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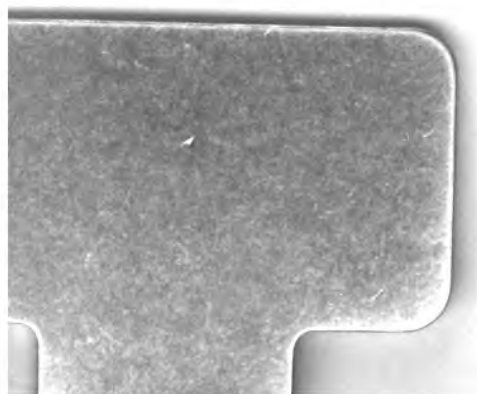
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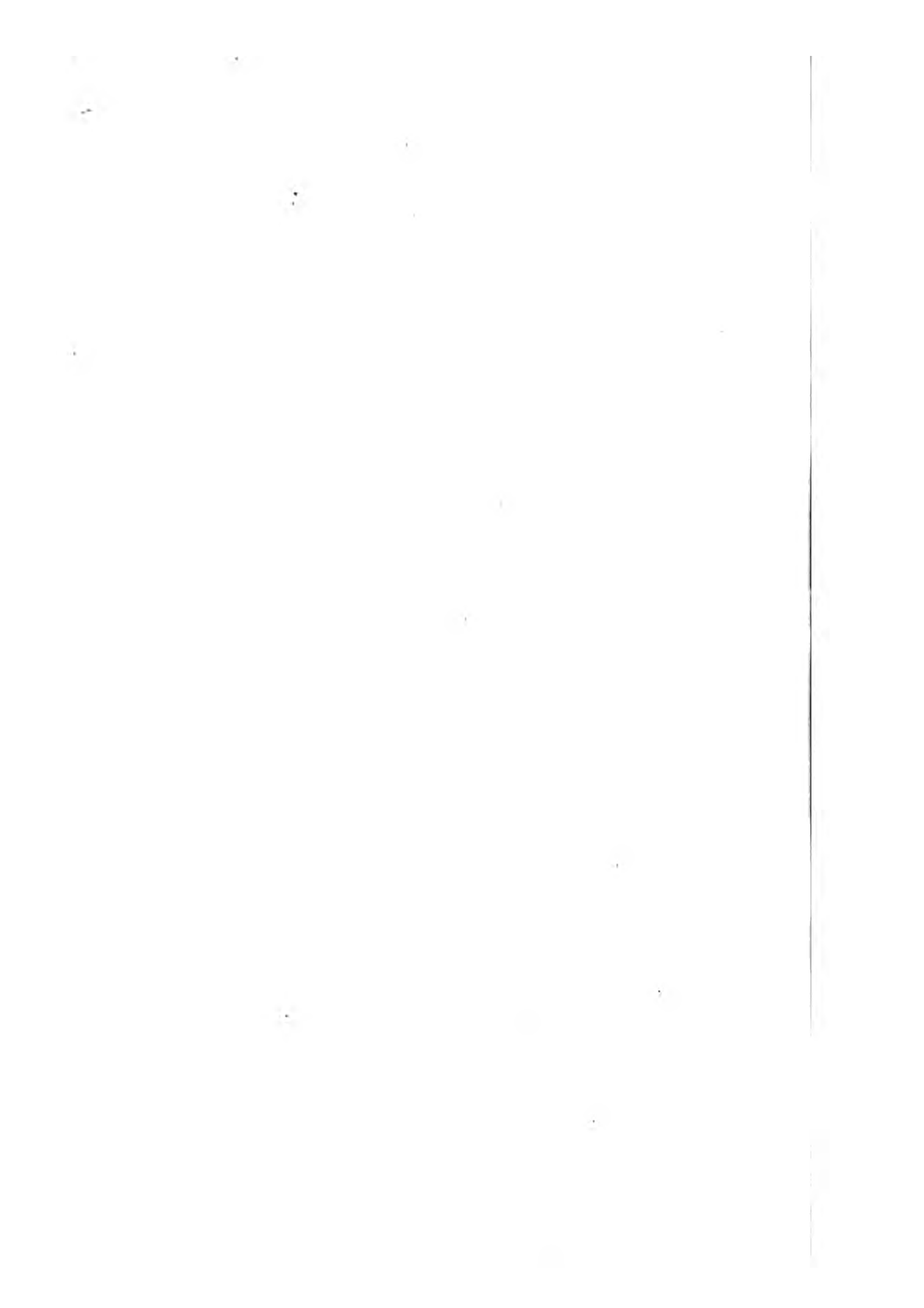


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J. W. Lewis & Co. Hampfield.

POEMS

BY

MEMBERS

OF

MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL,

OXFORD.

OXFORD,

PRINTED BY W. BAXTER.

1840.

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92.

