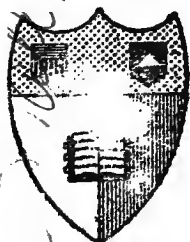


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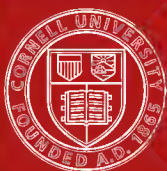
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A N ' O L I O

Of Domestic Verses

BY EMILY JUDSON.

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PREFACE.

MANY—it seems to me, by the measure of events, but little less than a hundred—years ago, when a pupil in a boarding-school, I wrote, and at the instigation of a kind teacher, published a little book called “Charles Linn.” It was my first effort of the kind; and the flutterings of the timid school-girl’s heart will find ready appreciators. But it will scarcely be imagined that those feelings are the nearest possible index to the tremulousness of the woman in sending out this little volume. Owing much to a singularly indulgent public, it becomes me, in common gratitude, not to tax its patience too far, as my better judgment intimates I may be doing now. Perhaps my best apology is, that I was gravely informed on my late return from a foreign land, that a collection of my “Poems” had been some time contemplated; a

fact which had also been announced in some public journals. Possibly the infliction may have been lightened by my personal supervision.

Several of the pieces in this collection were written at the age of twelve, and quite a large number at about sixteen. Others are scattered sparsely through a longer term of years, up to the present time. Being incapable of any more ambitious arrangement, they are placed, with three or four exceptions, in the order of their dates, so far as these can now be ascertained. Most of them (I mean the earlier ones) have been more than once doomed to the usual fate of such crude productions, in company with things both better and worse, but more combustible. Having been rescued by some legerdemain best known to partial friendship, they have hidden for years in private drawers, and among old files of letters, till the very dust upon their pages speaks to me appealingly, and softens the justice of a judgment at first only too lenient. Meeting them unexpectedly, after an interval well calculated to sweep things so trivial from memory, they have revived many pleasant associations. Each tells some tale which does not meet the stranger's eye;

and so to me they stand like little milestones along the track of a life not free from changes, and which (like other lives) loves to be remembered, and pondered on, and dreamed over. After all their struggles for existence, perhaps I shall be pardoned for *giving them a chance*; especially as this promises to be the most effectual mode of extinguishing their hitherto extraordinary vitality.

With regard to the later pieces, I scarcely feel more confidence. But very few of them were intended to go beyond the immediate family circle; and though from circumstances, rather than any merit which they possess, they have found a place in newspapers, and some in books, it has seldom been by the agency or consent of the writer. Several of the more strictly domestic pieces were at first excluded from this collection; but I have been assured that the attempt to suppress them would only disappoint friends, and lay me open to the charge of affectation. And then—where all is domestic, where, perhaps, all had better been kept in the family portfolio, who is to say where the suppression shall cease? This versifying I have never made a study, but it has been the spontaneous growth of daily incidents, and common

feelings. Like the boy of school memory, "I did n't whistle, sir, it whistled itself." So, begging both critic and artist to shut the little book before turning another leaf, I submit it, as an humble offering, to such unskilled persons as can find pleasure in a simple, heartfelt strain, though it does not rise to the dignity of poetry.

HAMILTON, N. Y., August 1, 1852.

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The Winged Watcher.

PART I.

MORNING arose, and from their dreams
Awoke the slumbering flowers ;
Red glowed the hill-tops in her beams,
Her crest lay glittering on the streams,
And on one cot her gayest gleams
Broke in warm, golden showers.

A pair of eyes had oped that morn,
Eyes soft, and sweet, and blue ;
A poor, weak, helpless thing forlorn,
Beneath that humble roof was born,—
A shut bud from a blossoming thorn,
Save that a soul looked through.

And many a jocund laugh there rung,
Up from that cottage low ;
And glad words sat on many a tongue,
And bliss upon fond bosoms hung,
For there a rill of life had sprung,
Which would forever flow.

One form unseen stood meekly nigh,
Yet drew the sunlight there ;
An angel from beyond the sky,
With love and pity in his eye,
His radiance for a time flung by,
His forehead veiled in care.

Down from the palace of the KING,
That morning had he hied ;
The song was stayed upon the string,
The glory folded in the wing,
For dark must be his wandering,
By that poor mortal's side.

PART II.

Years passed. The boy a man had grown,
And shadowy things of fear,
With nameless ills his path had strown,—
Foes trooping came, and friends had flown,
But one White Wing—to him unknown—
Kept ever hovering near.

It was a lovely sight to see,
By those who watched above,
That Spirit glorious, pure, and free,
In such an humble ministry,
Through sin and woe, unfalteringly,
Pursue his work of love.

When the worn youth lay down to rest,
The Angel stood beside ;
And stole the burden from his breast,

And soothed his wearied sense to rest,
Fanned his hot brow, his cheek caressed,
And blissful dreams supplied.

Once on a mountain peak stood he,
A high and rugged steep;
Where many dangerous shapes there be,
And many things most fair to see;—
There shouting crowds bent low the knee,
And broke wild Echo's sleep.

Pride centred in his burning eye,
Pride mantled on his brow;—
“Who ever stood the clouds so nigh?”—
Ah! he has climbed a step too high,
And giddily—bewilderingly,
His brain is whirling now.

But ever that pure Watcher bright,
Pleads softly in his ear,
Think, mortal, of the coming night!

Think of the mildew, and the blight!
Think of thy ransomed spirit's light
Dimmed by thy dallying here."

He hears,—and lo! his pulses wild
Are hushed, and in his veins
The riot ebbs; things, which beguiled,
Seem heaps of mist about him piled;
He bends his knee, a little child,
And tears efface his stains.

PART III.

The babe—the youth was bent and gray,
A feeble man and old;
Death stood beside him as he lay;
No mourner there his breath could stay,
Or guide him on his untrod way,
When lip and heart were cold.

He loved, he had served the God of Heaven

But Death's a fearful thing ;

And when the ties of earth are riven,

When back to dust the dust is given,

The soul, which long with sin has striven,

May shrink to meet the KING.

