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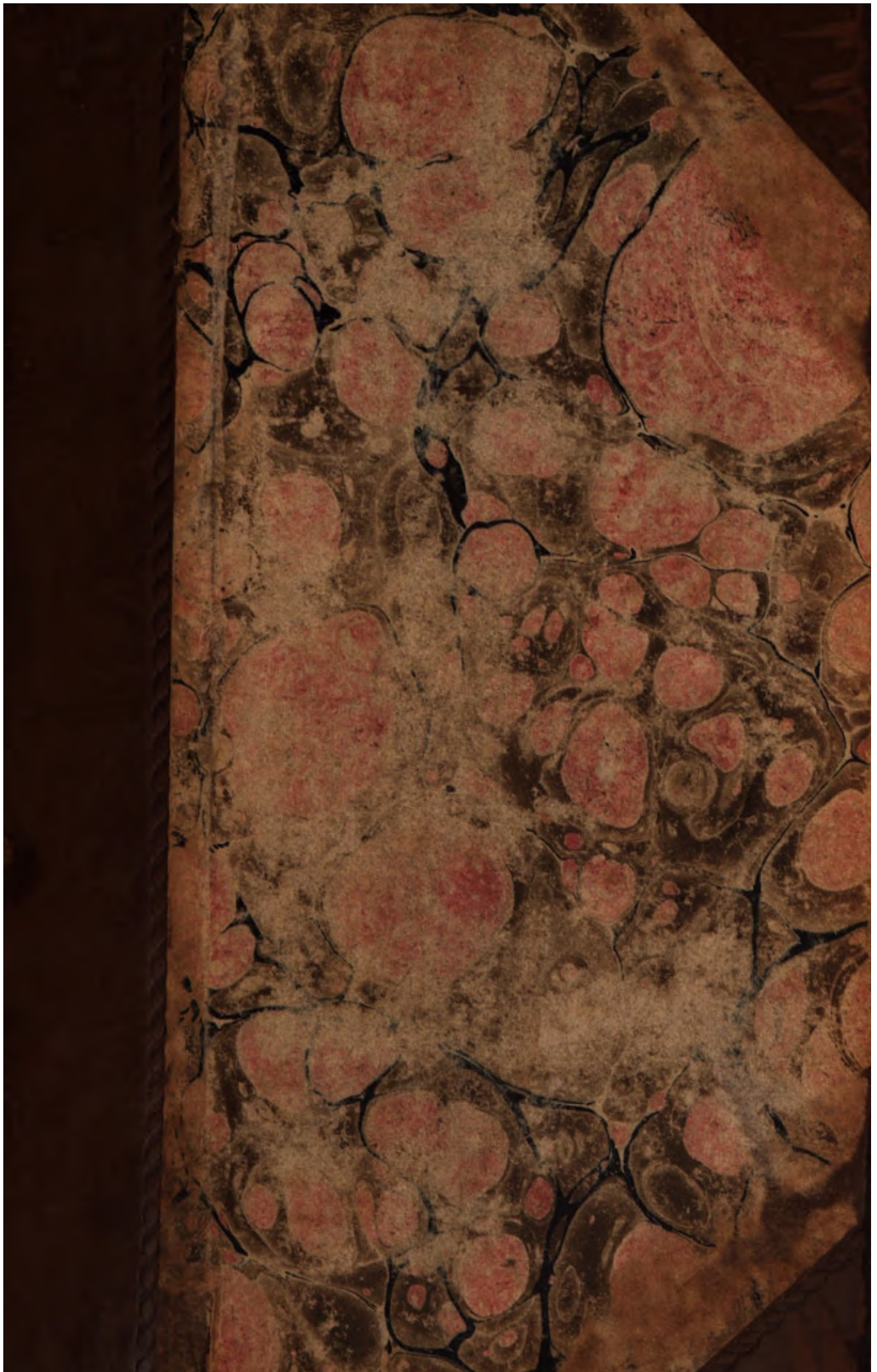
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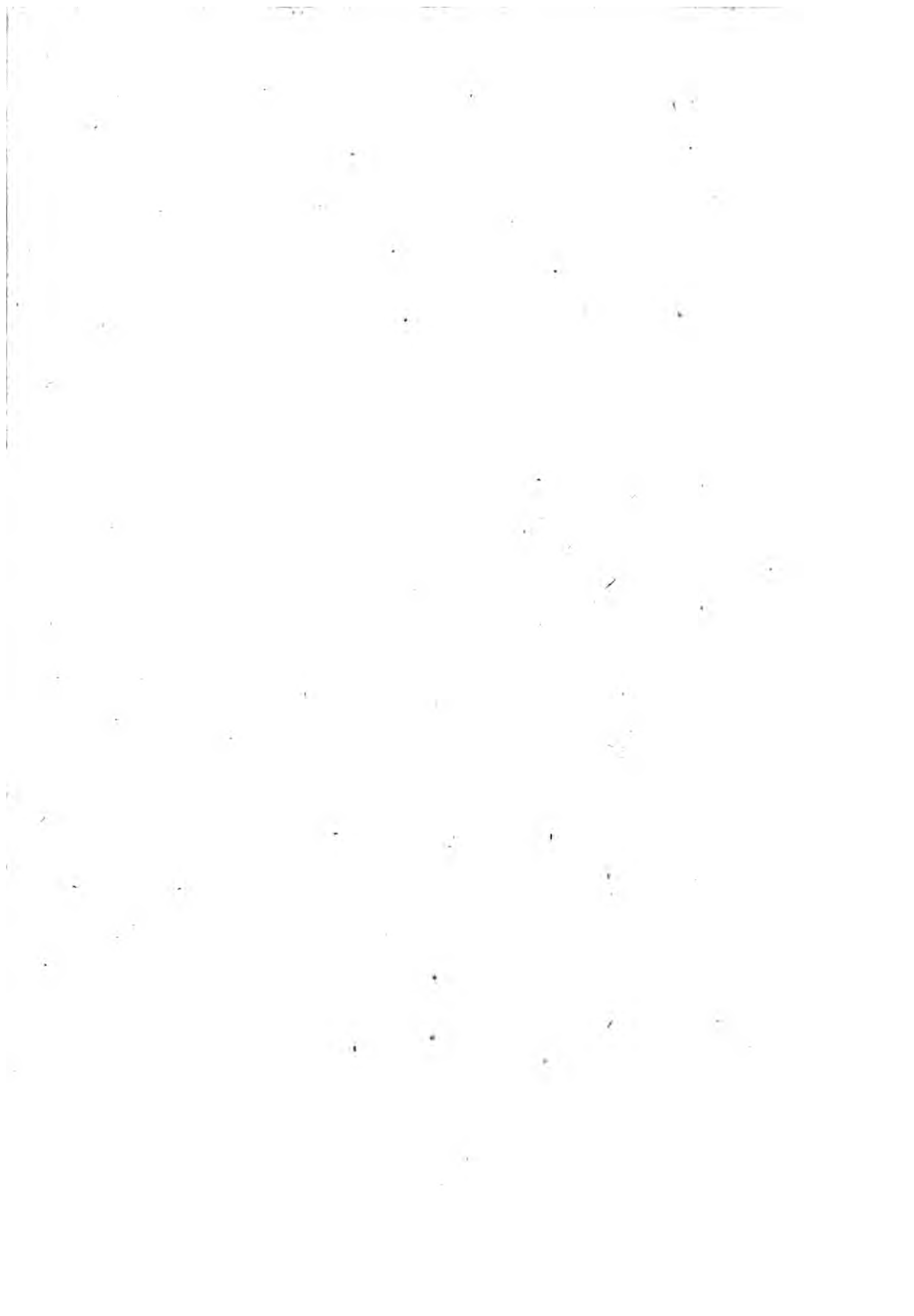


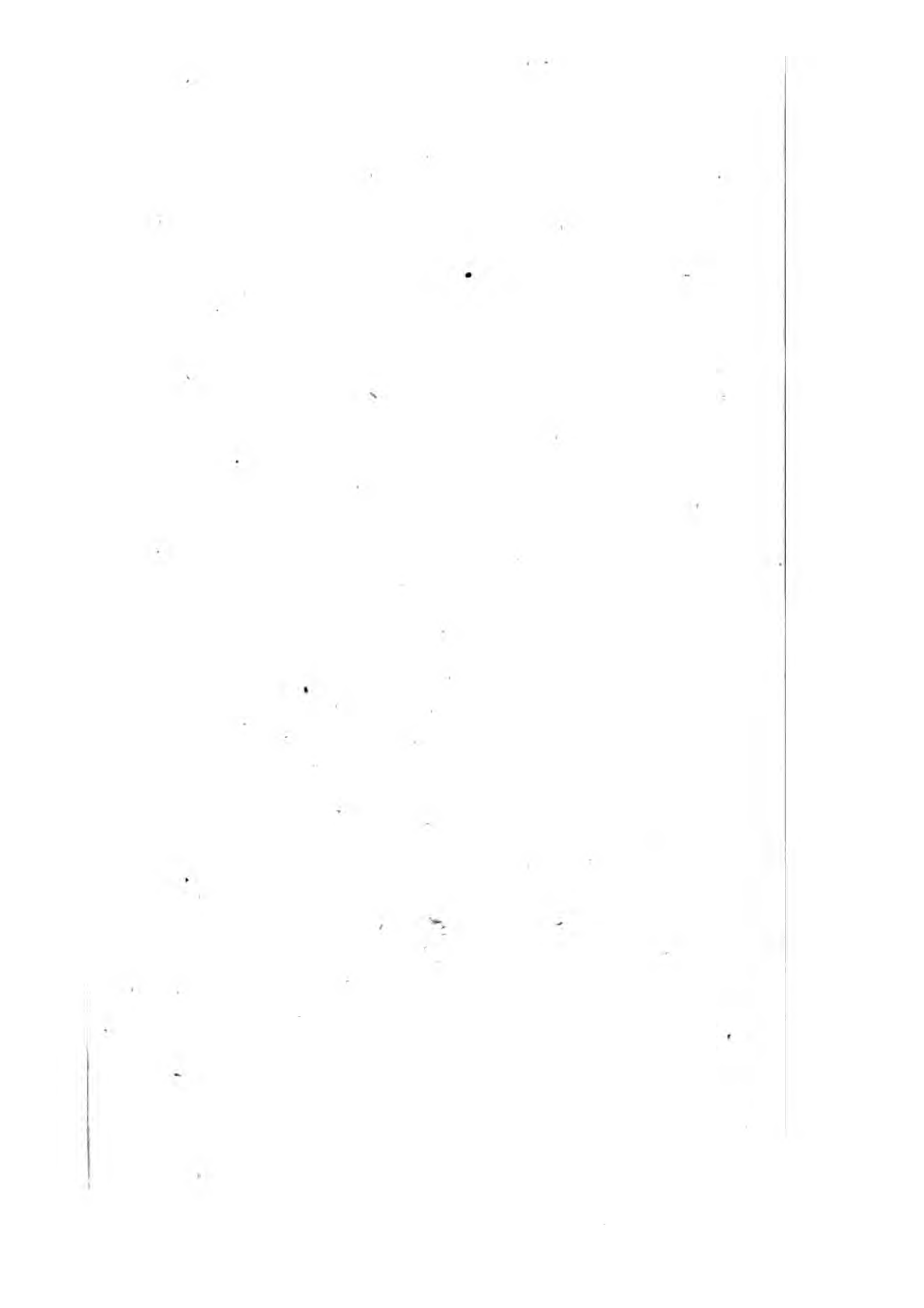
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#. 1827.
Days Departed,

OR

BANWELL HILL;

A Lay of the Severn Sea:

INCLUDING THE

TALE OF THE MAID OF CORNWALL,

OR

Spectre and Prayer-Book.

BY THE

REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES.

“The windings of my way, through many years.”
Cooper.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1829.

35.



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*PRINTED BY F. C. BAKWELL, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, BATH.*  
~~~~~

DEDICATION.

TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND HENRY LAW, D. D.
LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

MY DEAR LORD,

IF I may be thought to have forgotten the Horatian precept, in publishing this Poem, your Lordship, I fear, must have your share of the blame, as but for yourself it would not have been written. Whatever may be its merits or success, I rejoice, at least, that I have an opportunity of expressing, publicly, my high esteem, and most grateful feelings, towards Him, who, as he suggested the subject, will be the first to pardon its defects of execution; and*

I remain, MY LORD,

Most faithfully,

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

WM. LISLE BOWLES.

* *Solve senescentem, &c.*



PREFACE.

THE estimation of a Poem of this nature must depend, first, on its arrangement, plan, and disposition; secondly, on the judgment, propriety, and feeling, with which—in just and proper succession and relief—picture, pathos, moral and religious reflections, historical notices, or affecting incidents, are interwoven.

The reader will, in the next place, attend to the versification, or music, in which the thoughts are conveyed. Shakespeare and Milton are the great masters of the verse I have adopted. But who can be heard after them?

The reader, however, will at least find no specimens of sonorous harmony ending with such significant words as “of,” “and,” “if,” “but,” &c. of which we have had lately some splendid examples. I would, therefore, only request of him to observe, that when such passages occur in this poem as “Vanishing!” “Hush!” &c. it was from design, and not from want of ear.*

An intermixture of images and characters from common life might be thought, at first sight, out of *keeping* with the higher tone of general colouring; but the interspersion of the *comic*, provided the due mock-heroic stateliness be kept

* Of blank-verse of the kind to which I have alluded, I am tempted to give a specimen:—

'Twas summer, and we sail'd to Greenwich *in*
A four-oar'd boat. The sun was shining, *and*
The scenes delightful; while we gazed *on*
The river winding, till we landed *at*
The Ship, &c.

up in the language, has often the effect of light and shade, as will be apparent on looking at Cowper's exquisite "Task," though he has often offended against taste. The only difficulty is "happily to steer" from grave to gay.

So far respecting the plan, the execution, the versification, and style. As to the sentiments delivered in this poem, and in the notes, I must explicitly declare, that when I am convinced, as a clergyman and a magistrate, there has been an increase of crimes, owing, among other causes, to the system pursued by some "NOMINAL" CHRISTIANS, who *will not* preach "*these three*," (faith, hope, and charity,) according to the order of St. Paul, but keep two of these graces, and the GREATEST of ALL, out of sight, upon any human plea or pretension; when they do *not* preach, "add to your faith virtue;" when they *will not* preach, "CHRIST died for *the sins* of

“ the *world*, and not for OUR’S only;” when, from any pleas of their own, or persuaded by any sophistry or faction, they become, most emphatically, “ *dumb dogs* ” to the sublime and affecting moral parts of that GOSPEL which they have engaged before GOD to deliver; and above all, when crimes, as I am verily persuaded have been, are, and *must be*, the consequence of such public preaching,—leaving others to “ stand or fall ” to their own GOD; I shall be guided by my own understanding, and the plain Word of GOD, as I find it earnestly, simply, beautifully, and divinely set before me, by CHRIST and his Apostles; and so feeling, I shall as fearlessly deliver my own opinions, being assured, whether popular or unpopular, whether they offend this man or that, this sect or that sect, they will not easily be shaken.

I might ask, why did St. Paul add, so em-

phatically, "THESE THREE," when he enumerated the Christian graces? Doubtless, because he thought the distinction *very important*. Why did St. Peter say, "add to your faith virtue"? Because he thought it equally important and essential. Why did St. John say, "CHRIST died for the sins of the whole world, and not "for our's only"? Because he thought it equally important and necessary.

Never omitting THE ATONEMENT, JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, the FRUITS of the SPIRIT, and never separating FAITH from its hallowed fellowship, we shall find all other parts of the Gospel unite in harmonious subordination; but if we *shade* the moral parts down, leave them out, contradict them, by insidious sophistry—the Scripture, so far from being "rightly divided," will be discordant and clashing. The man, be he whom he may, who preaches "*faith,*" without *charity*;

who preaches "*faith without virtue;*" is as pernicious and false an expounder of the divine message, as he who preaches "*good works,*" without their legitimate and only foundation, CHRISTIAN FAITH.

One would suppose from the language of some preachers, the "civil," "decent," "moral" people, from the times of Baxter to the present, want *amendment* most! We all know, that mere *morals*, which have NO CHRISTIAN BASIS, are not the Gospel of CHRIST; but I might tell Richard, with great respect notwithstanding, for I respect his sincerity and his heart, that, at least, "decent," and "civil," and "moral" people,* are not *worse* than *indecent, immoral, and uncivil* people; and when there are so many of these last, I think a word or two of reproof would not

* BAXTER'S "Saint's Rest."

much hurt them, let the “decent,” “moral,” and “civil,” be as *wicked* as they may.

I hope it is not necessary for me to disclaim, in speaking of *facts*, the most remote idea of throwing a slight on the sincerely pious of any portion of the community; but, if religion does not invigorate the higher feelings and principles of moral obligation;—if a heartless and hollow *jargon* is often substituted, in place of the fundamental laws of Christian obedience;—if ostentatious affectation supersedes the meek, unobtrusive, character of feminine devotion;—if a petty peculiarity of system, a kind of conventional code of godliness, usurps the place of the specific righteousness, visible in its fruits, “of whatsoever things are HONEST, “ whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things “are lovely;”—if, to be fluent and flippant in the *jargon* of this petty peculiarity of code, is

made the criterion of exclusive godliness;—when, by thousands and thousands, after the example of Hawker, and others of the same school, Christianity is represented as having neither “an if, “or but,” the conclusion being left for the innumerable disciples of such a Gospel-school;—when, because none—“*no not one,*” is *without sin*, and none can stand upright in the sight of Him whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity; they who have exercised themselves to “have “a conscience void of offence towards God “and man,” though sensible of innumerable offences, are considered, by implication, before God, as not *better* than Burkes or Thurtles, for the imputation of utter depravity must mean this, or be mere hollow *verba et voces*;—when amusements, or recreations, vicious only in their excess, are proclaimed as national abominations, while real abominations stalk abroad, as is the

case in large manufacturing towns, with “the Lord,” “the Lord,” on the lips of some of the most depraved;—when, from these causes, I do sincerely believe the heart has been hardened, and the understanding deteriorated, the wide effects being visible on the great criminal body of the nation,—I conceive I do a service to **EVANGELICAL RELIGION**, by speaking, as I feel, of that ludicrous caricature which so often in society usurps its name, and apes and disgraces its divine character.

I am not among those, who divide the Clergy of the Church of England into classes; and I think it my duty ingenuously to declare, that the opinions I have given, of the effects of such public doctrines as I have described, be they preached, or published, by whom they may, were written without communication with any one living. I think it right to declare this, most

explicitly, lest the distinguished character, to whom this poem is inscribed, might be supposed to have any participation in such sentiments; though, I trust, no possible objection could be made to the manly avowal of my opinion of the injurious effects of anti-nomian, or shades of anti-nomian doctrines.

Farther, the object of my remarks is *not* piety; but ostentatious publicity and affectation, far more disgusting in the assumed garb of female piety than under any shape, and often attended by *acting* far more disgusting than any *acting* on any *stage*.*

* I am induced to extract a passage from the letter of a Lady, herself of the most virtuous and holy life, and one of the most powerfully pathetic writers of the age:—"I have been obliged to give orders never to let in any wandering ladies, with *stuffed black bags* and *evident pockets*!"

As the subject has excited attention, perhaps the following Letter, in answer to some particular Strictures, in the public papers, will be the best explanation of my sentiments, as a Clergyman, in the Poem and Notes:—

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for sending me a copy of the Paper which contains some strictures on the sentiments I have avowed in my poem, and illustrated in the notes; and I trust to your candour and justice to permit me to make some remarks on those strictures.

The accusation, publicly brought against me, as a man, a Christian, and a clergyman, is a most serious one; and though your Correspondent has not given his name, I give MINE promptly; because, to such an accusation, come from whom it may, I feel myself bound to reply.

The accusation is—that “*it appears*” to the writer “*that I have been on the WATCH for OPPORTUNITIES to hitch in whatever I could meet with, calculated to VILIFY EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES*”!!

I deny, first, every syllable, in part and in toto, of this sweeping accusation. I throw the imputation back with scorn.

Had I been on the *watch* for opportunities to *hitch* in whatever could be *met with, not* against EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES—but, as I said in my Preface, “against *anti-moral* and *anti-scriptural principles*”—I could have made my book as large as Thomas Aquinas’s “*Summa Summæ*”!

I took a few instances that occurred, and those chiefly under my own cognizance as a magistrate, of effects produced in society by a system of *anti-nomian, and anti-moral, and anti-scriptural*

principles, disseminated through town and country: but so far from *lying in wait*—as John Calvin did, to catch the poor man he burnt alive, for not being a Calvinist—I can furnish your Correspondent with innumerable instances, and all horrible! not the *abuses*, but the *consequences*, the DEMORALISING consequences, of anti-moral *principles*, and anti-moral preaching; and these, if he wishes it, he shall have.

I hold “EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES” as sacred as himself; and my clerical life has been spent in enforcing them, under the awful impression of “*Woe unto me, if I preach not the Gospel.*”

But these principles I have not learned in the school, I confess, of Thomas Scott, or Thomas Aquinas, or any other “great” man—“great” in your Correspondent’s opinion: I have no teacher but “*Christ and his Apostles,*” and no

“*Evangelical* principles” but such as I find in the Holy Word of God.

If I have spoken with disrespect of the “great” Scott, as he is called, I spoke as I thought it my duty to do; because “he *appeared* “to me to take every opportunity to *hitch in*” his human system in the face of the plainest texts of the WORD OF GOD. I spoke with reverence of an excellent lady and eloquent writer,* because in all those writings, through a long life, she appears to me never to have a system to “*hitch in*,” and never, like those of whom I spoke, separated CHRISTIAN duties from Christian faith! and may He, whom she has faithfully so served through life, be with her when that life is passing away.

Now, Sir, you have my reasons for speaking without respect of one, and my reasons for

* Mrs. HANNAH MORE.

speaking with reverence and affection of the other: for "little-minded" as your Correspondent may deem me, I have hailed that man as a Christian and brother, to whatever sect or denomination he may belong, who, having no human system to support, so writes, and so lives, that we may see "his *good* WORKS, and glorify our "Father which is in Heaven!"

Upon different views of "*Evangelical Principles*" my motto has been always that of a far *greater human* authority than the "*great Scott*"—

"*In necessariis, unitas ; in dubiis, libertas ; in omnibus, caritas.*"

MELANCTON.

But this does not, and ought not to prevent my giving my opinions upon that system of *anti-moral principles*, which I most conscientiously believe to be one most effective cause of the INCREASE OF CRIMES.