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P O E M S

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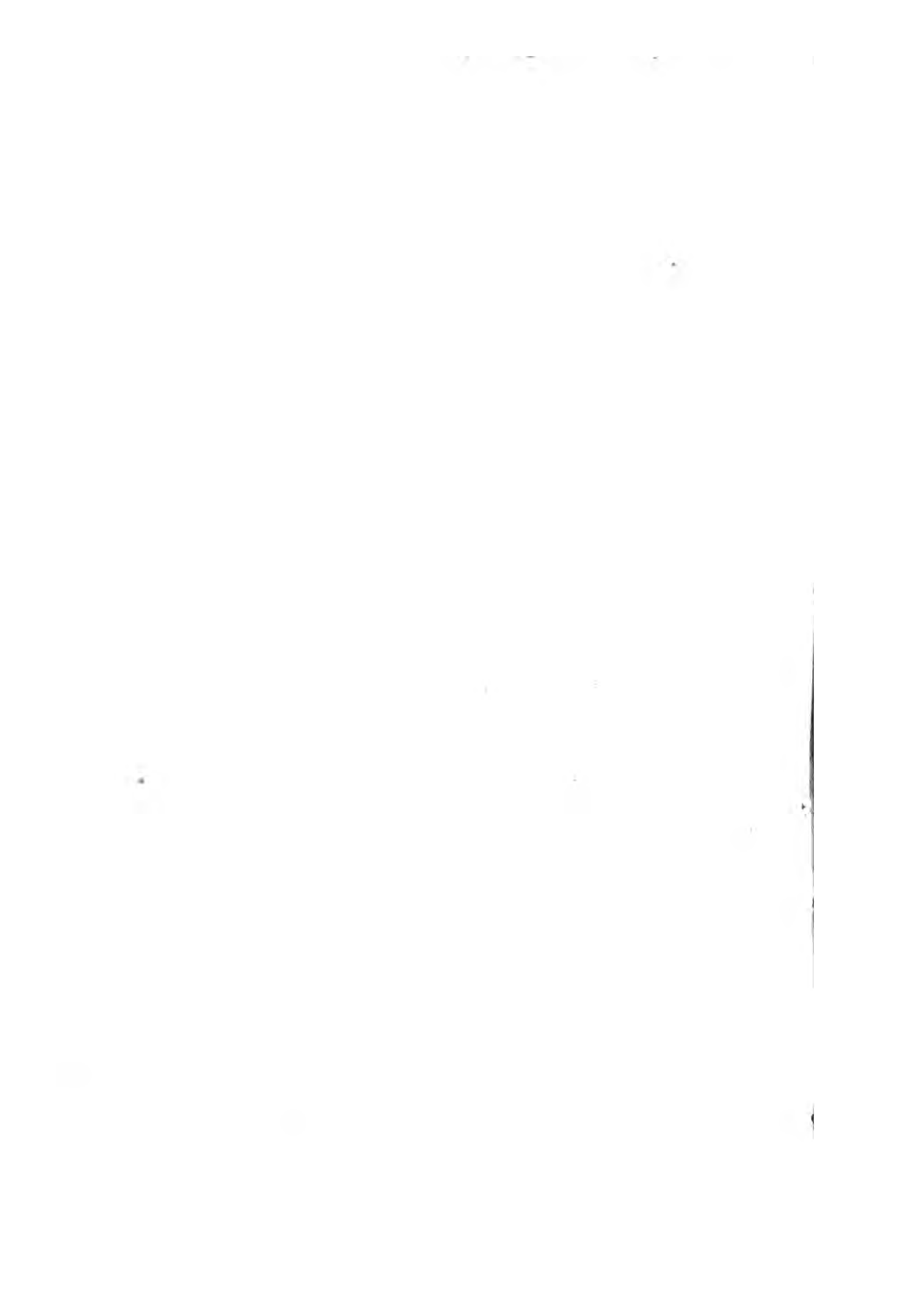
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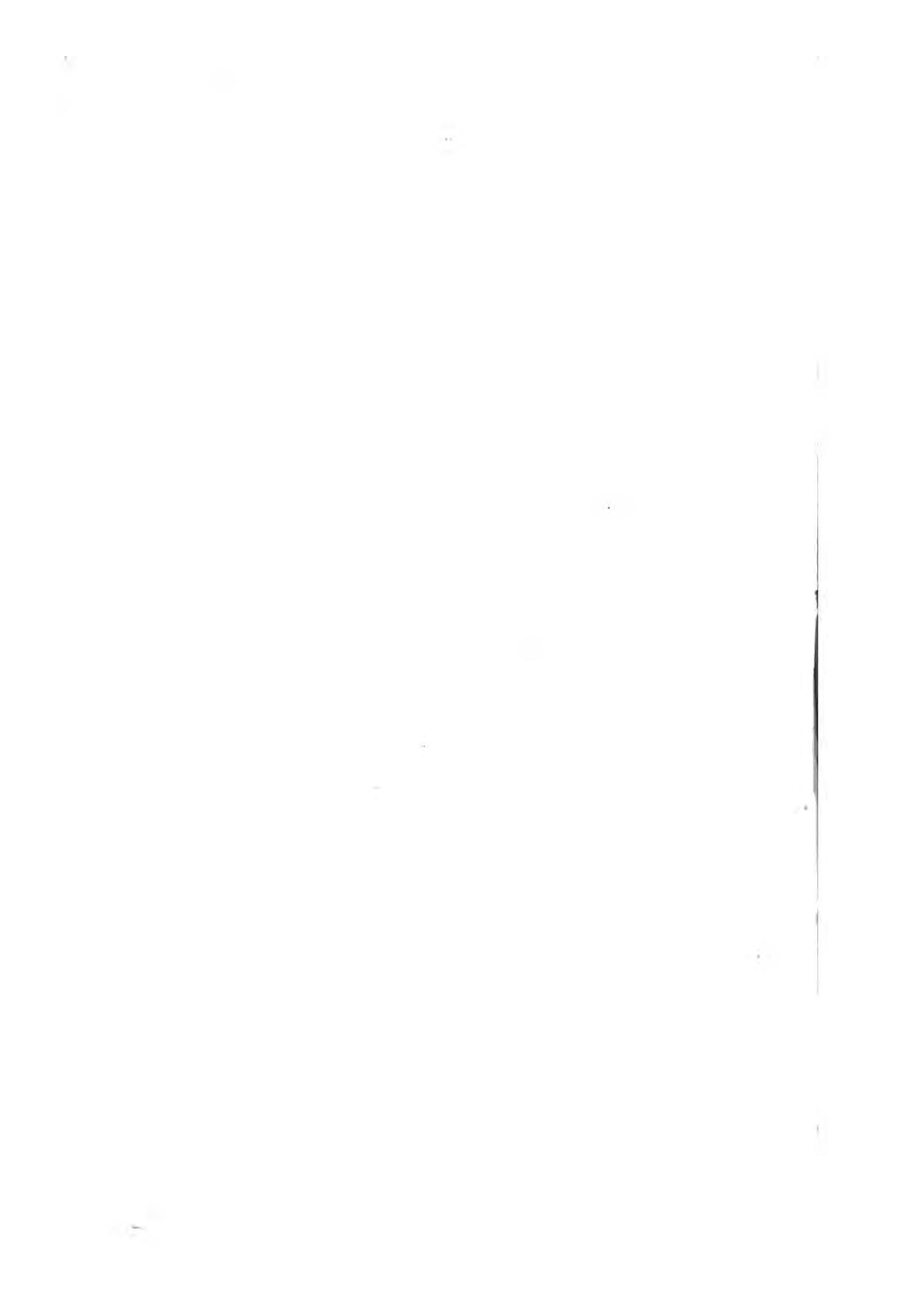


TO
THE FRIENDS
WHO
HAVE SO KINDLY ASSISTED
THE PRINTING
OF THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
IT IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHORS.