He trusted, but still shivering clung,

Where long he had been a guest ;

Meanwhile death-pangs his bosom wrung,—

The scared soul on the hushed lip hung,

Then lay, soft wings about it flung,

Upon the Angel's breast.

1846.

A Tale of Gentle Mysteries.

A ROSY child with a laughing eye,
And a forehead wreathed with curls,
Bright, pouting lips of a ruddy dye,
Encasing rows of pearls,

Tripped gayly, with a fay-like foot,
The tangled grass among ;
A basket, filled with rich, ripe fruit,
Upon her round arm hung.

The autumn daisies, on their stems,
Were dancing merrily,
And the cardinal, with its blood-red gems,
Was a royal thing to see.

The aster showed its golden heart,
Set round with purple rays ;
And the little maid, with lips apart,
Stood in a sweet amaze.

“I'll bind a nosegay now,” said she,
“Of all these blossoms sweet,”
And the laden basket, carelessly,
She cast down at her feet.

One blushing peach, with a golden ring,
Slid softly to the ground ;
And a rustle rose, as of a wing,
Unfolding at the sound.

And lo ! a Spirit passing fair,
Bent earnestly above ;
But I pondered long, if her mission there,
Could be a work of love.

While the peach, in ripened beauty lay,
On that sunny, summer lea,
She wrapped it round in a shroud of gray,
And the hungry worm brought she.

She scooped a grave, lone, still, and deep,
Among the clovers red,
And laid the skeleton to sleep,
With a daisy at its head.

White winter came on vale and hill,
And her weary watch she kept,
While the blighted flower and the frozen rill,
With the buried sleeper slept.

But when young, rosy-fingered Spring
Unchained the waterfalls,
And to each hillock stooped to bring
Her budding coronals,

She marked the Watcher in her way,
 Adown the sunny lea ;
And where the buried peach-stone lay,
 A footprint small left she.

And lo ! up through the wakened soil,
 Where the tiny foot had been,
There sprang a tender, curious coil,
 Of palest, daintiest green.

Slowly unclosing to the light,
 Still deeper grew its stain ;
It paused not for the shadowy night,
 Nor for the pelting rain.

It wooed the sunshine, drank the dew,
 And wrestled with the blast ;
Till strong its thick-leaved branches grew
 And a grateful shadow cast.

Then came, her gay songs carolling,
Another Spirit bright,
With star-gems in each waving wing,
And locks of braided light.

Her eyes were like the quivering dew
Within the violet;
Her mouth, small lilies peeping through,
Two rose-leaves curled and wet.

And with those rosy lips and sweet,
She pressed the rugged bark,
Till a pulse awoke, with a gladsome beat,
In the tree so cold and dark.

It beat beneath the glittering dew,
Beneath the moon's soft light,
The sun's bold eye, and the glance so true
Of the little waiting Sprite.

And on each spot her bright lips pressed,
When came the April showers,
The young tree bore a fragrant crest
Of graceful, dancing flowers.

And then a Spirit, still more fair,
Across the lea did glide,
And on the scented summer air,
The blossoms scattered wide.

She hovered fondly round the tree,
Spread her white wings above,
And meek and silent waited she,
As waits the brooding dove.

While thus the spirit watched and wrought,
Bird, butterfly, and bee
Came glancing round, for her work was fraught
With a beautiful mystery.

And soon beneath her starry eye,
Was born full many a gem,
Small emeralds, waving gracefully,
On every floweret's stem.

And when soft, glowing Autumn shed
Her wealth of purple light ;
Before the maple leaf was red,
Or the frost came down at night ;

While yet the breath of Summer clung
Where her children's days were told,
The bending boughs of the peach-tree hung,
With ruby and with gold.

And thither bent the cottage dame,
The wanderer from the street,
And from the school the children came,
With busy, trampling feet.

And one I marked, with a laughing eye,
Among the village girls;
And knew the merry idler by
Lip, brow, and clustering curls.

She little dreamed, as round the tree
She carolled like a bird,
What a chain, all linked with mystery,
Her heedless hand had stirred.

And resting on a cloud above,
White wing o'er wing enfolding,
Three Spirits bent—Faith, Hope, and Love
The happy scene beholding.

1846.

Apostrophe to the Moon.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN, AFTER A "FIRST GRIEF"

SWEET Moon, I love to gaze
Upon thy smiling face,
And give my fancy wings,
Thy mystery to trace.

I wonder what thou art,
So beautiful and fair,
Hung like a silver lamp
In yonder halls of air.

Tell me, if on thy sphere
A tear is ever shed ;
If pallid mourners bend
In grief above the dead.

Knowest thou that fearful One,
He of the iron hand,
Whose shadow mingles here,
In every love-knit band?

Ah no! by that calm smile,
I know thou hast but bliss;
Sure there's no other sphere
So full of woe as this!

The Storm.

WITHOUT a pilot we are thrown
On the tempestuous sea of life:
A blackened cloud hangs o'er our head,
A cloud with death eternal rife.

The howling winds, the dashing waves,
With horror every bosom thrill;
When lo! a voice of majesty:
"Peace, surging ocean! be thou still!"

The winds are hushed, the billows roll,
In silvery ripples softly round;
The storm-sprite's laid, and echoing wilds
No longer to his cries resound.

All, all is peace; and on we glide,
Before the favoring breezes given,
Hope's snowy sails above us spread,
And Faith to pilot us to heaven.

The September Rain.

AH me! the busy rain!
Drizzling down the window-pane,
 Still it comes;
I hate its dismal sound,
Like a beetle on his round,
 When he hums.

There's not a spot of blue;
One sober leaden hue
 Veils the sky;
And nothing can I see,
Beyond the mist-capped tree,
 Dripping by.

Yet, trudging through the mud,
Though the street is in a flood,
 Whistling shrill,
The farmer passes by,
To where his broad fields lie,
 O'er the hill.

And I'm certain by his jog,
Notwithstanding all the fog,
 That his brow
Is as clouded as the sky,
And impatience's in his eye,
 Even now.

