all seasons went and came;
The green earth blossomed, and grew white; but
 there,
O'er the smooth marge of that sequestered brook,
The faithful spirit hung—in all, the same,
Save that his blue eyes wore a milder look,
And on his brow there dwelt a chastened air.

THE LOST STAR.

L. E. LANDON.

A LIGHT is gone from yonder sky,
A star has left its sphere ;
The beautiful—and do they die
In yon bright world, as here ?
Will that star leave a lonely place,
A darkness on the night ?
No : few will miss its lovely face,
And none think heaven less bright !

What wert thou star of, vanished one ?
What mystery was thine ?
Thy beauty from the east is gone :
What was thy sway and sign ?
Wert thou the star of opening youth ?
And is it then for thee,
Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,
So early cease to be ?

Of hope ?—and was it to express
How soon hope sinks in shade ?
Or else of human loveliness,
In sign how it will fade ?
How was thy dying like the song,
In music to the last,
An echo flung the winds among,
And then for ever past ?

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light
 The fair moon renders vain ?
 The rest shine forth the next dark night,—
 Thou didst not shine again.
 Didst thou fade gradual from the time
 The first great curse was hurled,
 Till, lost in sorrow and in crime,
 Star of our early world ?

Forgotten and departed star !
 A thousand glories shine
 Round the blue midnight's regal car,
 Who then remembers thine ?
 Save when some mournful bard, like me,
 Dreams over beauty gone,
 And in the fate that waited thee,
 Reads what will be his own.

OCEAN.

BYRON.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
 thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
 they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sub-
 lime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
 alone.

YOUTH.**WILLIAM HOWITT.**

OH, beautiful is youth!
How often, as it passes by,
With flowing limbs, and flashing eye,
With soul that not a care has crossed,
With cheek that not a tint has lost;
How often in my heart I cry,
How beautiful is youth!

Sweet youth! sweet youth! no need
Hast thou of such a mould,
Of such an air as sculptors old,
On god, or goddess cast,—that thrilled
With life, with thought; with beauty filled!
In simplest form thy power is shown—
Thou sweet—almighty youth!

Oh generous youth! thy gifts,
How freely are they thrown!
What humble creature has not known
The radiant eye's all-liquid light:
The skin's pure freshness, soft and bright;
The glittering locks, the joyous tone?
Oh happy, happy youth!

And yet thou art to me
A melancholy sound!
At once thy name doth bring around

The fairest forms—the dearest things—
The hours that took the spirit's wings !
Words—places—brightness that hath found
A memory sad and dark !

Oh youth ! had I no hope
To share thy good once more,
Methinks I should despise the lore,
The garnered thought—the wisdom deep,
In which dim age the soul would steep,
The fruit which proves the flower is o'er,—
And worship thee with tears.

But, blessings on a golden faith !
I see the everlasting hour,
When back thou com'st in all thy power ;
With friends and freedom, joy and grace ;
With blessings from each time and place :
Life, love, and thou our triple dower—
Oh happy, happy youth !

A FAREWELL SONG.

MRS. HEMANS.

I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me,
When spring's low voice awakes the flowers,
For we have wandered far and free
In those bright hours—the violet's hours !

I go—but when you pause to hear
From distant hills the sabbath-bell

On summer's wind float silvery clear,
Think of me then—I lov'd it well!

Forget me not around your hearth,
When clearly shines the ruddy blaze;
For dear hath been its hour of mirth
To me, sweet friends! in other days!

And oh! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to tender thoughts are stirr'd,
Think of me then!—I go, I go!

THE YOUTHFUL KING.

*Suggested by a Picture of Edward the Sixth,
in his royal robes.*

MISS JEWSBURY.

MONARCH, pictured here in state,
Better glories yet were thine,
Than the grandeur of the great,
Than the jewels of the mine.

Born to govern and command,
Thou wast easy of control;
With a sceptre in thy hand,
There was meekness in thy soul.

Of thy haughty father's frown,
Little on thy brow we trace,

And that little softened down
By simplicity and grace.

Child in age, and child in heart,
Thy magnificent array
Could not joy or pride impart,
Thou hadst treasures more than they.

More than courtiers kneeling low ;
More than flattery's ready smile ;
More than conquest o'er the foe ;
More, even more, than England's isle.

Treasures in which mind hath part ;
Joys that teach the soul to rise ;
Hopes that can sustain the heart,
When the body droops and dies !

Therefore, Star, thou art not shaded
By the darkness of the tomb !
Royal Rose ! thou art not faded,
But in Paradise dost bloom !

WOMAN.

BARRY CORNWALL.

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume :
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sat on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality ;
And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour ;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh.
—And this is man's fidelity !

'Tis Woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

NIGHT.

MILLHOUSE.

THE night wind moans around me ; there's a mood
Of melancholy vibrates on its wings ;
The soul imbibes its tones of solitude ;
They bear a record of departed things,
Which haply probe the heart with forked stings,
And drive remembrance into former years,
And vex the mind with woe's disquietings ;
While a dark scroll Anticipation rears,
Marked with a transcript vile depicting unborn cares.

Now sobs and howls the fluctuating gale :
 Methinks I see the ship 'midst mountain waves,
 Toppling and plunging as their peaks assail
 Her crashing sides ; while the fierce tempest raves,
 And delves in darkness its unfathomed graves,
 And straight refills them—to the sea-bird's cry,
 Which screams a funeral dirge, 'midst rocks and
 caves,
 For drowning seamen ; while the rattling sky
 Rolls its inconstant clang of dreadful harmony.

There is sublimity pervades the sound
 Of wintry storms, although they bring distress
 To wretched man : what organ tones are found
 To match the peals of ocean's wilderness !
 And even this tempest, though it sorely press
 On the faint pilgrim, shrinking from its fangs,
 Speaks with a voice of awful holiness !
 And, in yon depth of forest glooms, harangues
 With an unanswered speech, that wakes conviction's
 pangs.

Sweet is the breeze of spring, that wafts along
 The breath of incense from unnumbered flowers,
 And the full anthem of the woodland throng ;
 And sweet the gale that fans the summer bowers :
 And oh ! how doubly sweet is that which towers
 To loftiest thrillings in the year's decline,
 Wailing through falling leaves and pattering showers !
 And dear the wintry storms ; for all combine
 To demonstrate a Power, Omniscient and Divine.

THE MINSTREL.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy ;
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfry borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne :
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

THE THORN.**WORDSWORTH.**

THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and gray.
Not higher than a two years' child
It stands erect, this aged Thorn ;
No leaves it has, no thorny points ;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens it is overgrown.

Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop :
Up from the earth these mosses creep,
And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
So close, you'd say that they were bent
With plain and manifest intent
To drag it to the ground ;
And all had joined in one endeavour
To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

High on a mountain's highest ridge,
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale ;

Not five yards from the mountain path,
This Thorn you on your left espy ;
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water—never dry ;
Though but of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns and parching air.

And, close beside this aged Thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colours there you see,
All colours that were ever seen :
And mossy net-work too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been ;
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me ! what lovely tints are there !
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white.
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
Which close beside the Thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be :
But never, never any where,
An infant's grave was half so fair.

Now would you see this aged Thorn,
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
You must take care and choose your time
The mountain when to cross.
For oft there sits between the heap
So like an infant's grave in size,
And that same pond of which I spoke,
A woman in a scarlet cloak,
And to herself she cries,
"Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!"

At all times of the day and night
This wretched woman thither goes;
And she is known to every star,
And every wind that blows;
And there, beside the Thorn, she sits
When the blue daylight's in the skies,
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And to herself she cries,
"Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!"

Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
Thus to the dreary mountain-top
Does this poor woman go?
And why sits she beside the Thorn
When the blue daylight's in the sky,
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,

And wherefore does she cry?—
 Oh wherefore? wherefore? tell me why
 Does she repeat that doleful cry?

I cannot tell; I wish I could;
 For the true reason no one knows:
 But would you gladly view the spot,
 The spot to which she goes;
 The hillock like an infant's grave,
 The pond—and Thorn, so old and gray;
 Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—
 And if you see her in her hut,
 Then to the spot away!—
 I never heard of such as dare
 Approach the spot when she is there.

BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done;
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grand-child Whilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin, he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried ;
That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.
Why 'twas a very wicked thing !
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the duke,
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last ?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

LINES

WITH THE AUTUMNAL CROCUS.

MARY HOWITT.

THY bower, with vine unshaded,
Stands desolate and lone;
The flowers of spring have faded,
The summer birds are flown.
Thy home—whose claims are stronger
Than time can e'er efface;
Thy garden—thine no longer—
Have lost each look of grace;
For the stranger's foot has gone there, and left a
ruined place.

The past came o'er my spirit—
Thy kindness and thy faith;
And must *thou* grief inherit,
And life's undreamed-of scathe?
Is it *thou*—the gentlest, fairest,—
Like men must nerve thy heart,
And teach him how thou darest
Meet fortune's keenest dart;
Then look on all thou lov'd from youth, and
patiently depart!

'Twas so: in vain I sought thee
Within my garden-bower;
And from the fields I brought thee,
Pale Autumn's faithful flower.

Spring flowers, like fortune's lightness,
 With calm skies pass away ;
 But this reveals its brightness
 'Mid silence and decay ;
 Like thy pure steadfast spirit, strong in sorrow's
 darkest day.

MY NATIVE VALE.

ROGERS.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade ;
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.**WORDSWORTH.**

**LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower,
At eve, how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen !
Fit music for a solemn vale !
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.**

**Not far from that fair site whereon
The pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days,
A stern-brow'd house appeared ;
Foil to a jewel rich in light,
There set and guarded well,
Cage for a bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.**

**To win this bright bird from her cage,
To make this gem their own,
Came barons bold with store of gold,
And knights of high renown ;
But one she prized, and only one,—**

Sir Eglamore was he :
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye dales and hills ! to you alone,
Their mutual loyalty !

Known chiefly, Aira ! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly ;
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
That all but Love is folly ;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play,
Doubt came not nor regret ;
To trouble hours that winged their way
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times, Love dwelt not long
Sequestered with repose ;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of foes.
“ A conquering lance is beauty's test,
And proves the lover true ; ”
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
The drooping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread regions errant ;
A knight of proof in love's behoof,
The thirst of fame his warrant :
And she her happiness can build
On woman's quiet hours ;

Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
Her Champion's praise recounted ;
Though brain would swim and eyes grow dim,
And high her blushes mounted ;
Or when a bold, heroic lay
She warbled from full heart :
Delightful blossoms for the May
Of absence! but they will not stay,
Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
Whatever path he chooses ;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
Received the light hers loses.
He comes not back ; an ampler space
Requires for nobler deeds ;
He ranges on from place to place,
Till of his doings is no trace
But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
Her spirit finds its centre ;
Clear sight she has of what he was,
And that would now content her.
"Still is he my devoted knight?"
The tear in answer flows ;
Month falls on month with heavier weight ;

Day sickens round her, and the night
Is empty of repose.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,
Deep sighs with quick words blending,
Like that pale queen whose hands are seen
With fancied spots contending ;
But *she* is innocent of blood,—
The moon is not more pure
That shines aloft, while through the wood
She thrids her way, the sounding flood
Her melancholy lure !

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
And owls alone are waking,
In white arrayed, glides on the maid,
The downward pathway taking,
That leads her to the torrent's side,
And to a holly bower ;
By whom on this still night descried ?
By whom in that lone place espied ?
By thee, Sir Eglamore !

A wandering ghost, so thinks the knight,
His coming step has thwarted,
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
Within whose shade they parted.
Hush, hush, the busy sleeper see !
Perplexed her fingers seem,
As if they from the holly tree
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the spectre? Why intent
To violate the tree,
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore
Unfading constancy?
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun
To her I left shall prove
That bliss is ne'er so surely won
As when a circuit has been run
Of valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
He moved with stealthy pace;
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
He recognised the face;
And whispers caught, and speeches small,
Some to the green-leaved tree,
Some muttered to the torrent-fall,—
“Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
I heard, and so may he!”

Soul-shattered was the knight, nor knew
If Emma's ghost it were,
Or boding shade, or if the maid
Her very self stood there.
He touched—what followed who shall tell?
The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking, back she fell,
And the stream whirled her down the dell
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the knight! when on firm ground
The rescued maiden lay,

Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
Confusion passed away ;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
Her faithful spirit flew,
His voice, beheld his speaking face,
And dying, from his own embrace,
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life :
Brief words may speak the rest ;
Within the dell he built a cell,
And there was Sorrow's guest :
In hermit's weeds repose he found,
From vain temptations free ;
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
By one deep, heart-controlling sound,
And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
Are edged with golden rays !
Dear art thou to the light of heaven !
Though minister of sorrow,
Sweet is thy voice at pensive Even ;
And thou, in Lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow !

GRATTAN'S LAMENTATION.

MOORE.

SHALL the harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a minstrel of Erin, stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her patriots lies?

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be
 cross,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star has been lost!

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellished, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference encircled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

That *one* lucid interval, snatched from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, filled with his soul,
A nation o'erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for *one* sacred instant, touched Liberty's goal!

Who that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence all Erin's own,

In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
 And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown—

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever its wave
 Wandered free and triumphant—with thoughts that
 shone through,
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approached him, when, free from the
 crowd,
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
 'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n and which
 bowed,
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,
 Put the rays from his brow, that his child might
 come near—
 Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
 Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
 But at distance observed him,—through glory,
 through blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
 Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise
 As that type of simplicity blended with power,
 A child with a thunderbolt only portrays ;—

Oh, no—not a heart that e'er knew him, but mourns,
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is
 shrined—
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind !

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

KEATS.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Thro' verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Thro' the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears among the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casement, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

THE ASPEN LEAF.

MISS JEWSBURY.

I WOULD not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree ;
In every fickle breeze to play,
Wildly, weakly, idly gay,
So feebly framed, so lightly hung,
By the wing of an insect stirred and swung ;
Thrilling even to a redbreast's note,
Drooping if only a light mist float,
Brightened and dimmed like a varying glass
As shadow or sunbeam chance to pass ;—
I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree.
It is not because the autumn sere
Would change my merry guise and cheer,—
That soon, full soon, nor leaf nor stem,
Sunlight would gladden, or dewdrop gem,
That I, with my fellows, must fall to earth,
Forgotten our beauty and breezy mirth,
Or else on the bough where all had grown,
Must linger on, and linger alone ;—
Might life be an endless summer's day,
And I be for ever green and gay,
I would not be, I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree !

Proudly spoken, heart of mine,
Yet weakness and change perchance are thine,

More, and darker and sadder to see,
Than befall the leaves of yonder tree!
What if they flutter—their life is a dance;
Or toy with the sunbeam—they live in his glance;
To bird, breeze, and insect rustle and thrill,
Never the same, never mute, never still,—
Emblems of all that is fickle and gay,
But leaves in their birth, but leaves in decay—
Chide them not—heed them not—spirit away!
In to thyself, to thine own hidden shrine,
What there dost thou worship? What deem'st thou
divine?

Thy hopes,—are they steadfast, and holy and high?
Are they built on a rock? Are they raised to the sky?
Thy deep secret yearnings,—oh! whither point they,
To the triumphs of earth, to the toys of a day?—
Thy friendships and feelings,—doth impulse prevail,
To make them, and mar them, as wind swells the sail?
Thy life's ruling passion—thy being's first aim—
What are they? and yield they contentment or shame?
Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state;
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's fate:
It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh;
But for thee, the immortal, no winter may throw
Eternal repose on thy joy, or thy woe;
Thou must live, and live ever, in glory or gloom,
Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the dark tomb.
Look on thyself then, ere past is Hope's reign,
And looking and longing alike are in vain;
Lest thou deem it a bliss to have been or to be
But a fluttering leaf on yon aspen tree!

TO THE IVY.**MRS. HEMANS.**

OH! how could fancy crown with *thee*
In ancient days, the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once pealed around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his Eagles bent,
Entwined thee, with exulting strains,
Around the victor's tent;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hast'ning to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,
Thou in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes
And cities of the dead.
Deserted palaces of kings,
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,
And all once glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue, Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry :
And, reared 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore ;
O'er mould'ring towers, by lovely Rhine,
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath passed, and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright
Unchanged the mountain-storm can brave,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
The vivid hues, by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls ;

Th' Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
 In sculptured beauty waving fair ;
 These perish all—and what remains ?
 Thou, thou alone, art there !

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
 The wrecks of human pow'r we see,
 The marvels of all ages fled,
 Left to decay and thee !
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August in beauty, grace and strength,
 Days pass—thou, Ivy, never sere,
 And all is thine at length !

ODE ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

ANONYMOUS.

NOBLE spirit! hast thou fled,
 Is thy glorious journey sped,
 Thy days of brightness numbered,—
 Soul of dread sublimity !

Hast thou burst thy prison bands,
 Twined round thee by coward hands,
 Hast thou fled to other lands,
 Where thou must—thou wilt be free ?

Tyrants! cowards! mark the day,
 Even now 'tis on the way,
 When your names, to scorn a prey,
 Shall live with endless infamy !

Hark, 'tis victory's deathless knell!—
Lodi shall remember well!—
Austerlitz! Marengo! tell
 Of his glorious chivalry!

Tell his deeds by field and flood!
Witness river, mountain, wood!
Show his path of fire and blood,
 That burned behind him gloriously!

Alas! that hero's life should close
In languid, fameless, dull repose
Far from the contest that bestows
 On mortals immortality.

Alas! that he, the great, the brave,
Should fill a hermit's bloodless grave,
Where never rolled the hallowing wave
 Of battle and of victory!

He should have died on bloody field,
Where column after column wheeled,
Where cannon roared and charger reeled,
 Amid destruction's revelry.

He should have laid his glorious head
Amid the wreck himself had made,
Ten thousand corpses round him spread,
 The flow'r of all his enemy.

Spirit of undying name,
Endless honour thou shalt claim,

Whilst thy foes, unknown to fame,
Shall weep in cold obscurity!

Glory's hallowed light divine
Ever on thy head shall shine,
And valour's heart will be thy shrine,
Thy portion vast futurity!

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

BARRY CORNWALL.

O THOU vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this; nor chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-woken air;
But o'er its wastes, the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound his bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;

But in their stated round the seasons come
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again and vanish : the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood ; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the Summer flies.
—Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with Heaven !

Thou trackless and immeasurable main !
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it ; line nor lead
Hath ever fathom'd thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who 'tis said
Can move the mighty ocean into storm.—
Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element :
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose : thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
“ Eternity, Eternity, and Power.”

A WREN'S NEST.**WORDSWORTH.**

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof ;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The Hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied Abbey walls,
A canopy in some still nook ;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding Bird her Mate
Warbles by fits his low, clear song ;

And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequester'd lanes they build,
Where till the fitting Bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best ;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest ;

This, one of those small Builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout ;

For she who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest,
The prettiest of the grove !

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things, but once
Looked up for it in vain :

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell,
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves ;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent.

Rest, mother-bird! and when thy young
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unviolated grove,
Housed near the growing primrose tuft
In foresight, or in love.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

WILSON.

MAGNIFICENT Creature! so stately and bright
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?—
—Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! Idol divine! whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and
moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine,
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy
breast—
Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on your shelterless height.
One moment—thou bright Apparition!—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
 The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth :
 In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
 O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss ;
 O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
 Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean !
 Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
 And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
 While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
 Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the wind,
 And left the dark ocean of mountains behind !
 But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,
 And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—
 Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast
 In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around !
 Each sight how sublime ! and how awful each sound !
 All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams,
 The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,
 Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
 But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.

Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear—
 —Ay ! Time the destroyer in power hath been here ;
 And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
 Like a black thunder-cloud on the arch of the sky,
 Hath gone, like that cloud, when the tempest came by.
 Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decay'd,
 Where the floods have been raging the limbs are
 display'd

Of the pine-tree and oak sleeping vast in the gloom,
The kings of the forest disturb'd in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold
O'erhanging the desert the forests of old !
So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,
Like the heavens above them, they never may fade.
The sunlight is on them—in silence they sleep—
A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of
morn.

—Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,
And the hill-side is swinging, and roars with a sound
In the heart of the forest embosom'd profound.
Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,
And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore
When the sea is at ebb ; not a leaf nor a breath
To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast as death.
From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream ;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow ?
Fleet son of the wilderness ! where art thou now ?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night !
Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd, as with light,
And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell,
 He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
 There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
 In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
 A stream in a clear pool that endeth his race—
 A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
 A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
 A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
 Magnificent prison enclosing the free!
 With rock-wall encircled, with precipice crown'd;
 Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
 'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
 One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
 And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
 When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
 Where the creature at rest can his image behold
 Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold!
 How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife
 With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
 The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
 Whose depths, at the sudden plunge, sullenly quake!
 Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
 And away in the midst of his roundelay springs;
 'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than
 himself,
 The wild bee is busy, a musical elf—
 Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,
 And, circling the antlers, booms far far away.
 While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
 The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,

And mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.
With wide-branching antlers a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild creature, even stately in rest,
'Mid the grandeur of nature, composed and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
As if in his soul the bold animal smiled
To his friends of the sky, the joint heirs of the wild.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, ev'n hush'd in repose—
In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
With a haughty defiance to come to the war!
No outrage is war to a creature like thee!
The bugle horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!—
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet:
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.
High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill
The new-waken'd daylight, so bright and so still;

And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In one moment all swim in an ocean of light ;
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—
The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him that growls from the
cloud,
To him comes an echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depth of noontide, with glittering
motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an aerial ocean—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close
'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told ;
O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are
borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.
Yes! child of the desert! fit quarry were thou
For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,—
By princes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.
In splendour the tents on the green summit stood,
And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,
And, silently built by a magical spell,
The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell.

All mute was the palace of Lochy that day,
 When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—
 To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
 And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.
 Not lonely and single they pass'd o'er the height—
 But thousands swept by in their hurricane-flight ;
 And bow'd to the dust in their trampling tread
 Was the plumage on many a warrior's head.
 —“ Fall down on your faces !—the herd is at hand ! ”
 —And onward they came like the sea o'er the sand ;
 Like the snow from the mountain when loosen'd by rain,
 And rolling along with a crash to the plain ;
 Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock,
 With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock,
 Like the voice of the sky when the black cloud is near,
 So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.
 Wild mirth of the desert ! fit pastime for kings !
 Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings.
 Oh reign of magnificence ! vanish'd for ever !
 Like music dried up in the bed of a river,
 Whose course hath been changed ! yet my soul can
 survey

The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.
 Yes ! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
 And the far-ebbed grandeur rolls back to the shore.
 I wake from my trance !—lo ! the sun is declining !
 And the Black-mount afar in his lustre is shining.
 —One soft golden gleam ere the twilight prevail !
 Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale,
 Where sings the fair maid to the viol so sweet,
 Or the floor is alive with her white twinkling feet,
 Down, down like a bird to the depth of the dell !
 —Vanish'd creature ! I bid thy fair image farewell !