And now, let me ask your Correspondent, why should the manly avowal of these sentiments be called by so harsh, and so unjust a term, as “VILIFYING EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES”? I fear the injudicious ardour of your Correspondent must tend to “*vilify* EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES” far more than any thing that I have said, in Poem or Notes. What! are *Evangelical Principles* to be *vilified* by cases of *hypocrisy, pious adultery, and praying felony!* Take care, you who are so *sensitive* when such crimes are mentioned, lest others, more “little-minded” than myself, might think “the *gall'd jade* “WINCES”!! Let me, however, seriously ask, according to “*Evangelical Principles,*” are we to “*strain at gnats* and swallow CAMELS”? to take the “*tithe of mint, anise, and cummin,*” and to neglect the *weightier* matters of the Law? So, to “preach FAITH, FAITH,” that *thousands*

may think FAITH *quite enough*, whether accompanied by “good works” or not? According to “EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES,” must we denounce a DANCE, and be *dumb* on “envy, “hatred, and all uncharitableness”? Must we denounce a DANCE, as a dance, under whatever regulations, when the father received his penitent prodigal son with “DANCING”? Must we denounce the DRAMA, when St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians on a subject so awful as the Resurrection from the Dead, quotes a line from the Grecian play-writer, Menander; and living nearly three years in Greece, where the plays of Euripides (the Shakespeare of Greece, if aught earthly could resemble SHAKESPEARE), and the plays of Sophocles and Menander were constantly acted—yet never said one word against the sinfulness of the DRAMA?

Your Correspondent thinks it were well if I

knew somewhat more of “Evangelical Principles”! Must I then learn my *Evangelical Principles* from the inhuman Calvin? or of him who *schools* me? Possibly I may know as much as he does of the “Evangelical Principles” of the New Testament; and, at all events, I shall consult that HOLY BOOK, and not *Tracts* or *Magazines*!

Living in the most friendly intercourse with Dissenters, of various denominations, honoured by me because they dissent from *conscience*;—making no difference, in the Church I deem Apostolical, between a good man and sincere Christian, by whatever name he may call himself, or be called by others;—a member, from its commencement, of that Society which distributes the *Holy Bible*, without *note* or *comment*;—I trust I may be allowed, without offence to any, to express my opinions freely

on “*any comment*” or *comments* on that Divine Code!

If what I have ingenuously stated, be to “vilify Evangelical Principles,” then I have vilified them; but if I have sought truly and earnestly not to “vilify them,” but to exalt them as best I may in this course of existence, then, Sir, I shall leave others to judge between me and your Correspondent.

Upon the topic of “*vilifying*,” I must add, if I had “vilified” a numerous body of excellent men, among Dissenters, as ONE whom your Correspondent thinks “*great*” has “*vilified*” a great body of Clergymen,—to which *vilifications*,* *on one side*, your Correspondent seems to make no objection;—if I had so “reviled” excellent men among the Dissenters, because they did not agree with me in Scriptural views;—I know

* Rowland Hill’s Village Dialogues.

I should have studied to little purpose, even to my grey hairs, the unsophisticated “Word of God,” in which “revilers” are classed with “murderers.”

I hope, therefore, the public will believe I have “REVILED” no man, nor any set of men, nor EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES, according to the Evangelists themselves; but, being convinced that crimes have increased in consequence of anti-moral publications and preachments, I have manfully avowed this opinion, as I felt it my duty to God and man!

I am, Sir, &c.

WM. LISLE BOWLES.

P.S. I shall be most happy to find that what I had heard respecting the murderer Gillham was unfounded; but the rhapsody in the papers respecting his immediate reception into bliss,

without a word of repentance, is sufficient to confirm my opinions of one of the causes of *crimes!*

I hear that “Evangelical Principles”* are triumphant in their career, notwithstanding such

* “Evangelical Principles.” Lest, in future, there should be any mistake, on a subject so important, a *young Gentleman*, designating himself *Fellow* of a College in Cambridge, and *Curate* of a manufacturing Town in Wiltshire, has most condescendingly informed us, as far as our humble intellects will permit us to follow his reasonings—which would, indeed, puzzle Duns Scotus himself—what true Apostolical, and, Evangelical Principles are!! an information the *more* valuable, when he describes himself as having been once not more enlightened than Mr. Warner, to whom he gives the best advice, gravely informing him, that “length of years should teach wisdom!” which he, to whom the advice is given, may profit by or not.

This young man, very different from the young man of whom Solomon speaks, in the 7th verse of the 7th chapter of Proverbs, is doubtless as eminent for LEARNING, as for *spiritual light*, for he designates himself “Fellow of a College in

efforts as mine ! All my humble efforts are for them. That they prevail universally on the Bench of Bishops who denies? but this prevalence of piety, wanted no such testimony. As to the Judges, they, I am sure, will never be of

“Cambridge,” as well as *Curate*, and we cannot but believe that, at the illustrious seat of academical learning, his *mathematical* studies contributed to render his reasonings so little confused, besides the *plenary assistance* he derives from higher sources. When he adds to the information of being Fellow of a College, that he is also *Curate* of a manufacturing town in Wiltshire, we should hope the intimation would not be lost on our good Bishop, who, of course, must lament that such *learning*, and such superior gifts, accompanied with such modesty and *charity* should be placed—under a bushel !!

But what do we learn from this Fellow of a College, and *apostolic Curate*? First; that the precepts of HIM, in whom “DWELT THE FULLNESS of the GODHEAD BODILY,” are not *more plain* to the truly enlightened, and particularly to this illustrious Curate, than the *doctrines* delivered in that part of the New Testament, called “the Epistles;” for that the Epistles, though written by *men*, and not delivered by “Him,”

any *school*, which, every Assize, furnishes the most revolting cases of human depravity!

Having explained my sentiments, I shall enter into no future contests. The sentiments respecting parochial morals in my Poem were

whom we worship as “very God of very God,” were written after the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles!!*

Secondly; that as some things, in these Epistles, appear to Mr. Warner not quite so plain as they do to spirits—who possess that “*light*”—

— “To which other men are blind,

“As pigs are said, to *see*, the *wind*” (HUDIBRAS)—

the reason is obvious, “the Gospel is *hid* to those that “perish!!”

Ergo, Mr. Warner is pronounced, by this *infallible curate*, to be PERISHING!! Under this anathema of this Apostolic fellow of a college lies THAT APOSTLE, to whom his Master said, “Feed my sheep”!! for this very Apostle himself says, speaking of the EPISTLES of St. Paul, “in which are some “things hard to be UNDERSTOOD!” But the consequence,

* No one ever denied that “all Scripture was given by *inspiration*,” and that, therefore, the Epistles have the same authority as the Gospels, but *not* the same *clearness*. I am not defending Mr. Warner, but merely making a necessary distinction.

not "*hitched in*," but had naturally a place; the subject being the morals of a parish of which my father was rector, compared with the state of morals as now exhibited, too often, in country parishes, as well as manufacturing towns.

to my understanding, is inevitable! The reason why Mr. Warner does not find some things in the apostolic Epistles, so *plain* as in the Gospel of CHRIST, is because he is PERISHING!! Truth being "hid to those that perish!" *a fortiori*, St. Peter is "PERISHED!!"

By the same authority, we learn that "the Lord's Prayer," which some ignorant Christians have thought the most "PERFECT PRAYER," is "IMPERFECT," so pronounced by a HUMAN BEING! I should hope this was *Evangelism sui Generis!* But, I fear, that many preachers equally *learned*, though they have not had the advantage of education in a *carnal* college, and many, equally *humble* and *charitable*, adorn the present age!

The tone of insult on every unassuming Christian must be my excuse for this notice, and the language of this Note.

BANWELL CAVE.

The following Extract of a Letter from Mr. WARNER, will enable the reader to form his own opinion concerning the vast accumulation of bones in this Cave:—

* * * *

“ The sagacity of Mr. BEARD having detected
“ the existence of the cavern, and his perseve-
“ rance effected a precipitous descent into it
“ the objects offered to his notice were of the
“ most astonishing and paradoxical description—
“ ‘ an antre vast,’ rude from the hand of Nature,
“ of various elevations, and branching into seve-
“ ral recesses; its floor overspread with a huge
“ mingled mass of bones and mud, black earth
“ (or decomposed animal matter), and sand from
“ the Severn Sea, which flows about six miles
“ to the northward of BANWELL village. The

“ *quantity* of bones, and the *mode* by which they
“ could be conveyed to, and deposited in, the
“ place they occupied, were points of equal
“ difficulty to be explained: as the former
“ amounted to several waggon loads; and as no
“ access to the cavern appeared to exist, except
“ a fissure from above, utterly incapable, from
“ its narrow dimensions, of admitting *the falling*
“ *in* of any animal larger than a common sheep;
“ whereas, it was evident, that huge quadrupeds,
“ such as unknown beasts of the ox tribe, bears,
“ wolves, and, *probably*, hyænas and tygers, had
“ perished in the cave. But, though the ques-
“ tions *how* and *when* were unanswerable, *this*
“ conclusion was irresistibly forced upon the
“ mind, by the phænomena submitted to the
“ eye,—that, as the receptacle was infinitely too
“ small to contain such a crowd of animals in
“ their *living* state, they must necessarily have

“ occupied it in *succession*: one portion of them
“ after another paying the debt of Nature, and
“ (leaving their bones only, as a memorial of
“ their existence on the spot) thus making room
“ in the cavern for a succeeding set of inhabi-
“ tants, of similar ferocious habits to themselves.
“ The difficulty, indeed, of the *ingress* of such
“ beasts into the Cave did not long continue to
“ be invincible; as Mr. BEARD discovered, and
“ cleared out, a lateral aperture in it, sufficiently
“ inclining from the perpendicular, and suffi-
“ ciently large in its dimensions, to admit of the
“ easy descent into this subterraneous apartment
“ of one of its unwieldy tenants, though loaded
“ with its prey.

“ From the circumstances premised, you will,
“ probably, anticipate my *thoughts* on these re-
“ markable phænomena; if not, they are as
“ follow:—I consider the *Cavern* to have been

“*formed* at the period of the original deposition,
“and consolidation, of the matter constituting
“the mountain limestone in which it is found ;
“*possibly*, by the agency of some elastic gas,
“imprisoned in the mass, which prevented the
“approximation of its particles to each other ;
“or, by some unaccountable interruption to the
“operation of the usual laws of its crystalliza-
“tion,—that, for a long succession of ages ante-
“rior to the deluge, and previously to man’s
“inhabiting the colder regions of the earth,
“BANWELL CAVE had been inhabited by suc-
“cessive generations of beasts of prey ; which,
“as hunger dictated, issued from their den, pur-
“sued, and slaughtered, the gregarious animals,
“or wilder quadrupeds, in its neighbourhood ;
“and dragged them, either bodily or piecemeal,
“to this retreat, in order to feast upon them at
“leisure, and undisturbed,—that, the bottom of

“ the cavern thus became a kind of charnel-
“ house, of various and unnumbered beasts,—
“ that, this scene of excursive carnage continued
“ till ‘ the Flood came,’ blending ‘ the oppressor
“ with the oppressed,’ and mixing the hideous
“ *furniture* of the den with a quantity of extra-
“ neous matter, brought from the adjoining
“ shore, and subjacent lands, by the waters of
“ the deluge, which rolled, surging (as KIRWAN
“ imagines), from the North-western quarter,—
“ that, previously to this total submersion, as the
“ flood increased on the lower grounds, the
“ animals which fed upon them ascended the
“ heights of MENDIP, to escape impending
“ death; and, with panic, rushed (as many as
“ could gain entrance) into this dwelling-place
“ of their worst enemies,—that, numberless birds
“ also, terrified by the elemental tumult, flew
“ into the same den, as a place of temporary

“refuge,—that, the interior of the cavern was
“speedily filled by the roaring deluge, whose
“waters, dashing and crushing the various sub-
“stances which they embraced, against the
“rugged rocks, or against each other; and con-
“tinuing this violent and incessant action for at
“least three months, at length tore asunder
“every connected form; separated every skele-
“ton; and produced that confusion of substances,
“that scene of *disjecta membra*, that mixture
“and disjunction of bones, which were apparent
“on the first inspection of the cavern; and
“which are now visible in that part of it, which
“has been hitherto untouched.”

* * * *

Respecting the language of the Poem, I had nearly forgotten one remark. In almost all the

local poems I have read, there is generally a confusion of the following nature. A local-descriptive poem must consist, first, of the graphic view of the scenery around the spot from whence the view is taken; and, secondly, of the reflections and feelings which that view may be supposed to excite. The feelings of the heart naturally associate themselves with the idea of the tones of the supposed poetical harp; but external scenes are the province of the *pencil*, for the *harp* cannot PAINT woods and hills, and, therefore, in almost all descriptive poems, the *pencil* and the *lyre* clash. Hence, in one page, the poet speaks of his lyre, and in the next, when he leaves feelings to *paint to the eye*, before the harp is out of the hand, he turns to the *pencil*! This fault is almost inevitable; the reader, therefore, will see in the first page of this poem, that the graphic pencil is

assumed, when the tones of the harp were inappropriate.

I feel that I ought to make some apology to the reader, for the *lightness* of some of my Notes, particularly to the excellent Prelate, to whom the poem is inscribed; but it will be recollected, the poem is on "Days Departed," and a few incidental anecdotes, relating to that period of my life, will, I trust, be pardoned.

To the religious sentiments, and characteristic sketches, my name is given. I deeply regret to have heard, that any respectable individual could have so far misunderstood me, as to apply any of the *general* portraits of clerical character, seen every day, to themselves, as if they exclaimed, I am this "anti-moral clergyman;" I am

this “drawling doctor;” I am this “half jockey
“and half clerk!” I therefore, again, most
solemnly declare, I neither had, nor have, any
particular character in view; but merely sketched
such general characters as are very commonly met
with. Little should I expect any clandestine
or unmanly attacks on this account, which, if
they manifest any thing, manifest only the truth
and justice of the general remarks.

Having, in the first edition, observed, that I
disclaimed all personalities, except with regard
to the “*riders of the clock,*” * at Wells, will it
be believed that it has been said, I had in view
an amiable and excellent Prelate of our Church?
I might well disdain to make the least reply.

* See description of the Clock in Wells Cathedral, page 32.

ERRATUM.

**Page 41, Note, for "a book called Village Verse," read
Village Verse Book.**

Days Departed,

OR

BANWELL HILL;

A Lay of the Severn Sea.

ARGUMENT.

PART I.

Introduction—Retrospective—General View—Cave—Bones—Brief Sketch of Events since the Deposit—Egypt—Druid—Roman—Saxon—Dane—Norman—Hill—Campanula—Bleadon—Weston—Steep Holms—Solitary Flower on Steep Holms, the Piony—Flat Holms—Three unknown Graves—Sea—Sea, treacherous in its tranquillity—Mr. Elton's Children—Packet-Boat sunk.

PART II.

First Sound of the Sea—First Sight of the Sea—Mother—Children—Uphill Parsonage—Father—Wells Clock—Clock Figure—Contrast of Village Manners—Village Maid—Rural Nymph before the Justices—State of Agricultural Districts—Cause of Crimes—Workhouse Girl—Manufactory Ranters—Prosing Parson—Prig Parson—Calvinistic Commentators, &c.—Anti-moral Preaching—True and False Piety—Crimes passed over by Anti-moral Preachers—Bible, without note or comment—English Jagernaut—Village Picture of Combe—Village-School Children, educated by Mrs. P. Scrope—Annual Meeting on the Lawn of 140 Children—Old Nurse—Benevolence of English Landlords—Poor Widow and Daughter—Stourhead—Ken at Longleat—Marston House—Early Travels in Switzerland—Compton House—Clergyman's Wife—Village Clergyman.

PART III.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid—Her Prayer-Book—Her Mother—Prayer-Book—Widow and Son—Tales of Sea-Life—Phantom-Ship of the Cape.

PART IV.

Solitary Sea—Ship—Sea-scenes of Southampton contrasted—Solitary Sand—Young Lady—Severn—Walton Castle—Picture of Bristol—Congresbury—Brockley-Coomb—Fayland—Cottage—Poor Dinah—Goblin-Coomb—Langford Court—Mendip Lodge—Wrington—Blagdon—Author of the tune of "Auld Robin Gray."—Auld Robin Gray—Auld Lang Syne.

PART V.

Lang Syne—Return to the Deluge—Vision of the Flood—Archangel—Trump—Voice—Phantom-Horse—Dove of the Ark—Dove ascending—Conclusion.

Days Departed;

OR,

BANWELL HILL.

I.

*INTRODUCTION—GENERAL VIEW—CAVE—
ASCENT—VIEW—STEEP HOLMS—
FLAT HOLMS—SEA.*

IF, gazing from this eminence, I wake,
With thronging thoughts, the harp of poesy
Once more, ere night descend—haply, with tones
Fainter, and haply with a long farewell;
If—looking back upon the lengthen'd way
My feet have trod, since, long ago, I left

Introduction.

Those well-known shores, and when mine eyes are
fill'd

With tears,—I take the pencil in its turn,
And shading light the landscape spread below,
So smilingly beguile those starting tears—
Something—the feelings of the human heart—
Something, the scene itself, and something more—
A wish to gratify one gen'rous mind—
May plead for pardon :—

To this spot I came

To view the dark memorials of a world *

Perish'd at the ALMIGHTY'S voice, and swept

* The reader is referred to Dr. BUCKLAND'S most interesting illustrations of these remains of a former world. The BISHOP of BATH and WELLS has built a picturesque and appropriate cottage near the cave, on the hill commanding this fine view.

 Retrospective.

With all its noise away! Since then, unmark'd,
 In that rude Cave those dark memorials lay,
 And told no tale!

SPIRIT OF OTHER TIMES,

SAD SHADOW of the ancient world, come forth,
 Thou who hast slept four thousand years, AWAKE!—
 Rise from the Cavern's last recess, and say,
 What giant cleft in twain the neighbouring rocks,*
 Then slept for ages in vast Ogo's Cave,†
 And left them, rent and frowning, from that hour;
 Say, rather, when the stern Archangel stood,
 Above the tossing of the flood, what arm
 Shatter'd this mountain, and its hollow chasm
 Heap'd with the mute memorials of that doom?

* The stupendous CHEDDAR CLIFFS, in the neighbourhood.

† WOOKEY. *Antrum Ogonis.*

Retrospective.

SPIRIT OF OTHER TIMES, THOU SPEAKEST NOT!

Yet who could gaze a moment on that wreck
Of desolation, but must pause to think
Of the **MUTATIONS** of the **Globe**;—of **TIME**,
Hurrying to onward spoil;—of his **OWN LIFE**,
Swift passing, as the summer light, away;
Of **HIM**, who spoke, and the dread storm went forth.

The surge came, and the surge went back, and

THERE—

THERE—when the black abyss had ceas'd to roar,
And waters, shrinking from the rocks and hills,
Slept in the solitary sunshine—**THERE**,
The **BONES**, that strew the inmost cavern, **LAY**:
And when forgotten centuries had pass'd,
And the grey smoke went up from villages,
And cities, with their tow'rs and temples, shone,

General View.

And KINGDOMS ROSE and PERISH'D—THERE THEY
LAY!

The crow sail'd o'er the spot, the villager
Plodded to morning toil, yet, undisturb'd,
They lay:—when lo!—as if but yesterday
The ARCHANGEL'S TRUMP had thunder'd o'er the
deep,

The mighty shade of ages that are pass'd,
Tow'rs into light! Say, CHRISTIAN, is it true?
That dim recess, that cavern, heap'd with bones,
Will echo to THY BIBLE!

But awhile

Here let me stand, and gaze upon the scene,
That head-land, and those winding sands, and mark
The morning sunshine,—on that very shore
Where once a child I wander'd—“ Oh! return,”

 General View.

(I sigh) "return a moment, days of youth,
 "Of childhood,—oh, return!" How vain the thought,
 Vain as unmanly! yet the pensive Muse,
 Unblam'd, may dally with imaginings;
 For this wide view is like the scene of life,
 Once travers'd o'er with carelessness and glee,
 And we look back upon the vale of years,
 And hear remember'd voices, and behold,
 In blended colours, images and shades
 Long pass'd, now rising, as at Memory's call,
 Again in softer light.

I see thee not—

HOME OF MY INFANCY—I see thee not,
 Thou Fane that standest on the hill alone,*
 The homeward sailor's sea-mark; but I view

* UPHILL Church.

General View—Cave.

BREAN DOWN beyond, and there, thy winding sands,
WESTON, and, far away, one wand'ring ship,
Where stretches into mist the **SEVERN SEA**.
There, mingled with the clouds, old **CAMBRIA** draws
Its stealing line of mountains, lost in haze;
There, in mid-channel, sit the sister **HOLMS**,*
Secure and tranquil, though the tide's vast sweep,
As it rides by, might almost seem to rive
The deep foundations of the Earth again,
Threat'ning, as once, resistless, to ascend
In tempest to this height, to bury here
Fresh-weltering carcasses!

But, lo, the **CAVE**!

Descend the steps, cut rudely in the rock,
Cautious.—The yawning vault is at our feet!

* Flat and Steep **HOLMS**.

Cave—Bones.

Long caverns, winding within caverns, spread
On either side their labyrinths—all dark,
Save where the light falls glimm'ring on huge bones,
In mingled multitudes. Ere yet we ask
Whose bones, and of what animals they form'd
The structure, when no human voice was heard
In all this Isle; look upward to the roof
That silent drips, and has for ages dripp'd,
From which, like icicles, the stalactites
Depend: then ask of the Geologist,
How Nature, vaulting the rude chamber, scoop'd
Its vast recesses, the Geologist
Will talk of limestone rock—of stalactites,
And öolities, and hornblende, and grey whack!
With sounds almost as craggy as the rock
Of which he speaks—Feldspar, and Gneis, and Schorl!

Cave—Bones.

But let us learn of this same Troglodyte,*
Who guides us through the winding labyrinth,
The erudite "PROFESSOR" of the Cave,
Not of the College—Stagyrite of bones:—
He leads, with flick'ring candle, through the heaps
Himself has pil'd, and plac'd in various forms,
Grotesque arrangement, while the cave itself
Seems but his element of breathing! "Look!—
"This" HUMERUS "is that of the wild ox!!"
The very candle, as with sympathy,
Flares, while he speaks—in glimm'ring wonderment!
But who can mark these visible remains,
Nor pause to think how awful, and how true,

* Mr. BEARD, of Banwell, called familiarly "the Professor," of whom I speak with respect, trusting he will forgive this good-humoured smile.

Brief Sketch of Events since the Deposit—Egypt.