He's been prisoned in the house,
Like a poor, captured mouse,
 All the morn ;
And he's not secured his crops,
And he's anxious for his hops,
 And his corn.

Old Mooly droops her head,
As if a weight of lead
 On it pressed ;
And long-suffering Chanticleer
To poor, dripping Partlet near,
 Shakes his crest.

And still the rain comes down,
As though the world to drown
 While I sing ;—
Oh, for the merry dash,
Or quick, enlivening splash
 Of the Spring !

But one solitary tune,
At morning, night, and noon,
 Greet the ear ;
Till the future is o'ercast,
And every sorrow past,
 Gathers here.

The very fire burns blue ;
And the rain comes down the flue,
 Robed in soot ;
And dismal shadows crawl,
In silence, from the wall
 To my foot.

Ah me ! the busy rain !
If it's ever clear again,
 And old Sol
Looks out upon the street,
I'm sure there'll ready feet
 Meet the call.

Take not the Vow.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

OH, bow not there—oh, bow not there !
Chain not thy spirit free !
'Twas God who framed this glorious earth
The God who loveth thee.

Take not the vow—take not the vow !
Pause ere the word is said !
Pause ere the fatal chain is linked,
Which binds thee to the dead.

God wishes not the sacrifice,
He asks thee not to part
With beings He has formed to love—
He guards the trusting heart.

Live in the world. If trials come,
His promises are sure ;
He will support thee by His power,
And teach thee to endure.

Temptation hath full many a wile ;
His hand will be a shield,
More safe by far than yon dark walls
Oh, to His guidance yield !

Take not the vow—take not the vow !
Pause ere the word is said !
Pause ere the fatal chain is linked
Which binds thee to the dead.

Thoughts at Night.

THERE is no moon to-night, save one white rim,
On heaven's broad bosom lying ; but the stars,
Castor and Pollux, and bright Sirius,
Orion, belted by the Almighty's hand,
And Pleiades, and all the god-like train,
That guard the heights of heaven, are on
 their round,
And I can read in their deep, pitying eyes,
Mysterious teachings, as they trembling stoop
To gaze into the sepulchre of earth.

The world's asleep—some underneath the clod,
And some (a little band, if placed beside
The mouldering millions that no longer dream)

On downy couches, waiting to be laid
Beside the countless throng. I stand and look,
From my high casement, on the moveless
scene,

Sloping away to the far river's marge,
Roof beyond roof—warm, beating hearts
beneath,

All revelling in wild, fantastic dreams,
As one wide mad-house where poor reason
reels

And wild imagination riot runs.

Yet, when they're most awake they do but
dream

Things idle as the visions of to-night.

Oh, dream we not, who think this faltering
breath,

Which comes to tell of life that's soon to wake,
Is life itself; the pallid, mingled ray,
Which wanders from its fountain ere the dawn,
To cast its feeble light upon the cloud

That shuts in midnight, is a noon-day beam !
For one brief, giddy moment here we stand
Upon the threshold of Eternity,
Casting a hurried glance into the depths
That lie beyond, ere yet we dare to leap ;
And this poor, transient moment strive to swell,
With pompous words of wisdom and of power,
And turning round to say how firm we stand,
Are wakened by the fall.

All still and cold,
Like white hewn sepulchres, the snow-thatched
 roofs
Still stretch away into the shadowy vast,
While wait I here in museful, solemn awe.
Ah me ! how soon this semblance will be o'er,
These dreamers, on the couch spread out for
 all,
Stretch their pale limbs, and close their
 nerveless lids,

And slumber on in truth. And yet e'en then,
Another race will upward spring to dream,
And throng this crowded ante-room of life,
Striving for honors where no honors dwell,
Searching for mysteries 'mid the cast-off things
Of their compeers, when mysteries more deep
Than all the ages of eternity

Together linked—which all immortal minds,
(Save the GREAT MIND himself) stretched in
a chain

As limitless as is their spirit-life,
Would fail to fathom—wait their search
beyond.

How they will burst upon the ravished sight—
Those beautiful, transcendent mysteries—
As some new fold is raised, while still below
Wait countless foldings, that we know conceal
Some glory yet more passing glorious,
Until the spirit, awed and wondering, turns
And hides its weakness in the bosom of God.

My weary eye-lids droop as thus I muse,
And life, and death, and Paradisal bowers
Seem poised together on a single point,
Twined into one enduring sacred truth.
An Amaranthine crown, a maiden braid,
May mingle into one, if holy thought
Be set to guard the portals of the heart.
Be this poor braid my crown ; for when these
stars
Watch nightly o'er the millions yet to come,
I know there'll be a silent, narrow couch,
Which men will walk upon, and I beneath,
Who loved the sounds and sights of life so
well,
And on the star-light gazed while others slept,
Shall never heed the tread.—Solemnly sad,
This bribeless certainty to one like me,
So full of youth, and hope, and life, and love ;
But even now there comes a sudden pang,
To mind me of mortality, and now

I listen to the beatings of my heart,
And know each throb but hurries on the last

* * * * *

Morning will come anon, and I shall turn
From Nature's book unto the books of men,
And think that wisdom dwells upon the page.
The sun that glances on my window-pane,
Dissolving all the fairy frost-work there,
Will frail as frost-work find the lessons
wrought

By Night upon my heart, and melt them off.
I know that I've had glimpses of a light
Not held by man; I've felt a thrilling touch
Upon my soul, which stirred its lowest depths,
And made the impetuous, chainless life within
Leap upward to a higher destiny.

Yet as those countless suns of other spheres,
Even in the moon's reflected light grow pale,
Because that light is near, so this small
lamp,

Whose trembling rays scarce pierce the mask
of sin,

By nearness dazzles, shutting from the soul
The glorious things beyond. But oh, how
soon

This prison shell, in which we blinded lie,
Will all be shattered, and our spirits soar,
Like the winged bird, to heaven!

Kindness, Trust, and Love.