SHALL A LIGHT WORD PART US?

MRS. NORTON.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade ;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within my heart,
A cloud is on my brow ;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
We have laugh'd at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow ;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow ;
We have been *sad* together—
Oh! what shall part us now ?

 THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
 Bright things which gleam unreck'd of and in vain.
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—What wealth untold
 Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
 Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have roll'd
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
 Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
 Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!—
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely ! Those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long ;
 The prayer went up thro' midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
 —But all is not thine own !

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow the tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown !
 —Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead :
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
 —Restore the dead, thou Sea !

STANZAS.

MISS BOWLES.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
 The gift of one who cared for me,
 A little flower,—a faded flower,—
 But it was done reluctantly.

I never look'd a last adieu
 To things familiar, but my heart
 Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
 E'en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word Farewell !
 But with an utterance faint and broken ;
 A heart-sick yearning for the time
 When it should never more be spoken.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

HEBER.

OUR task is done!—on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest :
And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslems' savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through :
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude ;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on ; no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake ;
Child of the sun, he loves to lie
'Mid Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade,

Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of death !
Come on ! yet pause ! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and crimson flower ;
The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade ;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendant train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize,
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod.
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's good green-wood ?
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain !)
To gaze upon her oaks again.
A truce to thought ! The jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
And through the trees yon falling ray
Will scanty serve to guide our way.
Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes ;

Before, beside us, and above,
The fire fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring ;
While to this cooler air confess'd
The broad Dhatura bares her breast
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night !
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
And what is she, whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
I know that soul-entrancing swell !
It is—it must be—Philomel.

Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh ! with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness ;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven !

CHANGE.

L. E. LANDON.

THE wind is sweeping o'er the hill ;
It hath a mournful sound,
As if it felt the difference
Its weary wing hath found.
A little while that wandering wind
Swept over leaf and flower :
For there was green for every tree,
And bloom for every hour.

It wandered through the pleasant wood,
And caught the dove's lone song ;
And by the garden beds, and bore
The rose's breath along.
But hoarse and sullenly it sweeps ;
No rose is opening now—
No music, for the wood-dove's nest
Is vacant on the bough.

Oh, human heart and wandering wind,
Go look upon the past ;
The likeness is the same with each,
Their summer did not last.
Each mourns above the things it loved—
One o'er a flower and leaf ;
The other over hopes and joys,
Whose beauty was as brief.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

MISS JEWSBURY.

I SAW him on the battle eve,
When like a king he bore him !
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him :
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,—
No daunting thoughts came o'er him ;—
He look'd around him, and his eye
Defiance flash'd to earth and sky !

He look'd on ocean,—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet ;
On earth,—and saw from east to west
His banner'd millions meet :
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet !
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and *felt* himself a king !

I saw him next alone ;—nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended,
Nor banners' blaze nor coursers' tramp,
With war-cries proudly blended :—
He stood alone, whom Fortune high
So lately seem'd to deify,
He who with heaven contended

Fled, like a fugitive and slave ;
Behind, the foe,—before the wave !

He stood,—fleet, army, treasure gone,
Alone, and in despair !
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For *they* were monarchs there ;
And XERXES in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all thy fury dare ;—
Thy glorious revenge was this,
Thy trophy, deathless SALAMIS !

ODE TO AUTUMN.

CLARE.

SYREN ! of sullen woods and fading hues,
Yet haply not incapable of joy,—
Sweet Autumn, I thee hail !
With welcome all unfeigned ;
And oft, as Morning from her lattice peeps,
To beckon up the Sun ! I'll seek with thee,
To drink the dewy breath
Of fields left fragrant then.

To solitudes, where no frequented path
But what thine own foot makes, betrays thine
home,
Stealing obtrusive there,
To meditate thine end,

By overshadow'd ponds, in woody nooks,
With ramping sallows lined, and crowding sedge,
That woo the winds to play,
And with them dance for joy.

And meadow pools, torn wide by lawless floods,
Where waterlilies spread their glossy leaves,
On which the dragon-fly
Yet battens in the sun ;
Where leans the moping willow half-way o'er,
On which the shepherd crawls astride, to throw
His angle clear of weeds,
That float the water's brim.

Or crispy hills, and hollows scant of sward,
Where, step by step, the patient shepherd boy
Hath cut rude flights of stairs,
To climb their steepy sides ;
Then, tracking at their feet, grown hoarse with
noise,
The moaning brook, that ekes its weary speed,
And struggles through the weeds
With faint and sullen crawl.

These haunts, long favour'd, but more so now,
With thee thus wandering, moralizing on ;
Stealing glad thoughts from grief,
And happy though I sigh !
Sweet vision ! with the wild dishevelled hair,
And raiment shadowy with each wind's embrace,
Fain would I win thine harp
To one accordant theme.

Now, not inaptly craved, commencing thus :
 Beneath the twined arms of this stunted oak,
 We'll pillow on the grass,
 And fondly ruminatè
 O'er the disorder'd scenes of fields and woods,
 Plough'd lands, thin travell'd by half hungry sheep ;
 Pastures track'd deep with cows,
 Where small birds seek for seed.

Marking the cow boy—who so merry trills
 His frequent unpremeditated song ;
 Wooing the winds to pause
 Till echo sings again,
 As on, with plashy step and clouted shoon,
 He roves, half indolent and self employ'd,
 To rob the little birds
 Of hips and pendent haws,

And sloes, dim cover'd, as with dewy veils,
 And rambling brambleberries, pulp and sweet,
 Arching their prickly trails
 Half o'er the narrow lane ;
 And mark the hedger, front with stubborn face
 The dank rude wind, that whistles thinly by,
 His leathern garb, thorn-proof,
 And cheeks red hot with toil !

Wild sorceress ! me thy restless mood delights
 More than the stir of summer's crowded scenes ;
 Where, giddy with the din,
 Joy pall'd mine ear with song :

Heart sickening for the silence that is thine—
Not broken inharmoniously, as now
That lone and vagrant bee
Roams faint with weary chime.

The filtering winds, that winnow through the
woods
In tremulous noise, now bid, at every breath,
Some sickly canker'd leaf
Let go its hold and die!
And now the bickering storm, with sudden start,
In fitful gusts of anger carpeth loud;
Thee urging to thine end,
Sore wept by troubled skies!

And yet, sublime in grief, thy thoughts delight
To shew me visions of more gorgeous dyes:
Haply forgetting now,
They but prepare thy shroud!
Thy pencil, dashing its excess of shades,
Improvident of waste, 'till every bough
Burns with thy mellow touch,
Disorderly divine!

Soon must I view thee as a pleasant dream,
Droop faintly, and so sicken for thine end,
As sad the wind sinks low,
In dirges for their queen!
While in the moment of their weary pause,
To cheer thy bankrupt pomp, the willing lark
Starts from his shielding clod,
Snatching sweet scraps of song!

Thy life is waning now, and silence tries
 To mourn, but meets no sympathy in sounds,
 As stooping low she bends,
 Forming with leaves thy grave!
 To sleep inglorious there 'mid tangled woods,
 Till parch-lip'd Summer pines in drought away—
 Then from thine ivy'd trance
 Awake to glories new.

SONNET,

Composed by the Seaside, October, 1817.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

OH! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please;
 Or yield the easily persuaded eyes.

To each quaint image issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low,
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks: and then, a traveller, go

From mount to mount, through CLOUDLAND,
 gorgeous land!

Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward
 light

Beheld the ILIAD and the ODYSSEE
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea!

THE CHAPEL ON THE CLIFF.

KENNEDY.

LIKE childhood making mirth of age,
In its unthinking levity,
So on these ruined walls the sun
Spends his meridian glee.
He idly jeers the desolate—
The chapel grey, and him who now
Upon the ivy-stone reclines,
With wrinkled hand and brow.
And yet I sin, perhaps—forgive,
Creator of the orb of day!
If I, an old and altered man,
Wax peevish with decay.
The time hath been, when all around
Woke joy, for all was light within;
Even from this mourning pile a voice
Exclaims, such time hath been!
Be still, ye glossy beechen leaves!
Ye echoes of the broken hill,
Ye birds, and winds, and fretful waves,
A moment be ye still!
For I would breathe a quiet spell—
That, as the prophet's prayer for rain,
May pour new life into a heart
Long shrunk in every vein:
The spell is breathed—Oh, Memory!
Thy dreamy mantle wraps my frame:
I see the vision of my youth
In all, save life, the same.

In her fast-ripening loveliness
I note a white-robed maiden shine,
And faithful to her foot-print, one
Whose form and face were mine.
'Tis summer with the blue, blue sky,
With earth and with its flow'rets fair ;
'Tis summer with the glancing lake,
And with that happy pair :
They're roaming by the water side ;
They're seated in a fairy skiff,
And for a landing place they seek
The chapel on the cliff.
A light breeze courts the little sail,
A merry, wanton breeze, I trow ;
It skips among the maiden's curls,
And lips her breast of snow.
An arm, afraid to press, just meets
Her heart, to still its throb of fear ;
'Tis not more flattered than thy own,
Thou timid mariner !
Among the lilies of the lake
The youth has moored the tiny skiff ;
The chapel greets the voyagers
Ascending the rude cliff.
He leans against the mossy arch
Which topples o'er the depths below !
Her hand restrains the willow branch
That waveth to and fro.
The wild rose blushes at his feet,
He culls the rarest of the bough,
And offers it with cheek as red,
And a half-murmured vow.

The maid refuses not the flower,
 Though silently she turns away ;
Before she knew what she had done,
 It on her bosom lay.
O heaven ! the longest, brightest life
 Can bring but one such hour as this !
The first confession of deep love
 Sealed with a bashful kiss !
Beneath yon tall and branching oak
 The lady and her love recline ;
The sweetest of the forest shrubs
 Around their heads entwine.
They linger till the thrush has piped
 His farewell flourish to the breeze,
Till the romantic moon gleams through
 The foliage of the trees.
Within the chapel on the cliff
 An altar green and mouldering stands,
And by it, in their innocence,
 They join their hearts and hands.
Louise ! my first and last adored !
 Upon this well-remembered spot,
I pledged the faith which death hath tried ;
 Hath tried—but shaken not.
Louise ! the pensive primrose here,
 In spring-time weeps upon thy grave,
Meet-bushes, trained by willing hands,
 Above thy head-stone wave.
Still to this consecrated place
 My faltering steps are duly bound ;
A miser pale, that steals to watch
 His treasure's burial ground.

All cheerful sights, all gladsome sounds,
 Are grievous to my sense and soul ;
 The tides of life and bliss have ceased
 With vernal strength to roll :
 And yet, the dream that I have dreamt
 Of days when thou, Louise, wert mine,
 Should yield me many a grateful thought—
 Not teach me to repine.

THE QUARREL OF FRIENDS.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother :
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining.
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once had been.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BYRON.

THERE was a sound of a revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, nearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"the foe! they come!
 they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! but with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
 ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass

Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay ;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

WORDSWORTH.

HIGH on her speculative tower
Stood Science, waiting for the hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That dark'ning of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions fair as Paradise,
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change,
That checked the desultory range
Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, though of altered hue ;
'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noontide from umbrageous walls
That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings ; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud ;
The sky an azure field displayed ;
'Twas sun-light sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid :

Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine—but the hue was green ;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curved shore,
Where gazed the peasant from his door,
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay
Upon Lugano's ample bay ;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er villas, terraces, and tow'rs,
To Albogasio's olive bow'rs,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire,
Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aerial host

Of figures, human and divine,
White as the snows of Apennine
Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken, she beholds th' array
That guards the Temple night and day ;
Angels she sees that might from heav'n have
 flown ;

And virgin saints—who not in vain
Have striv'n by purity to gain
The beatific crown ;

Far-stretching files concentric rings,
Each narrowing above each ; the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sov'reign height,
All steeped in this portentous light !
All suff'ring dim eclipse !

Thus, after man had fall'n (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Dark'ning like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

See ! while I speak, the lab'ring Sun
His glad deliv'rance has begun :
The cypress waves its sombre plume
More cheerily ; and town and tow'r,
The vineyard and the olive bow'r,
Their lustre re-assume !

Oh, ye who guard and grace my home,
 While in far-distant lands we roam,
 Enquiring thoughts are turned to you ;
 Does a clear ether meet your eyes ?
 Or have black vapours hid the skies
 And mountains from your view ?

I ask in vain—and know far less
 If sickness, sorrow, or distress,
 Have spared my dwelling to this hour :
 Sad blindness ! but ordained to prove
 Our faith in heav'n's unfailing love
 And all-controlling pow'r.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

BRYANT.

WHITHER 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or maze of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'st gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

HE, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE SPANISH CHAPEL.

MRS. HEMANS.

I MADE a mountain-brook my guide,
Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wandered, on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply-bosom'd grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest-bee.

The darkness of the chesnut bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream rev'rently below
Check'd its exulting play ;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen,
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom, and whispery sound,
Not to be told but felt.

While sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream,
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,

And there a sight—how strangely sweet !
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
E'en at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep?—oh ! ne'er on childhood's eye,
And silken lashes press'd,
Did the warm *living* slumber lie,
With such a weight of rest !

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheek's pure marble dyed—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heap'd beside.

I stoop'd—the smooth round arm was chill,
The soft lips' breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely child was dead !

“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ fair faded thing !
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a woe to cling
Round yearning hearts for years

But then a voice came sweet and low—
I turn'd, and near me sate,
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still clear, matron face,
 All solemnly serene,
 A shadow'd image I could trace
 Of the young slumberer's mien.

“Stranger! thou pitiest me,” she said,
 With lips that faintly smil'd,
 “As here I watch beside my dead,
 My fair and precious child.

“But know the time-worn heart may be
 By pangs in this world riven,
 Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
 An angel thus to heaven!”

THE RECAL.

BARRY CORNWALL.

COME again! come again!
 Sunshine cometh after rain.
 As a lamp fed newly burneth,
 Pleasure, who doth fly, returneth,
 Scattering every cloud of pain,
 As the year, which dies in showers,
 Riseth in a world of flowers.
 Called by many a vernal strain,
 Come *thou*,—for whom tears were falling,
 And a thousand tongues are calling!
 Come again, O come again!
 Like the sunshine after rain!

TO THE MEMORY OF W. P. WATTS,
Aged Three Years.

A. A. WATTS.

A CLOUD is on my heart and brow,—
The tears are in my eyes,—
And wishes fond, all idle now,
Are stifled into sighs ;
As musing on thine early doom,
Thou bud of beauty snatch'd to bloom,
So soon, 'neath milder skies !
I turn—thy painful struggle past—
From what thou *art* to what thou *wast* !

I think of all thy winning ways,
Thy frank but boisterous glee ;—
Thy arch sweet smiles,—thy coy delays,—
Thy step, so light and free,—
Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,
Thy gladness when thy task was done,
And gain'd thy mother's knee ;
Thy gay, good-humour'd, childish ease,
And all thy thousand arts to please !

Where are they now ?—and where, oh where,
The eager, fond caress ?
The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
The lips, all sought to press ?—
The open brow, and laughing eye,—
The heart that leap'd so joyously ?
(Ah ! had we loved them less !)

Yet there are thoughts can bring relief,
And sweeten even this cup of grief.

What hast thou 'scaped?—a thorny scene!
A wilderness of woe!
Where many a blast of anguish keen
Had taught thy tears to flow!
Perchance some wild and withering grief
Had sered thy summer's earliest leaf,
In these dark bowers below!
Or sickening chills of hope deferr'd
To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirr'd!

What hast thou 'scaped?—life's weltering sea,
Before the storm arose;
Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
From aught that marr'd repose!
Safe from the thousand throes of pain,—
Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain
Upon thine opening rose?
And who can calmly think of this,
Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss?

I cull'd from home's beloved bowers,
To deck thy last long sleep,
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
That summer's dews may steep:—
The rose-bud—emblem meet—was there,—
The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
That, drooping, seem'd to weep;—
And now I add this lowlier spell:—
Sweets to the passing sweet!—Farewell!

SUMMER'S GONE.

MRS. NORTON.

HARK! through the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!
There, when my bruised heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footstep stealeth,
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen—
And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder
On what *hath* been.
Summer's gone!

There in our own green bowers,
Long ago,
Our path through the tangled flowers
Threading slow;
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We've watched in its crimson shining
The sunset glow,
Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth,
Thou art gone—
Summer's gone!

Still on my worn cheek playeth
 The restless breeze !
 Still on its freshness strayeth
 Between the trees.
 Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
 Still the broad river rusheth—
 Still the calm silence husheth
 The heart's disease :—
 But *who* shall bring our meetings
 Back again ?
 What shall recall *thy* greetings—
 Loved in vain !
 Summer's gone !

SONNET.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE was a soft enchantment in her eye,
 That charmed all it met ; and round it wrought
 A sympathetic incense of pure thought,
 As in some fane of loveliest sanctity—
 Such was the look of angel from on high
 Emblazon'd Heav'n new-lighted with glad feet,
 Blessing and blest, and bent on errand sweet ;
 Radiant with love, and beaming charity.—
 Such was the light that shone o'er leaf and flower
 In sinless Eden, when the gentlest pair,
 (In their Creator's image planted there)
 Together walked, or sat in sylvan bower ;
 Or, in the moon's mild lustre wond'ring stood ;
 And their great Maker " saw that all was good."

SONG OF THE MONTH.**ANONYMOUS.**

COME to thy home, beloved !
The time for thy toil is ending :
I've made thee a rest, come see,
Where our last few flowers are bending
A sweet farewell to thee !
Come to thy home, beloved !

Come to thy home, beloved !
The mists they are thick, remember ;
We've no autumn's mellow sun,
It is dull and drear November,
And thy way a darksome one,
Come to thy home, beloved !

Come to thy home, beloved !
There's an eye that longs to meet thee ;
And the fire is blazing clear,
And O ! such a heart to greet thee,
Will that not tempt thee here ?
Come to thy home, beloved !

Come to thy home, beloved !
Come ! how the vapour thickens.
Will this watching ne'er be past ?
There's a footstep.—Hark ! it quickens.
Ah ! thou art here at last—
Here, at thy home, beloved.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?**MRS. HEMANS.**

WHERE shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild flowers wave
 In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
 There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
 Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet Nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
 Deep, deep and still!

Murmur glad waters, by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
 Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
 Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
 Plays the soft wind;
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
 Gracious and kind!

Therefore let song and dew
 Thence in the heart renew
 Life's vernal glow !
 And o'er that holy earth
 Scents of the violet's birth
 Still come and go !

Oh ! then where wild-flowers wave,
 Make me her mossy grave,
 In the free air !
 Where shower and singing-bird
 Midst the young leaves are heard—
 There—lay her there !

HOPE COMES AGAIN.

MOORE.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger—
 Once more she sings me her flattering strain ;
 But hush, gentle siren, for, ah, there's less danger
 In still suffering on, than in hoping again.

Long, long in sorrow too deep for repining,
 Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain :
 And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
 O'er eyelids long darkened, would bring me but pain.

Fly, then, ye visions, that hope would shed o'er me—
 Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
 Now lies, not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
 But, ah, in forgetting how once I was blest !

 VERY GOOD COMPANY.

BARRY CORNWALL.

SING!—Who sings
 To her who weareth a hundred rings
 Ah, who is this lady fine?
 The VINE, boys, the VINE!
 The mother of mighty Wine.
 A roamer is she
 O'er wall and tree;
 And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks
 To her who blusheth, and never thinks
 Ah, who is this maid of thine?
 The GRAPE, boys, the GRAPE!
 O, never let her escape
 Until she be turned to Wine
 For better is she
 Than vine can be,
 And very, very good company

Dream!—Who dreams
 Of the god who governs a thousand streams?
 Ah, who is this spirit fine?
 'Tis WINE, boys, WINE!
 God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
 O better is he
 Than grape or tree,
 And best of all, good company

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

WILSON.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love,
Thoughts from the living world intrude
E'en on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!

And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home would'st live !
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, " this babe is mine !"
In time thou would'st become the same
As their own child,—all but the name !

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee !
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard,
Words that, inspired by heaven, express'd
The transports dancing in thy breast !
And for thy smile !—thy lip, cheek, brow,
E'en while I gaze, are kindling now.

I called thee duteous ; am I wrong ?
No ! truth, I feel, is in my song :
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love !
To God !—for thou, a harmless child,
Hast kept his temple undefiled :
To Nature !—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries :

To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!
What wonder, then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the seraphim?

A YOUNG GIRL.

L. E. LANDON.

A BEAUTIFUL and laughing thing,
Just in her first appareling
Of girlish loveliness: blue eyes,
Such blue as in the violet dwells,
And rose-bud lips of sweets, such sweets
The bee hoards in his fragrant cells.
'Tis not a blush upon her cheek—
Oh, blushes but of love can speak:
That brow is all too free from care,
For love to be a dweller there.

Alas! that love should ever fling
 One shadow from his radiant wing!
 But that fair cheek knows not a cloud,
 And health and hope are in its dyes,—
 She has been over hill and dale,
 Chasing the summer butterflies.
 Yet there is malice in her smile,
 As if she felt her woman's power,
 And had a gift of prophecy,
 To look upon that coming hour,
 When, feared by some, yet loved by all,
 Young beauty holds her festival.

THE LILY OE THE VALLEY.

J. H. WIFFEN.

Look on that Flower—the Daughter of the Vale,
 The Medicean statue of the shade!
 Her limbs of modest beauty, aspect pale,
 Are but by her ambrosial breath betrayed.
 There, half in elegant relief displayed,
 She standeth to our gaze, half shrinking shuns
 Folding her green scarf like a bashful maid
 Around, to screen her from her suitor suns,
 Not all her many sweets she lavisheth at once.

Locked in the twilight of depending boughs,
 When night and day commingle, she doth shoot
 Where nightingales repeat their marriage vows;
 First by retiring, wins our curious foot,

Then charms us by her loveliness to suit
 Our contemplation to her lonely cot !
 Her gloom, leaf, blossom, fragrance, form, dispute
 Which shall attract most belgrades to the spot,
 And loveliest her array who fain would rest unsought.

Her gloom, the aisle of heavenly solitude ;
 Her flower, the vestal Nun who there abideth ;
 Her breath, that of celestials meekly wooed
 From heaven ; her leaf, the holy veil which hideth ;
 Her form, the shrine where purity resideth ;
 Spring's darling, nature's pride, the Sylvan's queen.
 To her at eve enamoured Zephyr glideth,
 Trembling, she bids him waft aside her screen,
 And to his kisses wakes—the Flora of the scene.

MY NATIVE VALE.

CUNNINGHAM.

My native vale, my native vale,
 In visions and in dreams
 I see your towers and trees, and hear
 The music of your streams :
 I feel the fragrance of the thorn
 Where lovers loved to meet ;
 I walk upon thy hills and see
 Thee slumbering at my feet.
 In every knoll I see a friend,
 In every tree a brother,
 And clasp thy breast, as I would clasp
 The bosom of my mother.