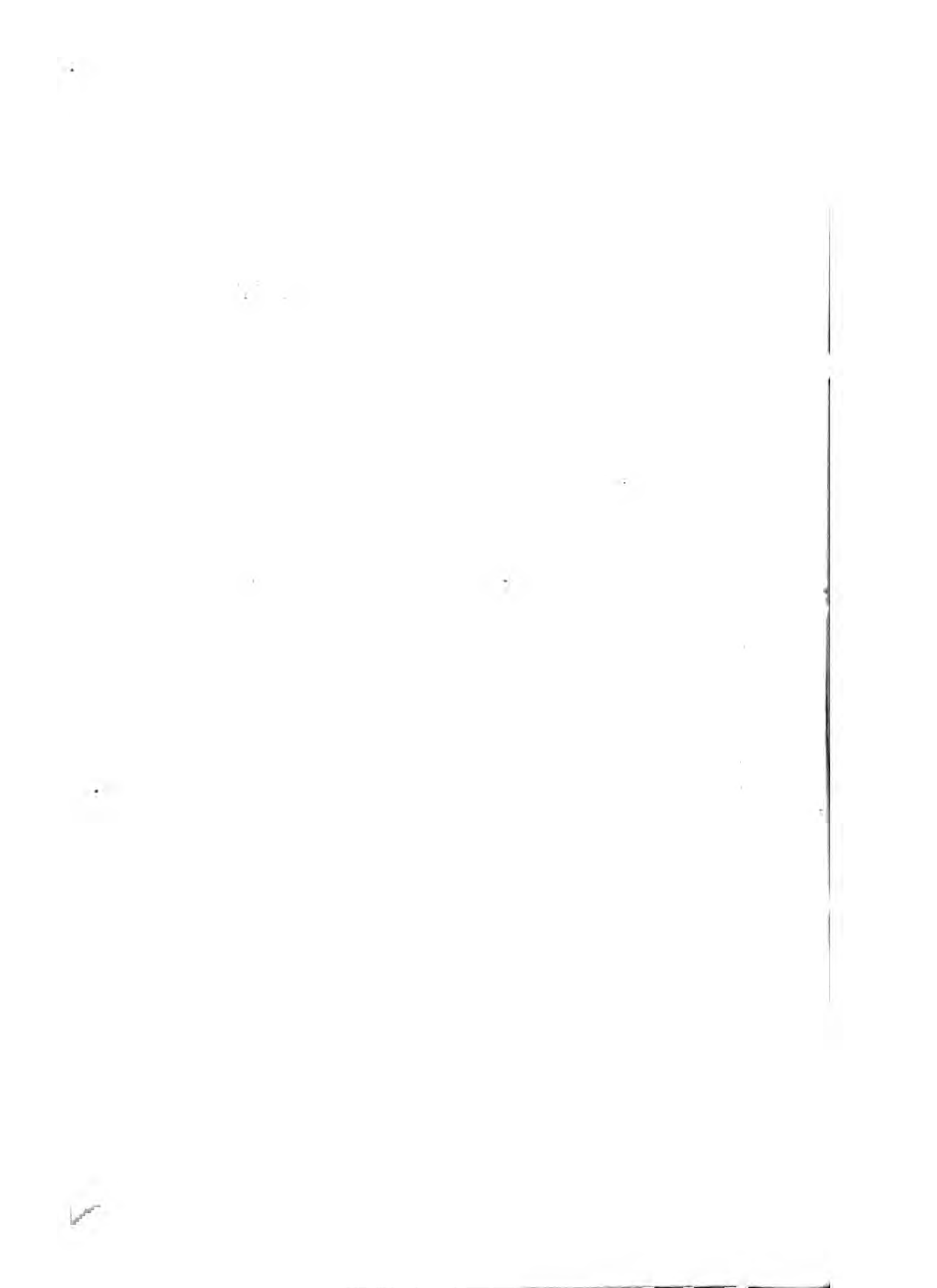
PREFACE.

THE following juvenile pieces have been printed only for private circulation. They are the production of a few members of a school consisting of not more than twenty scholars; and as none of the authors are above sixteen years of age, it is hoped that the imperfections of this little volume will be viewed with indulgence.



INDEX.

	Page
Caius Marius. By C. P. Macray	9
The Battle of Trafalgar. By J. E. Millard	13
The Poet's Home. By C. P. Macray	18
The Poet's Grave. By C. P. Macray	20
The Minstrel's Song. By W. D. Macray	21
June. By J. E. Millard	24
The Return. By W. D. Macray	25
Truth. By R. H. Hill	27
The Enchanted Rose. By J. E. Millard	28
A Fragment. By J. W. Knight	37
Rural Life. By C. P. Macray	38
Paraphrase of the second Psalm. By R. Hill	40
Paraphrase of the eighth Psalm. By W. D. Macray	41
Paraphrase of the forty-third Psalm. By J. W. Knight	43
The Destruction of the Egyptians. By J. E. Millard	45
The Lone One. By C. P. Macray	47
Waterloo. By W. D. Macray	48
Fall of Chivalry. By C. P. Macray	49
Lament of Mary Stuart. By J. E. Millard	50
The Ages of Old. By W. D. Macray	51
The Violet. By C. P. Macray	52



CAIUS MARIUS
SITTING AMONGST THE RUINS OF
CARTHAGE.

BY CHARLES PARISH MACRAY.

The powers above, for purposes unknown,
Oft raise the fall'n, and bring the lofty down.

Wilkie. (Epigoniad.)