The dread event they speak! What monuments
Hath man, since then, the Lord—the Emmet—raised
On earth! He hath built pyramids, and said,
“STAND THERE!” and in their solitude they stood,
Whilst—like the camel’s shadow, on the sands
Beneath them—years and ages pass’d. He said,
“MY NAME SHALL NEVER DIE!” and like the God
Of Silence,* with his finger on his lip,
Oblivion mock’d, then pointed to a tomb,
Mid vast and winding vaults—WITHOUT A NAME.
Where art thou, THEBES? The chambers of the dead
Echo, “BEHOLD!” and twice ten thousand men,
Ev’n in their march of rapine, and of blood,
Involuntary halted,† at the sight

* Egyptian God of Silence.

† Halt of the French army at the sight of the ruins.

Druid—Roman.

Of thy majestic wreck, for many a league—
Sphinxes, colossal fanes, and obelisks—
Pale in the morning sun! Ambition sigh'd,
A moment, and pass'd on. In this rude Isle,
The Druid altars frown'd; and still they stand,
As silent as the barrows at their feet,
Yet tell the same stern tale. SOLDIER OF ROME,
Art thou come hither, to this land remote,
Hid in the ocean-waste? Thy chariot wheels
Rung on that road below!*—Cohorts, and turms,
With their centurions, in long file, appear,
Their golden eagles glitt'ring to the sun,
O'er the last line of spears; and standard-flags
Wave, and the trumpets sounding to "advance,"
And shields, and helms, and crests, and chariots, mark

* The Roman way passes immediately under Banwell.

Saxon—Dane.

The glorious march of Cæsar's soldiery,
Firing the grey horison!—THEY ARE PASS'D!
And, like a gleam of glory, perishing,
Leave but a name behind!—SO PASSES MAN,
An armed spectre o'er a field of blood,
And vanishes!—and other armed shades
Pass by, red battle hurtling as they pass.
The Saxon Kings have strew'd their palaces
From Thames to Tyne. But, lo! the sceptre shakes:
The Dane, remorseless as the hurricane
That sweeps his native cliffs, harries the land!
What terror strode before his track of blood!
What hamlets mourn'd his desultory march,
When on the circling hills, along the sea,
The beacon-flame shone nightly! HE HAS PASS'D!
Now frowns the Norman Victor on his throne,

Norman.

And every cottage shrouds its lonely fire,
As the sad curfew sounds. Yet Piety,
With new-inspiring energies, awoke,
And ampler polity : in woody vales,
In unfrequented wilds, and forest-glens,
The tow'rs of the sequester'd Abbey shone,
As when the pinnacles of Glaston-Fane
First met the morning light. The Parish-Church,
Then too, exulting o'er the ruder cross,
Up-sprung, till soon the distant village peal
Flings out its music, where the tap'ring spire
Adds a new picture to the shelter'd vale.

UPHILL, thy rock, where sits the lonely church,
Above the sands—seems, like the chronicler
Of other times, there left, to tell the tale !

But issuing from the Cave—look round—behold

Hill—Campanula.

How proudly the majestic Severn rides
On to the Sea,—how gloriously in light
It rides! Along this solitary ridge—
Where smiles, but rare, the blue Campanula,
Among the thistles, and grey stones, that peep
Through the thin herbage—to the highest point
Of elevation, o'er the vale below,
Slow let us climb. First, look upon that flow'r—
The lowly heath-bell, smiling at our feet.
How beautiful it smiles alone! The Pow'r,
That bade the great sea roar—that spread the
Heav'ns—
That call'd the sun from darkness—deck'd that
flow'r,
And bade it grace this bleak and barren hill.
Imagination, in her playful mood,

Hill—Campanula.

Might liken it to a poor village maid,
Lowly, but smiling in her lowliness,
And dress'd so neatly, as if ev'ry day
Were Sunday. And some melancholy Bard
Might, idly musing, thus discourse to it:—
“ Daughter of Summer, who dost linger here,
“ Decking the thistly turf, and arid hill,
“ Unseen—let the majestic Dahlia
“ Glitter, an Empress, in her blazonry
“ Of beauty; let the stately Lily shine,
“ As snow-white as the breast of the proud Swan,
“ Sailing upon the blue lake silently,
“ That lifts her tall neck higher as she views
“ The shadow in the stream! Such ladies bright
“ May reign unrivall'd, in their proud parterres!
“ Thou would'st not live with them; but if a voice,

 Bleadon.

“ Fancy, in shaping mood, might give to thee,
 “ To the forsaken Primrose, thou would’st say,
 “ ‘ Come, live with me, and we two will rejoice :—
 “ ‘ Nor want I company; for when the sea
 “ ‘ Shines in the silent moonlight, elves and fays,
 “ ‘ Gentle and delicate as ARIEL,
 “ ‘ That do their spiritings on these wild holts—
 “ ‘ Circle me in their dance, and sing such songs
 “ ‘ As human ear ne’er heard!’ ”—But cease the
 strain,

Lest Wisdom, and severer Truth, should chide.

Behind that windmill, sailing round and round,
 Like days on days revolving—BLEADON lies,*
 Where first I ponder’d on the grammar-lore—

* BLEADON Parsonage, then inhabited by the Rev. Mr.
 NORMAN. An excellent Parsonage-house has been built by

Weston.

Sad as the Spelling-Book—beneath the roof
Of its secluded Parsonage: **BREAN DOWN**
Emerges o'er the edge of **HUTTON HILL**,
Just seen in paler light!—And **WESTON**, there,
Where I remember a few cottages
Sprinkling the sand, uplifts its tow'r, and shines,
As if in conscious beauty, o'er the scene.
And I have seen a far more welcome sight,
The living line of population stream—
Children, and village maids, and grey old men—
Stream o'er the sands to church!—Such change has
been

In the brief compass of one hast'ning life;

the present incumbent, the Rev. D. WILLIAMS. I must be allowed to express my thanks to Mrs. WILLIAMS, Miss ROGERS, and Mrs. W. HUDDLESTON.

Steep Holms—Solitary Flower on Steep Holms, the Piony.

And yet that hill—the light—is to my eyes
Familiar as those sister Isles, that sit
In the mid channel! Look, how calm they sit,
As list'ning each to the tide's rocking roar;
Of different aspects!—This, abrupt and high,
And desolate, and cold, and bleak, uplifts
Its barren brow! Barren; but on its steep
One native flow'r is seen—the Piony.
One flow'r, which smiles, in sunshine or in storm,
There sits companionless, but yet not sad:
She has no sister of the summer-field,
None to rejoice with her when spring returns,
None that, in sympathy, may bend its head,
When ev'ning winds blow hollow o'er the rock,
In autumn's gloom!—So Virtue, a fair flow'r,
Blooms on the rock of care, and though unseen,
So smiles in cold seclusion, while remote

Solitary Flower on Steep Holms.

From the world's flaunting fellowship, it wears,
Like hermit Piety, one smile of peace,
In sickness, or in health, in joy or tears,
In summer-days, or cold adversity;
And still it feels Heav'n's breath, reviving, steal
On its lone breast—feels the warm blessedness
Of Heaven's own light about it, though its leaves
Are wet with ev'ning tears!

So smiles this flow'r:

And if, perchance, my lay has dwelt too long
Upon one flower, which blooms in privacy,
I may a pardon find from human hearts,
For SUCH WAS MY POOR MOTHER !*

* Daughter of Dr. GREY, author of *Memoria Technica*, &c. rector of Hinton, Northamptonshire, and prebendary of St. Paul's.

Flat Holms—Three unknown Graves.

Yonder Isle*

Seems not so desolate, nor frowns aloof,
As if from human kind. The Light-house there,
Through the long winter night, shows its pale fire;
And three forgotten graves mark the rude spot;
None knows of whom; but graves of men who
breath'd,

And bore their part in life, and look'd to Heav'n,
As man looks now:—THEY DIED AND LEFT NO
NAME!

Fancy might think, amid the wilderness
Of waves, they sought to hide from human eyes
All mem'ry of their fortunes! Till the trump
Of doom, they rest unknown! But mark that hill—
Where KEWSTOKE seems to creep into the sea,

* Flat HOLMS.

Sea.

Thy Abbey, WOODSPRING, rose.* Wild is the spot,
And there three mailed murderers retir'd,
To the last point of land! There they retir'd,
And there they knelt upon the ground, and cried,
“ Bury us 'mid the waves, where none may know
“ The whisper'd secret of a deed of blood!”
No stone is o'er those graves:—the sullen tide,
As it flows by and sounds along the shore,
Seems moaningly to say, “ Pray for our souls!”
Nor other “ MISERERE ” have they had
At eve, nor other orison at morn.

Thou hast put on thy mildest look to-day,
Thou mighty Element! Solemn, and still,
And motionless, and touch'd with softer light,

* The Abbey was built by the descendants of BECKET'S murderers.

Sea, treacherous in its tranquillity—Mr. Elton's Children.

And without noise, lies all thy long expanse.
Thou seemest now as calm, as if a child
Might dally with thy playfulness, and stand—
The weak winds lifting gently its light hair—
Upon thy margin, watching one by one
The long waves, breaking slow, with such a sound
As Silence, in her dreamy mood, might love,
When she more softly breath'd, fearing a breath
Might mar thy placidness!—

Oh! TREACHERY!—

So still, and like a giant in his strength
Reposing, didst thou lie, when the fond Sire
One moment look'd, and saw his blithsome Boys,
Gay, on the sands—one moment,—and the next,
Heart-stricken and bereft, by the same surge,
Stood in his desolation,—for he look'd,

Packet-Boat sunk.

And thought how he had bless'd them in their sleep,
And, the next moment, they were borne away,
Snatch'd by the circling surge, and seen no more ;
While morning shone, and not a ripple told
How terrible and dark a deed was done ! *

And so the seas were hush'd, and not a cloud
Marr'd the pale moonlight, save that, here and there,
Wand'ring far off, some feathery shreds were seen,
As the sole orb, above the light-house, held
Its course in loveliness ; and not a sound
Came from the distant deep, save that, at times,
Amid the noise of human merriment,
The ear might seem to catch a low faint moan,

* This most afflicting accident occurred at WESTON to the children of CHARLES ELTON, Esq; who has most pathetically recorded to it.

Packet-Boat sunk.

A boding sound, as of a dying dirge,
From the sunk rocks,* while all was still beside,
And every star seem'd list'ning in its watch,—
When the gay packet-bark, to Erin bound,
Resounding with the laugh and song, went on!
LOOK! SHE IS GONE! Oh! GOD, she is gone down,
With her light-hearted company—gone down—
And all at once is still, save, on the mast,
Just peering o'er the waters, the wild shrieks
Of THREE, at times, are heard! They, when the
 dead
Were round them, floating on the moon-light wave—
Kept there their dismal watch till morning dawn'd,
And to the living world again restor'd!

* Called "the WOLVES," from their peculiar sound.

II.

*REFLECTIONS ON THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS
STATE OF PARISHES, PAST AND PRESENT.*

A SHOW'R, even while we gaze, steals o'er the
scene,

Shrouding it, and the sea-view is shut out,
Save where, beyond the HOLMS, one thread of light
Hangs, and a pale and sunny stream shoots on,
O'er the dim vapours, faint and far away,
Like Hope's still light beyond the storms of Time.
Come, let us rest awhile in this rude seat.—

I was a child when first I heard the sound
Of the great Sea!—'Twas night, and journeying far,

First Sound of the Sea.

We were belated on our road, 'mid scenes
New and unknown,—a mother and her child,
Now first in this wide world a wanderer :—
My father came, the Pastor of the Church*
That crowns the high-hill crest, above the sea ;
When, as the wheels went slow, and the still night
Seem'd listening, a low murmur met the ear,
Not of the winds :—my mother softly said,
“ LISTEN! IT IS THE SEA!” With breathless awe,
I heard the sound, and closer press'd her hand.

Much of the sea, in infant wonderment,
I oft had heard, and of the shipwreck'd man,
Who sees, on some lone isle, day after day,
The sun sink, o'er the solitude of waves,
Like CRUSOE; and the tears would start afresh,

* UPHILL.

First Sight of the Sea.

Whene'er my Mother kiss'd my cheek, and told
The story of that desolate wild man,
And how the speaking bird,* when he return'd
After long absence to his cave forlorn,
Said, as in tones of human sympathy,
" POOR ROBIN CRUSOE!"

Thoughts like these arose,
When first I heard, at night, the distant sound,
Great Ocean, " of thy everlasting voice!" †
Where the white Parsonage, among the trees,
Peep'd out,—that night I restless pass'd. " THE
SEA!"

Fill'd all my thoughts; and when slow morning came,
And the first sunbeam streak'd the window-pane,
I rose unnoticed, and with stealthy pace—

* His Parrot.

† SOUTHEY.

First Sight of the Sea.

Straggling along the village green—explor'd
Alone my fearful but adventurous way ;
When, having turn'd the hedge-row, I beheld,
For the first time, thy glorious element,
OLD OCEAN, glittering to the beams of morn,
Stretching far off, and, westward, without bound,
Amid thy sole dominion, rocking loud !
Shivering I stood, and tearful ; and ev'n now—
When gathering years have mark'd my look—even
now—

I feel the deep impression of that hour,
As but of yesterday!

SPIRIT OF TIME,

A moment pause, and I will speak to thee !
Dark clouds are round thee; but lo! Memory waves
Her wand,—the clouds disperse, as the grey rack

Mother—Children.

Disperses while we gaze, and light steals out,
While the gaunt phantom almost seems to drop
His scythe!—Now, shadows of the past, distinct,
Are thronging round; the voices of the dead
Are heard; and, lo! the very smoke goes up—
For so it seems—from yonder tenement,
Where leads the slender pathway to the door.
Enter that small blue parlour: there sits one—
A Female—and a child is in her arms;
A child leans at her side, intent to show
A pictur'd book, and looks upon her face;
One, from the green, comes with a cowslip-ball;*
And one,† a hero, sits sublime and hors'd,
Upon a rocking-steed, from Banwell-fair,—

* Three sisters.

† Dr. HENRY BOWLES, Physician on the Staff, buried at sea.

Mother—Children.

This,* drives his tiny wheel-barrow, without;
On the green garden-sward,—whilst one, † apart,
Sighs o'er his solemn task—the SPELLING-BOOK,
Half moody, half in tears. Some lines of thought
Are on that matron's brow; yet placidness,
Such as resign'd religion gives, is there,
Mingled with sadness; for who can behold,
Without one stealing sigh, a progeny
Of infants clustering round maternal knees,
Nor feel some boding fears, how they may fare
In the wide world, when they, who lov'd them most,
Are silent in their graves.

Nay! pass not on,
Till thou hast mark'd a book—the page turn'd down—

* CHARLES BOWLES, Esq; of Shaftesbury.

† The Author.

 Uphill Parsonage—Father.

“NIGHT THOUGHTS ON DEATH AND IMMORTALITY!”

This book, MY MOTHER, in the weary hours
 Of life—in every care, in every joy—
 Was thy companion : next to GOD'S OWN WORD,
 The book that bears THIS NAME,* thou didst revere,
 Leaving a stain of tears upon the page,
 Whose lessons, with a more emphatic truth,
 Touch'd thine own heart!—

THAT HEART HAS LONG BEEN STILL!

But who is he,—of aspect more severe,
 Yet with a manly kindness in his mein,—
 He, who o'erlooks yon sturdy labourer
 Delving the glebe!—MY FATHER AS HE LIV'D!—
 That Father, and that Mother,—“earth to earth,
 “And dust to dust,”—the inevitable doom

* YOUNG'S “Night Thoughts.”

Wells Clock.

Hath long consign'd! And where is he, the Son,
Whose future fate they ponder'd, with a sigh?

Long, nor unprosperous, has been his way
Through life's tumultuous scenes, who, when a child,
Play'd in that garden platform in the sun;
Or loiter'd o'er the common, and pursued
The colts among the sand-hills; or, intent
On hardier enterprize, his pumpkin-ship,
New rigg'd, and buoyant, with its tiny sail,
Launch'd on the garden pond; or stretch'd his hand—
At once forgetting all this glorious toil—
When the bright butterfly came wandering by.
But never will that day pass from his mind,
When, scarcely breathing for delight—at WELLS,
He saw the Horsemen of the CLOCK* ride round,

* Clock in the Cathedral.

Clock Figure.

As if for life : and ancient **BLANDIFER**,*
Seated aloft, like **Hermes**, in his chair,
Complacent as when first he took his seat,
Some hundred years ago—saw him lift up—
As if old **Time** was cow'ring at his feet—
Solemn lift up his mace, and strike the bell,
Himself for ever silent in his seat.

How little thought I *then*, the hour would come,
When the lov'd **Prelate** of that beauteous fane,
At whose command I sketch, might placidly
Smile on this picture, in my future verse,
When **BLANDIFER** had struck so many hours
For me, his poet, in this vale of years,
Himself unchang'd and solemn as of yore !

* Traditional name of the Clock-Image, seated in a chair,
and striking the hours.

Contrast of Village Manners.

My Father was the pastor, and the friend
Of all, who living then—the scene is clos'd—
Now silent in that rocky church-yard sleep,
The aged, and the young!—A village, then,
Was not as villages are now. The hind,
Who delv'd, or “jocund drove his team afield,”
Had then an independency of look,
And heart; and, plodding in his lowly path,
Disdain'd a parish dole, content, though poor.*
He was the village monitor: he taught
His children to be good—and read their book,
And in the gallery took his Sunday place,—
To-morrow, with the bee, to work:—

* See some excellent observations, most feelingly and eloquently expressed, in the Bishop's Charge, the whole of which is well worthy the perusal of the Statesman, as well as the Christian.

Village Maid.

So pass'd

His days of cheerful, independent, toil!
And when the Pastor came that way—at eve,
He had a ready present for the child,
Who read his book the best ;—and that poor child
Remember'd it, when treading the same path
In which his father trod, he so grew up
Contented, till old Time had blanch'd his locks,
And he was borne—while the bell toll'd—to sleep
In the same church-yard where his father slept!
His daughter walk'd content and innocent,
As lovely, in her lowly path :—She turn'd
The hour-glass, while the humming wheel went
round,
Or went “ a-Maying,” o'er the fields, in spring,
Leading her little brother, by the hand,

Village Maid—Rural Nymph before the Justices.

Along the village-lane, and o'er the stile,
To gather cowslips ; and then, home again
To turn her wheel, contented, through the day.
Or, singing low, bend where her brother slept,
Rocking the cradle, to "sweet William's grave!"*
No lure could tempt her from the woodbine shed,
Where she grew up, and folded first her hands
In infant pray'r ; yet oft a tear would steal
Down her young cheek, to think how desolate,
That home would be when her poor mother died—
Still praying that she ne'er might cause a pain,
Undutiful, to "bring down her grey hairs,
"With sorrow, to the grave!"

Now mark this scene!—

The fuming factory's polluted air

* Old pathetic ballad, published in Percy's Relicks.

Rural Nymph before the Justices.

Has stain'd the country ! See that rural nymph,
An infant in her arms ! She claims the dole
From the cold parish, which her faithless swain
Denies : he stands aloof, with clownish leer,—
The constable, behind, and mark his brow,
Beckons the nimble clerk,—the Justice, grave,
Turns from his book a moment, with a look
Of pity, signs the warrant for her pay,
A weekly eighteen pence,—she, unabash'd,
Slides from the room, and not a transient blush,
Far less th' accusing tear, is on her cheek !

A different scene comes next:—That village maid
Approaches timidly, yet beautiful ;
A tear is on her lids, when she looks down
Upon her sleeping child. Her heart was won,
The wedding-day was fix'd, the ring was bought !

 State of Agricultural Districts.

'Tis the same story—COLIN was untrue!—
 He ruin'd, and then left her to her fate.
 Pity her—she has not a friend on earth,
 And that still tear speaks to all human hearts,
 But his, whose cruelty and treachery
 Caus'd it to flow!! So crime still follows crime—
 Ask we the cause?—See, where those engines heave,
 That spread their giant-arms o'er all the land!
 The wheel is silent in the vale! Old age,
 And youth are levell'd by one parish law!
 Ask why that maid, all day, toils in the field,
 Associate with the rude and ribald clown,
 Ev'n in the shrinking pudency of youth?

* MACHINERY—*Steam-Engines, &c.* No thinking man will deny the necessity, politically considered, of these great means of national wealth, though the effect may be felt among the pauper agricultural labourers.

Cause of Crimes.

To earn her loaf, and eat it by herself.
Parental love is smitten to the dust—
Over a little smoke the aged Sire
Holds his pale hands—and the deserted hearth
Is cheerless as his heart:—but Piety
Points to the **BIBLE!** Shut the book again:
The Ranter is the roving Gospel now,
And each his own Apostle! Shut the book,—
A locust-swarm of tracts darken its light,
And choke its utt'rance; while a Babel-rout
Of mock-religionists—turn where we will—
Have drown'd "THE SMALL STILL VOICE," till Piety,
Sick of the din, retires to pray alone.

But though abus'd Religion, and the dole
Of pauper-pay, and vomitaries huge,
Of smoke, are each a **STEAM-ENGINE OF CRIME,**

Workhouse Girl.

Polluting, far and wide, the wholesome air,
And with'ring Life's green verdure underneath,
Full many a poor and lowly flower of want
Has Education nurs'd, like a pure rill,
Winding through desert glens, and bade it live
To grace the cottage with its mantling sweets.
There was a village girl—I knew her well,
From five years old and upwards—all her friends
Were dead, and she was to the workhouse left,
And there a witness to such sounds profane
As might turn virtue pale! When Sunday came,
Assembled with the children of the poor,
Upon the lawn of my own parsonage,
She stood among them: they were taught to read
In companies, and groups, upon the green,
Each with its little book; her lighted eyes

Workhouse Girl.

Shone beautiful, where'er they turn'd ; her form
Was graceful ; but her book her sole delight ! *
Instructed thus, she went a serving-maid,
Where fum'd the neighb'ring town,—ah ! who shall
 guide

A friendless maid, so beautiful and young,
From life's contagions ? But she had been taught
The duties of her humble lot—to pray
To GOD, and that one Heav'nly Father's eye
Was over rich and poor ! On Sunday night
She read her Bible, turning still away
From those who flock'd, inflaming and inflam'd,
To nightly meetings ; but she never clos'd

* A book, called the " Village Verse," to excite the first feelings of religion, from common rural imagery, was written on purpose for these children.

Manufactory Ranters.

Her eyes, or rais'd them to the light of morn,
Without a pray'r to Him, who "bade the sun
"Go forth," a giant, from his Eastern gate!