There stands the tottering tower I climbed,
And won the falcon's brood ;
There flows the stream I've trysted through,
When it was wild in flood !
There is the fairy glen—the pools
I mused in youth among,
The very nook where first I poured
Forth inconsidered song :
And stood with gladness in my heart,
And bright hope on my brow—
Ah! I had other visions then
Than I have visions now.

I went unto my native vale—
Alas! what did I see?
At every door strange faces, where
Glad looks once welcomed me :
The sunshine faded on the hills,
The music left the brooks,
The song of its unnumbered larks
Was as the voice of rooks ;
The plough had been in all my haunts,
The axe had touched the grove,
And death had followed—there was nought
Remained for me to love.

My native vale, farewell! farewell!
My father, on thy hearth
The light's extinguished—and thy roof
No longer rings with mirth ;
There sits a stranger on thy chair ;
And they are dead and gone

Who charmed my early life—all—all
Sleep 'neath the church-yard stone :
There's nought moves save yon round red moon,
Nought lives, but that pure river
That lived when I was young—all—all
Are gone—and gone for ever.

Keir with thy pasture mountains green,
Drumlanrig with thy towers ;
Carse with thy lily banks and braes,
And Blackwood with thy bowers ;
And fair Dalswinton with thy walks
Of scented thorn and holly,
Where some had toiled the day, and shared
The night 'tween sense and folly.
Farewell, farewell, your flowers will glad
The bird, and feed the bee,
And charm ten thousand hearts—although
No more they'll-gladden me.

I stood within my native vale,
Fast by the river brink,
And saw the long and yellow corn,
'Neath shining sickles sink—
I heard the fair-haired maidens wake
Songs of the latter day ;
And joyed to see the bondsmen smile,
Albeit their locks were grey ;
I thought on mine own musings—when
Men shook their tresses hoary,
And said, " alas !" and named my name,
" Thou art no heir of glory !"

FLOWERS FOR MARY'S GARLAND.

ANONYMOUS.

I WILL not call thee fair, Mary,
 Although thine eyes be bright,
Nor wreath my spirit in thine hair,
 Though it be dark as night :
I will not say thy song is sweet
 As breath of birds in May,
Or music folded round thy feet,
 Dear Mary Gray !

I will not hurry from the throng
 To lean upon thy chair ;
I hear the beauty of thy song,
 I see that thou art fair ;
Why need I pour my hymn around
 The pillow of thy rest ?
I think that thy heart's bird hath found
 A greener nest !

I have no bloom of laughing youth
 My offering to be ;
I only bring my earnest truth,
 My glowing heart to thee.
The wine of tears is in my cup—
 Turn not thy face away ;—
Thy smile will make me drink it up,
 Sweet Mary Gray !

VERSES

TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.

MOORE.

ALL as he left it!—even the pen,
So lately at that mind's command,
Carelessly lying, as if then
Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
A little hour, seems to have past,
Since Life and Inspiration's power
Around that relic breath'd their last.

All powerless now—like talisman,
Found in some vanish'd wizard's halls,
Whose mighty charm with him began,
Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

Yet though, alas, the gifts that shone
Around that pen's exploring track,
Be now, with its great master, gone,
Nor living hand can call them back;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
Rest on th' enchanter's broken wand,
Each miracle it work'd arise
Before him, in succession grand?

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er all;
Th' unshrinking Truth, that lets her light

Through Life's low, dark, interior fall,
Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
O'er scenes which angels weep to see,—
Where Truth herself half veils the wrong,
In pity of the misery.

True bard! and simple, as the race
Of true-born poets ever are,
When stooping from their starry place,
They're children, near, though gods, afar.

How freshly doth my mind recal,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that, most buoyantly of all,
Floats in the wake of memory;

When he the poet,* doubly grac'd,
In life, as in his perfect strain,
With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius though it be,
But half the treasures of a mind
Where Sense o'er all holds mastery:—

Friend of long years! of friendship tried
Through many a bright and dark event;

* Rogers.

In doubts, my judge,—in taste, my guide,—
In all, my stay and ornament!

He, too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of one, whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land ;*

In whose sea-odes,—as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of majesty
Seems sounding still,—immortal dwells
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host ; and though, since then,
Slight clouds have ris'n twixt him and me,
Who would not grasp such hands again,
Stretch'd forth again in amity ?

Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away ?

Bright was our board that day,—though *one*
Unworthy brother there had place ;
As 'mong the horses of the Sun,
One was, they say, of earthly race.

Yet, *next* to Genius, is the power
Of feeling where true Genius lies ;

* Campbell.

And there was light around that hour
Such as, in memory, never dies ;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
Thou relic of the Dead, on thee,
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,
Brightly, indeed,—but mournfully !

SUMMER SONG.

MRS. HEMANS.

COME away ! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers !
O'er the very waters now,
 In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
 Come away !
Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
 Come away !

All the air is filled with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound !
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
 Lightly stray ;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
 Come away ;
Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling fox-glove bells—
 Come away !

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue ;
In the woods the breath of song
 Night and day
Floats with leafy scent along—
 Come away !
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom—
 Come away !

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows ;
Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
 Sheds a ray,
Dreamy, starry, queenly bright—
 Come away !
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
 Come away !

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round,
Glancing there from sun to shade,
 Bright wings play ;
There the deer its couch hath made—
 Come away !
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
 Come away—away !

 SPRING.

BARRY CORNWALL.

WHEN the wind blows
 In the sweet rose-tree,
 And the cow lows
 On the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows
 All bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me,
 'Tis not for any *one* here I trow :
 The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below !
 O the Spring ! the bountiful Spring !
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where come the sheep ?
 To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep ?
 To the bed that's poor.
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure ;
 That is a fate that none can cure ;
 Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow ;
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresseth her bowers,
 For all below !
 O the Spring, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

L. E. LANDON.

THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a soldier lying,
The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded ;
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentle weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing ;
He stood with the valiant side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over ;
One heart that in secret had kept his name
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky ;
He left his sweet home for battle ;

And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again,—but an altered man :
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
And the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer :—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow ;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home-pillow.

THE
BARD OF ETTRICK AND HIS DAUGHTER.
HOGG.

“ COME to my arms, my dear wee pet,
My gleesome, gentle Harriet !
The sweetest babe thou art to me,
That ever sat on parent's knee ;
Thy every feature is so cheering,
And every motion so endearing.
Thou hast that eye was mine erewhile,
Thy mother's blithe and grateful smile,
And such a playful, merry mien,
That care flies off whene'er thou'rt seen.

" Child of my age and dearest love !
 A precious gift from God above,
 I take thy pure and gentle frame,
 And tiny mind of mountain flame ;
 And hope that through life's chequered glade,—
 That weary path which all must tread,—
 Some credit from thy name will flow
 To the old bard that loved thee so.
 At least thou shalt not want thy meed,—
 His blessings on thy beauteous head,
 And prayers to Him whose sacred breath
 Lightened the shades of life and death—
 Who said with great benignity,
 ' Let little children come to me.'

"'Tis very strange, my little dove !
 That all I ever loved, or love,
 In wondrous visions still I trace,
 While gazing on thy guiltless face ;
 Thy very name brings to my mind
 One, whose high birth and soul refined
 Withheld her not from naming me,
 E'en in life's last extremity.
 Sweet babe ! thou art memorial dear
 Of all I honour and revere !

" Crow on, sweet child ! thy wild delight
 Is moved by visions heavenly bright :
 What wealth from nature may'st thou gain,
 With promptings high to heart and brain !
 But hope is all—though yet unproved,
 Thou art a shepherd's best beloved.

And now above thy brow so fair,
 And flowing films of flaxen hair,
 I lay my hand once more, and frame
 A blessing, in the holy name
 Of that supreme Divinity
 Who breathed a living soul in thee!"

TO THE SKYLARK.

WORDSWORTH.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound?
 Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground?—
 Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler! That love-prompted strain
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing spring)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain!
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege, to sing,
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale the shady wood—
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with rapture more divine.
 Type of the wise, who soar—but never roam,
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

GERTRUDE ;

Or, Fidelity till Death.

MRS. HEMANS.

HER hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes rais'd,
 The breeze threw back her hair ;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gaz'd—
 All that she lov'd was there.
 The night was round her clear and cold,
 The holy heaven above,
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.

“ And bid me not depart,” she cried,
 “ My Rudolph, say not so !
 This is no time to quit thy side,
 Peace, peace ! I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
 When death is on thy brow ?
 The world ! what means it ?—*mine is here*—
 I will not leave thee now.

“ I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss ;
 Doubt not its memory's living power
 To strengthen me through *this* !
 And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
 Bear on, bear nobly on !
 We have the blessed heaven in view,
 Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak!

The wind rose high—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear;
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed!—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.

While e'en as o'er a martyr's grave
 She knelt on that sad spot,
 And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
 Strength to forsake it not!

THE FISHERMAN.

BARRY CORNWALL.

A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
 Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
 In the wild waters labouring, far from home,
 For some bleak pittance e'er compelled to roam!
 Few friends to cheer him through his dangerous life,
 And none to aid him in the stormy strife:
 Companion of the sea and silent air,
 The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
 Without the comfort, hope—with scarce a friend,
 He looks through life, and only sees—its end!

Eternal ocean! old majestic sea!
 Ever love I from shore to look on thee,
 And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride,
 And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide:
 But let me *live* on land—where rivers run,
 Where shady trees may screen me from the sun;
 Where I may feel *secure*, the fragrant air;
 Where (whate'er toil or wearing pains I bear)
 Those eyes, which look away all human ill,
 May shed on me their still, sweet, constant light,
 And the little hearts I love may, day and night,
 Be found beside me safe and clustering still.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

MISS BOWLES.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away !
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they !
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence, and bloom !
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb !

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither " toil
nor spin ;"

Yet lo ! what goodly raiment they're all appalled in ;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiadem'd with light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures never pall,
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all !—
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed
air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
share.

The happy careless creatures ! of time they take no heed ;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed ;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away ;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, " would God that
it were day !"

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy nature's breast ;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay :
Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they !

THE UNKNOWN POET'S GRAVE.**L. E. LANDON.**

THERE is no memory of his fate,
No record of his name ;
A few wild songs are left behind—
But what are they to fame ?
No one will gaze upon the scene,
Remembering—but there he has been.

Not his the memory that makes
A shrine of every place,
Wherever step or song of his
Had left their deathless trace ;
None say "'twas here his burning line
Was dreamed—and hence is all divine."

Yet here thy step has often been,
And here thy songs were sung ;
Here were thy beating heart and lute
Chord after chord unstrung ;
Thy dying breath was on this air—
It hath not left its music there.

No :—nameless is the lowly spot
Where that young poet sleeps ;
No glory lights its funeral lamp,
No pity on it weeps ;
There weeds may grow, or flowers may bloom,
For this is a forgotten tomb.

And yet how often those dark pines
Once heard thy twilight song ;
'Twas written on those autumn leaves
The wild winds bear along.
Of all who gaze on Tivoli,
Who is there that remembers thee ?

That dark-eyed lady, she who taught
Thy most impassioned tone ;
The spirit of thy poetry—
Her fate has been thine own :
A weary brow, a faded cheek,
A heart that only beat to break.

Thy friends—thou wert too delicate
For many to be thine ;
And like words written on the sands
Are those on Friendship's shrine :
A few set words, a few vain tears,
And so is clos'd the faith of years.

The world it had no part in thee ;
Too sensitive to bear
Unkindness or repulse ; too true
The usual mask to wear ;
Alas ! the gold too much refined,
Is not for common use designed.

Thy dreams of fame were vague and void,
The mystery of a star,
Whose glory lifted us from earth,
The beautiful, the far !

And yet these dreams of fame to thee
Were dearer than reality.

Alas! e'en these have been in vain,
The prize has not been won ;
Thy lute is a forgotten lute,—
Thy name, a nameless one ;
The wild wind in the pine tree bough,
Is all the requiem for thee now.

And I, who, in vain sympathy,
These mournful words have said,
Not mine the hand that can bestow
The laurel on the dead :
I only know thy nameless fate
To me seems life's most desolate.

Methinks it is not much to die—
To die, and leave behind
A spirit in the hearts of men,
A voice amid our kind ;
When fame and death, in unison,
Have given thousand lives for one.

Our thoughts, we live again in them,
Our nature's noblest part ;
Our life in many a memory,
Our home in many a heart :
When not a lip that breathes our strain,
But calls us into life again.

No, give me some green laurel leaves
To float down memory's wave :

One tone remain of my wild songs,
 To sanctify my grave ;
 And then but little should I care
 How soon within that grave I were.

THE BLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

W. HOWITT.

HE stood supreme in lofty genius, proud
 In his soul's majesty ; young, ardent, fired
 With energy that ever swayed the crowd ;
 The warmest votary that the muse inspired.
 Through glorious realms he roamed, with feet
 untired ;
 And in high temples, with meek head, he bowed ;
 Drinking in inspiration, till the tide,
 Like genial waters' flow, his outward life supplied.

On the high mountain's topmost peak he lay,
 Feasting his fancy with delicious food ;
 Amid the lightning's terrible array,
 And many-tongued thunders ; where had stood
 The glorious of old times ; till he imbued
 His spirit with their greatness—day by day,
 Revelling in dreams of poesy divine,
 When gods communed with man, the poet with
 the Nine.

Then sprang the hope of an immortal name,
 Kindling his spirit with Promethean fire ;
 His soul sprang upwards with the glorious aim,
 And his hand, trembling, smote the answering wire.

He dwelt upon the beauties of the lyre ;
Upon the beautiful, till it became,
Whether in art or nature, life and light,
Endowing him with skill, and song's sublimest might.

And, day by day, he proudly pondered o'er
The bliss of his high destiny ;—to raise
Man from his reptile mind, and bid him soar,
Like the young eagle, in the heaven's full blaze ;
He listened for the cordial voice of praise
To cheer him on—he heard the sullen roar
Of critic malice, mocking that warm zeal,
That fervent strength of song its spirit could not
feel.

Still dwelt he 'neath a bright and classic sky ;
And nature's marvels were around him spread ;
The mountain's cloudy pinnacle, which high
Rears, in the vault of heaven, its splintered head :
The ocean's everlasting voice ;—the red,
Fierce lightnings, and the thunder's stormy cry.
He sojourned in the lands renown'd of old,
But now his soul was dim, his drooping fancy cold.

Alas ! the curse was on him. The unkind,
Corroding censure of the caustic few,
Blasting his vision, sunk his ardent mind,
And, like the pestilent sirocco, slew.
He pined—the young, the generous, ardent, true ;
Amid his high, but withered hopes, he pined ;
And died within the noble land that gave
The aspiring genius fire, the broken heart a grave.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Hath sought but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,

By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

TENNYSON.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and window wide:
Careless tenants they!
All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

SONG.

H. F. CHORLEY.

O, LET me give my heart away,
I've lived too long alone,
Until my spirit, once so gay,
Hath dull and joyless grown ;
The smile hath faded from my cheek,
The fount of Hope is dry,
I scarcely have the heart to speak,
Then love me, or I die.

I've lived a hermit life too long,
'Mid rocks and lonely trees,
My only thoughts a changing throng
Of aimless fantasies.
But weary of these wanderings vain,
For human things I sigh ;
O give me to my kind again,
And love me, or I die.

I'll be the slave to watch your rest,
To work your will by day,
And every scarcely look'd behest
With thankful haste obey ;
If to my suit at last you'll make
One sign of kind reply :
Then hear me, for sweet pity's sake,
And love me, or I die.

THE CHURCHYARD.**MISS BOWLES.**

THE thought of early death was in my heart,
Of the cold grave, and "dumb forgetfulness;"
And with a weight like lead,
An overwhelming dread
Mysteriously my spirit did oppress.

And forth I roam'd in that distressful mood,
Abroad into the sultry, sunless day;
All hung with one huge cloud,
That like a sable shroud
On Nature's deep sepulchral stillness lay.

Black fell the shadows of the churchyard elms,
(Instinctively my feet had wandered there,)
And through that awful gloom,
Headstone and altar tomb
Among the dark heaps gleam'd with ghastlier glare.

Death, death was in my heart, as there I stood;
My eyes fast fixed on a grass-grown mound;
As though they would descry
The loathsome mystery
Consummating beneath that charnel ground.

Death, death was in my heart—methought I felt
A heavy hand that press'd me down below—

And some resistless power
Made me, in that dark hour,
Half long to *be*, where I abhorr'd to *go*.

Then suddenly—albeit no breeze was felt—
Through the tall tree-tops ran a shivering sound—
Forth from the western heaven
Flash'd out the flaming levin,
And one long thunder peal roll'd echoing round.

One long, long echoing peal, and all was peace—
Cool rain-drops gemm'd the herbage—large and few;
And that dull vault of lead
Disparting overhead,
Down beam'd an eye of soft celestial blue.

And up toward the heavenly portal sprang
A skylark, scattering off the feathery rain;—
Up from my very feet—
And oh! how clear and sweet
Rang through the fields of air his mounting strain.

“Blithe, blessed creature! take me there with thee,”
I cried in spirit—passionately cried—
But higher still, and higher
Rang out that living lyre,
As if the bird disdain'd me in its pride.

And I was left below, but now no more
Plunged in the doleful realms of death and night;
Up with the skylark's lay
My soul had winged its way
To the supernal Source of life and light.

TO WORDSWORTH.

MRS. HEMANS.

THINE is a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices ;—by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound ; for in its course
E'en such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast, in sunny garden-bowers,
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hush'd the woods, with all their
birds,
There, from some gentle voice that lay were sweet
As antique music, link'd with household words.
While in pleased murmurs, woman's lip might move,
And the rais'd eye of childhood shine in love.

True bard and holy !—thou art e'en as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie ;
Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touch'd by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad wan-
derer free.

THE SHIP AT ANCHOR.

CARRINGTON.

Is she not beautiful? reposing there
On her own shadow, with her white wings furled;
Moveless, as in the sleepy, sunny air,
Rests the meek swan in her own quiet world.

Is she not beautiful? her graceful bow
Triumphant rising o'er the enamoured tides;
That, glittering in the noonday sunbeam, now
Just leap and die along her polished sides.

A thousand eyes are on her; for she floats
Confessed a queen upon the subject main;
And hark, as from her decks delicious notes
Breathe, softly breathe, a soul-entrancing strain.

Music upon the waters! pouring soft
From shore to shore along the charmed wave;
The seaman's dreariest toils beguiling oft,
And kindling high the ardour of the brave.

Yet, wafted by the morning's favouring breeze,
Far from the slumb'ring flood and leaf-hung bay,
That matchless bark upon the faithless seas
Shall wind her wild and solitary way.

There haply tempest-borne, far other sounds
Than those shall tremble through her quivering form;
And as from surge to mightier surge she bounds,
Shall swell, toned infinite, the midnight storm!

In vain! she spurns the ignoble calm, and loves
To front the tempest in his gathering hour;
Waked as to life, the fleet-winged wonder roves
Where loudest lift the winds a voice of power!

Then go, deceitful beauty! bathe thy breast
For ever where the mountain billows foam,
E'en as thou wilt.—The hour of peace and rest
Is not for thee.—The ocean is thy home.

CRESCENTIUS.

L. E. LANDON.

I LOOK'D upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he look'd with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh—

The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before : he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate were of gold,
And graced with many a dent, that told
Of many a soldier's deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side ;
The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
The sword, that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near,
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride ;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye ;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry :
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot—and her latest one.

 SERENADE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

AWAKE!—The starry midnight hour
 Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight :
 In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
 And the Loves lie hushed in deep delight !
 Awake ! awake !
 Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake!—Soft dews will soon arise
 From daisied mead, and thorny brake ;
 Then, Sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
 And like the tender morning break !
 Awake ! awake !
 Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake!—Within the musk-rose bower
 I watch, pale flower of love, for thee :
 Oh, come, and show the starry hour
 What wealth of love thou hidest from me !
 Awake ! awake !
 Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake!—Ne'er heed, though listening night
 Steal music from thy silver voice :
 Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,
 And bid the world and me rejoice !
 Awake ! awake !
 She comes, at last—for Love's sweet sake !

TO THE DAISY.

WORDSWORTH.

WITH little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,
 For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming common-place
Of nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
 Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things—through all degrees
 Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
 While I am gazing.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
 The freak is over;
The shape will vanish, and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
 In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar,
 And then thou art a pretty star,
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee !
 Yet like a star with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee !

Sweet flower!— for by that name at last,
 When all my reveries are past,
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent creature !
 That breathest with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

CAMPBELL.

YE Mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle, and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HELVELLYN.**SIR W. SCOTT.**

[In the spring of 1805, Mr. Charles Gough, of Manchester, perished by losing his way over the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during his frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.]

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
wide ;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And, starting, the echoes around me replied.
On the right, Strathen-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock on the front was impending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had
died.

Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain
heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay :
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garments, how oft didst
thou start?

How many long days and long nights didst thou
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

But ah! was it meet, that no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,
The dark tapestry waves round the dim-lighted hall;
With 'scutcheons of silver, the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming,

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beam-
ing,

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, 'wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam;
And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake
lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With out one faithful friend to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.

THE BUTTERFLY.**BARTON.**

BEAUTIFUL creature ! I have been
Moments uncounted watching thee,
Now flitting round the foliage green
Of yonder dark, embowering tree ;
And now again, in frolic glee,
Hovering around those opening flowers,
Happy as nature's child should be,
Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,
Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,
With desultory thoughts combine
Not to induce me to repine,
Or envy thee thy happiness ;
But from a lot so bright as thine
To borrow musings born to bless.

For unto him whose spirit reads
Creation with a Christian's eye,
Each happy living creature pleads
The cause of Him who reigns on high ;
Who spann'd the earth, and arch'd the sky,
Gave life to every thing that lives,
And still delighteth to supply
With happiness the life He gives.

This truth may boast but little worth,
Enforced by rhet'ric's frigid powers ;—
But when it has its quiet birth
In contemplation's silent hours ;
When Summer's brightly peopled bowers
Bring home its teachings to the heart,
Then birds and insects, shrubs and flowers,
Its touching eloquence impart.

Then thou, delightful creature, who
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,
Becomest a symbol fair and true
Of hopes that own no mortal term ;
In thy proud change we see the germ
Of Man's sublimer destiny,
While holiest oracles confirm
The type of immortality !

A change more glorious far than thine,
E'en I, thy fellow worm, may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
Down to its kindred dust shall go :
When the anxiety and woe
Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
In some confused and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,
With all thy nature asks supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
No more amid these haunts shall glide,

As hope's fair herald—in thy pride
 The sylph-like genius of the scene,
 But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
 Shalt be—as thou hadst never been !

While Man's immortal part, when Time
 Shall set the chainless spirit free,
 May seek a brighter, happier clime
 Than Fancy e'er could frame for thee :
 Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
 Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,
 And sad Experience mourns to see
 Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.