How frail and fading are terrestrial things !
The peasant's hut, the palaces of kings ;
Th' embattled wall, the " dim receding aisle,"
And man himself, who formed the wondrous pile,
May sink to nothing—in how short a while !

The peasant's cot, more lowly than before,
Sees its own ruins on its turf-made floor ;
Th' ancestral house, the temples feel decay,
O'ergrown with moss, and scattered in the way :
And he may die, the poorest in the land,
Who once had held a sceptre in his hand !

And yet we never dream that after years
 May see our features wet with new-born tears;
 That haggard Care may mark the aching brow
 With Sorrow's signs; all this we heed not now,
 Till all our plans thro' adverse fortune lost,—
 Ambition's schemes by happier rivals crost,—
 Our blasted hopes like ruined Carthage lie,
 And we, like Marius, left to wander by!

Home of the dead! what tho', alas! no more
 Thy gorgeous temples deck the sounding shore;
 What tho' stern Time, with unrelenting hand,
 Has swept thy towers from their native strand,
 And made thee—robb'd of every hallow'd trace—
 The by-gone City of a slumb'ring race;
 Still at thy name, to Memory so dear,
 Enraptur'd Fancy bids thy walls appear,
 And deck'd by sunbeams, in the Poet's eye,
 Rise from the earth in crumbling majesty!

O precious boon! to Poets only given,
 To those who woo the sweetest Muse of Heaven,
 By which they mingle with the mighty dead,
 And share their joys, and weep the tears they shed:

For them the Sisters—Fancy, glancing bright,
 And sweet Imagination—speed their flight,
 Roll back the mists of ages past away,
 And bring departed things to present day!
 Does Homer's lyre their raptur'd ears delight?
 With ardent zeal they strive amid the fight;
 When Jove protects, with Ilium's sons they joy,
 Or mourn with Priam o'er the hope of Troy!

And thus, when other eyes can see no more
 Than the bleak plain, and sandy, sea-beat shore,
 He, eagle-eyed, can pierce thro' ages past,
 And hail old Carthage, beauteous to the last.

'Tis evening; on the topmost-sculptur'd stone
 The last fond sunbeam lingers all alone,
 As if 'twere loth to leave such beauties hid
 By Night's dark garb, fair Nature's coverlid.
 Towers, walls, and pillars, moulder all around,
 And broken fragments strew the rugged ground;
 Here a tall column lifts its graceful form,
 Unscath'd by ruthless man or vengeful storm;
 And here another, shatter'd by the fall,
 Lies by its happier brother's pedestal:

When, lo! his tranced eye beholds from far
 A weary wand'rer, marked with many a scar,
 That tell of battle-brunt by him sustain'd,
 Of fields relinquish'd, or of conflicts gain'd,
 With painful steps approach to seek a cell,
 Where once a Hannibal was proud to dwell!
 Though years had stamp'd his furrow'd brow with care,
 And Mis'ry seemed to hold her empire there,
 And tho' his robe was not of purple hue,
 No common form those hoary ruins view!
 They—struck with dread to see a Roman nigh—
 Trembled, and thought of cruelties gone by;
 The awe-struck Poet, with ecstatic sight
 Hails the great Marius, great, tho' courting flight,
 Who, feebly resting on a mossy stone,
 Thus to the tott'ring structures "made his moan."
 "Meet audience ye, to hear my tale of woe,
 Who knew far better days than now ye know;
 I've only tasted of Misfortune's cup,
 Ye, hapless suff'ers, ye have drank it up!
 O, would I were, as I might now have been,
 Feeding my flocks upon the village green,
 My heart as joyful, and as much at rest,
 As when it beat within a peasant's breast!

And yet 'tis sweet to hear the trump of Fame
 Sound thro' the world the deeds that deck a name,
 Which Time nor Man can blot from Memory's page,
 But grow more bright thro' each succeeding age.
 What tho' like yon fair pillar once I rose,
 In conscious strength, above my envious foes,
 Who bit their lips to see me borne on high
 Through grateful Rome in pomp of victory ;
 Like those crush'd stones, that crumble on the path,
 I fell at length beneath their fateful wrath,
 And he, once called the father of his Rome,
 Wanders from place to place, without a friend, or
 home!"

Hush'd is the voice—the ruined pile is gone—
 And leaves the Poet silent and alone,
 With thoughtful eyes deep-gazing on the space,
 By Fancy lately dight with every mould'ring grace.
 Yet tho' the baseless imag'ry has fled,
 This truth the Roman teaches us, tho' dead—
 That transient joy to man on earth is given,
 And lasting peace is found alone—in Heaven!

THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

BY JAMES ELWIN MILLARD.

Oh! brightly rose the morning sun, and calm the
ocean lay,
And nought foretold of battle in Trafalgar's tranquil
bay;
Yet, ah! how soon its peace was fled! for ere the day
was o'er,
A thousand thund'ring echoes resounded to the shore.
'Twas not the roaring of the blast the peaceful
silence broke,
Nor the murmur of the billows as they dash'd against
the rock,

But the clamour of the deadly strife, and the
thousand sounds of war,
And the thunders of brave Nelson, the Chief of
Trafalgar.

Hark! to the groans of agony, and the shouts of pain
and fear!

And above them all the constant roar of the deep-
mouth'd cannons, hear!

And the boarders' shouts of triumph, as they mount
the shatter'd wreck,

And struggle in the slippery blood that deluges the
deck!

And wherefore do such dreadful sounds disturb the
quiet air?

And wherefore do the gallant ships so many corpses
bear?

'Tis the voice of Britain's vengeance, heard by her
foes from far,

And of her valiant Nelson, the Chief of Trafalgar.

And who is he upon whose breast the star and cross
repose,

And shine with treach'rous glare, a mark for all his
angry foes?

Yet trembles not his guiding hand, nor blanches yet
 his eye,
 Nor tears he from his breast the gems that mark him
 out to die :
 Who is that gallant Captain, whose bearing is so
 proud,
 And marks him first in rank and fame of all the
 martial crowd ?
 'Tis he! the Chief who wears the cross, the garter, and
 the star,
 Is Britain's valiant Nelson, the Chief of Trafalgar.