No art, no bribe, could lure her steps astray
From the plain path, and lessons she had learnt,
A village child! She is a mother now,
And lives to prove the blessings and the fruits
Of moral duty, on the poorest child,
When duty, and when sober Piety,
Impressing the young heart, go hand in hand.*
No villager was then a disputant,
In Calvinistic and contentious creeds;
No pale mechanic, from a neighbouring sink

* This exemplary young woman lives at Pickwick, in the parish of Corsham, married to a respectable carpenter. She was the first of Mrs. BOWLES's scholars.

Manufactory Ranters.

Of steam, and rank debauchery, and smoke,
Crawl'd forth upon a Sunday-morn—with looks
Sadd'ning the very sunshine—to instruct
The parish poor in Evangelic lore :—
To teach them to cast off—“ as filthy rags ”—
“ GOOD WORKS ! ” and listen to such ministers,
Who all (be sure) “ are worthy of their hire,”
“ Who only preach for good of their poor souls,
“ That they may turn ‘ from darkness unto light,’
“ And—above all—fly, as the gates of Hell,
“ MORALITY ! * and BAAL'S steeple house,
“ Where, without ‘ heart-work,’ Doctor Littlegrace
“ Drones his dull requiem to the snoring clerk ! ” †

* See “ Pilgrim's Progress.”

† See ROWLAND HILL'S slanderous caricatures, called Village Dialogues.

Prosing Parson—Prig Parson.

True: he who drawls his heartless homily
For one day's work, and plods, on wading stilts,
Through prosing paragraphs, with "Inference,"
Methodically dull, as orthodox,
Enforcing sagely, that "we all must die
"When GOD shall call"—Oh! what a pulpit-drone
Is he!—The blue-fly might as well preach "hum,"
And "so conclude!"

But save me from the sight
Of Curate fop, half jockey and half clerk,
The tandem-driving Tommy of a town,
Disdaining books, omniscient of a horse,
Impatient till September comes again,
Eloquent only of "the pretty girl
"With whom he danc'd last night!" Oh! such a
thing

 Calvinistic Commentators, &c.

Is worse than the dull doctor, who performs
 Duly his stinted task, and then to sleep,
 Till Sunday asks another Homily,
 Against all innovations of the age—
 Mad Missionary zeal, and Bible-Clubs,
 And CALVINISTS and EVANGELICALS !

Yes ! Evangelicals ! Oh glorious word !
 But who deserves that awful name ? Not he,
 Who spits his puny Puritanic spite
 On harmless recreation : who reviles
 All who, majestic in their distant scorn,
 Bear on, in silence, their calm Christian course.*

* SOLOMON is at least as wise as OLD PRYNNE and *hoc genus omne*, and SOLOMON says, "there is a *time* to dance," though OLD PRYNNE declares, that every step in a dance is a STEP to Hell ! In fact, to make innocent things, or those which are only vicious in their abuse, criminal, is the surest way to make *crimes* innocent.

He only is the **EVANGELICAL**,
 Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,
 The Shibboleth of saintly Magazines,
 Deck'd with most grim and godly visages ;
 The cobweb sophistry, or the dark code
 Of Commentators, who, with loathsome track,
 Crawl o'er a text, or on the lucid page,
 Beaming with heavenly love and GOD's own light,
 Sit, like a night-mare ! * Soon a deadly mist
 Creeps o'er our eyes and heart, till angel forms
 Turn into hideous phantoms, mocking us,

* The text, which no Christian can misunderstand, " GOD
 " is *not* willing," is turned, by elaborate Jesuistical sophistry,
 to " GOD IS WILLING," by one " Master in Israel." So that,
 in fact, the Almighty saying " NO," when he should have said
 " YES," did not know what he meant, till such a *sophistical*
 blasphemer set him right ! To such length does an adherence
 to preconceived Calvinism lead the mind.

Anti-moral Preaching.

E'en when we look for comfort at the spring
And well of life, while dismal voices cry,
"DEATH!—REPROBATION! WOE! ETERNAL WOE!"

He only is the EVANGELICAL,
Who from the human commentary turns
With tranquil scorn, and nearer to his heart
Presses the BIBLE, till repentant tears,
In silence, wet his cheek,—and new-born FAITH,
And HOPE, and CHARITY with radiant smile,
Visit his heart,—all pointing to the CROSS.

He only is the EVANGELICAL,
Who, with eyes fix'd upon that spectacle,
"CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED," with ardent hope,
And holier feelings, lifts his thoughts from Earth,
And cries, "MY FATHER!" Meantime, his whole
heart

 Anti-moral Preaching.

Is on GOD'S WORD: he preaches "FAITH," and
 "HOPE,"

And "CHARITY,"—"THESE THREE," and not
 "THAT ONE!"—

And "CHARITY," the GREATEST of "THESE
 THREE!"*

Give me an EVANGELICAL like this! But now,
 The blackest crimes, in tract-religion's code,
 Are MORAL VIRTUES!—Spare the PRODIGAL,—
 He may awake when GOD shall "CALL," but HELL,
 Roll thy avenging flames, to swallow up
 THE SON, who never left his father's home,
 Lest he should trust to MORALS when he dies!
 Let him not lay the unction to his soul,

* "And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity—THESE
 "THREE; but the GREATEST of these is CHARITY."—*St. Paul.*

 Anti-moral Preaching.

That his upbraiding conscience tells no tale
 At that dread hour—bid him confess his sin,
 The greatest that, with humble hope, he looks
 Back on a well-spent life! Bid him confess
 That he hath broken ALL GOD'S holy laws,—
 In vain hath he done justly,—lov'd, in vain,
 Mercy, and hath walk'd humbly with his GOD!
 These are mere WORKS!—but FAITH is ev'ry thing,
 And all in all! The Christian code contains
 No, "if," or "but!"* Let tabernacles ring,
 And churches too,† with sanctimonious strains

* Literally the expression of Hawker, the apostle of thousands and thousands. I speak of the obvious inference drawn from such expressions, and this daring denial of the very words of his Master: "Happy are ye, 'IF' ye do them!"—CHRIST. "But in vain," &c.

† I fear many churches have more to answer for than tabernacles.

True and false Piety.

Baneful as these ; and let such strains be heard
Through half the land ; and can we shut our eyes,
And sadly wondering, ask the cause of crimes,
When Infidelity stands low'ring here,
With open scorn, and such a code as this,
So baneful, withers half the charities
Of human hearts ?—Oh ! dear is Mercy's voice
To man, a mourner in the vale of sin
And death : how dear the still small voice of FAITH,
That bids him raise his look beyond the clouds
That hang o'er this dim earth ; but he who tears
FAITH from her Heav'nly sisterhood, denies
The Gospel, and turns traitor to the cause
He has engag'd to plead. Come, FAITH, and HOPE,
And CHARITY ! how dear to the sad heart,
The consolations and the glorious views,
That animate the CHRISTIAN, in his course !

True and false Piety.

But save, oh! save me from the tract-mad Miss,
Who trots to every Bethel-club, and broods
O'er some black MISSIONARY's monstrous tale,
Reckless of want around her!

But the Priest,
Who deems the ALMIGHTY frowns upon his Throne,
Because two pair of harmless Dowagers,
Whose life has pass'd without a stain, beguile
An ev'ning hour with cards;—who deems that Hell
Burns fiercer for a Saraband;—that THOU—
THOU, my sweet SHAKESPEARE—THOU, whose
touch awakes
The inmost heart of virtuous Sympathy;—
THOU, oh! divinest poet, at whose voice
Sad Pity weeps, or guilty Terror drops
The blood-stain'd dagger from his palsied hand,—

 Crimes pass'd over by Anti-moral Preachers.

That Thou art pander to the *criminal*!—
 He, who thus edifies his Christian flock,
 Moves—more than ev'n the Bethel-trotting Miss—
 My pity, my aversion, and my scorn.

“CRY ALOUD!”—speak in thunder to the soul
 That sleeps in sin! Harrow the inmost heart
 Of murderous intent, till dew-drops stand
 Upon his haggard brow! Call Conscience up,
 Like a stern spectre, whose dim finger points
 To dark misdeeds of yore! Wither the arm
 Of the oppressor, at whose feet the slave
 Crouches, and pleading lifts his fetter'd hands!
 Thou violator of the innocent
 Hide thee! Hence! hide thee in the deepest cave,
 From man's indignant sight! Thou HYPOCRITE,
 Trample in dust thy mask, nor cry “Faith—Faith,”
 Making it but a hollow tinkling sound,

Crimes pass'd over by Anti-moral Preachers.

That stirs not the fowl heart! Horrible wretch,
Look not upon the face of that sweet child,
With thoughts which Hell would tremble to
conceive!*

Oh shallow, and oh senseless!—in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale—
Who leave the Christian's sternest code, to vent
Their petty ire on petty trespasses—
If trespasses they are—when the wide world
Groans with the burden of offence; when crimes
Stalk on, with front defying, o'er the land,
Whilst, her own cause betraying, Christian zeal
Thus "SWALLOWS CAMELS, STRAINING AT A GNAT!!"

* Almost every assize produces horrible cases of this kind, and of infanticide, chiefly from a particular class of religionists, whose creed is, that CHRISTIANITY contains no "if," or "but!"

Bible, without note or comment.

Therefore, without a comment, or a note,
We love THE BIBLE, and we prize the more
The spirit of its pure unspotted page,
As pure from the infectious breath, that stains,
Like a foul fume, its hallow'd light, we hail
The radiant car of Heav'n, amidst the clouds
Of mortal darkness, and of human mist,
Sole, as the Sun in Heav'n!

Oh! whilst the car
Of GOD's own glory rolls along in light,
We join the loud song of the Christian host,
(All puny systems shrinking from the blaze,)
"HOSANNAH, TO THE CAR OF LIGHT! Roll on!
"SALDANNA's* rocks have echo'd to the hymns

* I forget in what book of travels I read an account of a poor Hottentot, who being brought here, clothed, and

Bible, without note or comment.

“ Of Faith, and Hope, and Charity! Roll on!
“ Till the wild wastes of inmost Africa,
“ Where the long Niger’s track is lost, respond,
“ ‘ HOSANNAH, TO THE CAR OF LIGHT!’ Roll on!—
“ From realm to realm, from shore to farthest shore,
“ O’er dark Pagodas, and huge Idol-Fanes,
“ That frown along the Ganges’ farthest stream,
“ Till the poor widow, from the burning pile
“ Starting, shall lift her hands to Heav’n, and weep
“ That she has found a SAVIOUR, and has heard
“ The sounds of Christian love!!” —Oh! horrible,
The pile is smoking!—the bamboos lie there,
That held her down when the last struggle shook

taught our language, after a year or two was seen, every day till he died, on some bridge, muttering to himself, “ Home
“ go, Saldanna.”

English Jaggernaut.

The blazing pile!* HASTEN, oh! CAR OF LIGHT!
Alas! for suff'ring nature! JAGGERNAUT,
Arm'd, in his giant car, goes also forth—
Goes forth, amid his red and reeling priests,
While thousands gasp and die beneath the wheels,
As they go groaning on, 'mid cries, and drums,
And flashing cymbals, and delirious songs
Of tinkling dancing girls, and all the rout
Of frantic Superstition! Turn away!
And is not JAGGERNAUT himself with us,—
Not only cold insidious sophistry,
Comes, blinking with its taper-fume, to light,
If so he may, the Sun in the mid Heav'n!

* See Bishop HEBER's most interesting Journal, who mentions this circumstance. Yet the Shaster, or the Holy Book of the Hindoos, says, "No one shall be burned, unless *willingly!*"—See Notes.

English Jaggernaut.

Not only blind and hideous blasphemy
Scowls in his cloak, and mocks the glorious orb,
Ascending, in its silence, o'er a world
Of sin and sorrow,—but a hellish brood
Of imps, and fiends, and phantoms, ape the form
Of Godliness, till Godliness itself
Seems but a painted monster, and a name
For darker crimes; at which the shudd'ring heart
Shrinks; while the ranting-rout, as they march on,
Mock Heav'n, with hymns, till, see—pale **BELIAL***
Sighs o'er a filthy tract, and **MOLOCH** marks
With gouts of blood—his brandish'd Magazine!

* See some late cases of *pious* adultery and *murder*! None can *know*, none can *believe* these things, unless he has examined the black calendar of crimes at the assizes, and inquires by what description of people the most horrible are too often committed.

Village Picture of Combe.

Start, monster, from the dismal dream! Look up!
Oh! listen to the Apostolic voice,
That, like a voice from Heav'n, proclaims, "TO
FAITH
"ADD VIRTUE!" there is no mistaking here;
Whilst moral Education, by the hand,
Shall lead the children to the House of God—
Nor sever Christian Faith from Christian Love.

If we would see the fruits of charity,
Look at that village group, and paint the scene.
Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,
Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray,
A rural mansion, on the level lawn,
Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch,
Whilst all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees'

Village-School Children educated by Mrs. P. Scrope.

In front, the village-church, with pinnacles,
And light grey tow'r, appears; while to the right,
An amphitheatre of oaks extends
Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,
Where once a castle frown'd, closes the scene.
And see, an infant troop, with flags and drum,
Are marching o'er that bridge, beneath the woods,
On—to the table spread upon the lawn,
Raising their little hands when grace is said;
Whilst she, who taught them to lift up their hearts
In pray'r, and to "remember, in their youth,"
God, "their Creator,"—mistress of the scene,
(Whom I remember once, as young,) looks on,
Blessing them in the silence of her heart.
And we too bless them. Oh! away, away!
Cant—heartless Cant, and that $\text{\textcircled{E}}$ conomy,

Annual Meeting on the Lawn of 140 Children.

Cold, and mis-call'd "Political!" away!

Let THE BELLS RING—a Puritan turns pale

To hear the festive sound: let THE BELLS RING—

A CHRISTIAN loves them; and this holiday

Remembers him, while sighs unbidden steal,

Of life's departing, and departed, days,

When he himself was young, and heard the bells,

In unison with feelings of his heart—

His first, pure, Christian feelings, hallowing.

The harmonious sound!—

And, children, now rejoice,—

Now—for the holidays of life are few ;

Nor let the rustic minstrel tune, in vain,

The crack'd church-viol, resonant, to-day,

Of mirth, though humble! Let the fiddle scrape

Its merriment, and let the joyous group

Old Nurse.

Dance, in a round, for soon the ills of life
Will come! Enough, if one day in the year,
If one brief day, of this brief life, be giv'n
To mirth as innocent as yours! But lo!
That ancient woman, leaning on her staff.
Pale, on her crutch she rests one wither'd hand—
One wither'd hand, which GERARD DOW might paint,
Ev'n its blue veins! And who is she? The NURSE
Of the fair mistress of the scene: she led
Her tottering steps in infancy,—she spelt
The earliest lesson to her; and she now
Leans from that open window, while she thinks,
“ When Summer comes again, the turf will lie
“ On my cold breast,—but I rejoice to see
“ My child, thus leading on the progeny
“ Of her poor neighbours, in the peaceful path

 Benevolence of English Landlords.

“ Of humble virtue! I shall be at rest,
 “ Perhaps, when next they meet; but my last pray’r
 “ Is with them, and the mistress of this home.
 “ ‘The innocent are gay,’* gay as the lark
 “ That sings in morn’s first sunshine; and why not?
 “ But may they ne’er forget, as life steals on,
 “ In age, the lessons they have learnt in youth!”

How false the charge, how foul the calumny,
 On England’s generous Aristocracy,
 That, wrapt in sordid, selfish apathy,
 They feel not for the poor!—

Ask is it true?—

LORD of the whirling wheels, the charge is false! †—

* COWPER.

† The English Landlord has been held up to obloquy, as endeavouring to keep up the price of corn, for his own sordid interest; but rent never *leads*, it only *follows*, and the utmost

Benevolence of English Landlords.

Ten thousand charities adorn the land,
Beyond thy cold conception, from this source.
What cottage child but has been neatly clad,
And taught its earliest lesson, from their care?
Witness that school-house, mantled with festoon
Of various plants, which fancifully wreath
Its window-mullions, and that rustic porch,
Whence the low hum of infant voices blend
With airs of spring, without. Now, all alive,
The green sward rings with play, among the
shrubs—
Hush'd the long murmur of the morning task,
Before the pensive matron's desk!

a landlord can get for his capital is *three* per cent. whereas the
lord of whirling wheels gains thirty per cent.—*See Letters,*
by the Author, in the Bath Chronicle, signed Agricola.

Poor widow and daughter.

But turn,

And mark that aged widow ! By her side
Is GOD's own Word ; and lo ! the spectacles
Are yet upon the page. Her daughter kneels
And prays beside her ! Many years have shed
Their snow so silently, and softly, down
Upon her head, that Time, as if to gaze,
Seems for a moment to suspend his flight
Onward, in rev'ence to those few grey hairs,
That steal beneath her cap, white as that snow.
Whilst the expiring lamp is kept alive,
Thus feebly, by a duteous daughter's love,
Her last faint pray'r, ere all is dark on earth,
Will to the GOD of Heav'n ascend, for those
Whose comforts smooth'd her silent bed.

Stourhead.

And Thou,

Witness, Elysian Tempe of STOURHEAD!

Oh! not because, with bland and gentle smile—

Adding a radiance to the look of age,

Like eve's still light—thy liberal master spreads

His letter'd treasures ;—*not*, because his search

Has div'd the Druid mound, illustrating

His county's annals, and the monuments

Of darkest ages ;—*not* because his woods

Wave o'er the dripping cavern of OLD STOUR,

Where classic temples gleam along the edge

Of the clear waters, winding beautiful ;—

Oh! not because the works of breathing art,

Of Poussin, Rubens, Rembrant, Gainsborough,

Start, like creations, from the silent walls—

To thee, this tribute of respect and love,

Ken at Longleat.

Belov'd, benevolent, and gen'rous HOARE,
Grateful I pay;—but that, when thou art dead,
(Late may it be!) the poor man's tear will fall,
And his voice falter, when he speaks of thee.*

And witness thou, magnificent abode,
Where virtuous KEN,† with his grey hairs and
shroud,
Came, for a shelter from the world's rude storm,
In his old age, leaving his palace-throne,
Having no spot where he might lay his head,
In all the earth!—Oh! witness THOU, the seat

* These lines were written at Stourhead.

† Bishop of Bath and Wells. Lord WEYMOUTH and KEN were schoolfellows at Winchester, where, in my time, KEN'S Manual of Hymns was the first book put into the hands of the children.

Marston House.

Of his first friend—his friend from school-boy
days!—

Oh! witness thou, if one who wanted bread
Has not found shelter there; if one poor man
Has been deserted in his hour of need;
Or one poor child been left without a guide,
A father, and instructor, and a friend,
In Him, the pastor, and distributor*
Of bounties large, yet falling silently
As dews on the cold turf! And, witness, THOU,
MARSTON,† the seat of my kind, honour'd friend—
My kind and honour'd friend, from youthful days.
Then wand'ring on the banks of Rhine, we saw
Cities and spires, beneath the mountains blue,

* REV. MR. SKURRAY.

† The seat of the Earl of Cork and Orrery

Early Travels in Switzerland.

Gleaming; or vineyards creep from rock to rock ;
Or unknown castles hang, as if in clouds ;
Or heard the roaring of the cataract,
Far off,* beneath the dark defile or gloom
Of ancient forests—till behold, in light,
Foaming and flashing, with enormous sweep,
Thro' the rent rocks—(where, o'er the mist of spray,
The rainbow, like a fairy in her bow'r,
Is sleeping while it roars)—that volume vast,
White, and with thunder's deaf'ning roar, comes
down.

Live long, live happy, till thy journey close,
Calm as the light of day! Yet, witness, THOU,
The seat of noble ancestry—the seat
Of science, honour'd by the name of BOYLE,

* At Shaffhausen.

Compton House.

Though many sorrows, since we met in youth,
Have press'd thy gen'rous master's manly heart,
Witness, the partner of his joys and griefs ;
Witness, the grateful tenantry—the home
Of the poor man, the children of that school—
Still warm benevolence sits smiling there.*

And witness, the fair mansion, on the edge
Of those chalk-hills, which, from thy garden walk,
Daily I see, whose gentle mistress droops†
With her own griefs, yet never turn'd her look
From others' sorrows,—on whose lids the tear
Shines yet more lovely than the light of youth !
And many a cottage-garden smiles, whose flow'rs

* Let it not be said, I have praised Lords and Ladies. I have spoken as warmly of a poor parish girl, and my first play-fellow.

† Mrs. HENEAGE, Compton House.

Compton House.

Invite the music of the morning bee !
And many' a fire-side has shot out, at eve,
Its light upon the old man's wither'd hand,
And pallid cheek, from *their* benevolence—
(Sad as is still the parish-pauper's home)—
Who shed around their patrimonial seats
The light of Heav'n-descending charity !
And ev'ry feeling of the Christian heart
Would rise accusing, could I pass, unsung,
Thee,* fair as Charity's own form, who late
Didst stand beneath the porch of that grey fane,
Soliciting † a mite of all who pass'd,
With such a smile, as to refuse would seem
To do a wrong to Charity herself.

* Mrs. METHUEN, of Corsham House.

† For the " Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,"
on which occasion a Sermon was preached by the Author.

Clergyman's Wife.

How many blessings, silent and unheard,
The mistress of the lonely parsonage
Dispenses, when she takes her daily round
Among the aged and the sick, whose prayers
And blessings, are her only recompence.
How many pastors—by cold obloquy
And senseless hate revil'd—tread the same path
Of charity, in silence, taught by Him,
Who was revil'd, not to revile again ;
And leaving to a righteous GOD their cause.

Come, let us, with the pencil in our hand,
Pourtray a character. What book is this?
“RECTOR OF OVERTON!”* I know him not ;
But well I know the Vicar, and a man

* A book, just published, with this title. The DUKE of MARLBOROUGH is RECTOR of Overton, near Marlborough.

 Village Clergyman.

More worthy of that name, and worthier still,
 To grace a higher station of our Church,
 None knows ;—a friend and father to the poor,
 A scholar, unobtrusive, yet profound,
 “ As e'er my conversation cop'd withal ;”
 His piety unvarnish'd, but sincere.*
 Killarney's Lake,† and Scotia's hills,‡ have heard
 His summer-wand'ring reed ; nor on the themes
 Of hallow'd inspiration, || has his harp
 Been silent, though ten thousand jangling strings—
 When all are poets in this land of song,
 And ev'ry field chinks with its grasshopper—

* Rev. CHARLES HOYLE, Vicar of Overton, near Marlborough.

† Killarney, a poem.

‡ Sonnets.

|| Exodus, a poem.

Village Clergyman.

Have well-nigh drown'd the tones ; but Poesy
Mingles, at eventide, with many a mood
Of stirring fancy, on his silent heart,
When o'er those bleak and barren downs, in rain
Or sunshine, where the giant Wansdike sweeps,
Homewards he bends his solitary way.