CASA BIANCA.

The Son of the Admiral of the Orient, who perished when
 that ship blew up in the battle of the Nile.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but him had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
 Without his father's word ;

That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—“ Say, Father, say,
If yet my task is done ?”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father,” once again he cried,
“ If I may yet be gone !
And ”—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, but brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
“ My father ! must I stay ?”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart !

D E A T H.

BYRON.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled ;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress ;
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the line where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there :—
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the pallid cheek,
And but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it would impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;—
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd !

THE SWORD.

L. E. LANDON.

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying,
And the wind pass'd o'er, with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Pass'd a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stepp'd where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrench'd the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften'd brow he leant o'er him.

“ A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thy hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

“Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
 Or the wolf to batten o'er thee ;
 Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
 Who in life had trembled before thee.”

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
 Where his warrior foe was sleeping ;
 And he laid him there in honour and rest,
 With his sword in his own brave keeping.

A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

WILSON.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
 With reverent step, from stone to stone
 In a small village churchyard lying,
 O'er intervening flowers to move—
 And as we read the names unknown,
 Of young and old, to judgment gone,
 And hear, in the calm air above,
 Time onwards softly flying,
 To meditate in Christian love,
 Upon the dead and dying !

Such is the scene around me now :—
 A little churchyard on the brow
 Of a green pastoral hill ;
 It sylvan village sleeps below,
 And faintly, here, is heard the flow
 Of Woodburn's summer rill ;

A place where all things mournful meet,
And, yet, the sweetest of the sweet!—
The stillest of the still!

With what a pensive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall
That rose-tree's cluster'd arches! See
The robin-redbreast, warily,
Bright through the blossoms leave his nest:
Sweet ingrate! through the winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy
Through all the many summer hours,—
He hides himself among the flowers
In his own wild festivity.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool,
Hangs half the darkened churchyard o'er,
From thy green depths, so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous sycamore!
Oft hath the lowly wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent;
Where many a bright and hoary head
Bowed at that awful sacrament.
Now all beneath that turf are laid,
On which they sat, and sang, and pray'd.
Above that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire, that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven, with all its dreams!—
While in the belfry, deep and low,
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song,—half bliss, half woe,—
The voice so lonely seems!

THE CONVICT SHIP.

HERVEY.

MORN on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flashing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See, the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the
gale;

The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to
light!

Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?

Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate
plain!

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's
grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with
sighs:—

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world can-
not know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd
and o'er.

THE MARINER'S CHILD.

L. E. LANDON.

OH, weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh, weep no more to-night;
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue sky is clear,
And I can see, sweet mother,
To kiss away your tear.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep,
And I know your grief, sweet mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come, mother,
In safety o'er the main;
When the grapes are dyed with purple,
He will be back again.

The vines were but in blossom
When he bade me watch them grow;
And now the large leaves, mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.

He'll bring us shells and sea-weed,
And birds of shining wing;
But what are these, dear mother?
It is himself he'll bring.

I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight ;
Come, come and sleep, dear mother—
Oh, weep no more to-night.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.

“Hearts of oak,” our captains cried! when
each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter’d sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail’d them o’er the wave;
“Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England’s feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”—

Then Denmark bless’d our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.

While the sun look'd smiling bright,
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.—

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light :
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

HUNTING SONG.

SIR W. SCOTT.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear ;

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :
 And foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thicket green ;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the green-wood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
 Run a course as well as we ;
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
 Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE WRECK.

MRS. HEMANS.

ALL night the booming minute-gun
Had peal'd along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast,
Had veil'd her topsails to the sand,
And bow'd her noble mast.

The queenly ship ! brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her !
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer ;
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn,
And sadder things than these.

We saw her treasures cast away ;
The rocks with pearl were sown :
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flash'd out o'er fretted stone ;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes—but, oh ! that shore
Had sadder sights than these !

We saw the strong man, still and low,
A crush'd reed thrown aside !
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died !
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That *there* a *mother* slept !

For her pale arms a babe had press'd
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dash'd o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
Gleam'd up the boy's dead face,
Like slumbers, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace,
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye ;
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony !

Oh, human love ! whose yearning heart,
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adieu !

Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea!

SUNSET.

BYRON.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within
it glows,

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,

From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone, and—all is gray.

A STILL WINTER'S NIGHT.

SHELLEY.

How beautiful this Night! The balmiest sigh
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
 Yon darksome walls, whenæ icicles depend,
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
 So idly, that wrapt Fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of Peace,—all form a scene
 Where musing SOLITUDE might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where SILENCE undisturbed might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still!

WHAT IS LIFE?

NEELE.

TELL me, what is Life, I pray ?
'Tis a changing April day,
Now dull as March, now blithe as May ;
A little cloud, a little light,
Nought certain but th' approach of night ;
At morn and evening dew appears,
And life begins and ends with tears.

Yet what is Life, I pray thee tell ?—
'Tis a varied-sounding bell,
Now a triumph, now a knell ;
At first, it rings of hope and pleasure,
Then, sorrow mingles in the measure ;
And then a stern and solemn toll,
The requiem of a parted soul.

Yet tell, I prithee, what is Life ?—
'Tis a tale with wonder rife,
Full of danger, full of strife ;
A tale, that first enchants the ear,
Then fills our souls with doubt and fear ;
At last, with grief bows down our heads,
And sends us, weeping, to our beds.

Yet what is Life, again declare ?—
Oh ! 'tis an arch of promise fair,
Built, like the rainbow, in the air ;

Many a hue, but none that last,
 Many a ray, but each soon past,
 Form'd of things that soon must sever,
 Swiftly gone,—and gone for ever.

Still, what is Life?—A taper's light,
 That feebly glimmers through the night,
 And soon is quench'd in darkness, quite ;
 Each wind that spreads its flame, but hastes it,
 Each touch that trims its splendour, wastes it :
 And, brightlier as its lustre plays,
 Sooner its fragile frame decays.

THE LAST SWALLOW.

R. HOWITT.

AWAY—away—why dost thou linger here,
 When all thy fellows o'er the sea have pass'd ?
 Wert thou the earliest comer of the year,
 Loving our land, and so dost stay the last ?
 Hear'st thou no warning in the autumnal blast ?
 And is the sound of growing streams unheard ?
 Dost thou not see the woods are fading fast,
 Whilst the dull leaves with wailful winds are stirred ?
 Haste, haste to other climes, thou solitary bird !

Thy coming was in lovelier skies—thy wing,
 Long wearied, rested in delightful bowers ;
 Thou camest when the living breath of spring
 Had filled the world with gladness and with flowers !
 Skyward the carolling lark no longer towers ;

Alone we hear the robin's pensive lay ;
And from the sky of beauty darkness lowers :
Thy coming was with hope, but thou dost stay
'Midst melancholy thoughts, that dwell upon decay.

Blessed are they who have before thee fled !
Theirs have been all the pleasures of the prime ;
Like those who die before their joys are dead,
Leaving a lovely for a lovelier clime,
Soaring to beautiful worlds on wings sublime ;
Whilst thou dost mind me of their doom severe,
Who live to feel the winter of their time ;
Who linger on, till not a friend is near—
Then fade into the grave—and go without a tear.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THRICE welcome, little English flower !
My mother country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread :
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower ;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,

With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower,
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year !
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
I find in this fair clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand ;
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dews of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as starlight, stand
In every walk ! that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 To me the pledge of hope unseen ;
 When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
 For joys that were or might have been,
 I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,
 I saw thee waking from the dust ;
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
 And place in God my trust.

 MEMORY.

MOORE.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.
 That bower and its roses I never forget,
 But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
 I think,—is the nightingale singing there yet ?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they
 shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from the flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year,
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

WORDSWORTH.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star ;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout !
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower !—I'll make a stir
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know ;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude :
Never heed them ; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers ;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home ;
Spring is coming, thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no ;

Others, too, of lofty mien ;
 They have done as worldlings do,
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Scorn'd and slighted upon earth !
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Singing at my heart's command,
 In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,
 I will sing, as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love !

TO MY DAUGHTER,

On the Morning of her Birth.

BYRON.

HAIL to this teeming stage of strife !
 Hail, lovely miniature of life !
 Pilgrim of many cares untold !
 Lamb of the world's extended fold !
 Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears,
 Sweet promise of extatic years !
 How could I fainly bend the knee,
 And turn idolater to thee !

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confess'd,
 Far as the life which warms the breast,
 The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
 The rudest portraiture of man,

In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears.
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak ;
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could wake thy untun'd ear,
And gust it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, oh, my child !
Of travails on life's thorny wild !
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each tottering footstep which enclose ;
Ah, little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind !

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born,
Of clouds which gather round thy morn,
Of arts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reckon more !

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep ;
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd !
Beguiled by follies every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away,
And thou may'st wake, perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe, tho' on that brow
No half-fledged misery nestles now,
Scarce round thy placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day !

Oh ! could a father's prayer repel
The eyes' sad grief, the bosom's swell ;
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care,
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill,
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on my child : the slumber brief,
Too soon shall melt away to grief,
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew that cheek :

Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
That breast be agonized with sighs,
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care,—ah, much too soon!

Soon wilt thou reckon of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all thine own,
Of many a pang, and many a woe,
That thy dear sex alone can know.
Of many an ill, untold, unsung,
That will not, may not find a tongue,
But kept conceal'd without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul.

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest,
May joy still animate thy breast;
Still 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich inspiring rays;
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret pray'r,
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How could I faintly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

IRISH MELODY.

MOORE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at, no one dreameth :
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid, that seldom rises,
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprizes.
Oh, my Nora Creina dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina !
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature plac'd it.
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us.
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber love reposes,
 Bed of peace, whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh, my Nora Creina dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath not the light
 That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

J. MONTGOMERY.

I LOVED thee, daughter of my heart ;
 My Child, I loved thee dearly ;
 And though we only met to part,
 —How sweetly ! how severely !—
 Nor life nor death can sever
 My soul from thine for ever.

Thy days, my little one, were few ;
 An angel's morning visit,
 That came and vanish'd with the dew ;
 'Twas here, 'tis gone, where is it ?
 Yet didst thou leave behind thee
 A clew for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretch'd forth in gladness,
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now ;
Then dash'd with infant sadness ;
Till, brightening by transition,
Return'd the fairy vision :—

Where are they now?—those smiles, those tears,
Thy mother's darling treasure ?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hush'd in a moment on her breast,
Life, at the well-spring drinking ;
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking,
Thy dreams—no thought can guess them ;
And mine—no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy ;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.

Mine perish'd on thy early bier ;
No,—changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious ;

Yet would these arms have chain'd thee,
And long from heaven detain'd thee.

Sarah! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other!
Though thou art born in heaven above,
I am thine only Mother,
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then,—thou in heaven and I on earth,—
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shall re-unite us,
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever.

SPRING.

MARY HOWITT.

THE Spring—she is a blessed thing!
She is the mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The many children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the wither'd leaves among,
To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth ;
The skies are blue, the air is balm ;
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field.
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers ;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good—
With joys to store for future years,
From which, in striving crowds apart,
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air :
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health and love and peace are there.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

A. A. WATTS.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my
eyes
When first I clasp'd thee to my heart, and heard thy
feeble cries ;—
For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent me
down to kiss
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud
of bliss !

I turn'd to many a wither'd hope, to years of grief
and pain,
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flash'd o'er
my boding brain ;
I thought of friends grown worse than cold, of perse-
cuting foes,—
And I ask'd of Heaven, if ills like these must mar
thy youth's repose.

I gazed upon thy quiet face—half blinded by my
tears—
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening
on my fears,—
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds
of gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight
skies are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour
is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me
no more ;
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blos-
som'd at thy birth,
They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherish'd
things of earth !

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but though
brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age of agony and woe ;
For from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began
to fade,
And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed ere
my hopes were wrapp'd in shade.

Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that
is dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in sick-
ness and in pain ;
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every
hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul, for all that thou
hadst cost !

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watch'd thee,
day by day,
Pale, like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste
away ;
And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not
breathe aloud,

Sat hand in hand, in speechless grief to wait death's
coming cloud.

It came at length ;--o'er thy bright blue eye the film
was gathering fast,—
And an awful shade pass'd o'er thy brow, the deepest
and the last ;—
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy
drooping head,—
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of
the dead !

Thy gentle mother turn'd away to hide her face from
me,
And murmur'd low of Heaven's behests, and bliss
attain'd by thee ;—
She would have chid me that I mourn'd a doom so
bless'd as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as
wild as mine !

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine
infant brow
Cull'd one soft lock of radiant hair—our only solace
now ;—
Then placed around thy beauteous corse flowers not
more fair and sweet—
Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and jasmine at
thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance
as thou,

With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of thy
brow,—
They never can replace the bud our early fondness
nursed,
They may be lovely and beloved, but not like thee—
the first!

The first! How many a memory bright that one sweet
word can bring,
Of hopes that blossom'd, droop'd, and died, in life's
delightful spring;—
Of fervid feelings pass'd away—those early seeds of
bliss,
That germinate in hearts unsear'd by such a world
as this.

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my first!
When I think of what thou might'st have been, my
heart is like to burst;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their sooth-
ing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hush'd, my tears are dried, when I
turn to what thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain
of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal
birth,—
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so
many thirst,
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my fairest and
my first!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

MOORE.

OH, the days are gone, when beauty bright,
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream ;
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past,—
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear,
His soul-felt flame ;
And at ev'ry close she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

Oh, that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste :

'Twas odour fled,
 As soon as shed,
 'Twas morning's winged dream ;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream :
 Oh, 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

THE WAKENING.

MRS. HEMANS.

How many thousands are wakening now !
 Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
 To the rustling leaves at the lattice-pane,
 To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
 To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
 As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
 That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh ! well may *their* hearts rejoice,—
 To the gentle sound of a mother's voice ;
 Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
 When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
 And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
 And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
 Which tells that a field must, ere night, be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the sounds from the city borne ;
And some to the rolling of torrent-floods,
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto light hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But ONE must the sound be, and ONE the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all !
ONE, though to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs ?

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BARTON.

WHAT know we of the glorious sights which bless an
infant's dream ?
Or, could we guess them, what more meet to be a
poet's theme ?
The hope than e'en a glimpse of such my numbers
might make known,
To fond imagination brings a day-dream of its own.

'Tis of a child of five years old, upon whose peaceful
sleep
Fair visions of another world with silent footsteps creep;
Soft as the dew on summer flowers, or moonlight on
the sea,
The influence of that blissful dream to Fancy seems
to be.

The cheek, upon the pillow press'd, wears joy's de-
lightful tinge,
The eyes are closed, yet joy's bright tear steals thro'
the eyelids' fringe.
The lips are voiceless, yet they wear the sweetest
smile of bliss—
A smile so sweet, it well might chide the fondest
mother's kiss.

Thou happy sleeper, might I tell where now thy spirit
roams,
The lot it shares—how poor would seem the joys of
proudest domes!
Fame, wealth, and grandeur, never yet a pleasure
could impart
So pangless and so pure as those which now possess
thy heart.

For thou art in the land of thought, and far hast left
behind
The fading happiness of earth, for raptures more refined;
Thine seems a foretaste of the boon appointed for the
bless'd,
“Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.”

STANZAS.

BYRON.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth ;
And form so soft and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth !
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not ;
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love,
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell ;
'Tis nothing that I lov'd so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now,
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow ;

And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine ;
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep,
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine,
That all those charms have pass'd away,
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd,
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade ;
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last ;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep
 My tears might well be shed,
 To think I was not near to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed ;
 To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head ;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than thus remember thee ?
 The all of thine that cannot die
 Through dark and dread Eternity,
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught, except its living years.

THE WALLFLOWER.

MOIR.

THE wallflower—the wallflower,
 How beautiful it blooms !
 It gleams above the ruin'd tower,
 Like sunlight over tombs ;
 It sheds a halo of repose
 Around the wrecks of Time ;—
 To beauty give the flaunting rose,
 The wallflower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !
Gray Ruin's golden crown !
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown ;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decay'd ;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth has made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
Where, in war's stormy day,
The Douglasses stood forth of yore,
In battle's grim array :
The clangour of the field is fled,
The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red—
But thou art blooming still !

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave ?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave ;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurses well,
Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze.

The butterfly is there abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wallflower, sweet wallflower !
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the Queen of Flowers !
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such sweets as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest ;
Bland are thy charms when these decay,
Of flowers, first, last, and best !
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree,
But, wallflower, loved wallflower,
Thou art the flower for me !

THE DEATH OF EDITH.

MRS. HEMANS.

AND she was passing from the woods away ;
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades ; her eye was bright
E'n yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air ; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines ; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs ; for spring again had come,
The sunny spring ! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas ! we think it sad
To part with life when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake :
Is it not brighter, then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms
Such golden sunshine rests around the tombs ?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours with the breezes play,
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin-door,
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore ;
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
" My father !"—to the gray-hair'd chief she spoke—

"Know'st thou that I depart?"—"I know, I know,"
 He answer'd mournfully, "that thou must go
 To thy belov'd, my daughter!"—"Sorrow not
 For me, kind mother!" with meek smiles once more,
 She murmur'd in low tones; "one happy lot
 Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore;
 For we have pray'd together in one trust,
 And lifted our frail spirits from the dust,
 To God who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
 Under the cedar-shade: where he is gone,
 Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
 And the dead parents lisp'ing at whose knee
 My childhood's prayer was learn'd,—the Saviour's
 prayer

Which now ye know,—and I shall meet you there,
 Father, and gentle mother!—ye have bound
 The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
 By Mercy's children."—From the matron's eye
 Dropp'd tears, her sole and passionate reply;
 But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep
 Solemnly beautiful, a stillness deep,
 Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
 And mantling up his stately head in wo,
 "Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,
 In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd:—

"Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
 And the hunter's hearth away;
 For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
 Daughter! thou canst not stay.

Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
 Where the skies are ever clear;

The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird !
Under our whispering pine ;
Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

But thou, my bright one ! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er ;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shall forget,
'Midst flowers—not such as die.

The shadow from thy brow shall melt
The sorrow from thy strain ;
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt,
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled ;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shewn
Unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide!
 And join that shining band;
 Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
 Go to the better land!"

The song hath ceased—the list'ners caught no breath,
 That lovely sleep hath melted into death.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

J. G. LOCKHART.

HARK, friends, it strikes : the year's last hour :
 A solemn sound to hear :
 Come fill the cup, and let us pour
 Our blessing on the parting year.
 The years that were, the dim, the gray,
 Receive this night, with choral hymn,
 A sister shade as lost as they,
 And soon to be as gray and dim.
 Fill high : she brought us both of weal and wo,
 And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round
 Old Time pursues his way :
 Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
 Expects in peace her yellow prey :
 The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,
 Together fall, together lie ;
 And undistinguished in the tomb,
 Howe'er they lived, are all that die.
 Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,
 To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear,
 Since round this board we met
To welcome in the infant year,
 Whose star hath now for ever set !
Alas, as round this board I look,
 I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in gladness shook
 That night, that now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers ! drown your tears in wine.

Thank heaven ! no seer unblest am I,
 Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
 For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
 Nor crops alone the ripened ear ;
And we may miss the merriest face
 Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not : being is not breath ;
 'Tis fate that friends must part,
But God will bless in life, in death,
 The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
 We need not shrink from Nature's rule,
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
 Is Heaven's own blessed vestibule ;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

FARE THEE WELL.

BYRON.

FARE thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever, *fare thee well!*—
E'en though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again :

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.

Though my many faults defac'd me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embrac'd me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,

But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead :
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wakes us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father?"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love hath bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults—perchance thou knowest
All my madness—none can know ;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest,
Wither—yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well !—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie ;
 Sear'd in heart—and lone—and blighted,
 More than this, I scarce can die.

STANZAS.

L. E. LANDON.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
 For the departing colour of thy flowers—
 The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
 Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
 Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers ;—
 But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
 To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
 To former beauty ; and the desolate
 Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
 It was not always desolate.

WHEN those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear
 now,
 When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow—
 When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
 And thy heart turns back pining to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass ;
Oh ! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
How rose-touched the page of thy future must be !

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But flowers that flourish, but hopes that are fair ;
And what is thy present ? a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave ;
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour,
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead !

Oh ! long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lovest
now ;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their
mark ;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more
dark ;

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost :
For aye cometh sorrow when youth has past by—
What saith the Arabian ? Its memory's a sigh.

THE CAPTIVE OF ALHAMA.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THE Moslem star was on the wane,
Eclipsed the Paynim powers,
And the haughty lord of Christian Spain
Besieged Granada's towers :
Gonsalvo, with a hundred knights
Of Leon's chivalrie,
Well posted on Alhama's heights,
Staid succour from the sea.

One morn a Moorish youth was led
To brave Gonsalvo's tent,
His escort from the field had fled,
And his horse had fall'n o'erspent ;
He hung his head in speechless grief,
As the tear roll'd down his cheek,
And scornful looked each mailed chief,
To behold a youth so weak.

“ Is it a girl,” Gonsalvo cries,
“ That in our toils is caught ?
That thus it weeps, in woman's guise,
Where its fierce forefathers fought ?”
“ Nay, hear my tale,” exclaimed the youth,
His eye one moment bright'ning,
“ And Allah, if I speak not truth,
Consume me with his lightning !

“ From beauteous Malaga I came,
But by no beaten way ;
Superb Granada was my aim,--
Wo, wo the luckless day !
For had I in my journey sped
To Darro's rushing water,
This morn Zorayda I had wed,
Granada's fairest daughter.

“ If pity, then, or love's sweet power,
E'er touched thy gallant breast,
But grant me freedom for an hour—
To the oar I give the rest ;
These few bright moments yield in grace,
My mournful fate to tell,
To see once more Zorayda's face,
And take my long farewell !”

Gonsalvo had no marble heart,
Albeit his look was stern ;
He bade the Moorish youth depart,
And ere set of sun return :
Each pass and strait the chieftain eyed,
Yet sometimes turned his head,
To mark how down the mountain side
His captive featly sped.

The Sierra's dazzling peak of snow
Yet blush'd with rosy light,
When again the grieving Moor bowed low
Before the Christian knight ;

But alone he came not, as he went,
For a damsel pressed his arm,
Faint as a rose by tempests bent,
And quivering with alarm.

Awhile they stood in speechless gloom,
She look'd at him and wept ;
And the knights, still reckless of his doom,
An equal silence kept.
At length the maid unveiled her head,
She knelt at the chieftain's knee,
Few were the stifled words she said,
But he well could guess the plea.

“Gazul, thy captive, Christian knight,
Is here by his solemn vow,
He was my lover yesternight,
He is my husband now ;
Without him life to me is vain,
And its sounding pageants hollow,
With him I've promised to remain ;
Him, him alone I follow.