The booming shots have ceas'd their play, the work
 of blood is done,
 And " Victory " is the Britons' cry, and victory they
 have won ;
 And on the topmost spar of all, a cap is waving
 high,
 And the bold young reefer shouts, " Hurrah ! hurrah !
 for victory ! "

But ah ! the treach'rous enemy hath vengeance yet
 to work,
 And, skulking in the lofty shrouds, the coward
 Frenchmen lurk,

And sped the fated bullet from the bloody tube of
war—

A groan—and Nelson is no more! the Chief of
Trafalgar!

Weep, mariners of Britain, for the Chief ye lov'd so
well;

Weep, Britons, ye who wept so fast and freely when
he fell;

Weep, maidens, weep, whose lovers died with Nelson
in the fight;

Weep, babes, for loving sires, who ne'er again shall
meet your sight;

Weep, Gaul, whose banners are disgrac'd, whom
Britain has subdued,

Weep for your loss of friend and kin, of good and
noble blood;

Weep, weep, Britannia, for, alas! your loss is most
by far,

Weep for the valiant Nelson, the Chief of Trafalgar!

THE POETS' HOME.

BY CHARLES PARISH MACRAY.

Hoary minstrel, tell to me,
Where the Poet's home should be.
Should it be under an eastern dome,
Where the perfumes of Araby sweeten his home,
And the silken couch in the jewelled hall,
Where the glitt'ring fountains around him fall,
With the song of the maids, from Circassian plains,
To charm him to sleep with their melting strains,
Chain in delight each raptured sense,
And dry up the streams of eloquence?
Tell me thither should he go?
And the minstrel answer'd, " No!"

Should it be then in the court of kings,
Where Flattery tunes his servile strings,
Where he lives on the smile of the favour'd few,
And bows to the will of the courtier crew?

Or should it be in the crowded town,
 Should he earn in its bustle the laurel crown?
 Hoary minstrel, tell to me,
 Which the Poet's home should be?

“ As the tuneful nightingale
 Haunts the deep-sequestred vale,
 And exerts her little throat,
 By some far retired cote ;
 So the Bard, ‘ boon nature's’ child,
 Should sing his simple ‘ wood notes wild,’
 By his humble cottage door,
 Shaded by the beechen tree,
 Where the prospect, stretch'd before,
 Opes on hill and dale and lea,
 And the streamlet crystal-clear,
 Tinkling o'er the pebbly ground,
 Murmurs to his raptur'd ear,
 Minstrelsy of sweetest sound,
 There alone, I tell to thee,
 Should the Poet's dwelling be !”

THE POET'S GRAVE.

BY CHARLES PARISH MACRAY.

Sacred is this grassy mound,
Dear to Nature's votaries;
Here her truest Bard is found,
Here her sweetest Poet lies.
Shelving banks and shelt'ring wood,
Hanging o'er the murm'ring flood,
These he loved to roam along,
Charming with his sylvan song.
Here in life he loved to come,
Far from mortals' busy hum ;
Here in death then let him be,
And his tomb the beechen tree,
And his fun'ral hymn the notes
Warbled from the wood-birds' throats.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM DUNN MACRAY.

Many a knight and many a maiden
Sat in Courtenay's hall,
The tables with good cheer were laden,
But all did loudly call,
" A song or a ballad, come minstrel bard,
" And broad gold pieces shall be thy reward."

The minstrel quick the call obeyed,
And when his harp was strung,
Its fullest powers he displayed
Amid the festal throng ;
And thus the harper-poet sung,
While all around his accents rung :

" See that steed, that proudly prances,
" See that warrior king,
" See those glittering warring lances,
" See that goodly ring

“ Of knights who round their monarch stand,
 “ With sword unsheath'd and gore-stain'd brand.

“ Who is that king of heroes bold?
 “ Who are those nobles brave,
 “ Of gallant form and hardy mould,
 “ Who seek a glorious grave?
 “ That monarch is our Richard fam'd,
 “ The bravest knight of all proclaim'd.

“ Those nobles from their native land
 “ Came with their sovereign liege,
 “ To fight on Palestina's strand,
 “ Jerusalem to siege.
 “ The chief of England's might are they,
 “ Who ne'er from Moslems turn'd away.

“ In vain had Acre's wall repell'd them
 “ For many years before;
 “ Those walls as victors now beheld them
 “ Upon a foreign shore.
 “ At Ascalon their banner waves,
 “ Triumphant o'er the Moslem graves.

“ Honour'd and fear'd be that monarch's name,
“ Honour'd that valiant band,
“ Unsullied be his glorious fame
“ In every clime and land.
“ As brave a hero-knight was he,
“ As man hath seen, or e'er shall see.”

Many a knight, and many a maiden,
Sat in Courtenay's hall,
The tables with good cheer were laden,
But all did loudly call,
“ Hurrah ! for the lion-hearted king,
“ Whose mighty deeds thou well dost sing.”

JUNE.

BY JAMES ELWIN MILLARD.

She is coming! she is coming!
In her native graces blooming;
Rainbow hues her temples wreathing,
Arab odours o'er her breathing.

She is coming! she is coming!
Earth and air and sea perfuming;
Flow'rets spring beneath her fingers,
June is here! no more she lingers.

She is coming! she is coming!
O'er the waving meadows roaming;
Maids, in choral dances bounding,
Youths, her modest train surrounding.

She is coming! she is coming
Ever youthful, ever blooming;
Summer's sunny skies have brought her:
Hail then! summer's fairest daughter.

THE RETURN.

BY WILLIAM DUNN MACRAY.

And now the trav'ler on the main
Back to fair England comes again ;
Once more he views his native land,
Once more he hails his native strand,
And, longing for his much-lov'd home,
Resolves no more afar to roam.
Quickly in succession rise
Elysian dreams before his eyes,
Till fear and doubt dissolve these vain,
Yet cherish'd, visions of his brain.

Now from the deck the wand'rer leaps,
And lights on Albion's chalky steeps ;
His joyful step and eye can tell
He treads the shore he loves so well ;
And glad he cries, " Where'er I've been,
Whatever countries I have seen,
There's none with England can compare,
So brave, so great, so rich, so fair."