Live long!—and late may the old villager
Look on thy stone, amid the church-yard grass,
Remembering years of kindness, and the tongue,
Eloquent of his Maker, when he sat
At Church, and heard the undivided code
Of Apostolic truth—of Hope, of Faith,
Of Charity—THE END and TEST of all.

Live long ; and though I proudly might recal
The names of many friends—like thee, sincere,
And pious, and in solitude, adorn'd

Village Clergyman.

With rare accomplishments, this grateful praise
Accept, congenial to the poet's theme ;
For well I know, haply when I am dead,
And in my shroud, whene'er thy homeward path
Lies o'er those hills, and thou shalt cast a look
Back on our garden-slope, and Bremhill tow'r,
Thou wilt remember me, and many a day,
There pass'd, in converse, and sweet harmony.

A truce to satire, and to harsh reproof,
Severer arguments, that have detain'd
Th' unwilling Muse too long :—come, while the
 clouds
Work heavy, and the winds, at intervals,
Pipe, and at intervals, sink in a sigh—
As breath'd o'er sounds and shadows of the past—

Cornish Maid.

Change we our style and measure, to relate
A village tale, of a poor Cornish maid,
And of her PRAY'R-BOOK! It is sad, but true,
And simply told—not in the lady phrase
Of modish song—may touch some gentle heart,
And wake an interest, when description fails.

III.

*THE SPECTRE AND PRAYER-BOOK, A TALE
OF A CORNISH MAID.**

“ OH! SHUT THE BOOK, my Mary, SHUT THE
BOOK!”

So WILLIAM cried, with wild and frantic look.—

She whom he lov'd was in her shroud,—nor pain
Nor grief shall visit her sad heart again.

There is no sculptur'd tomb-stone at her head ;

No rude memorial marks her lowly bed :

* The extraordinary fact upon which this tale is founded,
the reader will find in Mr. POLWHELE's History of Cornwall.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

The village children, every holiday,
Round the green turf, in summer sunshine play;
And none, but those now bending to the tomb,
Remember MARY, lovely in her bloom!

Yet oft the hoary swain, when autumn sighs
Thro' the long grass, sees a dim form arise,
That hies in glimmering moonlight to the brook,
Its wan lips moving, in its hand a BOOK.
So like a bruised flower, and in the pride
Of youth and beauty, injur'd Mary died.
WILLIAM some years surviv'd, but years no trace
Of his sick heart's deep anguish could erase.
Still the DREAD SPECTRE seem'd to rise, and,
worse—

Still in his ears rung the appalling CURSE,

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

While loud he cries, despair upon his look,
“ OH! SHUT THAT BOOK, MY MARY, SHUT THAT
BOOK!”

The sun is slowly west'ring now—and lo!
How beautiful steals out the humid bow,
A radiant arch—listen, whilst I relate
William's dread judgment, and poor Mary's fate.
I think I see the pine, that heavily
Swaying, yet seems as for the dead to sigh.
How many generations, since the day
Of its green pride, have pass'd, like leaves, away;
How many children of the hamlet play'd
Round its hoar trunk, who at its feet were laid,
Wither'd and grey old men! In life's first bloom,
How many has it seen, borne to the tomb!

A Tale of a Cornish Maid—Her Prayer-Book.

But never one so sunk in hopeless woe
As she, who lies in the cold grave below.
Her Sabbath-book, from which at church she pray'd,
Was her poor father's, in that church-yard laid :
For Mary grew, as beautiful in youth,
As taught, at church, the lore of Heav'nly truth.
What diff'rent passions in her bosom strove,
When first she heard the tale of village love !
The youth whose voice then won her partial ear,
A yeoman's son, had pass'd his twentieth year ;
She scarce eighteen : her mother, with the care
Of boding age, oft whisper'd, " Oh ! beware ! "
For WILLIAM was a thoughtless youth, and wild,
And like a colt unbroken, from a child :
At length, if not to serious thoughts awake,
He came to church, at least, for Mary's sake.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid—Her Mother.

Young Mary, while her father was alive,
Saw all things round the humble dwelling thrive :
Her widow'd mother now was growing old,
And, one by one, their worldly goods were sold :
MARY remain'd, her mother's hope and pride !—
How oft, when she was sleeping by her side,
That mother wak'd, and kiss'd her cheek, with tears,
Praying for blessings on her future years,—
When she, her mother, ev'ry trial o'er,
Should rest in the cold grave, to grieve no more.

But Mary to LOVE'S DREAM her heart resign'd,
And gave to fancy all her youthful mind.
Shall I describe her?—Did'st thou never mark
A soft blue light, beneath eye-lashes dark?
Such was her eyes' soft light,—her chesnut hair,
Light as she tripp'd, wav'd lighter to the air ;

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Whene'er, an earthly Ariel, in the sun,
To do her mother's various hests, she run ;
Yet, with her PRAY'R-BOOK, when on Sunday drest,
Her looks a sweet, but lowly, grace express'd, }
As modest as the violet at her breast.

Sometimes, all day by her poor mother's side,
She sat, and oft would turn, a tear to hide.

Where winds the brook, by yonder bord'ring wood,
Her mother's solitary cottage stood.
A few white pales, in front, fenc'd, from the road,
The garden-plat, and poor, but neat, abode.
Before the window, 'mid the flow'rs of Spring,
A bee-hive humm'd, whose bees were murmuring :
Beneath an ivied bank, abrupt and high,
A small clear well reflected bank and sky,

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

'Twas Spring time now, with birds the garden rung,
And Mary's linnet at the window sung.

Whilst in the air the vernal music floats,

The cuckoo only joins his two sweet notes ;*

But those—oh listen, for he sings more near—

So musical, so mellow, and so clear,

Not sweeter—where thy mighty waters sweep,

MISSOURI, through the night of forests deep—

Resounds, from glade to glade, from rock to hill,

While fervent harmonies the wild wood fill,

The solitary note of “ Whip poor-will ! ” †

* The notes of the cuckoo are the only notes, among birds, exactly according to musical scale. The notes are the *fifth*, and major third, of the diatonic scale.

† The “ Whip-poor-will ” is a bird so called in America, from his uttering those distinct sounds, at intervals, among the various wild harmonies of the forest.—See Bertram's Travels in America.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Mary's old mother stops her wheel to say,
"The cuckoo! hark! how sweet he sings to-day!"

It is not long—not long to Whitsuntide,
And Mary then shall be a happy bride.
On Sunday morn, when a slant light was flung
Upon the tow'r, and the first peal was rung,
William and Mary smiling would repair,
Arm link'd in arm, to the same house of pray'r.
"The bells will sound more merrily" (he cried,
And gently press'd her hand) "at Whitsuntide:"
She check'd the rising thoughts, and hung her head;
And MARY, ere one year had pass'd—WAS DEAD!

'Twas said, and many would the tale believe,
Her shrouded form was seen upon that eve,*

* In Cornwall, and in other counties remote from the metropolis, it is a popular belief, that they who are to die in the course of the year, appear, on the eve of Midsummer,

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

When, gliding thro' the churchyard, **THEY** appear—
THEY, who shall die within the coming year.
All pale, and strangely piteous, was her look,
Her right hand was stretch'd out, which held a **BOOK**;
O'er it her wet hair dripp'd,—while the moon cast
A cold wan light, as in her shroud she pass'd!
I cannot say if this were so, but late,
She went to **Madern stone**,* to learn her fate:
What there she heard ne'er came to human ears,—
But, from that hour, she oft was seen in tears.

Mild Zephyr breathes,—the butterfly more bright,
Strays, wav'ring, o'er the pales, in rainbow light;

before the church porch. See an exquisite dramatic sketch on this subject, called "the Eve of St. Mark," in **Blackwood**.

* **Madern-stone**, a Druidical monument in the village of **Madern**, to which the country people often resort, to learn their future destinies.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

The lamb, the colt, the blackbird in the brake,
Seem all the vernal feeling to partake ;
The lark sings high in air, itself unseen,
The hasty swallow skims the village-green ;
And all things seem, to the full heart, to bring
The blissful breathings of the world's first spring.

How lovely is the sunshine of MAY-MORN !
The garden-bee has wound his earliest horn,
Busied from flower to flower, as he would say,
“ Up ! Mary ! for it is the morn of May ! ”
Now lads and lasses of the hamlet bore
Branches of blossom'd thorn or sycamore ;*
And at her mother's porch a garland hung,
While thus their rural roundelay they sung :—

* This is invariably the custom in Cornwall. See POLWHELE.

MAY SONG.

" And we were up as soon as day,*
 " To fetch the summer home,
 " The summer and the May,
 " For summer now is come."

In Madern vale the bell-flow'rs bloom, †
 And wave to Zephyr's breath :
 The cuckoo sings in Morval coombe,
 Where nods the purple heath. ‡

* POLWHELE. These are the first four lines of the real song of the season, which is called "the Furry-song of Helstone." Furry is, probably, from *Ferriæ*.

† *Campanula cymbalaria, foliis hederaciis.*

‡ *Erica multiflora*, common in this part of Cornwall.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Come, dance around Glen-Aston tree—

We bring a garland gay,

And MARY of Guynear shall be

OUR LADY OF THE MAY.

But where is WILLIAM? Did he not declare,
He would be first, the blossom'd bough to bear!
She will not join the train! and see, the flow'r
She gather'd, now is fading. Hour by hour,
She watch'd the sunshine on the thatch; again
Her mother turns the hour-glass; now, the pane
The west'ring sun has left—the long May-day,
So Mary wore in hopes and fears away.
Slow twilight steals—by the small garden-gate
She stands,—“ Oh! William never came so late!”

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Her mother's voice is heard; " Good child, come in;
" Dream not of bliss on earth—it is a sin :
" Come, take the BIBLE down, my child, and read;
" In sickness, and in sorrow, and in need,—
" By friends forsaken, and by fears oppress'd,—
" *There*, only, can the weary heart find rest ! "

Her thin hands, mark'd by many a wand'ring vein,
Her mother turn'd the silent glass* again ;
The rush-light now is lit—the Bible read,—
Yet, ere sad MARY can retire to bed,
She listens!—Hark! no voice, no step she hears,—
Oh! seek thy bed to hide those bursting tears !

When the slow morning came, the tale was told,
(Need it have been?) that William's love was cold.

* Hour-glass.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

But hope yet whispers, "Dry the accusing tear,—
"When SUNDAY comes, again he will be here!"
And Sunday came, and struggling from a cloud,
The sun shone bright—the bells were chiming loud—
And lads and lasses in their best attire,
Were tripping past—the youth, the child, the sire;—
But WILLIAM came not;—with a boding heart
Poor MARY saw the Sunday crowd depart:
And when her mother came, with kerchief clean,
The last who totter'd homeward o'er the green;
Mary, to hear no more of peace on earth,
Retir'd in silence to the lonely hearth.

Next day the tidings to the cottage came,
That William's heart confess'd another flame:
That, with the Bailiff's daughter he was seen,
At the new Tabernacle on the green;

 A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

That, cold and wayward falsehood—made him prove
 Alike a TRAITOR to his FAITH and LOVE.

* * * *

The bells are ringing,—it is WHITSUNTIDE,—
 And there goes faithless William with his bride.
 Turn from the sight, poor Mary!—Day by day,
 The dread remembrance wore her heart away :
 Untimely sorrow sat upon her cheek,
 And her too trusting heart was left to break.

Six melancholy months have slowly pass'd,
 And dark is heard November's hollow blast.
 Sometimes, with tearful moodiness she smil'd,
 Then, still and placid look'd, as when a child,
 Or rais'd her eyes disconsolate and wild.

}
 }

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Oft, as she stray'd the brook's green marge
along,
She there would sing one sad and broken song:—

Lay me where the willows wave,*
In the cold moon-light;
Shine upon my lowly grave,
Sadly, stars of night!

I to you would fly for rest,
But a stone—a stone—
Lies like lead upon my breast,
And ev'ry hope is flown.

* The rythm of this song is taken from a ballad "most musical, most melancholy," in the Maid's Tragedy, "Lay a garland on my grave."

Lay me where the willows wave,
In the cold moon-light ;
Shine upon my lowly grave,
Sadly, stars of night !

Her mother said, " Thou shalt not be confin'd,
" Poor maid—for thou art harmless, and thy mind
" The air may soothe, as fitfully it blows,
" Whisp'ring forgetfulness, if not repose."
So Mary wander'd to the northern shore ;*
There oft she heard the gaunt TREGAGEL roar †

* The bay of St. Ives.

† Tregagel is a giant, whose voice (according to the superstition of the country) is heard among the rocks constantly preceding and during a storm.—POLWHELE.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Among the rocks, and when the tempest blew,
And, like the shiver'd foam, her long hair flew,
And all the billowy space was tossing wide,
“Rock on! thou melancholy main,” she cried,
“I love thy voice, oh, ever sounding sea,
“Nor heed this sad world, while I look on
thee!”

Then on the surge she gaz'd with vacant stare,
Or tripping with wild fennel in her hair,*
Sang merrily: “Oh! we must dry the tear,
“For Mab, the queen of fairies, will be here,—
“William, she shall know all!”—and then again
Her ditty died into its first sad strain:—

* *Feniculum vulgare*, or wild fennel, common on the northern coast of Cornwall.

“ Lay me where the willows wave,
 “ In the cold moon-light;
 “ Shine upon my lowly grave,
 “ Sadly, stars of night ! ”

When home return'd, the tears ran down apace;
 She look'd in silence in her mother's face;
 Then, starting up, with wilder aspect cried,
 “ How happy shall we be at WHITSUNTIDE,
 “ Then, mother, I shall be a bride—a bride ! ”

Ah! some dire thought seems in her breast to rise,
 Stern with terrific joy she rolls her eyes:
 Her mother heeded not,—nor when she took,
 With more impatient haste, her SUNDAY BOOK,—
 She heeded not—for age had dimm'd her sight:—
 Her mother now is left alone:—'tis night,—

 A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

“MARY! poor MARY!” her sad mother cried,
 “MARY! my MARY!”—but NO VOICE REPLIED.

* * * * *

*SECOND PART OF THE TALE OF A
 CORNISH MAID.*

Next morn, light-hearted WILLIAM pass'd along,
 And careless humm'd a desultory song,
 Bound to St. Ives' revel: * not a ray
 Yet streak'd the pale dawn of the dubious day!
 The sun is yet below the hills, but look!
 There is the tow'r—the mill—the stile—the brook,—

* Revel is a country fair.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

And there is Mary's cottage! All is still—
Listen! no sound is heard but of the mill.
'Tis true, the toils of day are not begun,
But Mary always rose before the sun.
Still at the door, a leafless relic now,
Appear'd a remnant of the May-day bough;
No hour-glass, in the window, tells the hours:
Where is poor Mary? where her book? her flow'rs?
Ah! was it fancy? as he pass'd along,
He thought he heard a spirit's feeble song! *
Struck by the thrilling sound, he turn'd his look,—
Upon the ground there lay an OPEN BOOK,—
ONE PAGE WAS FOLDED DOWN:—Spirit of grace!
See! there are soils, like tear-blots, on the place:

* It is a common idea in Cornwall, that when any person is drowned, the voice of his spirit may be heard by those who first pass by.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid—Prayer-Book.

It is a PRAY'R-BOOK!—soon these words he read :

“ Let him be desolate, and beg his bread !* ”

“ Let there be none—not one on earth to bless,—

“ Be his days few,—his children fatherless,—

“ His wife a widow!—let there be no friend

“ In his last moments mercy to extend ! ”

It was a PRAY'R-BOOK he before had seen :

Where? when? Once more, wild terror on his
mien,

* The passage folded down was the 109th Psalm, commonly called “ the imprecating Psalm.” I extract the most affecting passages :

“ May his days be few.”

“ Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow.”

“ Let there be none to extend mercy.”

“ Let their name be blotted out, because he slayed even
the broken in heart.”

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

He read the page:—" An outcast let him lie,
 " And unlamented and forsaken die !
 " When he HAS CHILDREN, may they pine away
 " Before his sight,—HIS WIFE to grief a prey"——
 Ah! 'tis POOR MARY'S BOOK! The very same,
 He read with her at church, and lo! HER NAME :—
 " The BOOK OF MARY BANKS;—*when this you see,*
 " *And I am dead and gone—REMEMBER ME !*"
 He trembles : mark!—the dew is on his brow:—
 " THE CURSE IS HERS! he cried—I FEEL IT NOW!
 " I see already—ev'n at my right hand—
 " DEAD MARY, thy ACCUSING SPIRIT stand!
 " I feel thy deep, last curse!" Then, with a cry,
 He sunk upon the earth in agony.

Feebly he rose,—when, on the matted hair
 Of a drown'd maid, and on her bosom bare,

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

The sun shone out : how horrid, the first glance
Of sun-light, on that alter'd countenance !

The eyes were open, but though cold and dim,
Fix'd with accusing ghastliness on him !

“ Merciful God ! ” with faltering voice he cries,

“ Hide me ! oh, hide me from the sight ! Those
eyes—

“ They glare on me ! oh, hide me with the dead !

“ THE CURSE—THE DEEP CURSE rests upon my
head ! ”

Alas, poor maid ! 'twas frenzy fir'd thy breast,—

Which prompted horrors not to be express'd :

Whilst ever at thy side the foul fiend stood,

And, laughing, pointed to th' oblivious flood.

WILLIAM, heart-stricken—to despair a prey,
Soon left the village, journeying far away.'

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

For, as if Mary's ghost in judgment cried,
His wife, in the first pains of child-birth, died.
Who has not heard, St. Cuthbert, of thy well?
Perhaps the spirit may his fortunes tell.*
He dropp'd a pebble—mark! no bubble bright
Comes from the bottom—turn away thy sight!
He looks again: “ Oh, GOD! those eye-balls glare,
“ How terribly! ah, smooth that matted hair,—
“ Mary! dead Mary! thy cold corse I see
“ Rise from the fountain! look not thus at me!
“ I cannot bear the sight—that form—that look!
“ OH! SHUT THE BOOK, DEAR MARY, SHUT THE
BOOK!”

* The people of the country consult the spirit of the well for their future destiny, by dropping a pebble into it, striking the ground, and other methods of divination, derived, no doubt, from the Druids.—POLWHELE.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Meantime, poor Mary in the grave was laid;—
Her lone and grey-hair'd mother wept and pray'd :
Soon to the dust she follow'd ; and unknown,
There, they both rest without a name or stone.
The village maids, who pass in summer by,
Still stop and say one pray'r, for charity !

But what of William? “ Hide me in THE MINE ! ”
(He cried,) “ the beams of day insulting shine !
“ Earth's very shadows are too gay, too bright,—
“ Hide me, for ever, in forgetful night ! ”
In vain;—that form, the cause of all his woes,
More sternly terrible in darkness rose !
Nearer he saw, with its pale waving hand,
The phantom in appalling stillness stand ;
The letters of the book shone through the night,
More blasting! “ Hide, oh hide me from the sight !

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

“ Ocean, to thee, and to thy storms, I bring
“ A heart, that not the music of the spring,
“ Nor summer piping on the rural plain,
“ Shall ever wake to happiness again !
“ OCEAN, be mine,—wild as thy wastes, to roam
“ From clime to clime!—OCEAN, BE THOU MY
HOME ! ”

Some say he died : here he was seen no more ;—
He went to sea ; and oft, amid the roar
Of the wild waters, starting from his sleep,
He gaz'd upon the wild tempestuous deep ;
When, slowly rising from the vessel's lee,
A shape appear'd, which none besides could see ;
Then would he shriek, like one whom Heav'n
forsook,—

“ OH ! SHUT THE BOOK, DEAR MARY, SHUT THE
BOOK ! ”

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

In foreign lands, in darkness or in light,
The same dread spectre stood before his sight;
If slumber came his aching lids to close,
Funereal forms in long procession rose.
Sometimes he dream'd that ev'ry grief was pass'd,
MARY, long lost on earth, is found at last;
And now she smil'd as when, in early life,
She liv'd in hope, that she should be his wife;
The maids are dress'd in white, and all are gay,
For this—(he dreamt)—is Mary's wedding-day!
Then, wherefore sad? a chill comes o'er his soul,—
The sounds of mirth are hush'd; and hark! a toll!—
A slow, deep toll; and lo! a sable train
Of mourners, moving to the village fane.
A coffin now is laid in holy ground,
That, heavily, returns a hollow sound,

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

When the first earth upon its lid is thrown :
That hollow sound now changes to a groan :
While, rising with wan cheek, and dripping hair,
And moving lips, and eyes of ghastly glare,
The Spectre comes again ! It comes more near !
'TIS MARY ! and that BOOK with many a tear
Is wet, which, with dim fingers, long and cold,
He sees her to the glimmering moon unfold.
And now her hand is laid upon his heart ;
Gasping, he wakes—with a convulsive start,
He gazes round ! Moonlight is on the tide—
The passing keel is scarcely heard to glide,—
See ! where the spectre goes : with frenzied look
He shrieks again, " OH ! MARY, SHUT THE BOOK ! "
Now, to the ocean's verge the phantom flies,—
And hark ! far off, the lessening laughter dies.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Years pass'd away,—at night, or evening close,
Faint, and more faint, th' ACCUSING SPECTRE ROSE:

Restor'd from toil, and perils of the main,
Now WILLIAM treads his native land again.

Near the Land's end, upon the rudest shore,
Where, from the west, Atlantic surges roar,
He liv'd, a lonely stranger, sad, but mild;
All mark'd his sadness, chiefly when he smil'd;
Some competence he gain'd, by years of toil:
So, in a cottage, on his native soil,
He dwelt, remote from crowds, nor told his tale
To human ear: he saw the white clouds sail
Oft o'er the bay,* when suns of summer shone,
Yet still he wander'd, mutt'ring and alone.

* Bay of St. Michael's Mount.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

At night, when, like the tumult of the tide,
Sinking to sad repose, all trouble died,
The Book of God was on his pillow laid,
He wept upon it, and in secret pray'd.

He had no friend on earth, save one blue jay,*
Which, from the Mississippi, far away,
O'er the Atlantic, to his native land
He brought;—and this poor bird fed from his hand.
In the great world there was not one beside
For whom he car'd, since his own mother died.

Yet manly strength was his, for twenty years
Weigh'd light upon his frame, though pass'd in
tears;

* The blue jay of the Mississipi. See Chateaubriand's Indian song, in *Atala*.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid—Widow and Son.

His age not forty-two, and in his face,
Of care, more than of age, appear'd the trace.

MARY was scarce remember'd ; by degrees,
The sights and sounds of life began to please.