“'Twas for me he dared, unwisely brave,
The ambush'd road to take ;
He was your foe, he is your slave,
But he suffers for my sake :
Ah ! then, his love still let me share,
To whom I've pledged my oath ;
The fetters, if you will, prepare,
But let them bind us both !”

Knights, little used to pity, sighed,
 They softened to his suit ;
 For her voice to their hearts was felt to glide
 Like music from a lute.
 " Our arms," Gonsalvo said, " achieve
 The buttress, not the bower ;
 My falchion's edged the oak to cleave,
 And not to crush the flower.

" Peace be to both ! you both are free !
 Live happy ; and whene'er
 To you a Christian bends his knee,
 Believe Gonsalvo there !"
 They silent kiss'd his robes, and sped
 To their own dear Darro's water ;
 And thus Gazul Zorayda wed,
 Granada's noblest daughter !

TWILIGHT.

HALLECK.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,
 When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
 And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
 As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
 'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
 We gaze upon them as they melt away,
 And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
 But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
 Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour ;
 Dear are her whispers still, tho' lost their early power.

In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow ;
Her smile was loveliest then ; her matin song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of woe
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born ;
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die.
Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too,—on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,
Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight ;
And though at times might lower the thunder storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer
green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now ;
That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow ;
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart ;
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A moon-beam in the midnight cloud of death.

 TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

MRS. HEMANS.

FROM the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
 Or from some world, unreached by human thought,
 Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
 And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
 Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here, of life and death?
 Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
 Was not to perish, as a rose's breath,
 To melt away, like song from festal bowers?
 Answer, oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
 Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze;
 Didst thou bear with thee, to the shore unknown,
 Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze?
 Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone
 Thrilled through the tempest of the parting strife,
 Like a faint breeze:—oh! from that music flown
 Send back *one* sound, if love's be quenchless life!
 But once, oh! answer me.

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
 In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep;
 When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
 Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep;
 Spirit! then answer me.

By the remembrance of our blended prayer ;
 By all our tears, whose mingling made them sweet ;
 By our last hope, the victor o'er despair ;
 Speak !—If our souls in deathless yearnings meet,
 Answer me, answer me !

The grave is silent—and the far-off sky,
 And the deep midnight :—silent all, and lone !
 Oh ! if thy buried love make no reply,
 What voice has earth ? Hear, pity, speak ! mine own,
 Answer me, answer me !

LAST VERSES.

BYRON.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move ;
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
 The worm, the canker, and the grief,
 Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
 Is like to some volcanic isle,
 No touch is kindled at its blaze ;—
 A funeral pile.

The hopes, the fears, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain,

And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now—
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield—
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece!—she is awake!—
Awake my spirit!—think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood—unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth—why live?—
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

BOWLES.

So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage !
Upon the shores of Greece he stood, and cried
“ Liberty ! ” and those shores from age to age
Renown'd and Sparta's woods and rocks, replied
“ Liberty ! ” But a spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking ;—and, its dart uplifting high,
Smote him :—he sank to earth in life's fair pride :
Sparta ! thy rocks then heard another cry,
And old Illissus sighed—“ Die, generous exile, die.”

I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died :
Still less, Childe Harold, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied ;
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride ;—
But I will bid the Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
And not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy
grave.

So Harold ends, in Greece, his pilgrimage !
There fitly ending,—in that land renown'd,
Whose mighty genius lives in glory's page,—
He, on the Muses' consecrated ground,
Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
With their unfading wreath ! To bands of mirth,
No more in Tempe let the pipe resound !

Harold, I follow, to thy place of birth,
The slow hearse—and thy last sad pilgrimage on earth.

Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train,
I mark the sad procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village fane,
Where, Harold, thy forefathers mouldering lie;—
There sleeps that mother, who, with tearful eye,
Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy;
Her son, released from mortal labour's load,
Now comes to rest with her in the same still abode.

Bursting death's silence—could that mother speak—
(Speak when the earth was heaped upon his head)—
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
She thus might give the welcome of the dead:—
“ Here rest, my son, with me;—the dream is fled;
The motley mask and the great stir is o'er;
Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

Here rest in the oblivious grave's repose,
After the toil of earth's tumultuous way:
No interruption this deep silence knows;
Here no vain phantoms lure the heart astray:
The earth-worm feeds on its unconscious prey;
Rest here in peace—in peace till earth and sea
Give up their dead! At that last awful day,
Saviour, Almighty Judge, look down on me,
And oh! my son, my son, have mercy upon thee!”

THE BRIDAL DAY.

MRS. HEMANS.

We bear her home ! we bear her home !
Over the murmuring salt-sea's foam ;
One who has fled from the war of life,
From sorrow-pains and the fever-strife.

Barry Cornwall.

BRIDE ! upon thy marriage day,
When thy gems in rich array
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream ;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
'Midst thy braids of sunny hair ;
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,
Mellow'd all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright ;
Did the fluttering of thy breath,
Speak of joy or woe beneath ?
And the hue that went and came
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,
Or the gladness of thy breast ?
—Who shall tell us ?—from thy bower
Brightly didst thou pass that hour ;
With the many-glancing oar,
And the cheer along the shore,
And the wealth of summer-flowers
On thy fair head cast in showers,

And the breath of song and flute,
And the clarion's glad salute,
Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide
Wert thou borne in pomp, young Bride!
Mirth and music, sun and sky,
Welcomed thee triumphantly!
—Yet perchance a chastening thought
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering, as untold it blent
With the sounds of merriment,
From the days of laughter free,
From the love of many years,
Thou art gone to cares and fears,
To another path and guide,
To a bosom yet untried!
Bright one! oh, there well may be
Trembling 'midst our joy for thee!

Bride! when through the stately fane,
Circled with thy nuptial train,
'Midst the banners hung on high
By thy warlike ancestry,
'Midst thy mighty fathers dead,
In soft beauty thou wert led
When before the shrine thy form
Quivered to some bosom-storm;
When, like harp-strings with a sigh,
Breaking in mid-harmony,
On thy lip the murmurs low
Died with Love's unfinished vow,
When, like scatter'd rose-leaves, fled
From thy cheek each tint of red;

And the light forsook thine eye,
 And thy head sank heavily ;
 Was that drooping but th' excess
 Of thy spirit's blessedness ?
 Or did some deep feeling's might,
 Folded in thy heart from sight,
 With a sudden tempest shower
 Earthward bear thy life's young flower ?
 —Who shall tell us ?—on thy tongue
 Silence, and for ever, hung !
 Never to thy lip and cheek
 Rush'd again the crimson streak,
 Never to thine eye return'd
 That which there have beam'd and burn'd
 With the secret none might know,
 With thy rapture or thy woe,
 With thy marriage robe and wreath,
 Thou wert fled—Young Bride of Death !
 One, one lightning-moment there,
 Struck down Triumph to Despair,
 Beauty, Splendour, Hope, and Trust,
 Into Darkness, Terror—Dust !

There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,
 Bride ! as forth thy kindred bore thee,
 Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,
 Deaf to that wild funeral wail
 —Yet perchance a chastening thought
 In some deeper spirit wrought,
 Whispering, while the stern sad knell
 On the air's bright stillness fell,

—“ From the power of chill and change,
 Souls to sever and estrange ;
 From Love’s wane—a death in life,
 But to watch a mortal strife ;
 From the secret fevers, known
 To the burden’d heart alone ;
 Thou art fled—afar—away,
 Where those blights no more have sway !
 Bright one ! oh, there well may be
 Comfort ’midst our tears for thee !”

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BYRON.

THERE be none of Beauty’s daughters
 With a magic like thee ;
 And, like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me,
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean’s pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull’d winds seem dreaming :

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o’er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant’s asleep !—
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee,
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer’s ocean.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.**MISS SHERIDAN.**

I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me—
And often in my solitude I sigh—
That those I *do* love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue—
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I *know* I do not love thee!—yet, alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

THE SPIRIT'S LAND.**MALCOLM.**

**THE Spirit's Land!—where is that land
Of which our fathers tell?
On whose mysterious, viewless strand
Earth's parted millions dwell!
Beyond the bright and starry sphere,
Creation's flaming space remote;
Beyond the measureless career,
The phantom flight of thought.**

**There, fadeless flowers their blossoms wave
Beneath a cloudless sky;
And there the latest lingering tear
Is wiped from every eye;
And souls beneath the tree of life
Repose on that blessed shore,
Where pain, and toil, and storm, and strife,
Shall never reach them more.**

**And yet, methinks, a chastened wo
E'en there may prompt the sigh—
Sweet sorrows we would not forego
For calm, unmingled joy,
When strains from angel-harps may stray
On heavenly airs, of mortal birth,
That we have heard far, far away,
Amid the bowers of earth.**

Ah! then, perchance, their saddening spell,
That from oblivion saves,
May wander, like a lorn farewell,
From this dim land of graves ;
And, like the vision of a dream,
Shed on the disembodied mind
Of mortal life a dying gleam,
And loved one left behind.

Yes—yes, I will, I must believe
That Nature's sacred ties
Survive, and to the spirit cleave,
Immortal in the skies ;
And that imperfect were my bliss
In heaven itself, and dashed with care,
If those I loved on earth should miss
The path that leadeth there.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

L. E. LANDON.

I BID thee to my mystic feast,
Each one thou lovest is gathered there ;
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear ;
The board with faded flowers is spread ;
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from which bloom has fled ;

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirge-like sound :
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears ;
'Tis from their native element
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What ! turn'st thou with averted brow ?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine,
And askest for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain, the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seemed to thee ;
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality.

THE SLEEPERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

OH ! lightly, lightly tread !
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep :

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,

A covering mantle, given,
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow!

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you,
Unto Life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves:

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams:—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

HIGHLAND MARY.**MRS. NORTON.**

I WOULD I were the light fern growing
Beneath my Highland Mary's tread,
I would I were the green tree throwing
Its shadow o'er her gentle head !
I would I were a wild flower springing
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast !

I would I were in yonder heaven
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even,
And watch my Mary all the night !
I would, beneath these small white fingers,
I were the lute her breath has fanned—
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loath to leave her fairy hand !

Ah, happy things ! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live unchanging yonder,
To happiness and Mary nigh !
While I at midnight sadly weeping
Upon its deep transparent blue,
Can only gaze while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too !

THE PILGRIMS OF THE WORLD.**WILLIAM HOWITT.**

**I SEE a city of the East,
A city great and wide ;
The evening sunlight richly falls
On its pinnacles of pride.**

**Its marble founts and porticoes,
Its towers and temples vast,
And its pillars of memorial tall,
Shadows of beauty cast.**

**The murmur of its multitudes
Is like the ocean's voice ;
Yet may'st thou hear the children's cries,
That in streets and squares rejoice.**

**How glorious looks that antique town !
How pleasant is its din !
But the evening falls—the gates are closed,
And have shut three strangers in.**

**Their steps are faint, their garbs are quaint,
Their travel has been sore :
With what a wild and hungry glance
They stalk by every door !**

**On goes the first—What cries are those ?
I seem at once to hear**

Rebellious shouts, despairing rage,
Wo, agony, and fear.

The second, with a mutter'd curse,
Down tower and house has hurl'd ;
And the third has left a silence there,
That shall outlast the world.

Mine eye is on a broad, rich realm,
On pleasant fields and downs—
On beaten roads that run, like veins,
Unto a thousand towns.

What green and cattle-traversed hills !
What old majestic woods !
How lightly glide those merchant-sails
Along the gleaming floods !

But that pilgrim three !—that fearful three !
Again I see them, there !
And banners rise, and dying cries,
And darkness, and despair.

What cursed vision have I seen ?
Is this the land they paced ?
This,—where the ruins lie in heaps
Along the wormwood waste ?

This—where the wild ass snuffs the wind,
The silent ostrich stands ;
And the column, like a ruin'd king,
Frowns proudly on the sands ?

A home! there is a happy home!
An old, ancestral tower;
And blessed is the family
That peoples it this hour.

Honours their valiant fathers won,
Fair are their lands and wide;
But the love that is in their kindred souls,
That is their wealth and pride.

Now vengeance on the wandering fiends!
Hither, too, are they come!
I see them lowering at the gate,
And a shadow wraps that home.

Oh! there are tears—wild, burning tears,
Terror, and scorn, and hate;
Mad words, dark looks, sad breaking hearts,
And partings desperate.

Can no one stop those wizards curst?
Can no one break their power?
The green boughs shrivel as they pass,
Their footsteps scorch the flower.

Stand back! stand back! thou desperate man!
Wouldst *thou* their progress thwart?
Those feet have stood in Adam's bower;
Those hands laid waste his heart.

Those gaunt forms round the world have gone,
Through centuries of guilt,

Pulling down what the wise have framed,
And what the mighty built.

Children of hoary Eld, they hold
This groaning earth in fee,
While Time shall stretch his weary wing
Towards the timeless sea.

Stand back! for who may cross the path
Of creatures void of breath?
Stand back! for who may dare the power
Of Sin, Decay, and Death?

THE TWO VOICES.

MRS. HEMANS.

Death and its twofold aspect:—Wintry, one,
Cold, sullen, blank, from Hope and Joy shut out;
The other, which the ray divine hath touch'd,
Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring.
Wordsworth.

Two solemn voices, in a funeral strain,
Met, as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky:
“Thou art gone hence!” one sang—“our light is flown,
Our Beautiful, that seem'd too much our own,
Ever to die!

“Thou art gone hence! Our joyous hills among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring-flowers rise!
Never thy friend's familiar step to meet,
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
Of thy glad eyes.

“Thou art gone home, gone home!” then high and
clear

Warbled that other voice—“thou hast no tears
Again to shed!

Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,—
Never, weigh'd down by memory's clouds, again
To bow thy head.

“Thou art gone home!—Oh! early crown'd and blest!
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below?

Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—
Thrice blest to go!”

Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like voice of grief—

“Thou art gone hence! Alas! that aught so brief,
So loved should be!

Thou tak'st our summer hence!—the flower, the
tone,

The music of our being, all in one
Depart with thee!

“Fair form, young spirit, morning-vision fled!

Can'st *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead?
The dark unknown?

Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,
Never again to light up hearth or hall,
Thy smile is gone!”

“Home, home!” once more th' exulting voice arose:

“Thou art gone home! from that divine repose
Never to roam!

Never to say farewell,—to weep in vain,—
 To read of change in eyes beloved again ;
 Thou art gone home !

“ By the bright waters now thy lot is cast ;
 Joy for thee, happy Friend!—thy bark hath past
 The rough sea’s foam.
 Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still’d ;
 Home, home ! thy peace is won, thy heart is fill’d,
 Thou art gone home !”

SONG.

M O O R E.

FEAR not that, while around thee
 Life’s varied blessings pour,
 One sigh of her shall wound thee
 Whose smile thou seek’st no more.
 No ! dead and cold for ever,
 Let our past love remain ;
 Once gone, its spirit never
 Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee
 Far sweeter, happier prove ;
 Nor e’er of me remind thee,
 But by their truth and love.
 Think how, asleep or waking,
 Thy image haunts me yet ;
 But how this heart is breaking,
 For thy own peace forget.

“POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY.”

J. R. PLANCHE.

THE baron is feasting in lighted hall,
And forty good yeomen will mount at his call ;
His kinsman is left in the cold porch to sigh
O “ Poverty parts good company !”

Time was when that baron was fain to ride,
And carry the hawk by his kinsman’s side ;
But fortune can faster than falcon fly,
And “ Poverty parts good company.”

The baron’s broad mantle hath vair on its fold,
His hose are of velvet, his hood is of gold ;
His kinsman, in russet, creeps shivering by,
For “ Poverty parts good company.”

Time was when that baron was proud to wear
The broider’d badge of his kinsman fair ;
But fortune is fickle, and time hath gone by,
And “ Poverty parts good company.”

Baron and kinsman have sicken’d and died—
’Scutcheon’d and plum’d is the hearse of pride ;
But a coffin of the plain elm tree
Must keep that proud hearse company !

Into the same dark vault they thrust
The rich man’s clay and the poor man’s dust ;
Side by side again they lie :
In the grave we are all of a company.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

MISS BOWLES.

My baby! my poor little one! thou'st come a winter
flower;—

A pale and tender blossom, in a cold unkindly hour,
Thou comest with the snow-drop, and, like that pretty
thing,

The power that call'd my bud to life, will shield its
blossoming.

The snow-drop hath no guardian leaves to fold her
safe and warm,

Yet well she 'bides the bitter blast, and weathers out
the storm;

I shall not long enfold thee thus—not long—but well
I know

The Everlasting Arms, my babe, will never let thee go!

The snow-drop—how it haunts me still!—hangs down
her fair young head,

So thine may droop in days to come, when I have long
been dead,

And yet the little snow-drop's safe!—from her in-
struction seek,

For who would crush the motherless, the lowly, and
the meek?

Yet motherless thou'lt not be long—not long in name,
my life;

Thy father soon will bring him home another, fairer
wife ;

Be loving, dutiful to her ;—find favour in her sight ;
But never, oh, my child ! forget thine own poor mo-
ther quite.

But who will speak to thee of her ?—the gravestone at
her head

Will only tell the name, and age, and lineage of the dead,
But not a word of all the love, the mighty love for
thee,

That crowded years into an hour of brief maternity.

They'll put my picture from its place, to fix another
there—

That picture, that was thought so like, and yet so
passing fair !

Some chamber in thy father's house they'll let thee
call thine own !—

Oh ! take it there—to look upon when thou art all alone.

To breathe thine early griefs unto—if such assail my
child ;

To turn to from less loving looks, from faces not so mild.
Alas ! unconscious little one !—thou'lt never know that
best,

That holiest home of all the earth, a living mother's
breast !—

I do repent me, now too late, of each impatient thought,
That would not let me tarry out God's leisure as I
ought ;

I've been too hasty, peevish, proud, I long'd to go away ;
And now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not let me
stay.

Oh ! when I think of what I was, and what I might
have been,
A bride last year,—and now to die ! and I am scarce
nineteen,
And just, just opening in my heart a fount of love, so
new,
So deep !—could that have run to waste ?—could that
have fail'd me too ?

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter at
my side !
My prime of life scarce overblown, and hers in all its
pride ;
To deck her with my finest things—with all I've rich
and rare ;
To hear it said how beautiful ! and good as she is fair !
And then to place the marriage crown upon that bright
young brow !
Oh no ! not that—'tis full of thorns !—alas, I'm wan-
dering now !
This weak, weak head ! this foolish heart ! they'll cheat
me to the last ;
I've been a dreamer all my life, and now that life is
past.

Thou'lt have thy father's eyes, my child—oh ! once
how kind they were !

His long black lashes—his own smile—and just such
raven hair :
But here's a mark!—poor innocent! he'll love thee
for't thee less,—
Like that upon thy mother's cheek, his lips were wont
to press.

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong—perhaps, when
all's forgot
But our young loves, in memory's mood, he'll kiss
this very spot ;
Oh ! then, my dearest ! clasp thine arms about his
neck full fast,
And whisper, that I bless'd him now, and loved him
to the last.

I've heard that little infants converse by smiles and
sigus
With the guardian band of Angels that round about
them shines,
Unseen by grosser senses—beloved one ! dost thou
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune
with them now ?

And hast thou not one look for me ? those little rest-
less eyes
Are wandering, wandering everywhere the whilst thy
mother dies !
And yet, perhaps, thou'rt seeking me—expecting me,
mine own !
Come, Death, and make me to my child, at least in
spirit known !

TO JESSY.

BYRON.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever *both* or *none*.

There is a *form* on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight ;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a *voice* whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast,
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a *face* whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek ;
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a *lip* which mine hath prest,
And none hath ever prest before ;
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, press'd it more.

There is a *bosom*—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head ;

A *mouth* which smiles on me alone ;
An *eye* whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts* whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two *souls*, whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That, when they part—*they part!*—ah, no
They cannot part—*those souls are one.*

SONG.

BRYANT.

Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers dear
Press the tenderest reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooer ;
Maidens' hearts are always soft,
Would that men's were truer !

Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing ;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing :

When the brook-side, bank and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,—
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her, when, with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking;
When, through boughs that knit the bower,
Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wakes a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
Tinge the woody mountain;
When the drooping foliage lies
In the half-choked fountain;
Let the scene, that tells how fast
Youth is passing over,
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call
At the lattice nightly;
When, within the cheerful hall,
Blaze the faggots brightly;
While the wintry tempest round
Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweeter in her ear shall sound
Love's delightful story.

THE LADY MAGDALENE.

MARY HOWITT.

A Legend of an English Hall.

PART I.

IN a brave old house dwells Magdalene,
And with her there are three—
The blithe old man, the gardener;
And the good Dame Margery;

And a priest, who cometh now and then,
With a high and shaven crown,
With a foot that trod so silently,
And a long, black, camlet gown.

All up and-down the galleries
Went the Lady Magdalene,
A-looking at the pictures old,
That on the walls were seen.

“And who is this, Dame Margery,
With the gold chain and the sword?”
“Oh, that was thy father, Magdalene,
And he was a noble lord!”

“And who is this boy, Dame Margery,
With the greyhound at his side?”
“Ah! that was thy brother, Magdalene;
But at four years old he died!”

“ And tell me, I prithee, Margery,
Who’s this with the downcast eye?—
It troubles my heart, Dame Margery,
But to pass that lady by.”

No answer at all made Margery,
For a little season’s space ;
And again the maiden Magdalene
Looked up into her face.

“ There are chambers many,” quoth Magdalene,
“ And many a stately bed ;
And many a room so beautiful,
All green, and gold, and red.

“ How is it, I pray, Dame Margery,
That all alone I dwell ?
I have asked the question of myself,
And I’m sure I cannot tell.

“ In the village street, Dame Margery,
Even in winter weather,
I see the children, sevens and eights,
All playing there together.

“ But, in this large and grand old house,
I pray, how may it be,
That I am thus alone, alone,
With none for company ?

“ I look into the distant fields,
On the terrace as I stand,

And see the mothers walking there,
With their children by the hand.

“ And now, I pray, Dame Margery,
Who’s this with the golden hair?
An earnest love is in my heart
For the lady pictured there.”

Sore troubled was she, Dame Margery—
The tears were in her eye,
And she wiped them with her withered hand,
As thus she made reply.

“ That lady is fair, sweet Magdalene,
Was ever fair and mild ;
She was thy mother, Magdalene ;
I nursed her when a child.

“ Ah, me ! and I can remember well—
But all those times are fled—
When there were children and friends enow,
To sleep in every bed.

“ When the great hall-table was too small
For the guests who sat to meat ;
And the serving men were in liveries green,
With fair shoes on their feet.

“ There were thirty horses then i’ th’ stall,
And grooms, nigh half-a-score ;
I then was a maiden, reckoned fair—
But all those times are o’er !

“The house, i’ troth, is silent now,
 And hath a look of gloom—
 I can remember when there were lights
 And music in every room !