Hast'ning home we see him now,
With eager look and anxious brow,
But through that care-worn troubled mien
Hope's buoyant spirit may be seen.
Now at his door behold him stand,
The cottage latch is in his hand ;
He stops—around their cheerful fire
His children talk about their sire,
Hoping at home he soon would be,
Safe from the dangers of the sea.

Their mother too sits sewing by,
And heaving many a heartfelt sigh ;
As to their prattle fond she listens,
Her eye with many a teardrop glistens,
To think that sorrow soon may be
Where all is eager hope and glee.
But hark! what noise is that they hear ?
Their little hearts beat quick with fear ;
Some stranger-person opes the door,
Their father's on the cottage floor!

TRUTH.

BY RICHARD HUMPHREY HILL.

HOLD, Sage! what beacon on yon mound
Shines forth to travellers benighted,
And tho' dark mist the flame surround,
The deep ravine beneath has lighted?
See, now the air shines clear and bright, no more;
But all around dim Darkness sheds his power;
Lo, brighter now than e'er before
Its glorious beams afresh renew,
And scouring now the mountains o'er,
A hideous mass retreats from view.

Stranger, 'tis Truth that gleams afar
To light the trav'ler on his way,
That guides him with its glitt'ring star,
Lest to dread wilds his feet should stray.
'Tis Sin and Guilt which darken now the air,
And for a time eclipse pure Virtue's glare.
As brighter beams the mountain light,
Truth after Sin does clearer grow,
And Sin, detected, shrinks from sight.
A lesson take! go, trav'ler, go!

THE ENCHANTED ROSE.

BY JAMES ELWIN MILLARD.

The gather'd tempest hung on high,
And threat'ning clouds o'ercast the sky;
The waning moon wax'd dim and pale,
And keenly blew the evening gale,
Whilst loud and long the thunder roll'd,
With lightning's vivid streaks of gold.
Awhile the warring winds assuage
The turmoil of their boist'rous rage,
And hush'd is each wild element;
Its strength worn out, its fury spent.
Yet such dark intervals of peace,
When winds are still and lightnings cease,
Serve but to shew the gloomy night,
Reft of the moon's enfeebled light,
And heaven assumes a darker lower,
Lit by the lurid flash no more.

A Knight spurr'd on his way-worn steed,
But all in vain he urged his speed :
That horse for many a toilsome league
Had borne him well, and scorn'd fatigue ;
Charg'd with him in the bold Crusade,
And ne'er before was known to jade.
But now, his days of toil are o'er,
He stumbled, fell, and rose no more !
Sir Ralph, scarce able to arise,
On bended knees invok'd the skies,
Mutter'd a short and hasty prayer,
And gazed around in deep despair.
But Heav'n its aid will ever lend
When mortals' orisons ascend ;
And soon, amid the gloom, the Knight
Discern'd a wand'ring distant light.
The sable armour which he wore
Clogg'd all his limbs, and press'd him sore,
And scarce his weary feet could follow,
Thro' dingle, dell, and tangled hollow.
In haste he cast his axe aside,
With blood of many a Paynim dyed,
His helm upon an oak-branch hung,
Blown by the piercing breezes swung ;

His lance against the tree reclined,
Its pennon floating in the wind.
Thus lighten'd of his iron load,
The bold Crusader onward strode.
But now the well-watch'd beacon-light
On sudden vanish'd from his sight.
With hasty steps the Knight pursued,
And soon before a cavern stood ;
Its lowly entrance, dimly lit,
Could scarce his stalwart form admit,
Nor scarce the lamp, which feebly shone
On the low walls of rough-hewn stone,
Suffice to shew the murky cave,
All fretted like cathedral nave.
Yet just perceiv'd the wond'ring knight,
The roof with sculptor's art bedight ;
Both pointed arch, and column tall,
With polished shaft and capital.
Around, above, they met the eye,
Like palace built by fäerye,
Nor could Sir Ralph, unused to pore
O'er mystic tomes of magic lore,
Much tho' he ponder'd, think or tell,
The art of such enchanted spell.

In sooth, to him 'twere labour less,
To break a lance with Heatheness,
Than learned paradox to guess.
For tho' the crest his buckler bore,
And the plum'd helmet which he wore,
And more than all, his bearing proud,
His high descent and station shewed ;
And tho' no blood of vassal base
E'er mingled in his noble race ;
Yet lack'd he learning's mystic boon,
And held it fit for priest alone.

At length the terror-stricken Knight,
Confounded and bewildered quite,
His bugle-horn of silver took,
And blew a blast—the cavern shook.
Vain was the blast, 'twas silence all ;
In vain he paced the lofty hall ;
Till, wand'ring down a fretted aisle,
Beneath an arch he paus'd awhile ;
For there a verdant rose-bush grew,
With many a blossom's roseate hue,
And o'er the arch a scroll was spread,
With these emblazon'd words display'd,

(’Twas writ in characters of old,
 And dight with azure, red, and gold,)
 Who would this Faëry disclose
Must pluck from hence the fairest rose.

Sir Ralph, undaunted still in mind,
 The brightest rose-bud sought to find,
 And for its hue selected one,
 Whereon there grew four thorns alone.
 Scarce had he culled the blushing bloom,
 And twined it in his helmet’s plume,
 When heav’nly symphonies ’gan sound,
 And elfins carol all around;
 And soon a tiny fairy-band,
 Right deftly tripped it hand in hand;
 And one, the fairest elf to view,
 And chief of all the gaysome crew,
 Spread out her pinions sheen and light,
 And set her down before the Knight;
 Then wav’d her wand above his head,
 And thus in dulcet accents said,
 “ Sir Knight, if Christian Knight thou be,
 “ Be bold and true, and follow me !”