OH, who would not be kind,
When kindness costs no art,
But with delicious thrill,
Comes gushing from the heart?
Who would not breathe the word
With power to check a sigh,
Or wipe the gathering tear
From sorrow's heavy eye?

And who would never trust,
When confidence is bliss,
Because deceit may steal
The garb of truthfulness?

Suspicion's heavy chain,
'Twould crush my soul to bear;
It sweetens life's poor cup
The mingled draught to share.

Oh, who would cease to love?
Who quench that spark divine,
To lay the darkened soul
On pride or passion's shrine?
What is the boasted good
That wealth, that power can own?—
Better be loved, a slave,
Than honored on a throne!

Expostulation.

TO A CLERGYMAN.

“ There stood one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake ; but the man did neither look, nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.”—BUNYAN.

NAY, stoop not thus !. Thou bearest precious
seed,

Richer than all the wealth of mine or sea.
Strive not to grasp this world's vain, glittering
meed !

Its laurels are not twined for such as thee ;
A living crown awaits thy radiant brow,
And thou should'st gather jewels for it now.

What would'st thou have? The meteor of
an eve,
The mildewed wreath, the worm-enclosing
flower,
The fading things that dying fingers weave,
The star that darkens at its rising hour?
Would'st chase the frolic phantom, men call
fame,
And on her crumbling tablet write thy name?

Thy name is written in the Book of Life,
The glorious tablet of the King of kings;
Degrade it not by this poor, paltry strife,
This clamorous rush for tinselled, cankering
things;
Leave to poor dazzled moths the giddy round,
Since on a loftier mission thou art bound.

'Tis thine to watch thy Master's budding vine,
Till the ripe fruit in purple clusters falls;

The ever-radiant threads of truth to twine,
A golden clue to those celestial halls,
Where, when the kingdoms of the earth decay,
And suns are dim, thou'lt live in endless day.

Dora's Grief.

WHY lingering here alone,
My pretty one?
Sure some new wonder's grown
Beneath the sun;

Since in thy merry eye
Gathers the tear;—
What naughty cloud thy sky
Has ventured near?

The cloudlet in the sky
Began to swell;
The tear-drop from the eye
In sparkles fell.

As rose-leaves, zephyr-stirred,
The bright lips fluttered,
But long the struggling word
Strove to be uttered.

In the white pinafore,
Her kitten lay ;
She said, nor could she more,
“It died to-day.”

Story of Life.

SMILING brightly—smiling brightly,
 Pretty fay !
In love's sheltering arms pressed lightly,
 An infant lay ;
 With her violet eyes
 Full of dew from the skies,
And glad with the coming day.

Gaily dancing—gaily dancing
 Adown the lea,
On her burnished ringlets glancing,
 The sunlight free ;

Like a humming-bird wild,
Sped a beautiful child,
In a spirit of frolicsome glee.

Winsome playing—winsome playing,
Zephyrs light,
O'er the maiden's brow, were straying ;
Visions bright
Encircled her brain
With their magical chain,
And feasted her soul with delight.

In her beauty—in her beauty,
Stood the bride ;
Cheerful waiting Love and Duty,
By her side ;
The deep wells of feeling,
Revealing, concealing,
In trustfulness, coyness, and pride.

Sadly straying—sadly straying
 Down the lea,
Sable garments round her swaying,
 Solemnly,
 With silvery hair,
 And a brow of care,
Trode the mourner down the lea.

Sweetly sleeping—sweetly sleeping,
 In the grave,
Where the flowers nursed by her weeping,
 Softly wave ;
 By the bridegroom's side,
 Rests the weary bride,
In the stillness of the grave.

Misanthropy.

OH, it is sad this beautiful, bright earth
Should bear the taint of want and misery ;
'Tis sad, when listening to the voice of mirth,
To see the stricken mourner weeping by ;
'Tis sad to see the young and lovely lie,
Wrapped in the dreaded cerements of the
tomb,
Or man in noon-day strength lie down and
die ;
'Tis sad to see the brow, in beauty's bloom,
By withering grief oppressed, thick-clothed in
gathering gloom.

But sadder still to mark the serpent coil,
That binds the spirit, and within the heart
Strikes deadly fangs, as if all good to foil,
Which of man's nature forms so small a
part ;

To see misanthropy's empoisoned dart
Ranking within a breast that God has given
The power to rival angels in the art
Of love and sympathy, which from him
riven,

Would leave no golden link betwixt his soul
and heaven.

Man was not made for woe ; though he
may crush

The power within that bids him to rejoice,
He owns a spirit he can never hush,
Answering to that the universe employs,—
A string harmonious tuned to Nature's
voice ;

And its soft melody will often play
Upon his heart, and call up buried joys,
Those faded relics of a brighter day,
His hand has madly crushed, yet cannot cast
away.

Parting Ode.

SUNG AT A "CELEBRATION," JULY 4, 1834.

FAREWELL.—

The parting sunlight sits
On hill and tree ;
The zephyr, as it flits,
Lisps "Liberty,"
With gentle swell.

Farewell.—

May the rich robe of peace
Enfold us o'er ;
May plenty's golden fleece
Find every door ;
Health with us dwell.

Farewell.—

The Father's blessing rest
Upon us all ;
Love's voice, in every breast,
To labor call,
Our duty tell.

Farewell.—

It is the hour to part ;
And circling round,
As by angelic art,
Echoes the sound,
Farewell—farewell !

Farewell.—

Till we shall join the choirs
Of saints above ;
And tune our golden lyres,
To thoughts of love.
Farewell—farewell !

Thanksgiving.

HAIL, cheering day ! but let us bring
A richer, purer offering
Than mirthfulness unmeaning ;
In gratitude to Heaven raise
The word of thanks, the note of praise,
For blessings we are gleaning.

Thanks for the basket and the store,
With harvest wealth still flowing o'er ;
Thanks for the roof's protection ;
Thanks for the friends that 'neath it dwell
And thanks that love's unchanging spell
So hallows the connection.