“The jackdaws now, and the swallows, build
 In the chimneys cold and tall ;
 The ivy creeps o’er the window-glass,
 And green damps on the wall.

“I can remember, Magdalene,
 When the shrubs, that grow so wild,
 Were set, scarce bigger than my hand—
 Thy mother was then a child.

“Now, there’s good old John, the gardener,
 Thinks those times will come again ;
 Mayhap they may, sweet Magdalene,
 But, I’m sure, I know not when !”

PART II.

On the terrace broad walked Magdalene,
 With gentle steps and slow ;
 And blithe old John, the gardener,
 Was working down below.

And aye sung the blithe old gardener—
 “The bird upon the tree,
 Is merry i’ th’ budding spring-time,
 And I am as merry as he.”

And he cut the leaves of the snowdrop down,
And tied up the daffodilly ;
And then he sang, as he bent at 's work,
With a " Hiho ! willy, willy."

Down the broad stone steps went Magdalene,
And stood by the old flower bed ;
And still at his work the old man bent,
Nor ever raised up his head.

" 'Tis a lonesome place," said Magdalene,
" A lonesome, dreary place !"
The blithe old man, he ceased his work,
And gazed into her face.

" Ay, ay, is it so, my lady fair ?"
Said the wondering gardener ;
" Why, I can remember yon terrace steps
With children all astir.

" Ay, there was my Lady Isabel,
With hair like the raven's wing ;
And the second sister, Adeline,
A wilful, proud, young thing.

" There was my Lord Francis, my Lady Jane,
And your blessed lady-mother ;
There were two brothers besides, and he
That was dearer than a brother.

" He was your father afterwards—
Ah, me ! how time moves on !—

There were seven children then i' the house,
And now there is but one ;
And all those happy children
Like flowers of spring are gone.

“ And then, what troops of ladies grand,
Went walking up and down ;
Each softly fanning of herself,
In a shining silken gown.

“ What gay and gallant gentlemen,
All clad in velvet fine ;
What riding in and out there was ;
What drinking of the wine !

“ Ay, sure enough, the place is still—
Stillier than it was then ;
But, perchance, my Lady Magdalene,
It may be blithe again !”

Then the blithe old man bent down to 's work,
And harder worked than ever ;
Singing “ Fa, la, la, to-morrow will come,
And drown care in the river !”

And the blithe old man cut down the leaves
Of the crocus, matted and wan :
The Lady Magdalene walked away,
And he kept singing on.

PART III.

In a stately room, the grave old priest
Doth sit at eventide ;
He turneth over a great old book,
And Magdalene sits by 's side.

“ Put down the book,” said Magdalene,
“ I cannot read to-day ;
Put down the book, good father,
And hearken what I say !”

Up from his book the grave old man
Did slowly raise his eyes ;
And silently looked at Magdalene,
As if in calm surprise.

“ Now, father good,” quoth Magdalene,
“ This day I pray thee tell,
Wherefore in this grand house alone,
Year after year I dwell ?

“ Thou hast taught me both to read and write ;
Hast taught me all I know—
Yet hast kept me from my kind apart—
I pray, why is it so ?

“ Yet, love, a deep and fervent love,
Thou hast ever taught to me—
From God, down to the meanest thing
Of his great family.

“ Father, I’ve seen the children poor—
Glad sisters, too, and brothers ;
And the joy that lives within the heart
Of lowly village mothers.

“ I’ve seen, upon the Sabbath-morn,
How many a loving band
Of kindly Christian people came
With their children by the hand.

“ I see them kneeling, side by side,
Each to the other known,
Like groups of saints together set—
But I kneel all alone !

“ Oh, ’tis a pleasant sight to me !
And yet my heart doth ache,
To see such holy happiness
That I can not partake !

“ Why is it thus, I pray thee tell,
That none with me abide ?
Oh, for a loving sister,
To worship at my side !

“ Father, I scarce know who I am,
Save of a lineage high,
And that the story of my house
Is a dark, sad history.

“ Thou hast been a righteous friend to me—
I have loved thee many a year—

But, father, why alone I dwell,
I pray thee let me hear !”

For a moment's space, the grave old man
No answer made at all ;
The tears were in his mild, grey eyes,
And yet no tear did fall.

“ Harken to me, my Magdalene,”
At length he did reply :—
“ Thou art the sole surviving stem
Of a great old family.

“ I can remember when this house
Was full of sons and daughters ;
When its fortunes all seemed flourishing
As willows by the waters.

“ Daughters and sons, I mind me well
What a noble band were there ;
The sons all goodly men of might,
The daughters wondrous fair.

“ I can recall this solitude,
An ever-changing crowd ;
And the silence of these chambers vast
Was riot long and loud.

“ I will not tell thee, Magdalene,
Of heartlessness and crime ;
Enough, the wrath of Heaven did scourge
The evil of that time.

“ There was a blight upon that race—
They one by one did fall ;
Sorrow and sin had stricken them,
And death consumed them all.

“ There was but one of all her house
Whom folly did not win ;
An angel in a woman’s form—
Thy mother, Magdalene !

“ And when, upon her bed of death,
All in her youth she lay—
An angel, to her native skies
Ready to pass away ;

“ Ready to pass away to God,
Save for one mortal tie—
Thyself, my precious Magdalene,
That in her arms did lie.

“ ‘ Take, take, my friend, this little child,’
Said she, ‘ when I am dead ;
And, as thou know’st I should declare,
Let her be nurtured.

“ ‘ Thou know’st the follies of this house,
Thou know’st its sin,’ quoth she,
‘ And from such folly and such sin
I pray thee keep her free.’

“ She died !—the place was desolate—
Her kindred all were gone—

There was but I, her ghostly friend,
And thou, her orphaned one !

“ Their thriftless lives had made thee poor,
Their shame thy name had spent—
Sorely run out were all thy lands,
And mortgaged all thy rent.

“ I trained thee in this sober wise,
And in this solitude,
That thou might'st grow up innocent,
Thoughtful, and wise, and good.

“ Thy manors now lay far and wide,
Thy noble lands are free ;
And old and young, my Magdalene,
Are looking up to thee.

“ Ere long, thou wilt have friends enow,
And so Heaven give thee grace,
The sounds of joy may ring again
From this deserted place.

“ It has been stripped and desolate,
Its want laid open wide ;
But the innocence of a little child
The place hath purified !

“ Be patient yet, my Magdalene ;
Please God, the time shall be,
When blameless mirth and merry friends
Shall here abide with thee !”

WOMAN AND FAME.

MRS. HEMANS.

Happy—happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow ;
She that makes the humblest hearth,
Lovely but to one on earth.

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away ! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath ;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death.
Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet :
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast,
By words of home-born love be bless'd.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy ;

For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain, in the day
Of the soul's feverish need ;
Where must the lone one turn or flee?—
Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

LITTLE FLORA'S SONG.

T. K. HERVEY.

WILL you not buy my flowers?
I have been on the primrose hill ;
I have been where the lily builds silver bowers,
On the edge of the singing rill.
I have followed the bee where the sallow grows
By the amaranth dim and pale ;
And I tracked the butterfly's wing to the rose,
In her palace of the vale!

Choose what you love the best!
All culled in the cool fresh morn,
For I wakened the lark from the tulip's breast,
In the depths of the waving corn!
A rainbow might have dyed this wreath—
It has every scent and hue
That is born of the west wind's wooing breath,
Or waked by the early dew.

Fragrant and sweet and fair !
 Yet, they neither toil nor spin ;
 But they have not known the touch of care
 Nor the taint of mortal sin !
 Beside *their* beauty pure and lone
 The glow of earthly fame,
 Or the pomp and pride of Solomon,
 Is a vain and empty name !

Is not my calling sweet ?
 To dwell amid beautiful things !
 Flowers giving perfume at my feet,
 And birds—*like* flowers with wings !
 Oh ! happy they who shun the strife
 Of pride or passion's hours,
 And glide along the calms of life
 Like me, dispensing flowers.

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE
 WERE NEW.

A. A. WATTS.

WE met when life and hope were new,
 When all we looked on smiled ;
 And Fancy's wand around us threw
 Enchantments—sweet as wild !
 Ours were the light and bounding hearts,
 The world had yet to wring ;
 The bloom, that when it once departs,
 Can know no second spring.

What though our love was never told,
Or breathed in sighs alone ;
By signs that would not be controlled,
Its growing strength was shown :
The touch, that thrilled us with delight,
The glance—by art untamed ;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaimed.

We parted, chilling looks among ;
My inmost soul was bowed ;
And blessings died upon my tongue,
I dared not breathe aloud :
A pensive smile, serene and bland,
One thrilling glance—how vain !
A pressure of thy yielding hand ;—
We never met again !

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
Of magic power to me ;
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
To make me worthy thee !
And long, through many an after year,
When boyhood's dream had flown ;
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence on.

More sacred ties, at length, are ours,
As dear as those of yore ;
And later joys, like autumn flowers,
Have bloomed for us once more !

But never canst thou be again
What once thou wert to me ;
I glory in another's chain—
And thou'rt no longer free.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on,
(A prosperous lot is thine,)
The brighter, that it did not join
The turbid waves of mine :
Yet, oh ! could fondest love relume
Joy's sunshine on my brow,
Thine scarce can be a happier doom
Than I might boast of now.

LOVE.

F. G. HALLECK.

WHEN the tree of Love is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurs'd
Its infant life has been ;
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.

The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows is
The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even,
'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
In the blue of the summer heaven.
A breath can bid it burn no more,
Or if, at times, its beams
Come on the memory, they pass o'er
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into
A being and a power,
And smiled in scorn upon the dew
That fell in its first warm hour,
'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's head,
Whose task is to destroy ;
'Tis the lamp on the altars of the dead,
Whose light is not of joy !

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,
The infant buds of Love,
And tread his growing fire to earth,
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above ;
Cherish no more a cypress tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
Quenched only with thy tears.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BYRON.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay.
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself
be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
happiness,
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt on oceans of excess ;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
vain,
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul, like death itself
comes down ;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it may not dream its own ;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And, though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the
ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth dis-
tract the breast,
Though midnight hours that yield no more their former
hope of rest ;

'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
beneath.

Oh ! could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd
scene :

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would
flow to me.

TIVOLI.

L. E. LANDON.

Rushing, like uncurbed passion, through the rocks
Which it hath riven with a giant's strength,
Down came the gushing waters, heaped with foam,
Like melted pearl, and filling the dark woods
With thunder tuned to music.

WHEN last I gazed, fair Tivoli,
Upon those falls of thine,
Another step was by my side,
Another hand in mine :
And mirrored in those gentle eyes,
To me thou wert a paradise.

I've smiled to see her sweet lips move,
Yet not one accent hear,
Lost in thy mighty waterfall,
Although we were so near,
My breath was fragrant with the air
The rose-wreath gave she wont to wear.

How often have we past the noon
Beneath thy pine-trees' shade,
When arching bough, and dark green leaf,
A natural temple made ;
Haunt of some young divinity,
And more than such she seemed to me.

So very fair, oh ! how I blest
The gentle southern clime,
That to the beauty of her cheek
Had brought back summer time.
Alas ! 'twas but a little while,—
The promise of an April smile.

Again her clear brow turned too clear ;
Her bright cheek turned too bright ;
And her eyes, but for tenderness,
Had been too full of light.
It was as if her beauty grew
More heavenly as it heavenward drew.

Long years have past, and toil and care
Have sometimes been to me,
What in my earliest despair
I dreamt not they could be ;
But here the past comes back again,
Oh ! why so utterly in vain ?

I stood here in my happy days,
And every thing was fair ;
I stand now in my altered mood,
And marvel what they were.

Fair Tivoli, to me the scene
No longer is what it has been.

There is a change come o'er thy hills,
A shadow o'er thy sky ;
The shadow is from my own heart,
The change is in my own eye :
It is our feelings give their tone
To whatsoe'er we gaze upon.

Back to the stirring world again,
Its tumult and its toil ;
Better to tread the roughest path,
Than such a haunted soil :
Oh ! wherefore should I break the sleep
Of thoughts whose waking is to weep.

Yes, thou art lovely, but, alas !
Not lovely as of yore,
And of thy beauty I but ask
To look on it no more.
Earth does not hold a spot for me
So sad as thou, fair Tivoli.

LONG AGO !

MRS. NORTON.

LONG ago ! oh, long ago !—
Do not those words recall past years,
And, scarcely knowing why they flow,
Force to the eyes unbidden tears ?

Do ye not feel, as back they come,
Those dim sweet dreams of olden days,
A yearning to your childhood's home,
Peopled with tones of love and praise—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! when many a sound
Awoke to mirth which saddens now,
And many an eye was sparkling round
That weeps beneath a darkened brow:
When with our whole young happy hearts
We loved and laughed away the time,
Nor thought how quickly all departs,
So cherished in life's early prime—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! the hopes we nurst
Of happiness, of earthly fame,
Were bright as bubbles are that burst—
A glittering drop, an empty name!
Oh, but to be *one* hour again
(Whatever that sweet hour might cost)
Free from dim mem'ry's torturing pain,
With those we loved—and those we lost—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! who breathes there here
O'er whom the past had no such power!
Young heart! if *now* thy sky is clear,
Beware, beware the future hour!
Perchance the chords that echo now
In after years thou'lt hear again,

And gazing on each faded brow,
Wilt sighing say, "I heard that strain
Long, long ago!"

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER
MARRIAGE.

FITZGERALD.

THEY tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a
bride,
That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom
by thy side;
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's
calmer tone,
As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—
their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,
And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd
were met
To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing
Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for
a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other
hearts thy love,
And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above;
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon
thy brow,
Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which
decks it now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee with
thy mild
And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,
Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought
comes o'er my brain,
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and
girlish thing again.

I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be
my lay,
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like
the May;
But it may not be!—within my breast all frozen are
the springs,
The murmur dies upon the lip, the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in
my rest,
That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall
be thy guest,
Thy life shall be a summer's day, whose ev'ning shall
go down,
Like the ev'ning in the eastern clime, that never
knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath
press'd thy hand,
When those thou lov'st, and those that love thee,
weeping round thee stand,
Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a
spirit of the air,
Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a
prayer!

THE DREAMING CHILD.

MRS. HEMANS.

Alas! what kind of grief should thy years know?
Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters are,
When no breath troubles them.—*Beaumont & Fletcher.*

AND is there sadness in thy dreams, my boy?
What should the cloud be made of? blessed child!
Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,
All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear, yet mild:

And now thou tremblest! Wherefore? in thy soul
There lies no past, no future. Thou hast heard
No sound of presage from the distance roll,
Thy breast bears traces of no arrowy word:

From thee no love hath gone: thy young mind's eye
Hath looked not into death's, and thence become
A questioner of mute eternity,
A weary searcher for a viewless home:

Nor hath thy sense been quickened into pain,
By feverish watching for some step beloved;
Free are thy thoughts, an ever changeful train,
Glancing like dew-drops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion tossed,
How art thou wildered in the cave of sleep!
My gentle child! 'midst what dim phantoms lost,
Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep.

Awake! they sadden me—those early tears,
 First gushings of the strong dark river's flow
 That must o'ersweep thy soul with coming years;
 Th' unfathomable flood of human wo!

Awful to watch, even rolling through a dream,
 Forcing wild spray-drops but from childhood's eyes!
 Wake, wake! as yet thy life's transparent stream
 Should wear the hue of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms unknown,
 Where now thy thoughts dismayed and darkling rove;
 Come to the kindly region all thine own,
 The home still bright for thee with guardian love!

Happy, fair child! that yet a mother's voice
 Can win thee back from visionary strife!
 Oh! shall my soul, thus wakened to rejoice,
 Start from the dream-like wilderness of life?

NIGHT.

BARRY CORNWALL.

'Tis night, 'tis night! the hour of hours,
 When love lies down with folded wings,
 By Psyche in her starless bowers,
 And down his fatal arrows flings;—
 Those bowers whence not a sound is heard,
 Save only from the bridal bird,
 Who, 'midst that utter darkness sings
 Sweet music, like the running springs;

This her burthen, soft and clear,—
 “Love is here! Love is here!”

'Tis night! the moon is on the stream,
 Bright spells are on the soothed sea,
 And Hope, the child, is gone to dream
 Of pleasures—which may never be!
 And now is haggard Care asleep;
 And now doth the widow Sorrow smile;
 And slaves are hushed in slumber deep,
 Forgetting grief and toil awhile!

What sight can fiery morning show
 To shame the stars or pale moonlight?
 What bounty can the day bestow
 Like that which falls with gentle night?—
 Sweet lady, sing I not aright?

Oh! turn and tell me,—for the day
 Is faint and falling fast away;
 And now comes back the hour of hours,
 When Love his lovelier mistress seeks,
 Sighing like winds 'mongst evening flow'rs,
 Until the maiden Silence speaks!
 Fair girl, methinks—nay, hither turn
 Those eyes, which midst their blushes burn;—
 Methinks, at such a time one's heart
 Can better bear both sweet and smart:
 Love's look—the first—which never dieth:
 Or death—which comes when beauty flieth—
 And all, save *truth*, is lost at last!

STANZAS.**BYRON.**

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by the brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me :

What, if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed ?

What do I say—a mirror of my heart ?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong ?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art ;
And such as thou art, were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, not for ever ;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye ;
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river !
Thy floods subside ; and mine have sunk away—

But left long wrecks behind them, and again
Borne on our old unchanged career, we move ;
Thou tendest wildly onward to the main,
And I to loving one I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet ;

Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

She will look on thee ; I have looked on thee,
Full of that thought, and from that moment ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without th' inseparable sigh for her.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream ;
Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now ;
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more ;
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep ?
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore ;
I near thy source, she by the dark blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves a lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
By the bleak wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian ; were it not,
I had not left my clime ; I shall not be,
In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love, at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
 Live as I lived, and love as I have loved :
 To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
 And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

THE CHURCHYARD.

L. E. LANDON.

The shadow of the church falls o'er the ground,
 Hallowing its place of rest ; and here the dead
 Slumber, where all religious impulses,
 And sad and holy feelings, angel-like,
 Make the spot sacred with themselves, and wake
 Those sorrowful emotions in the heart
 Which purify it, like a temple meet
 For an unearthly presence. Life, vain Life,
 The bitter and the worthless, wherefore here
 Do thy remembrances intrude ?

The willow shade is on the ground,
 A green and solitary shade ;
 And many a wild flower on that mound
 Its pleasant summer home has made.

And every breath that waves a leaf
 Flings down upon the lonely flowers
 A moment's sunshine, bright and brief—
 A blessing looked by passing hours.

Those sweet, vague sounds are on the air,
 Half sleep, half song—half false, half true,
 As if the wind that brought them there
 Had touched them with its music too,

It is the very place to dream
 Away a twilight's idle rest ;
 Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
 Without a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift, 's our own,
 Without its low and petty cares ;
 Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown
 To hide the weary face she wears.

Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
 Those fellow-waves of life's drear sea,
 Its froth and depth—where Love is what
 Love only in a dream can be.

I cannot muse beside that mound—
 I cannot dream beneath that shade—
 Too solemn is the haunted ground
 Where death his resting-place has made.

I feel my heart beat but to think
 Each pulse is bearing life away ;
 I cannot rest upon the grave,
 And not feel kindred to its clay.

* * * * *

There is a name upon the stone—
 Alas! and can it be the same—
 The young, the lovely, and the loved?—
 It is too soon to bear thy name.

Too soon!—oh no, 'tis best to die
 Ere all of life save breath is fled ;

Why live when feelings, friends, and hopes,
Have long been numbered with the dead?

But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright—
No check, no soil had either known ;
The angel natures of yon sky
Will only be to thee thine own.

Thou knew'st no rainbow-hopes that weep
Themselves away to deeper shade ;
Nor Love, whose very happiness
Should make the wakening heart afraid.

The green leaves e'en in spring they fall,
The tears the stars at midnight weep,
The dewy wild flowers—such as these
Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.

For human tears are lava-drops,
That scorch and wither as they flow ;
Then let them flow for those who live,
And not for those who sleep below.

Oh, weep for those whose silver chain
Has long been loosed, and yet live on—
The doomed to drink of life's dark wave,
Whose golden bowl has long been gone !

Ay, weep for those, the wearied, worn,
Dragged downward by some earthly tie,
By some vain hope, some vainer love,
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.

THE BATTLE FIELD.**MRS. HEMANS.**

I LOOKED on the field where the battle was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their glancing array,
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
Through the dun rolling clouds that o'ershadowed the
fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear, —
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered they stood ;
I heard the stern shout, as the foemen drew near,
Like the storm that lays low the proud pines of the
wood.

Afar, the harsh notes of the war-drum were rolled,
Uprousing the wolf from the depths of his lair ;
On high to the gust streamed the banner's red fold,
O'er the death-close of Hate, and the scowl of Despair.

I looked on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheathed, and the tempest had past ;
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sighed in the low wailing blast.

Unmoved as the lake in its hour of repose,
And bright shone the stars through the sky's deepened
blue ;
And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose,
Where the foxglove lay gemmed with its pearl-drops
of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that dark-frowning host,
 As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed!
 Where now were the thunders of victory's boast,—
 The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed!

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering stone,
 To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride;
 One grass-covered mound told the traveller alone,
 Where thousands lay down in their anguish and died!

Oh! Glory!—beyond thy famed guerdon's extent,
 For this toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot;
 A name like the mist, when night's beacons are spent—
 A grave, with its tenants unwept and forgot!

THE SHIP AT SEA.

MALCOLM.

A WHITE sail gleaming on the flood,
 And the bright-orbed sun on high,
 Are all that break the solitude
 Of the circling sea and sky;
 Nor cloud, nor cape is imaged there;
 Nor isle of ocean, nor of air.

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,
 That bark her path explores,—
 Sure as unerring instinct guides
 The birds to unseen shores:
 With wings that o'er the waves expand,
 She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone ;—on ocean's breast,
 Though no green islet glows,
No sweet, refreshing spot of rest,
 Where fancy may repose ;
Nor rock, nor hill, nor tower, nor tree,
Breaks the blank solitude of sea ;—

No ! not alone ;—her beauteous shade
 Attends her noiseless way ;
As some sweet memory, undecayed,
 Clings to the heart for aye,
And haunts it—wheresoe'er we go,
Through every scene of joy and wo.

And not alone ;—for day and night
 Escort her o'er the deep ;
And round her solitary flight
 The stars their vigils keep.
Above, below, are circling skies,
And heaven around her pathway lies.

And not alone ;—for hopes and fears
 Go with her wandering sail ;
And bright eyes watch, thro' gathering tears,
 Its distant cloud to hail ;
And prayers for her at midnight lone
Ascend, unheard by all, save One.

And not alone ;—with her, bright dreams
 Are on the pathless main ;
And o'er its moan—earth's woods and streams
 Pour forth their choral strain ;

When sweetly are her slumbers blest
With visions of the land of rest.