Ruth was a widow, who, in youth, had known
Griefs of the heart, and losses of her own.

She—patient, mild, compassionate, and kind—
First woke to human sympathies his mind.

He look'd affectionately, when her child
Caress'd his bird, and then he stood, and smil'd.

This widow and her child, almost unknown,
Liv'd in a cottage that adjoin'd his own.

Her husband was a fisher,—one whose life
Is fraught with terror to an anxious wife :

Night after night, expos'd upon the main ;
Returning, tir'd with toil, or drench'd in rain ;

His gains, uncertain as his life,—he knows
No stated hours of labour and repose.
When others to a cheerful home retire,
And his wife sits before the ev'ning fire,
He, rocking, in the dark tempestuous night,
Haply, is thinking of that social light.

Ruth's husband left the bay,—the wind and rain
Came down,—the tempest swept the howling
main;—

The boat sunk in the storm, and he was found,
Below the rocks of the dark Lizard, drown'd.

Seven years had pass'd,—and after evening
pray'r,
To William's cottage Ruth would oft repair,
And with her little son would sometimes stay,
Listening to tales of regions far away.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid—Tales of Sea-Life.

The wond'ring boy lov'd of those scenes to hear;
Of battles—of the roving buccaneer;
Of the wild hunters, in the forest-glen,
And fires, and dances of the savage men.

So William spoke of perils he had pass'd,—
Of voices heard amid the roaring blast,—
Of those, who, lonely and of hope bereft,
Upon some melancholy rock are left,
Who mark, despairing, at the close of day,
Perhaps, some far-off vessel sail away:
He spoke with pity of the land of slaves—
And of the phantom-ship that rides the waves.*
It comes! it comes! A melancholy light
Gleams from the prow upon the storm of night.

* Called the flying Dutchman; the phantom ship of the Cape.

 A Tale of a Cornish Maid—Phantom-Ship of the Cape.

'Tis here! 'tis there! In vain the billows roll;
 It steers right on,—but not a living soul
 Is there, to guide its voyage through the dark,
 Or spread the sails of that terrific bark!
 He spoke of vast sea-serpents, how they float
 For many a rood, or near some hurrying boat
 Lift up their tall neck, with a hissing sound,
 And questing turn their blood-shot eye-balls round.
 He spoke of sea-maids, on the desert rocks,
 Who in the sun comb their green, dripping locks,
 While, heard at distance, in the parting ray,
 Beyond the farthest promontory's bay,
 Aërial music swells and dies away!

One night, they longer stay'd the tale to hear,
 And Ruth that night "beguil'd him of a tear,"

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

“ Whene’er he told of the distressful stroke
“ Which his youth suffer’d.” Then, she pitying
spoke;
And from that night a softer feeling grew,
As calmer prospects rose within his view.
And why not, ere the long night of the dead,
The slow descent of life together tread?

The day is fix’d; WILLIAM no more shall roam,
WILLIAM and RUTH shall have ONE HEART—ONE

HOME :

The world shut out, BOTH shall together pray :
BOTH wait the evening of life’s changeful day :
SHE shall his anguish soothe, when he is wild,—
And HE shall be a FATHER TO HER CHILD.

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Fair rose the morn—the summer air how bland!
The blue wave scarcely seems to touch the land.

Again 'tis William's wedding-day ! advance—
For lo! the church, and blue slate of Penzance !—
Their faith and troth is pledg'd—the rites are o'er—
The nuptial band wind slow along the shore,
The smiling boy beside : as thus they pass'd,
With sudden blackness rush'd the impetuous blast ; *
Deep thunder—roll'd—in long portentous sound,
At distance : nearer now, it shakes the ground,
Pale William sinks, with speechless dread oppress'd,
As the fork'd flash seems darted at his breast.
His beating heart is heard,—blanch'd is his cheek,—
A WELL-KNOWN VOICE seem'd in the storm to speak ;

* Sudden storms are very common in this bay.

 A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Aghast he cried again, with frantic look,
 “OH! SHUT THE BOOK, DEAR MARY, SHUT THE
 BOOK!”

By late REMORSE he died; for, from that day—
 The judgment on his head—he pin'd away,—
 And soon, an outcast suicide, he lay.

By the church-porch, rests Mary of Guynear;—
 When the first cuckoo startles the cold year,
 And blue mint* on her grave more beauteous grows,
 One small bird,† seems to sing for her repose.

* A wild flower of the most beautiful blue, adorning profusely, in spring, the green banks of lanes and hedge-rows.

† Called *Chickell*,—in Cornwall,—the wheat-ear. This should have been mentioned before, where the small well is spoken of in the garden-plat:—

“From time to time, a small bird dipp'd its bill.”

A Tale of a Cornish Maid.

Near the LAND'S END, so black and weather-beat,
He lies, and the dark sea is at his feet.

THOU, who hast heard the tale of the sad maid,
KNOW, CONSCIOUS GUILT is the ACCUSING SHADE :
If thou hast lov'd "some gentle maid and true,"
Whose first affections never swerv'd from you ;
LEAVE HER NOT—(oh! for pity and for truth)—
LEAVE HER NOT "tearful in her days of youth!"

Too late, the pang of vain REMORSE shall start,
And CONSCIENCE thus avenge—a BROKEN HEART!

IV.

*WALK ABROAD—VIEWS AROUND, FROM THE
SEVERN TO BRISTOL—WRINGTON—
“AULD ROBIN GRAY.”*

THE show'r is pass'd—the heath-bell,* at our
feet,

Looks up, as with a smile, tho' the cold dew
Hangs yet within its cup, like Pity's tear
Upon the eyelids of a village-child!
Mark! where a light upon those far-off waves
Gleams, while the passing show'r above our head

* Campanula.

Solitary Sea—Ship.

Sheds its last silent drops, amid the hues
Of the fast-fading rainbow,—such is life!—
Let us go forth—the redbreast is abroad,
And, dripping in the sunshine, sings again.

No object on the wider sea-line meets
The straining vision, but one distant ship,
Hanging, as motionless and still, far off,
In the pale haze, between the sea and sky.
She seems the ship—the very ship I saw
In infancy, and in that very place,
Whilst I, and all around me, have grown old
Since she was first descried; and there she sits,
A solitary thing of the wide main—
As she sat years ago. Yet she moves on:—
To-morrow all may be one space of waves!
Where is she bound? We know not; and no voice

Solitary Sea—Ship.

Will tell us where. Perhaps she beats her way
Slow up the Channel, after many years,
Returning from some distant clime, or lands,
Beyond the Atlantic! Oh! what anxious eyes
Count every nearer surge that heaves around!
How many anxious hearts this moment beat
With thronging thoughts of home, till those fix'd
 eyes,
Intensely fix'd upon these very hills,
Are fill'd with tears!—Perhaps she wanders on—
On—on—into the world of the vast sea,
There to be lost: never, with homeward sails,
Destin'd to greet these far-seen hills again,
Now fading into mist! So let her speed,
And we will pray she may return in joy,
When every storm is pass'd! Such is this sea,

Sea-scenes of Southampton contrasted.

That shows one wand'ring ship!—How different
smile

The sea-scenes of the South; and chiefly thine,
Waters of loveliest HAMPTON, chiefly thine—
Where I have pass'd the happiest hours of youth—
Waters of loveliest HAMPTON! Thy grey walls,
And loop-holed battlements, cast the same shade
Upon the light blue wave, as when of yore,
Beneath their arch, King CANUTE sat,* and chid
The tide, that came regardless to his feet,
A thousand years ago:—Oh! how unlike
Yon solitary sea, the Summer shines,
There, while a crowd of glancing vessels glide,
Fill'd with the young and gay, and pennants wave,
And sails, at distance, beautifully swell

* Alluding to the well-known Story.

Solitary Sand.

To the light breeze, or pass, like butterflies,
Amid the smoking steamers. And, oh! look—
Look! what a fairy lady is that yacht
That turns the wooded point, and silently
Streams up the sylvan ITCHIN—silently—
And yet as if she said, as she went on,
“ Who does not gaze at me !”

Yon winding sands

Were solitary once, as the wide sea.
Such I remember them! No sound was heard,
Save of the seagull warping on the wind,
Or of the surge that broke along the shore,
Sad as the seas; and can I e'er forget,
When, once,—a visitor from Oxenford,
Proud of Wintonian scholarship, a youth,
Silent, but yet light-hearted, deeming here,

Solitary Sand—Young Lady.

I could have no companion, fit for Him—
So whisper'd youthful vanity—for Him,
Whom Oxford* had distinguish'd,—can my heart
Forget when once, with thoughts like these, at morn,
I wander'd forth alone! The first ray shone
On the white seagull's wing, and gazing round,
I listen'd to the tide's advancing roar,
When, for the old and booted fisherman,
Who silent dredg'd for shrimps, in the cold haze
Of sun-rise, I beheld—or was it not
A momentary vision?—a fair form—
A female, following, with light airy step,
The wave as it retreated, and again
Tripping before it, till it touch'd her foot,
As if in play—and she stood beautiful,

* Having gained the University Prize the first year.

Solitary Sand—Young Lady.

Like to a fairy sea-maid of the deep,
Graceful, and young, and on the sands alone.
I look'd that she would vanish!—She had left,
Like me, just left th' abode of discipline,
And came, in the gay fullness of her heart,
When the pale light first glanc'd along the wave,
To play with the wild ocean, like a child;
And at that moment, though I knew her not,
My bonnet I had vail'd, and vow'd—oh, hear!
Ye votaries of German sentiment—
Vow'd an ETERNAL LOVE; but, diffident,
I cast a parting look, that seem'd to say,
“ Shall we ne'er meet again? ” The vision smil'd,
And left the scene to solitude:—Once more
We met, and then we parted, in this world
To meet no more; and that fair form, that shone

Severn—Walton Castle.

The vision of a moment, on the sands—
Was never seen again!—Now, it has pass'd
Where all things are forgotten;* but it shone
To me, a sparkle of the morning sun,
That trembled on the light wave, yesterday,
And perish'd there for ever!

Look around,—

Above the winding reach of Severn stands,
With massy fragments of forsaken tow'rs,
Thy Castle, solitary WALTON. Hark!
Through the lone ivy'd arch, was it the wind
Came fitful? There, by moonlight, we might stand,
And deem it some old castle of romance;
And on the glimm'ring ledge of yonder rock,
Above the wave, fancy it was the form

* I heard, since this was written, the Lady is living: if this falls into her hands she may remember the circumstance.

Walton Castle.

Of Spectre-Lady, for a moment seen,
Lifting her bloody dagger, then, with shrieks
Vanishing! Hush! there is no sound—no sound
But of the Severn sweeping onward! Look!
There is no bleeding apparition-form :—
No fiery phantoms glare along thy walls!
Surrounded by the works of silent art,
And far—far more endearing, by a groupe
Of breathing children, their Possessor lives ;*
And ill should I deserve the name of Bard,
Of courtly Bard, if I could touch this theme
Without a prayer—an earnest, heartfelt prayer,
When one, whose smile I never saw but once,
Yet cannot well forget, when one now blooms—

* J. P. MILES, Esq; whose fine collection of Paintings, at his magnificent seat, Leigh Court, is well known.

Picture of Bristol.

Unlike the spectre-Lady of the Rock—
A living and a lovely Bride ! *

How proud—

Oppos'd to WALTON's silent towers—how proud,
With all her spires and fanes—and volum'd smoke,
Trailing, in columns, to the mid-day sun,
Black, or pale blue, above the cloudy haze—
And the great stir of commerce, and the noise
Of passing and re-passing wains, and cars,
And sledges, grating in their under-path,
And trade's deep murmur, and a street of masts,
And pennants, from all nations of the earth,
Streaming below the houses, pil'd aloft,
Hill above hill ; and every road below

* Married, whilst these pages were in the press, to a son
of my early friend.

Congresbury.

Fervent with troops of coal-nymphs, seated high
On their rough pads, in dingy dust serene:—
How proudly, amid sights and sounds like these,
BRISTOL, through all whose smoke—dark and aloof,
Stands REDCLIFF'S solemn Fane:—How proudly,
girt

With villages, and CLIFTON'S airy rocks,
BRISTOL—the mistress of the Severn Sea—
BRISTOL, amid her merchant-palaces,
That ancient city, sits!—

From out those trees,
Look! CONGRESBURY lifts its slender spire!
How many woody glens and nooks, of shade,
With transient sunshine, fill the interval,
As rich as POUSSIN'S landscapes! Gnarled oaks,
Dark, or with fits of desultory light,

Brockley-Coomb.

Flung through the branches, *there*, o'erhang the road,
Where shelter'd, as romantic, **BROCKLEY-COOMB**
Allures the lingering traveller to wind
Step by step, up its sylvan hollow, slow—
Till the proud summit gain'd, how gloriously
The wide scene lies in light—how gloriously,
Sun, shadows, and blue mountains far away,
Woods, meadows, and the mighty Severn—blend,
While the grey heron up-shoots, and screams for joy!
There, the dark yew starts from the limestone rock,
Into faint sunshine,—there, the ivy hangs
From the old oak, whose upper branches, bare,
Seem as admonishing the nether woods
Of Time's swift pace,—while dark and deep beneath
The fearful hollow yawns, upon whose edge
One peeping cot sends up, from out the fern,

Cottage—Poor Dinah—Goblin-Coomb.

Its early wreath of slow-ascending smoke.

And who lives in that far-secluded cot?

POOR DINAH! She was once a serving-maid,

Most beautiful; now on the wild wood's edge

She lives alone—alone, and bow'd with age,

Mutt'ring and sad, and scarce within the sound

Of human kind, forsaken as the scene!

Nor pass we FAYLAND, with its fairy rings

Marking the turf, where tinely elves may dance,

Their light feet twinkling in the dewy gleam,

By moonlight. But what sullen dæmon pil'd

The rocks, that stern in desolation frown,

Through the deep solitude of GOBLIN COOMB,*

* A wild, desolate, and craggy vale, so called most appropriately, and forming a contrast to the open downs of FAYLAND, and the picturesque beauties of BROCKLEY.

 Langford Court—Mendip Lodge.

Where, wheeling o'er its crags, the shrilling kite
 More dismal makes its utter dreariness!

But yonder, at the foot of MENDIP, smiles
 The seat of cultivated ADDINGTON :*—
 And there, that beautiful, but solemn church,
 Presides o'er the still scene, where one old friend †
 Lives social, while the shortening day unfelt
 Steals on, and eve, with smiling light, descends—
 With smiling light, that, ling'ring on the tow'r,
 Reminds earth's pilgrim of his lasting home.

Is that a magic garden, on the edge
 Of Mendip hung? Ev'n so it seems to gleam;

* Langford Court, the seat of the late Right Hon. HELY
 ADDINGTON.

† The Rev. THOMAS WICKHAM, Rector of Yatton.

Wrington—Blagdon.

While many a cottage, on to WRINGTON'S smoke,
(WRINGTON, the birth-place of immortal LOCKE,)
Checkers the village-crofts, and lowly glens,
With porch of flowers, and birdcage, at the door,
That seems to say—"England, with all thy crimes,
" And smitten as thou art by pauper-laws,
" ENGLAND, THOU ONLY ART THE POOR MAN'S
HOME!"

And yonder, BLAGDON, in its shelter'd glen,
Sits pensive, like a rock-bird, in its cleft;—
The craggy glen *here* winds, with ivy hung,
Beneath whose dark, depending tresses, peeps
The Cheddar-pink; *there*, fragments of red rock
Start from the verdant turf, among the flow'rs.
And who can paint sweet Blagdon, and not think
Of LANGHORNE, in that hermitage of song?—

Author of the tune of "Auld Robin Gray."

LANGHORNE a pastor, and a poet too? *
 He, in retirement's literary bower,
 Oft woo'd the Sisters of the sacred well,
 Harmonious: nor pass on, without a prayer,
 For her—associate of his early fame,
 Accomplish'd, eloquent, and holy MORE †—
 Who now, with slow and gentle decadence,
 In the same vale, with look uprais'd to Heaven,
 Waits meekly at the gate of Paradise,
 Smiling at time!—

But, hark! there comes a song,
 Of Scotland's lakes and hills—AULD ROBIN GRAY!
 TWEED, or the winding Tay, ne'er echoed words

* LANGHORNE, the Poet, Rector of Blagdon.

† MRS. HANNAH MORE, of Barley-Wood, near Wrington,
 of whom all praise is superfluous.

Auld Robin Gray.

More sadly soothing ;—but the melody,*
Like some sweet melody of olden times,
A ditty of past days, rose from those woods.
Oh! could I hear it—as I heard it once—
Sung by a maiden † of the South, whose look—
(Although her song be sweet)—whose look, whose
 life,
Is sweeter than her song ;—no minstrel grey—
Like DONALD and “the Lady of the Lake”—
But would lay down his harp, and when the song
Was ended, raise his lighted eyes, and smile,
To thank that maiden, with a strain like this :—

* The Rector of Wrington, Mr. LEAVES, was the composer of the *popular* melody ; but there is an old Scotch tune, to which the words were originally adapted. By melody, I mean the music to the words.

† Miss STEPHENS.

Auld Robin Gray.

“ OH! when I hear thee sing of ‘ Jamie far away,’
“ ‘ Of Father and of Mother,’ and of ‘ Auld Robin
Gray,’

“ I listen till I think it is Jeanie’s self I hear,
“ ‘ And I look in thy face’ with a blessing and a
tear.

“ ‘ I look in thy face,’ for my heart it is not cold,*
“ Though Winter’s frost is stealing on, and I am
growing old ;
“ Those tones I shall remember as long as I live,
“ And a blessing and a tear shall be the thanks I
give.

* “ She look’d in my face, till my heart was like to break.”
—(*Auld Robin Gray.*) Nothing can exceed the pathos with
which Miss STEPHENS sings these words.

Auld Lang Syne.

“ The tear it is for summers that so blithesome
have been,

“ For the flowers that all are faded, and ‘ the days
that I have seen ;’—

“ The blessing, lassie, is for thee, whose song so
sadly sweet

“ Recals the music of ‘ Lang Syne,’ to which my
heart has beat.”

V.

*LANG SYNE—VISION OF THE DELUGE—
CONCLUSION.*

THE music of "Lang Syne!" Oh! long ago
It died away—died—and was heard no more!—
And where those hills that skirt the level vale,
On to the left, the prospect intercept,
I would not—could not look—were they remov'd
I *would* not—*could* not look, lest I should see
The sunshine on that spot of all the world,
Where, starting from the dream of youth, I gaz'd
Long since, on the cold, clouded world, and cried,

Lang Syne.

“ Beautiful vision, lov’d, ador’d, in vain,

“ FAREWELL—FAREWELL, for ever! ”

How sincere,

How pure was my heart’s loye; oh! was it not?

Yes; Heaven can witness—now my brow is chang’d,

And I look back, and almost seem to hear

The music of the days when we were young,

Like music in a dream, ere we awoke,

Oh! witness, Heaven, how fervent, how sincere—

How fervent, and how tender, and how pure,

Was my fond heart’s first love!

The summer eve

Shone, as with sympathy of sweet farewell,

Upon thy Tor, and solitary mound,

GLASTON, as rapidly I pass’d along,

Lang Syne.

Borne from those scenes for ever, while this song
The sorrows of the hour and way beguil'd:—

“ O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
“ Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
“ Soothing to sad repose the weary sense,
“ Stealest the long-forgotten pang away ;
“ ON THEE I rest my only hope at last,
“ And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
“ That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
“ I may look back upon this anguish past,
“ And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
“ As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
“ Sings in the sunbeam of the transient show'r,
“ Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—

Lang Syne.

“ Yet ah! how much must the poor heart endure,
“ Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!”*

When the next eve came down,—on DOVER
CLIFFS

A pale, solitary youth, “ unknown
“ To fortune and to fame,” stood—with a tear,
Gazing upon a foreign land, and thus
Sought the brief solace of a song again :—

“ ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
“ Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
“ Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
“ How many weary wanderers have stood ;

* From Sonnets, by the Author.

Lang Syne.

“ And, whilst the lifted murmur met their ear,
“ And o’er the distant billows the still Eve
“ Sail’d slow, have thought of all their hearts
 must leave
“ To-morrow; of the friends they lov’d most dear;
“ Of social scenes, from which they wept to part:
 “ But if, like me, they knew how fruitless all—
 “ All the fond hopes that would the past recall,
“ Soon would they quell the risings of the heart,
“ And brave the storm and the unhearing tide—
“ The cold wide World their home, and GOD their
 guide.” *

So pass’d the days of youth, which ne’er return,
Tearful; for worldly fortune smil’d too late,

* From Sonnets, by the Author.

 Lang Syne.

And the poor minstrel-boy had then no wealth,
 Save such as Poets dream of—LOVE and HOPE.
 At Fortune's frown, the wreath which Hope entwin'd
 Lay withering, for the dream had been too sweet
 For human life ;—yet NEVER—though his LOVE,*

* As the following lines have appeared, without a name, in Miss JOHANNA BAILEY'S Collection of Poems, I venture here to acknowledge them. They may possibly be read with some interest, when compared with the first effusions of my youth:—

WHEN last we parted, thou wert young and fair—
 How beautiful let fond remembrance say.
 Alas! since then old Time has stol'n away
 Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare:—
 So hath it perish'd like a thing of air,
 The dream of love and youth!—My locks are grey;
 Yet still remembering Hope's enchanting lay,
 Though Time has chang'd my look, and blanch'd my hair,
 Though I remember one dark hour with pain,
 And never thought, as long as I might live,
 Parted for years—to hear that voice again—
 I can a sad, but cordial greeting give,
 And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer,
 LADY, AS WHEN I LOV'D THEE YOUNG AND FAIR!

Return to the Deluge.

“ All his fond love,” he mutter’d to the winds;
Though oft he strove, distemper’d, without joy,
To drown ev’n the remembrance that he liv’d—
NEVER, a weak complaint escap’d his lip,
Save that some tender tones,* as he pass’d on,
Died on his desultory lyre.—

NO MORE!—

Forget the shadows of a feverish dream,
That long has pass’d away! Uplift the eyes
To HIM, who “ sits above the water flood,”—
To HIM, who “ WAS, AND IS, AND IS TO COME!”
Wrapt in the view of ages that are pass’d,
And marking here the record of earth’s doom,
Let us, even now, think that we hear the sound—
The sound of the Great Flood, the peopled earth

* Early Sonnets.

Vision of the Flood—Archangel—Trump.

Cov'ring, and surging in its solitude!

Let us forget the passing hour—the noise

Of this tumultuous scene of human things,

And bid Imagination lift the veil

Spread, o'er the rolling globe, four thousand years!