Thanks, thanks for all that time has wrought,
Howe'er with grief or pleasure fraught;—

'Twas Heaven, our footsteps guiding,
That gave the smile, that woke the sigh,
Or broke the too-endearing tie,
For pleasures more abiding.

Thanks that the last departed year
Pealed not its requiem o'er our bier;

Thanks for this morning given;
And pray that God, whose eye of love,
Beams ever on us from above,
May guide our steps to heaven.

Dust to Dust.

ALL seek alike one final resting-place ;
All are of dust, all turn to dust again.
The babe that draws unconsciously its breath,
And day by day, unconsciously doth steal
From earth and air, that still increasing
 strength,
Which creeps so silently into each nerve,
Till he stands forth a man—that little babe,
Even in his helplessness, has met the foe,
And he grew strong no more. He turned
 away,
With all his unformed powers, and mingled
 dust,

With his, who yet in life, had felt the hand
Of death upon him, and the earthly coil,
Long, long relaxing ere he cast it off;—
With his, whose youthful locks had long grown
 pale,
As pales the heart, when manhood's glow
 is passed,
Had felt his eye grow cold, his sinews shrink,
And struggled on, though half to dust resolved,
Till death, in mercy, bore away the prey.
And, side by side with him, the joyous one,
Who of the dance had not yet weary grown,
Scared by a summons scarcely understood,
Lay down and went to sleep. The maiden, too,
She of the sunny brow, and budding lip,
In all the radiance of her loveliness,
Forth from the hand of the great Artist sent,
But for a little hour; she too became
(Frail as the statue moulded from the snow)
Naught but a thing of dust, for busy feet

To trample carelessly, as other clay.

That swarthy man, of stalwart, sinewy frame,
Who beats the anvil through the live-long
day,

(Loose but one cord) grows nerveless in an
hour,

And with the blossom of the early spring,
The babe that never knew its mother's voice,
Dissolving lies, as frail, as pure as they.

Oh Death! stern leveller! thy fearful power
Reigns by the happiest hearth. Nor can we
teach

Our shrinking souls the lesson thou dost bring,
Though thou dost write it on each tender leaf,
That shoots from out the mould beneath our
feet ;

Though thou dost write it on each flower that
fades,

To feed the germ of yet another flower ;

Though thou dost write it on the silent grave,

And trace it deeply on the mourner's brow.
Mark how the skeptic heart turns quick away,
And pressing back the bitter draught of truth,
Winds its fresh tendrils round a crumbling
shrine ;

Then, crushed and riven as its idol falls,
Lies mid the ruins, in cold, dumb despair.

Why should immortal bow to mortal things ?
Why love we thus the frail and perishing,
When changeless, and imperishable claim
That Eden blossom lingering in the soul ?
Let dust go back to its own kindred dust,
But let not spirit load itself with clay,
And droop in sorrow when the toy is lost.
Oh, let the deathless link itself with life,
High on the wings of its own love upsoar,
And with the glorious ranks that throng the
sky

Drink ceaseless draughts of truth and holiness,

Until the pulses of the soul shall beat
So that we feel the throb, though shackled
 down

By thrice ten thousand bonds.

Life, life we seek!

And though our guide to yonder emerald
 shores,

Be stern of brow, and of an iron hand,

His eye is sure, his foot can never err;—

And who shall dare to grasp the glorious
 boon

With trembling fingers, and a craven heart?

Dreamings.

WHY do I love to dream?
To muse on aught
So frail as those bright things,
To which my spirit clings
With life inwrought.

The gift of poesy
Cannot be mine;
The gifted are the free,
But strong links fetter me,
And o'er me twine.

Sometimes I fling aside
The spell of song ;
Fold up my spirit-wings,
Hush the imaginings,
Cherished so long.

But then my heart grows sad,
My feelings cold,
And life's warm currents stay,
Lingering along their way,
As if too old.

Oh, why, why do I love
To dream so bright ?
Why stirs my spirit oft,
As, beautiful and soft,
Come in the night,

Visions from brighter spheres,
That will not stay,—

Creatures of heavenly mould,
Their treasures to unfold,
Then melt away ?

Oh, that a gift were mine,
By which to breathe
The things that angels write,
And in the silent night,
With dreams enwreathe.

But no ; it may not be ;
The star of song
Was dim at my life's dawn,
And yet I must dream on,
How long—how long !

The Spirit Voice.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

'Tis June—'tis gladsome, gorgeous June,
The rich, warm flush of summer noon
Rests on the golden hills ;
And far and wide a Spirit Voice
Rings out, “ Young heart, rejoice ! rejoice ! ”

But all this glow will soon be passed,
And silvery mists their mantles cast
Wide o'er the flushing fields ;
Then will the sorrowing Spirit sigh,
“ 'Tis sweet with autumn flowers to die.”

When Nature wears her icy shroud,
And winds are piping long and loud,
 Adown the rugged plain,
The Spirit Voice shall softly call,
But on my ear no whisper fall.

I love the warm, wet summer sky,
When gems on every flower-bud lie,
 Nor dread the autumn pale;
But know, ere winter, I shall be,
Where fresh flowers bloom eternally.

July, 1835.

Death and Oblivion.

SUGGESTED BY THE REMARKS OF A FRIEND

THE world ! I never sought its praise ;
It never breathed my name ;
And when this fragile form decays,
Then perish too my fame !

When I am sleeping, cold and low,
That strange and dreamless sleep,
I'd ask the tear of love to flow,
But only love should weep.

What is it that my empty name
A stranger's lips should breathe,
Or stranger hands the flowers of fame
Round my poor shadow wreathe !

Oh, let my memory cherished be,
While those kind spirits stay,
Who trod the path of life with me,—
Then let it pass away.

'Tis sad—*so* sad!—to die and leave
This bright and glorious earth,
While love and hope their tendrils weave
Around a heart of mirth;

But 'tis no joy to think the name,
The empty name, might stay,
When all that ever love could claim,
Had passed from earth away.