And not alone ;—for round her glow
The vital light and air ;
And something that in whispers low
Tells to man's spirit there,
Upon her waste and weary road,
A present, all-pervading God !

LINES TO A LADY.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE leaf floats by upon the stream,
Unheeded in its silent path ;
The vision of the shadowy dream
A similar remembrance hath.

The cloud that steals across the moon
Scarce brightens ere its hues are gone ;
The mist that shrouds the lake—as soon
Must vanish, when the night hath flown.

The dove hath cleft the pure blue sky,
No traces of his wing are there ;
The light hath dwelt in beauty's eye ;
It was but now—and now is—where ?

The winds of night have passed the flower—
Hath morning found its gay leaf dim ?

The bird hath sung by lady's bower,
 To-morrow—will she think of him ?

Thus, lady, have I crossed thy path,
 Like bird, or mist, or leaf, or cloud—
 My name a like remembrance hath ;
 Deep shall its sleep be—in my shroud.

But still, the cloud may not forget
 The moon's serene, but fleeting light—
 The bird, the leaf, remember yet,
 All that hath made their pathway bright.

And I—though cold neglect be mine,
 My name to deep oblivion given,
 Will, while on earth, remember thine,
 And breathe it to my lyre in Heaven.

ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

W. KENNEDY.

I LOVE the land !
 I see its mountains hoary,
 On which Time vainly lays his iron hand ;
 I see the valleys robed in sylvan glory,
 And many a lake with lone, romantic strand ;
 And streams, and towers, by immortal story
 Ordained heart-stirring monuments to stand :
 Yet tower, stream, lake, or valley could not move me,
 Nor the star-wooing mountain, thus to love thee,
 Old, honoured land !

I love the land !
 I hear of distant ages
 A voice proclaiming that it still was free ;
 That from the hills where winter wildest rages
 Swept forth the rushing winds of liberty ;
 That blazoned broadly on the noblest pages
 E'er stamped by Fame its children's deeds shall be.
 O ! poor pretender to a poet's feeling
 Were he who heard such voice in vain appealing :
 I love the land !

I love the land !
 My fathers lived and died there ;
 But not for that the homage of their son ;
 I found the spirit in its native pride there—
 Unfettered thoughts—right actions boldly done :
 I also found—(the memory shall preside here,
 Throned in this breast, till life's tide cease to run)
 Affection tried and true from men high-hearted.
 Once more, as when from those kind friends I parted,
 God bless the land !

PARTING WORDS.

MRS. HEMANS.

One struggle more, and I am free.—*Byron.*

LEAVE me, oh ! leave me !—unto all below
 Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell ;
 Thou mak'st these mortal regions, whence I go,
 Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
 That I may part in peace !

Leave me! thy footstep with its lightest sound,
 The very shadow of thy waving hair,
 Wake in my soul a feeling too profound,
 Too strong for aught that loves and dies to bear.
 Oh! bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
 Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
 Thou bid'st the peace, the reverential hush,
 The still submission from my thoughts depart.
 Dear One! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
 The beauty of our free and vernal days,
 Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
 Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
 Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
 The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
 Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
 They speak of life, of summer, and of thee—
 Too much—and death is here!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
 From the old beech-roots flashing into day?
 Are the broad lilies imaged in its flow?
 Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
 From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
 Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!

—Not now! 'twill not be now!—my aching sight
 Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
 Bearing all strength away!

Leave me!—thou com'st between my heart and heaven!
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die.
 Why must our souls thus love, and thus be riven?
 —Return!—thy parting wakes mine agony!
 —Oh! yet awhile delay!

FAREWELL.

BYRON.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
 For others' weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 'Twas vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
 Oh, more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast, and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
 My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel;
 I only know we loved in vain—
 I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK.

A. A. WATTS.

WELCOME! thrice welcome to my heart, sweet har-
binger of bliss!

How have I looked, till hope grew sick, for moment
bright as this;

Thou hast flashed on my aching sight when fortune's
clouds are dark,

The sunny spirit of my dreams, the dove unto mine ark;

Oh no, not even when life was new, and love and hope
were young

And o'er the firstling of my flock with raptured gaze
I hung,

Did I feel the glow that thrills me now, the yearnings
fond and deep,

That stir my bosom's inmost strings as I watch thy
placid sleep!

Though loved and cherished be the flower that springs
'neath summer skies,

The bud that blooms 'mid wintry storms more ten-
derly we prize;

One does but make our bliss more bright, the other
meets our eye,

Like a radiant star, when all besides have vanished
from on high.

Sweet blossom of my stormy hour—star of my troubled
heaven!

To thee that passing sweet perfume, that soothing
light is given ;
And precious art thou to my soul, but dearer far that
thou,—
A messenger of peace and love,—art sent to cheer me
now.

What though my heart be crowded close with inmates
dear though few,
Creep in, my little smiling babe, there's still a niche
for you !
And should another claimant rise, and clamour for a
place,
Who knows but room may yet be found, if it wears as
fair a face !

I listen to thy feeble cry, till it wakens in my breast
The sleeping energies of love—sweet hopes too long
represt !
For weak as that low wail may seem to other ears
than mine,
It stirs *my* heart like a trumpet's voice, to strive for
thee and thine !

It peals upon my dreaming soul, sweet tidings of the
birth
Of a new and blessed link of love, to fetter me to earth;
And, strengthening many a bright resolve, it bids me
do and dare
All that a father's heart may brave, to make thy so-
journ fair !

I cannot shield thee from the blight a bitter world may
 fling
O'er all the promise of thy youth—the visions of thy
 spring ;—
For I would not warp thy gentle heart—each kindlier
 impulse ban,
By teaching thee—what I have learned—how base a
 thing is man !

I cannot save thee from the griefs to which our flesh
 is heir ;
But I can arm thee with a spell life's keenest ills to
 bear.
I may not fortune's frowns avert, but I can bid thee
 pray
For wealth this world can never give, nor ever take
 away !

From altered friendship's chilling glance—from hate's
 envenomed dart ;
Misplaced affection's withering pang— or " true love's "
 wonted smart,
I cannot shield my sinless child ; but I can bid him
 seek
Such faith and love from heaven above, as will leave
 earth's malice weak.

But wherefore doubt that He who makes the smallest
 bird his care,
And tempers to the new-shorn lamb the blast it ill
 could bear,

Will still His 'guiding arm extend, his glorious plan
pursue,
And, if He gives thee ills to bear, will grant thee
courage too !

Dear youngling of my little fold, the loveliest and the
last !

'Tis sweet to deem what thou may'st be, when long,
long years have past ;
To think, when time hath blanch'd my hair, and
others leave my side,
Thou may'st be still my prop and stay, my blessing,
and my pride.

And when the world has done its worst—when life's
fever fit is o'er,
And the griefs that wring my weary heart can never
touch it more ;
How sweet to think thou may'st be near, to catch my
latest sigh,
To bend beside my dying bed, and close my glazing
eye.

Oh ! 'tis for offices like these the last sweet child is
given,
The mother's joy—the father's pride, the fairest boon
of Heaven ;
Their fireside plaything first, and then, of their failing
strength the rock ;
The rainbow to their waning years—the Youngling of
their Flock !

SONG.

L. E. LANDON.

I PRAY thee let me weep to-night,
'Tis rarely I am weeping ;
My tears are buried in my heart,
Like cave-lock'd fountains sleeping.

But oh, to-night, those words of thine
Have brought the past before me ;
And shadows of long-vanish'd years
Are passing sadly o'er me.

The friends I loved in early youth,
The faithless and forgetting,
Whom, though they were not worth my love,
I cannot help regretting ;—

My feelings, once the kind, the warm,
But now the hard, the frozen ;
The errors I've too long pursued,
The path I should have chosen ;—

The hopes that are like falling lights
Around my pathway dying ;
The consciousness none others rise,
Their vacant place supplying ;—

The knowledge by experience taught,
The useless, the repelling ;

For what avails to know how false
Is all the charmer's telling?

I would give worlds, could I believe
One half that is profess'd me;
Affection! could I think it Thee,
When flattery has caress'd me?

I cannot bear to think of this,—
Oh, leave me to my weeping;
A few tears for that grave, my heart,
Where hope in death is sleeping.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH SONG.

MRS. HEMANS.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
And die away, my heart!
The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
And I too will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
The waters changed their tone,
And wherefore, in the faded world,
Should music linger on?

Where is the golden sunshine,
And where the flower-cup's glow,
And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
And the fountain's laughing flow?

A voice in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning—"Where, oh! where?"

Tell of the brightness parted,
Thou Bee, thou Lamb at play!
Thou Lark, in thy victorious mirth!
—Are ye, too, pass'd away?

Mournfully, sing mournfully;
The royal Rose is gone:
Melt from the woods, my spirit melt,
In one deep farewell tone!

—Not so!—swell forth triumphantly
The full, rich, fervent strain!
Hence with young Love and Life I go,
In the Summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm southern breeze,
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly,
Sing to the woods, I go!

For me, perchance, in other lands
The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,
And the greensward's violet breath,
And the dance of light leaves in the wind,
May these know nought of Death.

No more, no more sing mournfully !
Swell high, then break, my heart !
With love, the Spirit of the Woods,
With Summer I depart !

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

SHELLEY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean ;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a strange emotion :
Nothing in the world is single ;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle,—
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another !
Nor leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdain'd its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

ISMAEL FITZADAM.

A PILGRIM of the Harp was he,
With half a heart for chivalry ;
The lone, the marvellous, the wild,
Had charm'd his spirit, man and child ;
Graduate in Nature's eldest school,
Of forms all grand and beautiful ;
Her manuscript, divinely wrought,
God's own miraculous Polyglot,
Speaking in one all languages—
He studied—rocks, and stars, and seas ;
But chief the deep his worship won,
The illimitable ocean—nursed thereon ;
With all its workings—maniac hoar,
Even for that madness loved the more ;
Kin elements, his moody mind,
A portion of the wave and wind ;
And oft the boy would try to weave
His wonder into shapes of song ;
And feeling still would only grieve
To find he did his feelings wrong.
He loved, as minstrel elf must prove,
For song itself was born of love ;
So the young glow, and melting shower
Of April, animate the flower,—
Perfume, and suppliance of an hour,—
Too exquisitely loved to last,
Such curse upon the lyre is cast.

Brief must they feel, who feel the spell
Of love too sensitively well ;
As fires of sudden vividness
Exhausted by their own excess.
And such the wreath his passion braided,
For many a bosom bright but vain :
Like cistus bloom, scarce blown till faded,
Scarce faded till full-blown again !
Short-lived alike the bliss and pain,
Thus still adored, he still endured,
Wandering for ever, never cured.
His was indeed such wayward doom,
As seldom 'gainst man's sins is hurl'd ;
His horoscope was dash'd with gloom,
His cloud came with him to the world,
And clipp'd him round, and weigh'd him down,
A deep, revokeless malison !

ON THE DEATH OF ISMAEL FITZADAM.

L. E. LANDON.

His was a harp just fit to pour
Its music to the wind and wave ;
He had a right to tell their fame
Who stood himself amid the brave.

The first time that I read his strain
There was a tempest in the sky,
And sulphurous clouds, and thunder crash,
Were like dark ships and battle cry.

I had forgot my woman's fears,
In thinking on my country's fame,
Till almost I could dream I saw
Her colours float o'er blood and flame.

Died the high song as dies the voice
Of the proud trumpet on the wind ;
And died the tempest too, and left
A gentle twilight hour behind.

Then paused I o'er some sad wild notes,
Sweet as the spring bird's lay withal,
Telling of hopes and feelings past,
Like stars that darken'd in their fall.

Hopes perishing from too much light,
" Exhausted by their own excess ;"
Affections trusted, till they turn'd,
Like Marah's wave, to bitterness.

And is this, then, the curse that clings
To minstrel hope, to minstrel feeling ?
Is this the cloud that destiny
Flings o'er the spirit's high revealing ?

It is—it is ! tread on thy way,
Be base, be grovelling, soulless, cold ;
Look not up from the sullen path
That leads to this world's idol—gold.

And close thy hand, and close thy heart,
And be thy very soul of clay,

And thou wilt be the thing the crowd
Will worship, cringe to, and obey.

But look thou upon Nature's face,
As the young poet loves to look ;
And lean thou where the willow leans,
O'er the low murmur of the brook ;

Or worship thou the midnight sky,
In silence at its moonlit hour ;
Or let a single tear confess
The silent spell of music's power ;

Or love, or feel, or let thy soul
Be for one moment pure or free,
Then shrink away at once from life,—
Its path will be no more for thee.

Pour forth thy fervid soul in song—
There are some that may praise thy lays ;
But of all earth's dim vanities,
The very earthliest is praise.

Praise ! light and dew of the sweet leaves
Around the Poet's temples hung,
How turn'd to gall, and how profaned
By envious or by idle tongue !

Given by vapid fools, who laud
Only if others do the same ;
Forgotten even while the breath
Is on the air that bears your name.

And he! what was his fate, the bard
He of the Desert Harp, whose song
Flow'd freely, wildly, as the wind
That bore him and his harp along?

That fate which waits the gifted one,
To pine, each finer impulse check'd;
At length to sink, and die beneath
The shade and silence of neglect.

And this the polish'd age, that springs
The phoenix from dark years gone by,
That blames and mourns the past, yet leaves
Her warrior and her bard to die.

To die in poverty and pride,
The light of hope and genius past,
Each feeling wrung, until the heart
Could bear no more, so broke at last.

Thus withering amid the wreck
Of sweet hopes, high imaginings,
What can the Minstrel do, but die,
Cursing his too beloved strings!

I SAW THEE WEDDED.

REV. J. MOULTRIE.

I SAW thee wedded:—thou didst go
Within the sacred aisle;
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,
Betwixt a tear and smile.

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Thy heart was glad in maiden glee ;
But he it loved so fervently
Was faithless all the while :
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke !

I hid the love that could not die—
Its doubts, and hopes, and fears ;
And buried all my misery
In secrecy and tears.
And days pass'd on—and thou didst prove
The pangs of unrequited love,
Even in thy early years :
And thou didst die—so fair and good—
In silence and in solitude.

While thou wert living I did hide
Affection's secret pains ;
I'd not have shock'd thy modest pride
For all the world contains :
But thou hast perish'd and the fire,
That, often check'd, could ne'er expire,
Again unbidden reigns ;—
It is no crime to speak my vow,
For, ah ! thou canst not hear it now.

Thou sleep'st beneath thy lowly stone
That dark and dreamless sleep ;
And he, thy loved and chosen one,
Why goes he not to weep ?
He does not kneel where I have knelt ;
He cannot feel what I have felt—
The anguish still and deep—

The painful thought of what has been—
The canker worm that is not seen.

But I, as o'er the dark blue wave
Unconsciously I ride,
My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,
My soul is by thy side.
There is one voice that wails thee yet—
One heart that cannot e'er forget
The visions that have died :
And aye thy form is buried there—
A doubt—an anguish—a despair !

L'ENVOY TO THE AUTHOR'S TRANSLATION
OF TASSO.

J. H. WIFFEN.

FARE thee well, soul of sweet Romance ! farewell,
Harp of the South ! the stirring of whose strings
Has given, by power of their melodious spell,
Such pleasant speed to Time's else weary wings,
That—rapt in spirit to the Delphic cell,
'Midst its green laurels and prophetic springs,—
The tuneful labours of past years now seem
A brief indulgence—an enchanted dream.

My pride at noon, my vision of the night,
My hope at morn, my joy at lonely eve !
Now that thy tones of magical delight
Are o'er, do I not well to droop and grieve ?

To what new region shall the Muse take flight,
 What pictures fashion, what fresh numbers weave,
 When all that else had charm'd must now appear
 Tame to the eye and tuneless to the ear?

Much shall I miss thee when, in calm repose,
 The Summer moon upon my casement shines ;
 Much, when the melancholy Autumn strows
 With leaves my walk beneath th' o'erarching pines.
 Nor less when Spring, 'twixt shower and sunshine,
 throws

Abroad the sweet breath of her eglantines,
 And Winter deepens with its stormy din
 The quiet charm of the bright hearth within.

If with no vulgar aim, no selfish view,
 I sought to give thy foreign chords a tongue,
 Let not my hopes all pass like morning dew,
 When on thy cypress bough again thou'rt hung ;
 But sometimes whisper of me to the few
 I love, the fond, the faithful, and the young,
 And those who reverence the wrong'd soul that plann'd
 Thy world of sound with archangelic hand.

Hear how the strings, dear *IDA*, sound abroad
 The grief and glory of that matchless mind !
 What ardour glows in each seraphic chord ;
 How deep a passion *Echo* leaves behind !
 Yet was he wretched whom all tongues applaud ;—
 For peace he panted, for affection pined :
 Be thou, whilst thy mild eyes with pity swim,
 More kind to me than *AURA* was to him ;—

Else shall I little prize th' indulgent praise
 Which some may lavish on a task so long ;
 - Else shall I mourn, that e'er my early days
 Were given to feeling, solitude, and song ;
 But thee no light capricious fancy sways,
 To doubt *thy* truth would be the heavens to
 wrong ;
 Peace to thy spirit with the closing spell !
 And thou, Hesperian Harp, farewell, farewell !

COULDST THOU BUT KNOW.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

COULDST thou but know what 'tis to weep—
 To weep unpitied and alone,
 The livelong night whilst others sleep,
 Silent and mournful watch to keep,
 Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

Couldst thou but know what 'tis to smile,
 To smile when scorn'd by every one ;
 To hide by many an artful wile
 A heart that knows more grief than guile,
 Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

And, oh ! if thou couldst think how drear,
 When friends are changed, and health is gone,
 The world would to thine eyes appear,
 If thou, like me, to none wert dear,
 Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

STANZAS.

T. K. HERVEY.

SLUMBER lie soft on thy beautiful eye !
Spirits whose smiles are—like thine—of the sky,
Play thee to sleep with their visionless strings,
Brighter than thou—*but* because they have wings !
—Fair as a being of heavenly birth,
But loving and loved as a child of the earth !

Why is that tear ? Art thou gone, in thy dream,
To the valley far off, and the moon-lighted stream,
Where the sighing of flowers, and the nightingale's song,
Fling sweets on the wave, as it wanders along ?
Blest be the dreams that restore them to *thee*
But *thou* art the bird and the roses to me !

And now, as I watch o'er thy slumbers, alone,
And hear thy low breathing, and *know* thee mine own,
And muse on the wishes that grew in that vale,
And the fancies we shaped from the river's low tale,
I blame not the fate that has taken the rest,
While it left to my bosom its dearest and best.

Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye,
Love be a rainbow to brighten thy sky !
Oh ! not for sunshine and hope would I part
With the shade time has flung over all—*but thy heart !*
Still art thou all which thou wert when a child,
Only more holy—and only less wild !

REMEMBER ME.

ANONYMOUS.

REMEMBER me, when summer friends surround thee,
And honied flatteries gain thy willing ear ;
When fame and fortune's glittering wreaths have
crown'd thee,
And all is thine thy fickle heart holds dear,—
Then think of her whose changeless fortunes bless'd
thee,
When hope was dark, and faithful friends were few,
Who, when hard griping poverty depress'd thee,
And all beside seem'd cold, was kind and true.

Remember me, in courtly hall and bower,
And when thou kneel'st at some fond beauty's shrine,
Ask of the past, if through life's varying hour,
Its joys and griefs, her love can equal mine !
And when thy youthful hopes are most excited,
Should she prove false, and break her faith like thee,
Think of the hopes thy wayward love hath blighted,
And from that lesson learn to feel for me !

Remember me, and oh ! when fate hath 'reft thee,
Of fame and fortune, friends and love, and bliss,
Come back to one thou know'st would ne'er have left
thee,
And she'll but chide thy falsehood with a kiss !
But no, no, no, I feel that life is waning,—
That what I was I never more can be,—
That I am fast on that sweet haven gaining,
Where there is rest for e'en a wretch like me !

Remember me! thou canst not sure refuse me,
 The only boon from thee I've sought, or seek;
 Soon will the world, with bitter taunts, accuse me,
 Yet wake no blushes on my bloodless cheek!
 But I would have thee tender to my fame,
 When I have 'scaped life's dark tumultuous sea;
 And howsoe'er unkind spirits blame,
 As what thou know'st I was, REMEMBER ME!

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN,

On Chantrey's Monument at Lichfield.

MRS. HEMANS.

Thus lay
 The gentle babes, thus girdling one another
 Within their alabaster innocent arms.—*Shakspeare.*

FAIR images of sleep!
 Hallow'd, and soft, and deep;
 On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
 Like moonlight on shut bells
 Of flowers in mossy dells,
 Fill'd with the hush of night and summer skies;

How many hearts have felt
 Your silent beauty melt
 Their strength to gushing tenderness away!
 How many sudden tears,
 From depths of buried years
 All freshly bursting, have confess'd your sway!

How many eyes will shed
 Still, o'er your marble bed,

Such drops, from Memory's troubled fountains wrung!
 While Hope hath blights to bear,
 While Love breathes mortal air,
 While roses perish ere to glory sprung.

Yet, from a voiceless home,
 If some sad mother come
 To bend and linger o'er your lovely rest ;
 As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
 And the soft breathings low
 Of babes, that grew and faded on her breast ;

If then the dovelike tone
 Of those faint murmurs gone,
 O'er her sick sense too piercingly return ;
 If for the soft bright hair,
 And brow and bosom fair,
 And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn ;

O gentle forms entwined
 Like tendrils, which the wind
 May wave, so clasp'd, but never can unlink ;
 Send from your calm profound
 A still small voice, a sound
 Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink.

By all the pure meek mind
 In your pale beauty shrined,
 By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die !
 O'er her worn spirit shed,
 O fairest, holiest Dead !
 The Faith, Trust, Light, of Immortality !

LATE REPENTANCE.**W. KENNEDY.**

WOULD that the hour you call'd me thine,
Deserted girl, had been our last !
Before the star had ceased to shine
Whose influence then was o'er us cast.
Would that we had not linger'd here,
But, in the stillness of that dream,
Floated to some less troubled sphere,
Like rose leaves down a summer stream.

Thy heart to loneliness and grief
Then had not been an early prey ;
Nor had I felt my fond belief
In life's illusion fade away.
Oh ! more—I had not lived to mourn
The choice I in my madness made
Of toys by folly won and worn,
Which left for banish'd peace a shade.

The world—my uncomplaining love—
The world I wooed—avenged thee well—
The golden shower I prized above
Thy young affection on me fell.
The hand of power, the voice of fame,
In later days have both been mine ;
But never have I felt the same
In heart as when you call'd me thine.

MY BIRTHDAY.

MOORE.

“MY birthday”—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white the mark appears.
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as youth counts the shining links
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said, “Were he ordain’d to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.”
Ah, ’tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birthdays speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavish’d unwisely—carelessly—
Of counsel mock’d, of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel’s incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;—
Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
That cross’d my pathway, for his star!