The rose, by magic touch convey'd,
Was sudden in his bosom laid,
And the thorns gave such bitter smart,
He felt their venom in his heart.
And now the fairy was on wing,
And wheeling many an airy ring,
And scarce the warrior could pursue
The maze of lofty alleys through;
Thro' nave and aisle and hall they pass'd,
And halted in a tower at last.
And here, the carving rich and deft,
That deck'd the palace he had left,
Had fled, and, save a gloomy lamp,
'Twas murky all, and dark and damp.
The fairy took a cross of gold,
And bade him firm and safely hold,
And imp or mortal man withstand,
Who fain would snatch it from his hand.
Once more she rose with circling flight,
And left alone the wand'ring Knight.

A moment's pause, a toper first,
With jovial shouts, the silence burst,
And cried,—“ What, ho! man, quench thy thirst!”

Then filled his goblet to the brim,
And bade Sir Ralph drink health to him.
The Knight, who had not drunk before
For many a wear and toilsome hour,
First raised the wine in dubious mood,
Then dash'd to earth the crimson flood,
And grasp'd his cross more firmly still;—
Lo, one thorn from his bosom fell!
Now shook the tow'r with thunders loud,
And yelling came a spectre crowd,
And gather'd round the guarded cross,
Striving to seize on it by force.
But the bold Knight his falchion drew,
And beat away the ghostly crew,
Nor might he from his ward be driv'n,
So well they fight, who fight for heav'n!
And now Sir Ralph was more at rest,
Another thorn had left his breast,
When lo, a sleeping youth appear'd,
His chin unbristled by a beard.
Beside lay bags of yellow gold,
And coins too many to be told.
The demon-tempter whisper'd, "Take,
"Fear not their guardian will awake!"

But scorn'd Sir Ralph so base a deed,
 Awoke the youth, and bade him heed ;
 " Avaunt !" he cried, " accursed lust !
 " Shall lucre make a Knight unjust ?"

Now, Holy Mary, watch his lot,
 The worst temptation comes, I wot.
 Behold, a comely damosel
 Adorns the fairy's gloomy cell,
 And fix'd her eyes, so soft, so blue,
 'Twere ruin to a Knight less true.
 Around his neck her arms she flung,
 And sweetly smiling o'er him hung;
 And certes he had given way,
 By wanton beauty led astray,
 Had he not knelt him down, and pray'd
 For the blest Virgin's saving aid.
 Then up he rose, with strengthen'd heart,
 Nor from his well-watch'd cross would part ;
 When in the fairy dancers bound,
 And gambol gaily all around,
 While falls the last thorn to the ground.
 And thus the elfin monarch speaks ;
 " Honour to him who honour seeks !

“ Sir Ralph the good, Sir Ralph the bold,
 “ Well have you earn’d the cross you hold,
 “ And part thou not with it for gold.
 “ Where’er you rove, where’er abide,
 “ That cross shall all your wants provide ;
 “ Shall shield thee from the battle blows,
 “ And turn destruction on thy foes ;
 “ Shall sooth thee on the fever bed,
 “ Till all is o’er, and thou be dead.
 “ Sir Ralph, the temp’rate and the just,
 “ Unknown to fear, untouch’d by lust !
 “ A braver Knight I never knew ;
 “ But morn is here, Adieu, Adieu !”

Lo! all is chang’d—’tis now daylight,
 And in the forest lay the Knight,
 His helm, his lance, his trusty sword,
 Were hung around their sleeping lord,
 And, waken’d by the beams of day,
 Up rose Sir Ralph, and went his way.

A FRAGMENT.

BY JOHN WALKER KNIGHT.

See, how calm the gentle ocean,
As in sleep, without a motion ;
While upon the tranquil billow,
Sunbeams rest, as on a pillow.

Lo, the waves begin to rise,
Clouds o'erspread the azure skies,
Rain pours down, the vessel breaks ;
List the drowning sailors' shrieks !

Thus in life, while all is still,
Dreaming not of hurt or ill,
Troubles and afflictions rise,
Rough as storms in winter skies.

RURAL LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY CHARLES PARISH MACRAY.

Though some may love to tell of warlike arms,
Of Conquest's glories, or of Learning's charms,
My lowlier muse shall choose a simpler strain,
And sing the pleasures of the homely swain.
See, stretch'd 'neath Nature's noblest canopies,
The azure heavens and the verdant trees,
Contented Roger guard his fleecy train,
The peaceful subjects of his rural reign.
No joy to him the city's bustle gives,
Enough he labours, and enough he lives.
The field, the farm, for him has greater charms,
Than all the cit's or soldier's bosom warms.
His faithful dog, half dozing, watches by,
And near, the crook, the sign of sovereignty;
While all around the sportive lambkins play,
Or cast a timid glance at dreaded Tray.

But if by chance some luckless wand'rer stray,
With daring feet, across the bounded way,
He quits his mossy seat, and hastens near,
Tray bounding first, he jogging in the rear ;
The guilty culprit soon once more he gains,
And bears him bleating to his prison-plains.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM II.

BY RICHARD HUMPHREY HILL.

Why do the furious heathen rage
 Against th' Eternal King?
Why do the nations of the earth
 Imagine a vain thing?

The mighty rulers counsel too
 'Gainst his anointed Son;
Come, let us throw from us their chains,
 And cast the tyrants down!

The Lord upon his holy seat
 Shall laugh to scorn the foe,
And with Almighty hand and arm,
 Shall surely them o'erthrow.

Then shall he speak to them in wrath,
 And truly vex them sore;
He ne'er will turn till they destroy'd
 Shall tremble 'neath his pow'r.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM VIII.

BY WILLIAM DUNN MACRAY.

Glorious is thy Name, O Lord,
Throughout the world renown'd,
In heav'n above, beyond the clouds,
Thou art with glory crown'd.

Thou hast ordain'd that sucklings shall
Thy majesty declare,
That so thy foes thou mightest still,
Who, rash, thy power dare.

When I consider all thy works,
The heav'ns thy hands have made,
The moon, the stars, the firmament,
The orbs above my head;

O what is man, that Thou dost stoop,
To mind his worldly cares,
That Thou dost bend to visit him,
And chase away his fears!

Scarce lower than the angels, man
Doth in thy presence stand,
With might and glory he is crown'd,
By thine Almighty hand.

The creatures that thy hands have form'd
To him submission pay,
The beasts, the sheep, the oxen, all
Respect him, and obey.