When Death's stern touch has stilled
heart,
When life's last cord is broken,
I love to think the Spoiler's art
Will shatter every token

Of one who floated one short hour,
A leaf upon the stream,
Swayed by the lightest ripple's power,
And dazzled by each gleam,

That glanced athwart the crisping wave,—
Scarce blessing, though so blessed ;
Then back to God her being gave,
And sought His sheltering breast.

Thou hast left me alone.

GLAD faces are smiling around me,
And many that love me are near ;
The beautiful flowers I have cherished
Are budding and blossoming here ;
The voice of the silver-tongued streamlet
I love, and the exquisite tone
Of the singing-bird's blithesome as ever ;
But I'm sad—thou hast left me alone.

There's joy in the rosy-lipped morning,
And joy on the brow of the night ;
There's joy in the eye of the floweret,
And joy in each quiver of light ;

Joy! joy! is the language of Nature—

I list to its exquisite tone,

And then answer back, “I am weary—

I am sad, for thou’st left me alone!”

To one Beloved.

THERE comes a rich tone o'er my lone bosom's
sadness,

Like a glimmering ray on the brow of the
Night;

'Tis the voice of a loved one, in musical
gladness,

Still weaving its visions of hope and delight.

Oh, may those gay flowerets, the sport of
Time's billow,

As onward it dashes so careless and free,
Those flowerets of Hope, never plant in thy
pillow,

The thorns of regret they have left there
for me.

But may the gay things thy young fancy is
wreathing,
The bright buds of Hope, and the blossoms
of Love,
Around thee their perfumes deliciously
breathing,
Ne'er fade till they leave thee with seraphs
above.

To Helen.

Go gather flowers—fresh budding flowers,
To deck thy shining hair,
And garlands twine in summer bowers,
Oh, blossom thou, most rare !

Thy priceless jewels gather now,
The spirit's wealth untold ;
While they may glitter on thy brow,
Ere yet thy heart grow cold.

For Time will chill that trusting heart ;—
Though earth is passing fair,
The soul most free from worldly art,
Her heaviest chain must wear.

Then tune thy lyre! thy music breathe,
Fair child of light and song;
Dream fairy Dreams, gay visions wreathe,
Though they must fade ere long.

The Care of other Years.

I HAVE seen day glide to darkness,
And the worn year tombward tread
Old men stooping, lowlier drooping,
With the silver on each head.

I have watched the silent blighting
Of full many a cherished flower ;
Slowly paling, fading, failing,
Lingering on from hour to hour.

Like the golden daylight blending
With the melancholy night ;
Summer failing—autumn paling—
Winter's shroud of frosty white ;

Like the aged, worn and weary,
Our frail prison looking through ;
Like the quivering of the shivering
Offspring of the summer dew ;

Seemed the patient, fitful flickering,
Of a life-flame blent with mine,
Homeward stealing, and revealing
All its journey to the shrine.

Long I watched the life-blood creeping
Painfully the shrunk veins through ;
Pulses fluttering, pale lips muttering,
Of the bourne so long in view.

Gone is all my tearful watching,
With its gentle hopes and fears,
But my aching heart is breaking,
For that care of other years.

The Village Church.

It stood upon a rise of ground,
With snow-white paling all around,
One dusty primrose by the door,
Which pale, half-blighted blossoms bore,
Large, stainless windows in a blaze,
With morn or evening's level rays,
And tower, with pinnacle so high,
It seemed to pierce the arching sky.
Thither from cot and farm-house trooping,
Or in the coolest shadows grouping,
Came those who love the house of God,
Plain, simple souls, unknown to fame,
Who swayed the axe, or turned the sod;
The laborer and his ruddy dame ;

Blithe childhood, with its laughing eyes,
And mild young matrons, fair and good,
Girls, treading in half-awed surprise,
Upon the verge of womanhood,
Age, with its crown of hoary hairs,
And midlife, with its weight of cares.

The Holy Book was open spread,
The hymn was sung, the prayer was said,
Then all in hushed solemnity,
And some with tearful fervor, hung
Upon such magic as may lie
In eloquence of heart and tongue,
When earth recedes, and every string
To Heaven's own touch is quivering.

Oh, dear that voice, which thrilled with grace
Of God to man,—those locks of gray,
Hanging in meekness round the face,
Dear even the half shut hand that lay

Upon the cloth of faded red,
And once again it seems to rest,
In gentlest blessings on my head,
As oft in other days it blest.
I may not feel that touch again,
But newly from the Throne of Love,
Seems dropped to-day the spirit-chain,
Which linked those scenes with things above
And round it, as of life a part,
Gather the warm folds of my heart.

The Waning Year.

THE Year is waning. All its flowers are dead,
The rich, warm glow has faded from the sky,
The light, the joy of summer-time have fled,
And like a folded shroud the cold mists lie
On vale and hill. The year is waning fast ;
Its death-dirge sounds in every passing blast.

My Life is waning. All its hopes are dead,
The rich, warm glow has faded from my
heart,
The light, the joy of bounding health have fled,
And shroud-like fears in shadowy awe
upstart,

Scaring the sunlight from my fading day;—
My life—my life is waning fast away.

The Year is waning: mine is almost done;
Together turn we to our last repose,
Waiting another Spring—a brighter Sun,
Waiting—ah me!—beneath these chilling
 snows!—

Stoops there no pitying angel, whose soft wing
May bear me tidings of the promised Spring?

How the Butterfly sang to the Child

HAPPY, happy earth is gay!
Life is but a summer day!
Lightly, lightly flit along,
Thing of sunlight, love, and song;—
Happy, happy earth is gay;
Life is but a summer day!

If perchance a cloud arise,
Shedding blackness on thy skies,
Heed it not—'twill soon depart—
Bar the blackness from thy heart;
Happy, happy earth is gay;
Life is but a summer day!

Drink the cup, and wear the chain ;
Love shall make their mission vain ;
Lightly, lightly let them press,
On thy heart of happiness,—
Happy, happy earth is gay ;
Life is but a summer day !