THE VISION OF THE DELUGE! HARK—A TRUMP!

It was the TRUMP of the ARCHANGEL! Stern,

He stands, while the awak'ning thunder rolls

Beneath his feet! Stern, and alone, he stands

Upon Imaus' height!

No voice is heard

Of revelry or blasphemy so high!

He SOUNDS AGAIN HIS TRUMPET; and the clouds

Come deep'ning o'er the world!—

Why art thou pale?

A strange and fearful stillness is on earth,

Voice—Phantom-Horse.

As if the shadow of th' ALMIGHTY pass'd
O'er the abodes of man, and hush'd, at once,
The song, the shout, the cries of violence,
The groan of the oppress'd, and the deep curse
Of Blasphemy, that scowls upon the clouds,
And mocks the deeper thunder!

HARK! A VOICE—

“ PERISH ! ” Again the thunder rolls—the Earth
Answers—from North to South, from East to West—
“ PERISH ! ” The fountains of the mighty deep
Are broken up—the rushing rains descend,
Like night—deep night, while momentary seen,
Through blacker clouds, on his pale phantom-horse,
DEATH, a gigantic skeleton, rides on,
Rejoicing, where the millions of mankind—
(Visible, where his lightning-arrows glar'd)—

Phantom-Horse—Dove of the Ark.

Welter beneath the shadow of his horse !
Now, dismally, through all her caverns, HELL
Sends forth a horrid laugh, that dies away,
And then a loud voice answers—" VICTORY !
" VICTORY, TO THE RIDER, AND HIS HORSE !
" VICTORY, TO THE RIDER, AND HIS HORSE !"

RIDE ON:—the Ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo ! the mighty deep has shrunk !
The Ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
On ARARAT. The Raven is sent forth,—
Send out the Dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the sev'ring clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song :—

Dove of the Ark.

Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,
But whither wilt thou go?
For tho' the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kiss'd it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.—
She kisses it, and at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn till dark;
And now, amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.

Dove of the Ark.

Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way;
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherished it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark;—
Again it came at ev'ning-fall, and lo,
An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more; and watch'd its
flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of Heaven:

Dove of the Ark.

Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:—

- “ Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,
“ And greet the morning ray ;
“ For lo ! the sun shines bright above,
“ And night and storm are pass'd away.
“ No longer drooping, here confin'd,
“ In this cold prison dwell ;
“ Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
“ Sweet bird, go forth, and FARE THEE WELL.
- “ Oh ! beautiful and gentle Dove,
“ Thy welcome sad will be,
“ When thou shalt hear no voice of love,
“ In murmurs from the leafy tree :

Dove ascending.

“ Yet FREEDOM, FREEDOM shalt thou find,
“ From this cold prison’s cell ;
“ Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
“ Sweet bird, go forth, and FARE THEE WELL.”*

And never more she saw it ; for the Earth
Was dry, and now, upon the mountain’s van,
Again the GREAT ARCHANGEL stands! the light
Of the moist rainbow glitters on his hair—
He to the bow up-lifts his hands, whose arch
Spans the whole Heaven; and whilst, far off, in light,
The ascending dove is for a moment seen,
The last rain falls—falls, gently and unheard,
Amid the silent sunshine! Oh! look up!—
Above the clouds, borne up the depth of light,

* This Song, set to music by the Author, was originally written for an Oratorio.

Conclusion.

Behold A CROSS!—and round about the Cross,
Lo! Angels and Archangels jubilant,
Till the ascending pomp in light is lost,
Lift their acclaiming voice,—“ GLORY TO THEE,
“ GLORY, AND PRAISE, AND HONOUR BE TO THEE,
“ LORD GOD OF HOSTS; WE LAUD AND MAGNIFY
“ THY GLORIOUS NAME, PRAISING THEE EVERMORE,
“ FOR THE GREAT DRAGON IS CAST DOWN, AND HELL
“ VANQUISH'D BENEATH THY CROSS, LORD JESUS
CHRIST.”

Hark! the clock strikes!—The shadowy scene
dissolves,

And all the visionary pomp is pass'd!
I only see a few sheep on the edge
Of this aërial ridge, and Banwell tower,
Grey in the morning sunshine, at our feet.

 Conclusion.

Farewell to BANWELL CAVE, and BANWELL HILL,
 And BANWELL CHURCH;* and farewell to the shores
 Where, when a child, I wander'd; and farewell,
 HARP OF MY YOUTH! Above this mountain-cave
 I leave thee, murm'ring to the fitful breeze
 That wanders from that sea, whose sound I heard
 So many years ago.

Yet, whilst the light
 Steals from the clouds, to rest upon that tow'r,
 I turn a parting look, and lift to Heaven
 A parting prayer, that OUR OWN SION, thus,—
 With sober splendour, yet not gorgeous,
 Her mitred brow, temper'd with lenity

* Banwell Church is eminently beautiful, as are all the churches in Somersetshire. DR. RANDOLPH has lately added improvements to the Altar-piece, and spared no expense.

Conclusion.

And Apostolic mildness—in her mien
No dark defeature, beautiful as mild,
And gentle as the smile of Charity,—
Thus on the rock of ages may uplift
Her brow majestic, pointing to the spires
That grace her village glens, or solemn fanes
In cities, calm above the stir and smoke,
And list'ning to deep harmonies that swell
From all her temples!

So may she adorn—
(Her robe as graceful, as her Creed is pure)—
This happy land, till TIME SHALL BE NO MORE!

And whilst her grey cathedrals rise in air,
Solemn, august, and beautiful, and touch'd
By time—to show a grace, but no decay,
Like that fair pile, which, from hoar Mendip's brow,

Conclusion.

The traveller beholds, crowning the vale
Of Avalon, with all its tow'rs in light;—
So, ENGLAND, may thy grey cathedrals lift
Their front in Heav'n's pure light, and ever boast
Such PRELATE-LORDS—bland, but yet dignified—
Pious, paternal, and belov'd, as HE
Who prompted, and FORGIVES, this SEVERN SONG !

And THOU, oh LORD and SAVIOUR, on whose rock
That CHURCH is founded, tho' the storm without
May howl around its battlements, preserve
Its spirit, and still pour into the hearts
Of all, who there confess thy holy name,
PEACE,—that, through evil or through good report,
They may hold on their blameless way.

For me,

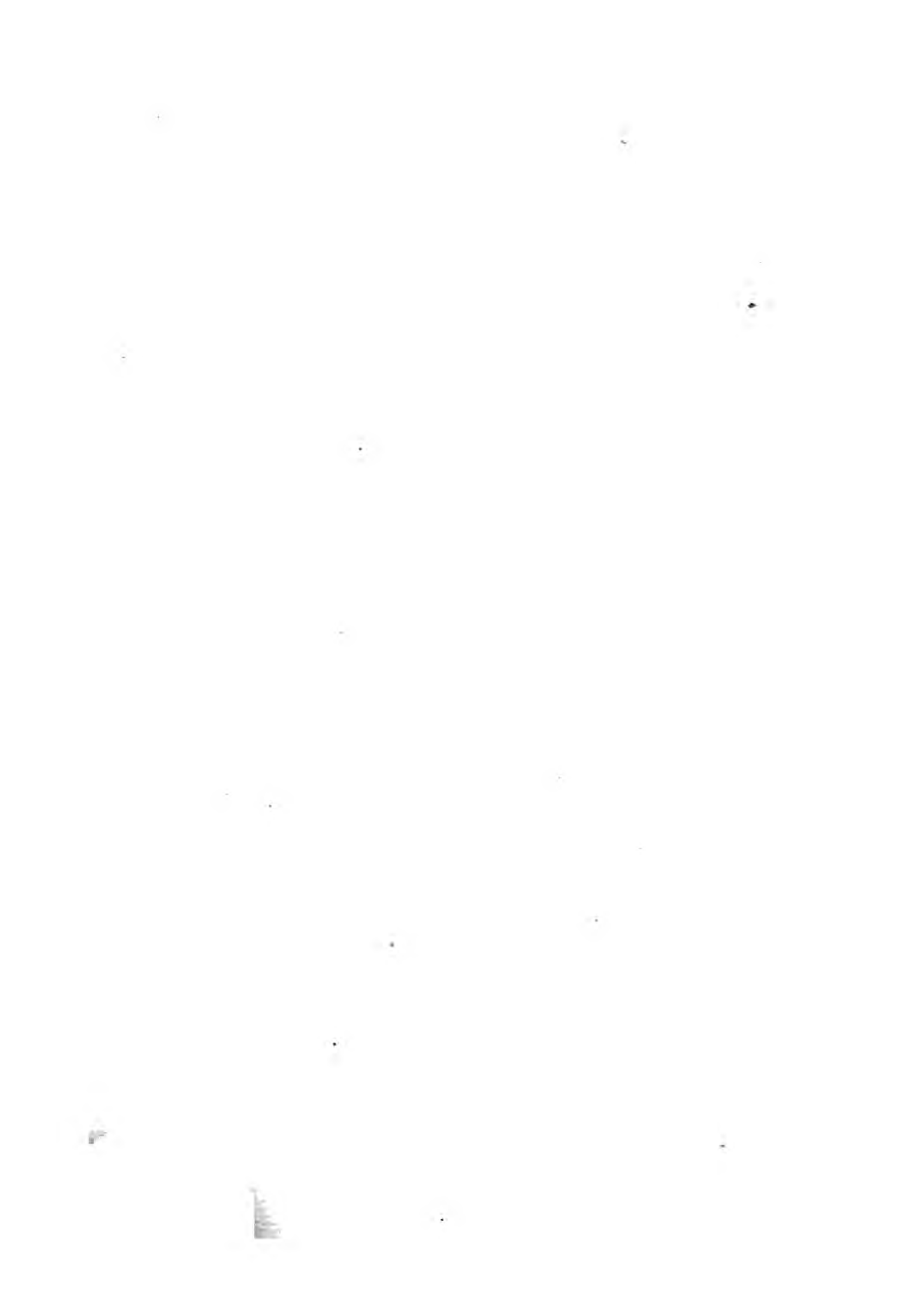
Though disappointment, like a morning cloud,

Conclusion.

Hung on my early hopes,—that cloud is pass'd—
Is pass'd, but not forgotten,—and the light
Is calm, not cold, which rests upon the scene,
Soon to be ended. I may wake no more
The melody of song on earth; but THEE,
FATHER of HEAV'N, and SAVIOUR—at this hour—
FATHER and LORD, I thank thee, that no song
Of mine, from youth to age, has left a stain
I would blot out; and grateful for the good
Thy Providence, through many years, has lent,
Humbly I wait the close, till thy high will
Dismiss me, bless'd if, when that hour shall come,
MY LIFE may plead, far better than my song.

END OF THE POEM.

MISCELLANEOUS
ILLUSTRATIONS.



MISCELLANEOUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE xi. LINE 9.

..... *Thy chariot wheels*
Rung on that road below!

Two signal victories under Claudius are celebrated over the Britons. After one of them, a magnificent triumphal temple was erected, and the strongest hold of Cunobelin became the colony of Camalodunum. But where was Camalodunum? It was in Essex, says the general voice: it is marked there in the Roman maps. It was at Camerton, in Somersetshire, replies the well-informed Rector of that parish, Mr. Skinner,—

“ Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.”

The strongest argument for Essex is a passage in Tacitus of the apparition,—seen where? In **Œstuario THAMESIS**, says Tacitus. Then Camalodunum could not be at Camerton. Mr. Skinner says, the word Thamesis is not in the oldest edition. This is a most material fact, and certainly the passage in Tacitus is far clearer, if applied to the Severn, than to the Thames.

Now let us come to facts. A great battle was fought near Wookey, in Somersetshire, in the reign of Claudius, as proved by the most infallible of all tests—the following inscription, on a plate of lead:

T. Claudius Cæsar. Aug. P. vi.

Trib. P. viii. IMP. xvi. de Britan.

The reverse of most of these coins of Claudius is a triumphant arch. The ninth tribune of Claudius fell anno Romæ conditæ 802, in the year 52 of the Christian æra. I am convinced there was *more than one* Templum Claudii in Britain—more than *one* Camalodunum. Let me add, that Temple

Cloud, and Temple-street, Bristol, I have no doubt, were so called from A TEMPLE of victory, dedicated to Claudius, in the neighbourhood of this great victory, and, probably, a triumphant arch at the entrance of Bristol.

PAGE XXI. LINE 1.

Thy Abbey, WOODSPRING, rose.

“ Almost on the brink of the Channel, being
 “ secured from it only by a narrow shelf of rocks,
 “ called *Swallow-Clift*, William de Courteneye,
 “ about the year 1210, founded a Friary of Augustine
 “ Monks, at a place called *Worspryng*, or
 “ Woodspring, to the honour of the Holy Trinity,
 “ the blessed Virgin Mary, and St. Thomas Becket,
 “ of Canterbury. This Wm. de Courteneye was
 “ son of Robt. de Courteneye, and a descendant of

“ Wm. de Traci, as well as nearly allied to the
“ three other assassigators of the canonized Arch-
“ bishop, to whom this Monastery was dedicated.”—
History of Somerset.

Four Barons were engaged to murder Becket ;
but *three* only were concerned in giving his first
death-wounds,—Reginald Fitz-urse, William de
Tracy, and Richard Brito. I transcribe from the
animated pen of Southey the following interesting
recital :

“ ‘ Reginald, said he (Becket) to Fitz-urse, ‘ I
“ have done *you* many kindnesses, and do you come
“ against me thus armed? The Baron, resolute as
“ himself, in a worse purpose, told him to get out
“ from thence (the Cathedral), and die; at the same
“ time laying hold of his robe ! ”

“ Tracy, he had nearly thrown down; and Fitz-
“ urse, he thrust from him with a strong hand,” &c.
“ Fitz-urse no longer hesitated to *strike*,” &c. “ The
“ second blow brought him to the ground, on his

“ face, before St. Benedict’s Altar. He had strength
“ and composure enough to cover himself with his
“ robes, and then to join his hands in prayer, and
“ in that position died under their repeated strokes,
“ each pressing near to bear a part in the murder.
“ Brito cleft his skull.”—*Southey’s Vindiciæ, &c.*
vol. i. 239.

I have ventured to suppose the graves might be those of Tracey, Fitz-urse, and Brito: the name of Hugh Neville does not occur. I have since heard, that on the Flat Holms are only *two graves*; and that, contrary to all received usages of ancient sepulture, the graves are North and South, not East and West. It is natural to suppose, that these may be the graves of Fitz-urse and of Tracey, for Tracey’s descendants founded the Abbey in view of the Holms. The interment might have been contrary to the usual direction of Christian graves, from feelings of the direst remorse, as if murderers, who smote the anointed Primate of the

HOLY CHURCH, should be consigned to oblivion in graves having the usual position of Christian burial reversed!

The idea is, at all events, *poetical*, whether it be founded in truth, or not. It is *more* probable, if there are only *two* graves; for it is likely that two of the murderers might have retired here, rather than three or four. Tracey was undoubtedly one; Fitz-urse did not strike, till from personal irritation.

PAGE XVI. LINE 13.

Like days on days revolving—BLEADON lies.

I hope to receive the indulgence of my readers, if, in contemplating the scenes, after many years, which are among the subjects of this Poem, I extract part of a letter from the kind-hearted old man (the Rev. Mr. NORMAN), the Parson Adams of the

county, to whom I was sent to learn the first rudiments of my education.

I find in a letter to my father, dated Bleadon, 1779, this passage, expressing his surprise at some juvenile indifferent verses, which my father, at the time, thought prodigious :

“ MASTER BOWLES appears *already* to have acquired, under his incomparable master, a FUND OF LEARNING AND HUMOUR, visible in his representation of Sir Tobit; and if the *blossoms* are so fair at his early age, what unparalleled *fruit* may we not hope for, when he is *got* on the TOP of PARNASSUS? A prospect GRAND enough to make so dull a mortal as your humble servant proud! ”

“ *Master* ” Bowles laid his hand by accident on this passage, looking over some old letters to his father, while this poem was in the press; and he extracts it, thinking the reader might possibly smile, as *he did*, when, after forty years communing with the Muse, he concludes this poem on the same

scenes, with recollections of that first good old schoolmaster, who in the second *sight* of prophecy, among the hills of the lonely village of Bleadon, prophesied for him a *prospect* of the hill of Parnassus, which undoubtedly meant this Poem on **BANWELL HILL!!**

One little incident, which has been called up by these recollections, had very nearly destroyed the prophecy; for coming through Bristol, from Northamptonshire, we changed horses. Having never before seen a place greater than Ayno in Northamptonshire, the moment we got out of the chaise, took advantage, and instantly wandered away. The carriage was waiting, scouts were sent in every direction; and it was not long before “*Ma*” “*Bowles,*” the future Bard of Banwell, was found sitting composedly, on the steps leading to Effcliffe Church!

These verses on Sir Tobit were most unfortunate for me; for in consequence, my Father, lest

“*humour*” should be lost, set me, when I came home, to turn “Joe Miller’s selected JESTS” into verse! And this was not the worst; for whenever company came, my translation of the Jests was brought forth. Whether this gave me a turn to *Elegy*, I cannot say.

PAGE XLV. LINE 6.

And CALVINISTS and EWANGELICALS!

It has been said, that I have revived the *old story* of Calvin and Servetus! I answer, *first*, the memory of this fact cannot be revived too often; *secondly*, the chief fact to which I call the reader’s attention, and *abhorrence*, has been very seldom adverted to,—the cold-blooded passage in his epistle to a friend, describing Servetus’s agony after condemnation.

Nor will I ever be deterred from expressing my opinion, that the extreme Calvinistic creed is the “*fate*” of the Manicheans, of the worshippers of the EVIL PRINCIPLE, human nature being, according to their system, *utterly* a putrid mass of corruption, with “FATE,” over all! This creed is derived from the oriental philosophy, whose professors—the *Kαδαροι*, or first *Puritans*—contended, that the EVIL PRINCIPLE created and governed the world, and that MATTER was essentially corrupt, as partaking the *nature of the evil deity* who made the world. On this account, they “forbid marriage,” because marriage, and children, extended the DOMINANT RULE of EVIL; and hence St. Paul says, “forbidding marriage, and giving heed to the doctrines of devils!” In opposition to these doctrines, CHRIST performed his first miracle at the MARRIAGE in Cana! Marriage is the subject of our Lord’s discourse in the beginning of the 10th chapter of St. Mark; and, in

the same chapter, he so tenderly speaks, “*Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!*”

This “*first* miracle,” and our Saviour’s conduct afterwards towards the *children*, considered together, have both a natural relation. I mention this, because it has escaped, as far as I know, *commentators*, who often leave out entirely what requires explanation, and are very diffuse in explaining what requires no explanation at all!

As to the eloquent, but inhuman, writer of the celebrated “*Institutions*,” which have thrown a darker horror on the doctrines of the old Manicheans, the letter of his, to which I have alluded, who can read, without saying, in the beautiful language of a poetical Calvinist, whose intense miseries were consonant to his creed,—

“ Now what man, seeing this,
“ And having human feelings, does not hang
“ His head, and blush to think himself a man!”

Calvin, speaking of Servetus, after his condemnation, uses these words, "*Tantum reboaret BELLUINA*
"STUPIDITATE MISERICODIA! MISERICORDIA!!"*

As the history of his treatment of Servetus is not commonly met with, I print the following letter from the poor victim in prison:—

"To my most honoured Lords, the Syndic and
"Council of Geneva.

"MY LORDS,—Your petitioner beseeches you to
"consider, that he has committed *no fault* in your
"city, nor any where else; that he has not been a
"seditious man, and a disturber of the public; that
"all the time he was in Germany, he never dis-
"coursed of these things but with *Œcolampadius*,
"Bucer, and Capito; and that he never imparted his
"opinions in France. Besides, he always disap-
"proved, and disapproves, of the Anabaptists, who

* Letter of Calvin to Farrel, of Switzerland: "He only
"roared out, like a Spanish bull, 'MERCY! MERCY!! Bon-
"ner, hide thy diminished head?'"

“oppose the magistrates, and would have all things
“in common!”

Yet this is the poor man, whom this Doctor watched like a tiger; and when he found he had rested one night at a public-house, in his way to Italy, wrote to say, “Servetus has been found in this city, “and I will take care he shall NOT ESCAPE alive”!!

In another letter, during imprisonment, Servetus addresses the magistrates, “Most honoured Lords, “I humbly beseech you that you would be pleased “to put a stop to these proceedings, or leave off “*persecuting* me as a *criminal*. You see that Calvin “is put to his last shifts, and is resolved I should “*rot* in a prison! I am eaten up with *vermin*, *les* “*poux me mangent TOUT VIE!* *mes chausses* are torn “in pieces; I have none to shift, or another doublet “—no *shirt, che une mechante!*” And this was, according to his amiable scholastic persecutor, for “robbing the Almighty of two of the HYPOSTACES “of his ESSENCE”!!

PAGE XLVI. LINE 4.

Deck'd with most grim and godly visages.

The effects of certain creeds may be traced in the *visages* that adorn sundry Godly Magazines, and which speak, more than volumes, of the feelings which could produce such effects on the *human* countenance; showing the analogy between the conformation of features, and the creed-ruling passions of the mind, it is difficult to say whether the effect is more hideous, or ludicrous, in *some of* these countenances.

Let any physiognomist cast his eye on the *godly* books, whose frontispiece, every month, stares him in the face with the portentous visage of the Rev. Mr. —, the Rev. Mr. —, the Rev. Mr. —, &c. and I should think he would not have much disposition to bewilder his wits over

long pages of metaphysical sophistry tacked to the Holy Bible, to prove that when GOD says *one* thing, he means *another* !

I am afraid many young modern Evangelists read one modern indefatigable commentator, as the old Aristotelian Divines did, when, calling for St. Augustin, they used to say, *da mihi Magistrum!*

PAGE xlviii. LINE 13.

Lest he should trust to MORALS, when he dies!

Among a thousand others, I can avouch for the following fact:—A young woman, of most respectable character, taught the children in a Clergyman's village-school to read. After some time, she told the lady of the Clergyman, she should no longer superintend the school, as she had found, *too late,*

she had been bred up herself in a *sad moral way!*
She was soon put out of this "sad MORAL way!"
and brought before the magistrate, to *affiliate* the
first fruits of her new *anti-moral* creed!

PAGE lii. LINE 6.

Of murderous intent, till dew-drops stand.

The Drama is far more effective, as a corrector
of crimes, in many instances, than *some* places of
worship, where anti-moral doctrines of different
shades are preached.

The murderer of a poor woman,* to whom he
was betrothed, rose from his knees in *a chapel*, and
hastened to dip his hands in her blood. Let us
suppose the same man had entered that "*omnium*

* Maria Martin.