The fowls that fly throughout the air,
And fishes of the sea,
And all that swim, where'er they are,
Submit to his decree.

Glorious is thy Name, O Lord,
Throughout the earth renown'd,
Thy praises echo far and wide,
With honour Thou art crown'd.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XLIII.

BY JOHN WALKER KNIGHT.

Protect me from my foes, O Lord,
My cause, great God, defend ;
O free me from deceitful men,
And succour quickly send !

Thou art my strength, O Lord my God,
Why hast Thou cast me off?
And why so heavy is my soul,
While men at me do scoff?

O send thy light out, and thy truth,
That they my steps may guide,
And bring me to thy holy hill,
Where Thou, Lord, dost abide.

Then may I to thy altar go,
The place of my delight,
And on the harp will I give thanks,
That Thou hast led me right.

Why art thou heavy, O my soul,
And sorrowful in me?
O put thy trust in God, and He
Thy help shall ever be.

THE
DESTRUCTION OF THE EGYPTIANS
IN THE RED SEA.

BY JAMES ELWIN MILLARD.

The hosts of the rebel are sunk in the wave,
And the billows are washing the bold and the brave,
The horse and his rider together were slain,
And have sunk like a stone in the fathomless
 main ;
And the armies of Pharaoh have perished and fled,
And the hand that is mighty hath stricken them
 dead.

O where are the spears of the valiant and bold,
And the bolts which they hurl'd as their chariots
 roll'd ?
And where is the tramp of the war-horse's hoof?
It is hush'd in the blast of God's heavy reproof!
And the hand that was wont, in the perilsome field,
The sword, and the lance, and the buckler to wield,

That hand is unnerv'd by death's horrible chill,
And the warrior's war-cry is silent and still!
For the arm of the Lord hath been mighty and
strong,
And hath stretch'd with a curse over Egypt's proud
throng.

Ye chosen, rejoice, whom the Lord hath led o'er
The dark ocean of Egypt to Asia's glad shore :
Let the tabor and cymbal with triumph's loud tone,
Tell the merciful deeds which Jehovah hath done,
For Israel is freed from their taskmasters' chain,
And the armies of Pharaoh are sunk in the main !

THE LONE ONE.

BY CHARLES PARISH MACRAY.

She was the last survivor
Of all her ancient race,
Ere eighteen years had heighten'd
The bloom upon her face ;
For those she lov'd the dearest
Like summer days were flown,
And she was left, the youngest,
To weep for them alone !

O, cold seem'd ev'ry bosom,
Like marble monument,
On which for aid or comfort
Her throbbing head she leant ;
And though there throng'd around her
The noble and the great,
It seem'd without her lost ones,
The earth was desolate !

WATERLOO.

BY WILLIAM DUNN MACRAY.

Hasten, Britons, to the fight,
Nor dread Napoleon's furious might,
But let your British hearts of oak
Deal death at ev'ry battle-stroke ;
And ever still the fight renew,
Till gain'd the field of Waterloo !

Soon shall the tyrant's armies flee,
Soon shall the eagles vanquish'd be.
Then on, my comrades, hasten on
With Blucher and brave Wellington,
And to your glorious cause prove true
Upon the field of Waterloo !

What tho' he bids his guards advance
With " Fight for me and sunny France !"
The tyrant's myriads bravely dare,
And from his brow his laurels tear ;
Then long the fiery fight he'll rue,
And mourn the field of Waterloo !

THE FALL OF CHIVALRY.

BY CHARLES PARISH MACRAY.

The palmy days of Chivalry
Have long since fled away,
When belted knights so cheerily
Awoke the dire affray.
Then clash'd the sword, then broke the lance,
To gain a maiden's fav'ring glance.

And clad in gorgeous panoply
Around the tourney-plain,
Like glitt'ring dream of faërie,
Was plac'd a courtly train.
There look'd the warrior for reward,
And then again resum'd his sword.

Alas ! nor Valour's courtesy,
Nor Honour now is known,
Fled is each trace of Chivalry,
And knightly love is flown ;
Beauty, for which our fathers fought,
May now with sordid gold be bought !

LAMENT OF MARY STUART,
IN LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

BY JAMES ELWIN MILLARD.

How brightly beams the summer sun
On Leven's dancing sea,
But am not I the lonely one?
Its beams are not for me!

How sweetly tunes the linnets' throat
Within its fav'rite tree!
But ah! no hope is in its note,
Its songs are not for me.

How fragrant are the verdant fields,
So flowery and so free!
No joy, alas! their fragrance yields,
Their sweets are not for me.

How brilliant is the azure sky,
The fairest thing I see!
And there are joys that never die,
Yes, there are joys for me!

THE AGES OF OLD.

BY WILLIAM DUNN MACRAY.

The ages of old!—they have vanish'd away,
And the moss-grown walls, and the abbey grey—
The castle that frown'd on the rocky steep,
And once mock'd at the waves of the ocean-deep.

The priory bare, the baronial hall,
That broken and roofless now nods to its fall,
Remain all alone without abbot or knight,
To tell of the masses, the banquet, or fight.

The sculptur'd but ruin'd arch howls to the blast,
And the trav'ller, unshelter'd, stops not, but hies past;
Where before, if a pilgrim came hungry and wet,
A welcome reception he instantly met.

No more shall bright lances, by valiant chiefs borne,
Scatter Moslemslike dew-drops, the gems of the morn;
No more shall fair ladies, in dazzling array,
See the knights'gainst each other their prowess essay.

The ages of old! they have vanish'd and fled,
Like a dream in our slumbers away they have sped;
And the gilding of mem'ry alone brings to sight
The days of the gallant and chivalrous knight.

THE VIOLET.

BY CHARLES PARISH MACRAY.

Welcome, firstling of the Spring!
Welcome, pretty little thing!
Soon as stern Winter quits the field,
Thou peepest from thy leafy shield,
And shew'st to man's delighted view,
A scented flow'r of purple hue:
The Muse, delighted, tunes the lyre,
(For e'en a flow'ret can inspire,)
And which so fit as thou, to gain
The off'ring of her artless strain?

THE END.