How the Child interrogated the Butterfly

STAY thee, stay thee, pretty thing,
Balanced on thy burnished wing ;
I have heard that wisdom lies,
Folded in yon mystic skies ;
Since thy wing has brushed the sun,
Tell me all, thou pretty one.

Tell me why the gentle flowers
Wither in this world of ours ;
Wherefore clouds, with leaden eyes,
Wander weeping through our skies ;
What lies hid beneath this glow,
That men quake and tremble so.

I have heard earth's bitterest draught
Oft by loving lips is quaffed ;
Heard affection's shattered chain
Wakes the keenest thrill of pain ;
In thy journeyings above,
Didst thou find a better love ?

Tell me, airy, radiant thing,
Balanced on thy burnished wing,
When the time shall come to fold
Thy rich robe of red and gold ;
When the day hath lost its light,
Is there shelter for the night ?
When the heavy night is gone,
Will a brighter morning dawn ?

Rosannah Cooper.

SWEET Rosannah, we have loved thee,
Who that saw could less than love,
Noting all the patient suffering
Of our sorrow-stricken dove?
Pillowed now on earth's still bosom,
Free from grief and care and pain,
In the golden sunlight sleeping,
Tears for thee are surely vain.

Short the brightness of thy morning,
Few the flowers earth bore for thee
Death from cankering care and sorrow
Came thy burdened soul to free.

And we will not weep or mourn thee,
Since thou art so deeply blest,
With the holy saints and angels,
And thy blessed Lord at rest.

Yet we miss thee ;—thou wast gentle
As the fawn upon the hills ;
And when light was on thy pathway,
Mindful thou of others' ills.
But thy sky was early clouded,
Thine was heaviness of soul,
Anguish o'er thy riven spirit,
With a crushing footstep stole.

He who knows the wind to temper
To the lamb, and by whose hand
Thou wast guided, in His kindness
Took thee to the Spirit-land.
And we'll praise Him, sweet Rosannah,
Praise Him even for our pain,

In a faint, but heart-felt echo,
Of thine own enraptured strain.

There, mid pure and bright-winged seraphs,
Thou in loveliness mayest dwell,
And the ills of our dark valley,
To the pitying listeners tell;
While we linger yet a little,
Often longing for release,
Pressing toward the heavenly gateway,
And the realms of perfect peace.

The Bobolink.

THE Bobolink sings on the summer bough,
And a happy thing is he,
When the warm sun shines, and the breezes
swing
His couch so merrily.

His voice is rich, and his voice is soft,
And melting on the ear,
It glides away to the place of dreams,
Where it rears a fabric dear ;

But the Bobolink notes the earliest shade
Of autumn in the sky ;
So he plumes his mantle of jet and gold,
And spreads his wings to fly.

Oh, I love the tuneful Bobolink well,
But hope it is not a sin
Just to wish that the darling, merry bird
Had his fountain of joy *within*.

Flowers and Beaux.

SWEET-WILLIAM is a species of the pink,
And William sweet, the pink of gallantry ;
The first 's a flower, which ladies pretty think,
The last thinks pretty ladies flowers, and he
the bee.

The Lovers.

A F R A G M E N T.

HE taught her lips to frame, in accents
sweet,
Though all imperfect, words he loved to
hear,
And with a joyous thrill his pulses beat,
As, slowly syllabled, they met his ear.
The tongue he loved in boyhood still was
dear,
And would not be forgot; but dearer still
From the rich voice which lisped its accents
here,

To him it seemed, when 'neath the evening
star,
They sat, with no intruding doubt their bliss
to mar.

Then he would weave the wild pyrola's gems
Amid the dark luxuriance of her hair,
Wreathed with the graceful blue-bell, whose
slight stems,
From every rocky crevice nodded there,
To each soft whisper of the summer air ;
And link the wampum, with more tasteful
grace,
While she, unused to such insinuant care,
Gazed all enraptured on its every trace,
In yonder glassy wave that mirrored form and
face.

Day unto day succeeded, with fresh claim,
Of heart to heart, till sober autumn spread

Her rainbow mantle, and the squirrel came,
 With rustling footstep o'er the leafy bed,
 With small, prismatic, glossy nuts o'erspread,
 And from the russet bough the robin sung
 Her soft farewell, while far above her head
 The hang-bird's wind-rocked cradle empty
 hung,
 And melancholy sounds throughout the
 woodland rung.

* * * * *

The maiden mouldered in her lover's grave,
 Giving her life back to its Giver's hand.
 With him we leave her. Time's effacing
 wave
 Has washed her memory from tradition's
 sand,
 With the same swell that whelmed that
 noble band
 Of Roman hearts in dark oblivion's stream.
 But still she lives ; and in that far-off land,

Kenned by her trustfulness, who can but
deem

Her spirit knows and loves the vision of her
dream?

The Bonny Sleigh.

COME, come away, in my bonny sleigh,
 ' Away o'er the wintry sea, Love,
Like a fairy boat on the foam afloat,
 It will skim with thee and me, Love ;
Gay, gayly O, through the spangled snow,
 As our bounding pulses light, Love,
While thy dear eyes beam, as in my dream
 I saw them yesternight, Love.

Away, away in my bonny sleigh,
 The warm furs spreading over,
And thy timid ear, half bent to hear
 The whispers of thy lover !

Let poets woo, when the summer dew
 With the moon-beam comes to play, Love,
But for me the bliss of the stolen kiss,
 That hallows my bonny sleigh, Love.

Maiden Resolve.

THEY tell me thou lovest—beware! beware!
Love whispers of bliss, but he traffics in care;
Illusions all glowing around thee he'll fling,
But woes in his foot-prints forever upspring.

They say thou wilt marry—'tis well, 'tis well!
Though the chain may be heavy, thou'rt under
 Love's spell;
But I—I am free, and no Cupid shall task me,
I NEVER will marry—*till somebody ask me!*

Oh, it is very sweet to Live.