“ *Dæmonum Theatrum*,” a *play-house*, just as the soliloquy was spoken,

“ Is this a dagger, which I see before me ? ” &c.

Or, let us imagine his feelings when he heard this harrowing dialogue, from the same sublime drama of *Macbeth* :

“ *Macb.* I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear a noise ?

“ *Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

“ Didst thou not speak ?

“ *Macb.* When ?

“ *Lady M.* Now.

“ *Macb.* As I descended ?

“ *Lady M.* Ay.

“ *Macb.* Hark !—

“ This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*”

If he could have endured this whole heart-searching scene, let him have waited till he saw that terrible picture of remorse, when *Lady Macbeth* appears in her sleep, and I would venture to say that this deed of blood would *not have* been done !!

I mention this, to show how utterly at variance with the SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY is indiscriminate abuse of Plays, as plays, for of the *abuses* I am well aware. As for plays, it cannot be too often mentioned that St. Paul quoted a line of Menander, (the Greek *play writer*,) in his Epistle to the Corinthians, when writing on a subject so awful as the RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD! Could any thing induce a Puritan to QUOTE Shakespeare? * We all remember what was said in a periodical publication of that *wicked sinner*, William Shakespeare!! but such is the slavery of the human mind, that he, who could go from a place of worship to *commit murder*, would not go to a *play*!

* See the same language—the very same images, used by Tertullian, † after he became a *Montanist*, and by Prynne, Rowland Hill, and Edward Irving, &c.

† De Spectaculis.

PAGE liv. LINE 2.

We love THE BIBLE,

I trust I need not say, that I cannot mean to object to any short explanatory notes on the Bible; but only to those long, sophistical, and elaborate comments, which turn "yes" into "no," and "no" into "yes;" and make the "holy Word of God" a mere instrument in the hands of a sophistical and Calvinistic Jesuit, on which to string his contradictory sophistries. A Calvinist, indeed, points to the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans! But upon this chapter, there *may* be different opinions: upon "YES and NO," there *can* be but *one*!

PAGE LV. LINE 12.

The pile is smoking!—the bamboos lie there.

My friend, JOHN HUDDLESTON, Esq; late one of the Directors of the East-India Company, through a long life, unwearied in the cause of humanity, has accumulated a mass of decisive evidence, that this inhuman practice might be prevented.

It is a fact, that the *Shasters*, or the Hindoos' Sacred Code, peremptorily lays down the law, that this horrible sacrifice shall not be allowed to take place, unless it be entirely *voluntary* on the part of the woman! and yet, it appears, from Bishop Heber's interesting Journal, that he passed the spot, after this terrific spectacle had just taken place, and he saw—sickening as he describes the scene—the *very bamboos*, by which the victim was

forcibly held down!! Some of these poor creatures are not more than *four* years old! affianced to husbands, for whom they are burnt alive, as it is said, *willingly!!*

PAGE lix. LINE 16.

..... *that Œconomy,*
Cold, and mis-call'd "Political!"

POLITICAL ŒCONOMY;

"A VISION."

Written in 1825.

I had a DREAM:—before my sight
 A beautiful vessel was sailing in light—
 I saw the subject-surge below,
 Break and bicker round the prow—

Proud to the gale her ensign flew—

“ OLD ENGLAND ! ” shouted loud, the gallant
crew !

So gloriously that vessel sail'd along,

And “ BRITAIN, RULE THE WAVES, ” was every
seaman's song.

Was it the battle-blast her canvass rent,
And caus'd that long and loud lament ?

Was it the whirlwind of the north

With desolating sweep went forth ?

No ! scarce along the level seas,

Was heard the ripple of the breeze ;

The morning light sat in its lovely glory,

On each white clift and distant promontory ;

Stern war had ceas'd to roar,

And airs of music died along the peaceful shore.

With muttering lips, and withering look,
I saw a wizzard, o'er his cursed book ;

That wizard, with pale face and poring eye,
Was call'd "POLITICAL ŒCONOMY!!"
And still he whisper'd, in the pilot's ear—
"Steer this way—this way—this way steer!
"Yonder the hills of wealth behold!
"And ELDORADO's glittering coast of gold!!"

The pilot turn'd his wheel! a lurid smile
Wrinkled the old man's face the while:
For the pilot steer'd right on, where dark, beneath,
Lurk'd the reef, and rocks of death!
That gallant ship was now at random toss'd—
I look'd—the old man with his book was fled,
A swart and hideous imp appear'd instead,
That gibber'd, as it vanish'd, "LOST—LOST—
LOST!"*

* See "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

PAGE lx. LINE 2.

..... *a Puritan turns pale.*

The two great crimes of a professed Puritan, most truly the "NOMINAL" Christian, are, and have been, from the time of the Manicheans, the DRAMA, and the DANCE. To these abominations, such Christians constantly add CARD-PLAYING, without distinguishing whether accompanied with the spirit of gaming.

I can conceive the reason why the old Fathers were so horror-struck at *dancing*, considering the licentious character of the eastern dance. But what resemblance is there in a social meeting of this kind, to which a father and mother bring their sons and daughters, and of which, in their youth, they have taken part, without one evil thought or

feeling? He, who can view such a meeting with impure feelings, certainly had better stay away. But what must BE the impurity in his heart to *confess* such ideas?

The spirit of *Puritanism*, indeed, is as much like the spirit of Christianity, as the Mermaid, which was carried about for a show, consisting of an *ass's head* and fish's tail, is like a beautiful woman. Among all the abominations of this wicked age, according to these "*nominal*" Christians, there is one abomination, which I may have the thanks of such a school, for pointing out, and which is *more idolatrous* than bells.

There is a certain wicked and most idolatrous machine, called a Round-a-bout; and though we are commanded not to make "the *likeness* of any "thing above the earth, or under the earth," this machine has a number of idolatrous images, in wood, representing *horses*! But, far worse than this, boys and girls—instead of precocious edifica-

tion, in the mysteries of destiny and DECREES* (to the horror of this age, of the "*march of intellect,*" be it spoken)—boys and girls together are found riding round, with the most impious tranquillity, and apparent sedate satisfaction, one after the other, on the same wooden likenesses of little *horses!*

PAGE LXVI. LINE 6.

Where virtuous KEN, with his grey hairs and shroud.

Ken, and the *then* possessor of the princely mansion of Longleat, were schoolfellows at Winchester. Ken was fellow of the college afterwards; and wrote the collection of prayers, and morning and evening hymns, now in general use, for the use of the students on the foundation.

* The 3d and 4th Question of the Assembly's Catechism.

The history of Ken is well known. He was, with the other Bishops, sent to the Tower by James. He was a predecessor of the Prelate to whom these lines are inscribed. He had character, patronage, wealth, station, eminence: he resigned all, at the accession of King William, for the sake of that conscience, which, in another reign, sent him a prisoner to the Tower. He had no home in the world; but he found an asylum with the generous Nobleman who had been his old schoolfellow at Winchester. Here, it is said, he brought with him his shroud, in which he was buried at Frome; and here he chiefly composed his four volumes of poems.

Hoping some of his letters would have been found at Longleat, I wrote to the Marquis of Bath on the subject, and though none were found, I hope still to write the life of a Wychamist—a great and interesting character, connected with old Isaac Walton, with whose son—Canon of Salisbury, and

buried in that Cathedral afterwards—he travelled in Italy. Justice has never been done to this great and good man. There is a most interesting portrait of him at Longleat, a copy of which was given me by my long esteemed friend, Sir R. C. Hoare.

PAGE lxviii. LINE 15.

Of science, honour'd by the name of BOYLE.

At Marston House is still to be seen the original Orrery, invented, if not made, by the nobleman whose name it bears. In a Review, under the patronage of the “Lord of the whirling wheels,” the Member for Yorkshire, it was seriously advanced, as a proof of the utter worthlessness, in talent and literature, of the English nobility, that the chief record of intellectual eminence was pre-

served in the NAME of "PEMBROKE" given to a card-table! The article being sent to me, I returned it with a simple marginal note,—“ What “ does this *liberal* writer think of an ‘ ORRERY?’ “ At all events, the ‘ ORRERY’ may be placed “ against the ‘ *Pembroke!!*’ ”

PAGE lxxvi.

*The Spectre and Prayer-Book, a Tale of a
Cornish Maid.*

I subjoin the plain narrative of the singular event on which this tale is founded, from Mr. POLWHELE, that the reader may see how far, *poetically*, I have departed from plain facts, and what I have thought it best to add for the sake of

moral, picturesque, and *poetical* effect. The narrative is as follows :

“ October, 1780. Thomas Thomas, aged 37.
“ This man died of mental anguish, or what is
“ called a broken heart. He lived in the village of
“ Drannock, in the parish of Gwinnear, till an
“ unhappy event occurred, which proved fatal to
“ his peace of mind, for more than eight years, and
“ finally occasioned his death. He courted Eliza-
“ beth Thomas, of the same village, who was his
“ first-cousin; and it was understood that they
“ were under a matrimonial engagement. But in
“ May, 1772, some little disagreement having hap-
“ pened between them, he, out of resentment, or
“ from some other motive, paid great attention to
“ another girl; and on Sunday, the 31st of that
“ month, in the afternoon, accompanied her to the
“ Methodist meeting at Wall. During their ab-
“ sence, the discarded female, who was very beau-
“ tiful in her person, but of an extremely irritable

“ temper, took a rope and a common prayer-book,
“ in which she had folded down the 109th Psalm,
“ and, going into an adjacent field, hanged herself.
“ Thomas, on his return from the preaching, en-
“ quired for Betsy; and being told she had not been
“ seen for two or three hours, he exclaimed, ‘ Good
“ God! she has destroyed herself!’ which appre-
“ hension seems to show, either that she had
“ threatened to commit suicide in consequence of
“ his desertion, or that he dreaded it from a know-
“ ledge of the violence of her disposition. But
“ when he saw that his fears were realized, and had
“ read the psalm, so full of execrations, which she
“ had pointed out to him, he cried out, ‘ I am
“ ruined for ever and ever!’ The very sight of
“ this village and neighbourhood was now become
“ insupportable, and he went to live at Marazion,
“ hoping that a change of scene and social inter-
“ course might expel those excruciating reflections
“ which harrowed up his very soul, or at least

“ render them less acute; but in this he appeared
“ to be mistaken, for he found himself closely pur-
“ sued by the evil demon—

“ ‘Despair, whose torments no man, sure,

“ ‘But lovers and the damn’d endure,’

“ To hear the 109th Psalm would petrify him
“ with horror, and therefore he would not attend
“ divine service on the 22d day of the month; he
“ dreaded to go near a reading school, lest he should
“ hear the ill-fated lesson. Whatever misfortunes
“ befel him (and these were not a few, for he was
“ several times hurt, and even maimed in the mines
“ where he laboured), he still attributed them all
“ to the malevolent agency of the deceased, and
“ thought he could find allusions to the whole in
“ the calamitous legacy which she had bequeathed
“ him. When he slumbered, for he knew nothing
“ of sound sleep, the injured girl appeared to his
“ imagination, with such a countenance as she had
“ after the rash action, and the prayer-book in her

“ hand, open at the hateful psalm; and he was fre-
“ quently heard to cry out, ‘ Oh, my dear Betsy,
“ shut the book, shut the book!’ &c. With a mind
“ so disturbed and deranged, though he could not
“ reasonably expect much consolation from matri-
“ mony, yet imagining that the cares of a family
“ might draw off his thoughts from the miserable
“ subject by which he was harrassed both by day
“ and night, he successively paid his addresses to
“ many girls of Marazion; but they indignantly
“ flew from him, and with a sneer asked him,
“ whether he was desirous of bringing all the
“ curses in the 109th Psalm on their heads? At
“ length, however, he succeeded with one who had
“ less superstition and more fortitude than the rest,
“ and he led her to St. Hilary church, to be mar-
“ ried, January 21st, 1778; but on the road thither
“ they were overtaken by a sudden and violent
“ hurricane, such as those which not unfrequently

“ happen in the vicinity of Mount’s Bay; and he,
“ suspecting that poor Betsy rode in the whirlwind
“ and directed the storm, was convulsed with terror,
“ and was literally ‘ coupled with fear.’ Such is the
“ power of conscious guilt to impute accidental
“ occurrences to the hand of vindictive justice,—
“ and so true is the observation of the poet,

“ ‘ *Judicium metuit sibi mens mali conscia justum.*’

“ He lived long enough to have a son and a
“ daughter; but the corrosive worm within his
“ breast preyed upon his vitals, and at length con-
“ sumed all the powers of his body, as it had long
“ before destroyed the tranquillity of his mind, and
“ he was released from all his pangs, both mental and
“ corporeal, on Friday, October 20th, 1780, and
“ buried at St. Hilary, the Sunday following, during
“ evening service.”

PAGE CXXI. LINE 15.

Proud of Wintonian scholarship,

To the circumstance which had nearly proved fatal to the writer's future poem on Banwell Hill, I might add another circumstance which nearly proved *fatal* to his progress "in *humour*," and "*scholarship*," at Winchester; and this I shall record for the *use of parents*.

Every boy in the school had a whip, and *pair* of boots, which they were particularly fond of displaying—comparing the cost, workmanship, neatness, &c. The Author was sent from Shaftesbury, on a little pony, with a servant, *not* with a pair of *new boots*, but *ingloriously* in a *pair of worsted boot-stockings*, which, my father observed, would keep my under-stockings from the dirt, as well as the *best*

pair of boots in Shaftesbury! I said nothing, but *woefully* proceeded thus to equip myself, having a *guinea* as pocket-money.

In my equestrian character, with a heavy heart, I set out to *cross* the downs to Salisbury, under conscious humiliation at my equipment, in the odious *boot-stockings!* In passing over the downs, as I was not seen by any one, I bore up tolerably well, but deigned not a syllable to the servant, who assured me, in vain, that *boot-stockings*, in summer, were just as good as *boots*. I was, as is expressively called in Wiltshire, "*stomachy!*"

The moment I dismounted, at the White Hart, I had determined on making *my escape*, and never return to school or home. I had a guinea in my pocket: I set out from the inn "on my forlorn hope." I passed by the Cathedral churchyard, looked at the beautiful spire, little thinking what would be my future connection with that interesting edifice, though, had the bells struck

out, I might have thought they said to me—as to another Whittington—

“TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON!”

By the farther gate of the Close, just in the corner, was a handsome shoe and boot shop, and the same shop is there at this day, with the same articles. As good luck would have it, a tempting pair of *new boots*, which I thought would fit me, hung at the door. I walked backwards and forwards for twenty minutes, first looking at the boots, then feeling my money—then looking again at the boots. At last I went boldly into the shop, and said to the shopman, “What is the price of *these boots?*” ‘The price of these boots, young gentleman, is just twenty shillings!’ I had a guinea in my pocket, so that if I bought them, I should have only *one* shilling, with which to go to school; and that was almost as bad as wearing *boot-stockings!* I therefore walked out of the shop, and with my first intention, got as far as old Easton’s shop,

when, though I heard no *bells*, like *Whittington*, I thought I would return and look at the *boots* again. In fact, I had made up my mind. I went into the shop again:—"You could not let me have those "boots a shilling cheaper?" 'No! they are "*back-strapped!*"' (φαναντα συρτοισιν). "Will they fit?" I asked. I sat down to try: they fitted delightfully! I looked at one leg in the new boot, and the *other* with the *boot-stocking* on. They *fitted* as if made for me; and Heavens, what a difference! I put down the guinea; took the shilling; felt a *triumph* at heart, which, in all my changes in life, I have never felt since; and was just *strutting* out of the shop, when I spied the inglorious stockings. I took them up with some loftiness of scorn, threw them into the canal, and stood to see them swim *gloriously* down the canal, with other *inglorious* substances, till they were completely out of sight; and then returned, with *one shilling*, and my new boots, to the Inn.

PAGE CXXXii.

LANGHORNE and MORE.

There is a tradition, that LANGHORNE, on Uphill sands, in early days, scratched the following rhymes:

“ Upon the shore
“ Walk’d HANNAH MORE,
“ Waves let this record last,—
“ Sooner shall be
“ The earth, the sea,
“ Than what she writes be pass’d ! ”

The next day, to return the compliment, the lady wrote some lines, the two first of which are, I believe, as follows :

“ Some firmer basis, polish’d Langhorne, chuse,
“ For the effusions of thy partial muse.”

Whatever may be thought of such *coquetry*, the following verses, by Langhorne, are indeed most exquisite:

“ ’Twas when at Summer’s softest eve,
“ Of clouds, that *wander’d west away,*
“ Twilight, with *gentlest hand* did weave
“ Her fairy robe, of night and day ;
“ When all the mountain-gales were still,
“ And the wave slept against the shore,
“ And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
“ Left its last light on Limmer-Moore ! ”

Langhorne left one son and one daughter: the son is living; the daughter, Constantia, so called from “ Letters to Constantia,” married Abraham Edridge, esq; and is buried at Chippenham. I cannot close this note without a sigh to her memory.

PAGE CXXXii. LINE 13.

Tweed, or the winding Tay, ne'er echoed words.

LINES,

Written from the impression of the moment, on
accidentally meeting, and parting with, Sir
WALTER SCOTT, whom I had not seen for many
years, in the streets of London, May, 1828 :

SINCE last I saw that countenance so mild,
Slow-stealing age, and a faint line of care,
Had gently touch'd, methought, some features
there ;
Yet look'd the man, as placid as a child,
And the same voice,—while, mingled with the
throng,
Unknowing, and unknown, we pass'd along—
That voice, a share of the brief time beguil'd !

“ That voice, I ne'er may hear again,” I sigh'd,
At parting,—“ wheresoe'er our various way,
 “ In this great world,—but from the banks of
 Tweed,
“ As slowly sink the shades of eventide,
 “ Oh! I shall hear the music of his reed,
“ Far off, and thinking of that voice, shall say,
“ ‘ A blessing rest upon thy locks of grey!’ ”

**CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST
PILGRIMAGE ;**

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE ACCOUNT

OF THE

FUNERAL OF LORD BYRON.

INSCRIBED TO

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.



CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

SO ENDS CHILDE HAROLD HIS LAST PILGRIM-
AGE!—

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 Ilissus 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 th' Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy
 grave.

SO HAROLD ENDS, IN GREECE, HIS PILGRIM-
 AGE!—

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 fore-fathers 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;

* The beautiful pastoral vale of Tempe, in Arcadia, celebrated by all the poets of Greece.

† She died in Scotland. I have presumed she might have been buried at Newstead, as that he was born there.

Her Son, releas'd 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 heap'd 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 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!”

. FINIS.



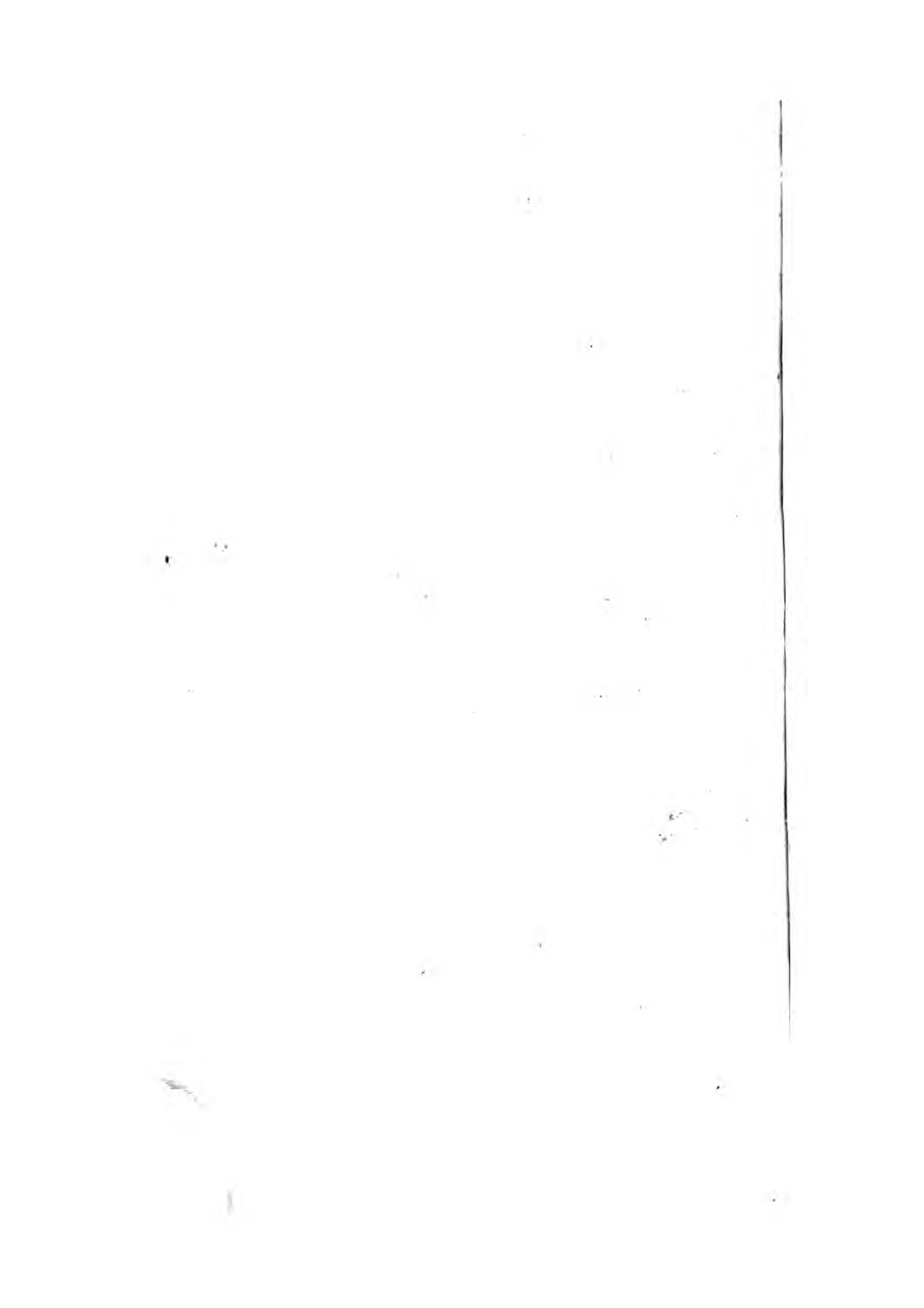
CORRIGENDUM.

Page 44, line 12, for

Disdaining books, omniscient of a horse,

Read,

Disdaining books, more learned in a horse.





1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875