All this it tells, and, could I trace
 The imperfect picture o'er again,
 With power to add, retouch, efface,
 The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
 How little of the past would stay !
 How quickly all should melt away :—
 All but that freedom of the mind
 Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
 Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
 And kept till now unchangingly ;
 And that dear home, that saving ark,
 Where love's true light at last I've found,
 Cheering within, when all grows dark,
 And comfortless, and stormy round !

THE CHANCE SHIP.

WILSON.

How beautiful upon the wave
 The vessel sails, that comes to save !
 Fitting it was that first she shone
 Before the wondering eyes of one,
 So beautiful as thou.
 See how before the wind she goes,
 Scattering the waves like melting snows !
 Her course with glory fills
 The sea for many a league !—Descending,
 She stoopeth now into the vale,
 Now, as more freshly blows the gale,
 She mounts in triumph o'er the watery hills.
 Oh, whither is she tending ?

She holds in sight yon shelter'd bay ;
As for her crew, how bless'd are they !
See ! how she veers around !
Back whirl the waves with louder sound ;
And now her prow points to the land :
For the Ship, at her glad lord's command,
Doth well her helm obey.

They cast their eyes around the isle :
But what a change is there !
For ever fled that lonely smile
That lay on earth and air,
That made its haunts so still and holy,
Almost for bliss too melancholy,
For life too wildly fair.
Gone—gone is all its loneliness,
And with it much of loveliness.
Into each deep glen's dark recess,
The day-shine pours like rain,
So strong and sudden is the light
Reflected from that wonder bright,
Now tilting o'er the main.
Soon as the thundering cannon spoke,
The voice of the evening gun
The spell of the enchantment broke,
Like dew beneath the sun.
Soon shall they hear the unwonted cheers
Of these delighted mariners,
And the loud sounds of the oar,
As bending back away they pull,
With measured pause, most beautiful,
Approaching to the shore.

For her yards are bare of man and sail,
 Nor moves the giant to the gale ;
 But, on the ocean's breast,
 With storm-proof cables, stretching far,
 There lies the stately Ship of War ;
 And glad is she of rest.

THE MAY-FLOWERS OF LIFE.

A. A. WATTS.

Suggested by the Author's having found a branch of May in a volume of Burns's Poems, which had been deposited there by a Friend, several years before.

MEMORIAL frail of youthful years,
 Of hopes as wild and bright as they,
 Thy faint, sweet perfume calls up tears
 I may not, cannot wish away !
 Thy wither'd leaves are as a spell
 To bring the sainted past before me ;
 And long-lost visions loved too well,
 In all their truth restore me.

Cold is her hand who placed thee here,
 Thou record sweet of Love and Spring,
 Ere life's May-flowers, like thee, grew sere,
 Or Hope had waved her parting wing :
 When Boyhood's burning dreams were mine,
 And Fancy's magic circlet crown'd me ;
 And Love, when love is half divine,
 Spread its enchantments round me !

How can I e'er forget the hour
 When thou wert glowing on her breast,
 Fresh from the dewy hawthorn bower
 That look'd upon the golden west!
 She snatch'd thee from thy sacred shrine,—
 A brighter fate she scarce could doom thee,—
 And bade a poet's wreath be thine,—
 His deathless page entomb thee!

That hour is past,—those dreams are fled,—
 Ties, sweeter, holier, bind me now;
 And, if Life's first May-flowers are dead,
 Its summer garland wreathes my brow!
 Sleep on, sleep on!—I would but gaze
 A moment on thy faded bloom;
 Heave one wild sigh to other days,
 Then close thy hallow'd tomb!

THE LUTE.

CROLY.

I have seen the scymetar in the Sahib's hand, and the sceptre
 in the Rajah's; I have seen the one rusted and the other broken.
 And I have seen the lute ring over the graves of the Sahib and
 the Rajah. Let me then take the lute, and with it win thee.
Bengalee Poem.

THE masters of the earth have died,
 Their kingly strength is dust and air!
 Within their breasts of fire and pride,
 The worm has made his quiet lair.
 I feel the world is vanity,
 And take my lute and sing to thee,

I saw the Rajah arm'd for war ;
I saw his chieftains trampling round ;
I saw his banner like a star ;
I heard his trumpet's stormy sound :
On rush'd they, like the stormy sea—
I took my lute, and sang to thee.

The eve was on the mountain's brow :
I heard the echo of despair ;
I saw the host returning slow—
The Rajah's corse, cold, bleeding, bare ;
I saw his gore, and wept to see :—
That eve I touch'd no lute to thee.

My steps were once in lordly halls,
My brow once wore the diadem,
A thousand barbs were in my stalls,
Upon my banner blazed the gem :—
All fled like dreams, so let them flee—
I take my lute, and sing to thee.

What's life ?—at best a wandering breath ;
When saddest, but a passing sigh ;
When happiest, but a summer wreath—
A sigh of roses floating by.
Soon, soon alike the bond and free—
So sings my lute, and sings to thee.

Then come, Sherene ! I've found a grove,
Beneath a wild hill's purple van,
Where coos the silver-bosom'd dove ;
Where the wild peacock spreads his fan ;

Where springs the roebuck in his glee :
Love, hear my lute, it sings to thee.

There, on the valley's blossom'd slope,
Shines to the sun the pheasant's plume,
There, like a ray, the antelope
Gleams through the thicket's fragrant gloom.
The stately camel bends the knee :—
Love, hear my lute—" 'Tis all for thee."

There morn is like a new-waked rose,
And like a rosy shower the noon ;
And evening, like a sweet song's close ;
And like a sun half veiled, the moon.
But dark my Paradise will be :—
Soul of my soul, I die for thee.

THE DEAD INFANT.

A SKETCH.

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

—" It is not dead, but sleepeth !"

YES ! this is Death, but in its fairest form,
And stript of all its terrors ;—that closed eye
Tells nothing of the cold and hungry worm
That holds his revel-feast on frail mortality !

Yes ! this is Death !—but like a cherub's sleep,
So beautiful—so placid ;—who, of earth,
(And tasting earthly cares), would wish to weep
O'er one that has escaped the woes of mortal birth ?

Here might the sculptor gaze, until his hand
 Had learn'd to fashion forth yon lovely thing,
 Pale as the chisell'd marble ;—here command
 Those beauties that defy all Art's imagining !

The still, calm brow—the smile on either cheek,
 The little folded hands,—the lips apart,
 As though they would the bonds of silence break,
 Are they not models fair, meet for the sculptor's art ?

Proud Science, come ! learn of this beauteous clay,
 That seems to mock the dread Destroyer's reign,
 As though in slumber's downy links it lay,
 Awaiting but the morn, to wake to life again !

Yes ! this is Death ! but in its fairest form,
 And stript of all its terrors ;—that seal'd eye
 Tells nothing of the cold and hungry worm
 That holds his revel-feast with frail mortality !

TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS AT ATHENS.

T. K. HERVEY.

THOU art not silent !—oracles are thine
 Which the wind utters, and the spirit hears,—
 Lingering, 'mid ruin'd fane and broken shrine,
 O'er many a tale and trace of other years !
 Bright as an ark, o'er all the flood of tears
 That wraps thy cradle land—thine earthly love—
 Where hours of hope, 'mid centuries of fears,

Have gleam'd, like lightnings, through the gloom
 above—
 Stands, roofless to the sky, thy house, Olympian Jove!

Thy column'd aisles with whispers of the past
 Are vocal!—and, along thine ivied walls,
 While Elian echoes murmur in the blast,
 And wild-flowers hang, like victor-coronals,
 In vain the turban'd tyrant rears his halls,
 And plants the symbol of his faith and slaughters,—
 Now, even now, the beam of promise falls
 Bright upon Hellas, as her own bright daughters,
 And a Greek Ararat is rising o'er the waters.

Thou art not silent!—when the southern fair,
 Ionia's moon, looks down upon thy breast,
 Smiling, as pity smiles above despair,
 Soft as young beauty soothing age to rest,
 Sings the night-spirit in thy weedy crest;
 And she, the minstrel of the moonlight hours,
 Breathes, like some lone one sighing to be blest,
 Her lay—half hope, half sorrow—from the flowers,
 And hoots the prophet-owl, amid his tangled bowers!

And round thine altar's mouldering stones are borne
 Mysterious harpings, wild as ever crept
 From him who waked Aurora every morn,
 And sad as those he sung her till she slept!
 A thousand, and a thousand years have swept
 O'er thee, who wert a moral from thy spring—
 A wreck in youth!—nor vainly hast thou kept
 Thy lyre! Olympia's soul is on the wing,
 And a new Iphitus has waked beneath its string!

SONG.

REV. T. DALE.

O, BREATHE no more that simple air,—
Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,
To me the only tale they tell
 Is cold despair!—
I heard it once from lips as fair,
I heard it in as sweet a tone,—
Now I am left on earth alone,
 And she is—where?

How have those well-known sounds renew'd
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strew'd
 With fairy flowers!—
Then all was bright, and fond, and fair,—
Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,
And heart and hope are with the dead,
 For she is—where?

Can I then love the air she loved?
Can I then hear the melting strain
Which brings her to my soul again,
 Calm and unmoved?—
And thou to blame my tears forbear;
For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,
Remembrance whispers, “such was she,”—
 And she is—where?

THE PIXIES OF DEVON.

N. T. CARRINGTON.

The age of pixies, like that of chivalry, is gone. There is, perhaps, at present, scarcely a house which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend their ancient midnight dance.—*Drew's Cornwall.*

THEY are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web, when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherish'd;—they are flown,
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so bless'd the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard,
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains,—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall; the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard ravish'd oft, are flown! O ye have lost
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs,
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and fill'd
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy,
Intense;—with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

The very streams
Brighten'd with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures ! They were seen to rise
From the charm'd waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp pass'd to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Look'd on their revels all the luscious night ;
And, unreprieved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian !

And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air ;—and beings bright
And beautiful, more beautiful than throng
Fancy's ecstatic region, peopled now
The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
Of the sweet summer noon. Anon they touch'd
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seem'd greener, fairer,—and the enraptured woods
Gave a glad leafy murmur,—and the rills
Leap'd in the ray for joy ; and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their songs,
All soul. The very archings of the grove,
Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
Lighten'd with living splendours ; and the flowers,
Tinged with new hues, and lovelier upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby !

The seasons came
 In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade ;
 The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
 These potent elves. They steer'd the giant cloud
 Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
 Came down in death or sport ; ay, when the storm
 Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
 The tempest ; and, anon, they rein'd its rage
 In its fierce mid career. But ye have flown,
 Beautiful fictions of our fathers !—flown
 Before the wand of Science, and the hearths
 Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
 Are passionless and silent !

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

J. PIERPOINT.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they ?
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore :
 Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day,
 When the May-flower moor'd below,
 When the sea around was black with storms,
 And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapp'd the pilgrim's sleep,
 Still brood upon the tide ;
 And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
 To stay its waves of pride.

But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone ;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name !—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kind on that spot at last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

THE TOMB OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

L. E. LANDON.

Ay, moralize on Love, and deem
Its life but as an April gleam,—
A thing of sunshine and of showers,
Of dying leaves and falling flowers.
Who would not bear the darkest sphere
That such a rainbow comes to cheer?
Ay, turn and wail above the tomb,
Where sleep the wreck of youth and bloom;
And deem it quite enough to say,—
Thus Beauty and thus Love decay.
But must I look upon this spot
With feelings thy cold heart has not,
Those gentle thoughts that consecrate,
Even while they weep, the Lover's fate?
I think upon the star-lit hour,
When leant the maid 'mid leaf and flower,
And blush'd and smiled the tale to hear,
Pour'd from her dark-eyed cavalier;
And yet, I too must moralize,
Albeit with gentler sympathies,
Of all my own fond heart can tell
Of love's despair, and love's farewell,—
Its many miseries;—its tears
Like lava, not like dew;—its fears,
That make hope painful;—then its trust,
So often trampled in the dust;—
Neglected, blighted, and betray'd,
A sorrow and a mockery made!

Then change and adverse fortune, all
 That binds and keeps sweet Love in thrall.
 Oh, surely, surely, it were best
 To be just for one moment bless'd ;
 Just gaze upon one worship'd eye,
 Just know yourself beloved—and die !

CONSUMPTION.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
 When the light of beauty is fading away,
 When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
 And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
 And darted around its glance of power,
 And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
 That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
 Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
 When all that was bright and fair is fled,
 But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O ! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
 Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose ;
 For a nameless charm around her plays,
 And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
 And a veil of spotless purity
 Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
 Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
 Has pour'd her softest tint of light ;
 And there is a blending of white and blue,
 Where the purple blood is melting through

The snow of her pale and tender cheek ;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit that longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast ;
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the Heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,

When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose ;
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow ;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds, in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honour the sun at his golden set :
O ! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss ;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last fond lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to Heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

STANZAS.

W. KENNEDY.

O THINK it not strange that my soul is shaken
By every note of thy simple song ;
These tones like a summoning spell awaken
The shades of feelings that slumber'd long :
There's a hawthorn tree near a low-roof'd dwelling,
A meadow green and a river clear,
A bird that its summer-eve tale is telling,
And a form unforgotten,—they all are here.

They are here, with dark recollections laden,
From a sylvan scene o'er the weary sea ;
They speak of the time when I left that maiden
By the spreading boughs of the hawthorn tree.
We parted in wrath ;—to her low-roof'd dwelling
She turn'd with a step which betray'd her pain ;
She knew not the love that was fast dispelling
The gloom of his pride who was hers in vain.

We met no more ;—and her faith was plighted
To one who could not her value know ;
The curse which still clings to affections blighted
Tinctured her life-cup with deepest woe.
And these are the thoughts that thy tones awaken—
The shades of feelings which slumber'd long ;
Then think it not strange that my soul is shaken
By every note of thy simple song.

**AN INDIAN AT THE BURYING-PLACE
OF HIS FATHERS.****BRYANT.**

It is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers ancient burying-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot,—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side ;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide ;
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot on its way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods array'd,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, train'd to wars,
Quiver'd and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seam'd with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours ;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worship'd the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scatter'd in the furrows, lie
The weapons of his rest ;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—aye—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—

Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind ;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and till'd,
Full to the brim our rivers flow'd ;
The melody of waters fill'd
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dash'd, and rivulets play'd,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more ;
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackening shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realms our tribes are crush'd to get
May be a barren desert yet.

THE SHIP.

MALCOLM.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand ;

And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er ;
But, from that hour of parting pain,
Oh ! she was never heard of more !

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair ;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer ;
And oh ! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore ;
Say, were they quenched in ocean cold,
For she was never heard of more !

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doom'd to flee,
Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea ?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore ?
Vain guesses all !—Her destiny
Is dark :—she ne'er was heard of more.

The moon hath twelve times changed her form
From glowing orb to crescent wan ;
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone ;
But ocean keeps its secret well ;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate :—she ne'er was heard of more !

FORGET THEE?

REV. J. MOULTRIE.

“FORGET thee?”—If to dream by night, and muse on
thee by day;

If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to heaven's
protecting power, [hour,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot,
If this thou call'st “forgetting,” thou, indeed, shalt
be forgot!

“Forget thee?”—Bid the forest birds forget their
sweetest tune!

“Forget thee?”—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath
the moon; [freshing dew;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's re-
Thyself forget thine “own dear land,” and its “moun-
tains wild and blue;”

Forget each old familiar face, each long remember'd spot:
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt
be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace still calm and
fancy-free; [glad for me;

For, God forbid! thy gladsome heart should grow less
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not mine
to rove, [love;

But let it muse its humble faith, and uncomplaining
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then;—but ne'er believe that thou canst
be forgot!

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

ANONYMOUS.

TEARS on thy bridal morning! Tears, my love!
It ought not thus to be. Why, my full heart
Is like the gladsome, long imprison'd bird,
Cleaving its way through the blue liquid arch
With liberty and song. Those dropping pearls
Waste but thy bosom's wealth. 'Twere well to keep
Such treasures for those long arrears which grief
Demands from the brief summer of our time.
I'll turn magician, dearest, and compute
What moves thy spirit thus. Remember'd joys,
Clustering so thickly round thy parents' hearth,
Put on bright robes at parting, and, perchance,
A mother's sympathy, or the fond clasp
Of thy young sister's snowy arms, do bind
Thine innocent soul in durance. Oh! my love!
Cast thy heart's gold into the furnace-flame,
And, if it come not thence refined and pure,
I'll be a bankrupt to thy hope, and heaven
Shall shut its gate on me. Come, sweetest, come!
The holy vow shall tremble on thy lip,
And at God's blessed altar shalt thou kneel
So meek and beautiful, that men will deem
Some angel there doth pray. Thou shalt then be
The turtle of my green and fragrant bower,
Trilling soft lays; and I will touch thy heart
With such strong warmth of deathless tenderness,
That all thy pictures of remember'd joy
Shall be as faded things. So be at rest,
My soul's beloved! and let thy rose-bud lip
Smile, as 'twas wont, in eloquent delight.

 THE STORM.

ANONYMOUS.

THE sun went down in beauty—not a cloud
 Darken'd its radiance—yet there might be seen
 A few fantastic vapours scatter'd o'er
 The face of the blue heavens ;—some fair and slight
 As the pure lawn that shields the maiden's breast ;
 Some shone like silver—some did stream afar,
 Faint and dispersed, like the pale horse's mane
 Which Death shall stride hereafter,—some were glit-
 tering

Like dolphin's scales, touch'd out with wavering hues
 Of beautiful light—outvying some the rose,
 And some the violet, yellow, white, and blue,
 Scarlet, and purpling red.—One small lone ship
 Was seen, with outstretch'd sails, keeping its way
 In quiet o'er the deep ;—all nature seem'd
 Fond of tranquillity ;—the glassy sea
 Scarce rippled—the halcyon slept upon the wave ;
 The winds were all at rest,—and in the east
 The crescent moon, then seen imperfectly,
 Came onwards, with the vesper star, to see
 A summer day's decline.

* * * * *

The sun went down in beauty ;—but the eyes
 Of ancient seamen trembled when they saw
 A small black and ominous spot far in the distance :—
 It spread, and spread—larger and dark—and came
 O'ershadowing the skies ;—the ocean rose ;
 The gathering waves grew large, and broke in hoarse

And hollow sounds ;—the mighty winds awoke,
 And scream'd and whistled through the cordage ;—birds,
 That seem'd to have no home, flock'd there in terror,
 And sat with quivering plumage on the mast.
 Flashes were seen, and distant sounds were heard—
 Presages of a storm.

* * * * *

The sun went down in beauty ;—but the skies
 Were wildly changed.—It was a dreadful night—
 No moon was seen in all the heavens, to aid
 Or cheer the lone and sea-beat mariner—
 Planet nor guiding star broke through the gloom ;—
 But the blue lightnings glared along the waters,
 As if the *Fiend* had fired his torch to light
 Some wretches to their graves ; the tempest winds
 Raving came next, and in deep hollow sounds,
 Like those the spirits of the dead do use
 When they would speak their evil prophecies,
 Mutter'd of death to come ;—then came the thunder,
 Deepening and crashing as 'twould rend the world ;
 Or, as the Deity pass'd aloft in anger
 And spoke to man—Despair !—The ship was toss'd,
 And now stood poised upon the curling billows,
 And now 'midst deep and watery chasms, that yawn'd
 As 'twere in hunger, sank ;—behind there came
 Mountains of moving water,—with a rush
 And sound of gathering power, that did appal
 The heart to look on. Terrible cries were heard ;
 Sounds of despair some—some like a mother's an-
 guish—
 Some of intemperate, dark, and dissolute joy—
 Music and horrid mirth—but unallied

To joy ;—madness might be heard amidst
 The pauses of the storm—and when the glare
 Was strong, rude savage men were seen to dance
 In frantic exultation on the deck,
 Though all was hopeless.—Hark! the ship has struck,
 And the fork'd lightning seeks the arsenal—
 'Tis fired—and mirth and madness are no more!
 'Midst column'd smoke, deep red, the fragments fly
 In fierce confusion—splinters and scorch'd limbs,
 And burning masts, and showers of gold,—torn from
 The heart that hugg'd it e'en till death.—Thus doth
 Sicilian Etna in her angry moods,
 Or Hecla 'mid her wilderness of snows,
 Shoot up their burning entrails, with a sound
 Louder than that the Titans utter'd from
 Their subterranean caves, when Jove enchain'd
 Them, daring and rebellious. The black skies,
 Shock'd at excess of light, return'd the sound
 In frightful echoes,—as if an alarm
 Had spread through all the elements—then came
 A horrid silence—deep—unnatural—like
 The quiet of the grave!

THE BRIDAL DIRGE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE bride is dead! the bride is dead!
 Cold, and frail, and fair she lieth:
 Wrapp'd is she in sullen lead;
 And a flower is at her head;
 And the breeze above her sigheth,

Thorough night and thorough day,
 "Fled away!—fled away!"

Once,—but what can that avail,—
 Once, she wore within her bosom
 Pity, which did never fail,
 A hue that dash'd the lily pale;
 And upon her cheek a blossom
 Such as yet was never known:
 —All is past and overthrown!

Mourn! the sweetest bride is dead,
 And her knight is sick with sorrow,
 That her bloom is "lapp'd in lead:"
 Yet he hopeth—fancy-fed—
 He may kiss his love to-morrow.
 But the breezes—what say they?
 —"Fled away!—fled away!"

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

ANONYMOUS.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
 Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,
 And drowsily the banners wave
 O'er her that was so chaste and fair;
 Yea! love is dead, and memory faded!
 But when the dew is on the brake,
 And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
 And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
 Oh! then she cometh back to me,
 In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

I cannot guess her face or form ;
 But what to me is form or face ?
 I do not ask the weary worm
 To give me back each buried grace
 Of glistening eyes or trailing tresses !
 I only feel that she is here,
 And that we meet, and that we part ;
 And that I drink within mine ear,
 And that I clasp around my heart,
 Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses !

Not in the waking thought by day,
 Not in the sightless dream of night,
 Do the mild tones and glances play
 Of her who was my cradle's light !
 But in some twilight of calm weather,
 She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
 A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
 With all the quiet of a thought,
 And all the passion of a dream,
 Link'd in a golden spell together !

THE LOST PLEIAD.

MRS. HEMANS.

Like the lost pleiad seen no more below.—*Byron.*

AND is there glory from the heavens departed ?
 —Oh, void unmark'd !—thy sisters of the sky
 Still hold their place on high,
 Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
 Thou ! that no more art seen of mortal eye !

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night ?
—She wears her crown of old magnificence,
 Though thou art exiled thence !
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
 'Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning !
 The shepherd greets them on his mountains free,
 And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning ;
 Unchanged they rise, they have not mourn'd for thee !

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
 E'en as the dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
 Swept by the wind away ?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
 And was there power to smite them with decay ?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven ?
 It is too sad to think on what *we* are,
 When from its height afar,
A world sinks thus ;—and yon majestic Heaven
 Shines not the less for that one vanish'd star !

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