OH, it is very sweet to live
Earth's glorious things among—
These fingers wrought by God to touch
The living harp He's strung.
'Tis sweet to feel life's warm, free tide
Gush through its thousand cells;
And passing sweet the tide of soul,
Refining as it swells.

Yet earth is but the *porter's lodge*,
Where we admittance wait,
To those rich palaces which lie
Beyond the guarded gate;

And this sweet life the wakening thrill
Felt faintly by a clod,
E'er yet to tread with Seraphim
The loftiest courts of God.

On Reading an Anacreontic.

THOSE very droll ancients had a droll sort of
way

Of clothing coarse passions in very fine clay;
And aspiring young moderns go bail for the
passions,

To show their adroitness at classical fashions.

To a dear little Exile.

COME, tell me again of that beautiful isle,
 Away by the sounding sea ;
Where the blue-bells nod, and the daisies
 smile,
On their dancing stems so free.

Where the folded leaf, and the budding
 flower,
 Hide ever some spirit-thing ;
And moor and glen at midnight hour,
 With the elfin music ring.

Where the eye is bright, and the foot is light,
 And the heart is brave and true ;—
Come, bear me away in thy talk to-night,
 Far over the waters blue.

That thy thoughts go back to that sunny isle,
 That home by the sounding sea ;
With a clinging trust and a tearful smile,
 Is a pleasant thing to me.

For that little heart, though a seeming waif,
 On the rushing tide of time ;
In its love is strong, in its truth is safe,
 In its guilelessness sublime.

The Signal Star.

"Come back, come back, my childhood."—L. E. L.

I'd not recall my childhood;—
 With all its sweet delight,
Its simple, bird-like gladness,
 It was not always bright.
Even morning has her tear-drops,
 And spring her clouded sky,
And on the fairest cradle
 I have seen the shadows lie.

I'd not recall my childhood,
 Though tender memories throng
Around its rosy portals,
 Prelusive to life's song;

The full-voiced living chorus,
Is swelling round me now,
And a rosier light is resting
Upon my maiden brow.

I have made a changeful journey,
Up the hill of life since morn ;
I have gathered flowers and blossoms,
I've been pierced by many a thorn ;
But from out the core of sorrow,
I have plucked a jewel rare,
The strength which mortals gather,
In their ceaseless strife with care.

Now I grasp life's brimming beaker,
And how'er the bubbles glow,
I pause not till I've tasted
The deepest wave below ;
Though bitter dregs may mingle,
The crimson tide shall roll,

In full and fearless currents,
Through the fountains of my soul.

No, I'd not go back to childhood,
From the radiant flush of noon,
And when evening closes round me,
I crave one only boon ;
Amid the valley's darkness,
Its dangers and its dread,
The signal STAR OF JUDAH,
To shine above my head.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

WE come with thanks to Thee, O God!
Our Father and our King;
With swelling hearts, and grateful voice,
Our humble praises bring.

We thank thee for the gentle dews,
The sunlight and the rain;
For the rich-tinted, ripened fruit,
And for the amber grain.

We thank Thee, that beneath this roof,
In health and peace we come;
And doubly thank Thee for the smiles,
That cheer the lowliest home.

We thank Thee, that above us waves
The banner of the free,
And for that dearest gift of all,
Freedom to worship Thee.

1844.

To Blanche.

DARLING, the glorious things,
Which waiting spirits cast upon thy shrine,
The fragrant blossomings,
That they have trained around thy soul to
twine,
The hues of Eden wear,
And scarcely 'mid our earthliness can stay;
Oh, on thy forehead fair,
I see the worshipped light of genius play.

Thou 'rt strangely gifted, dear,—
I've hung in silent rapture on thy lay,

And dreamed in some far sphere,
I sat a listener at the Gates of Day.
But still I long to fling
That web of rich enchantment from thy soul,
I long to stay thy wing—
So dear a wing spread for ambition's goal!

They say thy faintest strain,
Thrills on the heart like minstrelsy divine;—
Oh, breathe it not again!
Though millions feed the censer at thy shrine,
The golden threads, that weave,
Like wandering stars, their fitful, lurid light,
In earthly chaplets, leave
Upon the soul a dark, cloud-heavy night.

The gems that flash and glow,
Perchance no fever to the brow impart;
Yet, darling, thou shouldst know
The breath of praise brings mildew to the heart;

But do not break thy lyre ;
In praise of Him who gave it touch the string ;
Thy finger on the wire,
Fold 'neath His cross thine unprotected wing.

To the Rev. Dr. U * * * .

THE frost is on thy crown,
Thy winter's very nigh ;
The quivering leaf is brown,
No bird is in the sky ;
No music in the vale,
No flowers beside the rill,
And a phantom cold and pale,
Stands beckoning from the hill

Green was thy spring and glad,
But joyous moments, fled,
Will leave some token sad,
To mind us how they sped ;
So furrows seam thy brow,
Thy loving eye is dim,

And life's dull tide is slow,
In failing heart and limb.

Thy autumn has no storm,
No ice is at thy heart;
But feelings fresh and warm,
In gladsome gushes start;
And while aught human clings,
To misery, shame and sin,
Thy love spreads out its wings,
And folds the sufferer in.

Thou 'st lived a golden day,
Thy sun is setting bright,
And not one cloud can stray
Athwart its mellow light;
Beyond the emerald gates,
Life's crystal waters gleam,
And rosy youth awaits
Thy bathing in the stream.

Life.

THEY say this life is but a wreath
Of vapor, melting in the sky ;
The small frail flower which grows beneath,
Then drooping, shuts its languid eye ;
A tale repeated round the hearth,
Made half of mourning, half of mirth ;
A bubble, bursting in the light ;
A meteor, streaming on the night,
A dream, a tear, a smile, a sigh,
A breath — The breath of Deity !
A tale ? Yes, one that's quivering
On every raptured seraph's string,
Since this poor clay enshrined a God,
And the lone path so meekly trod,

Adoring, wonderingly they've traced,
Through all our misery-haunted waste.
A bubble! At its burst there falls
A diamond from its brittle thralls,
In lustre peerless and divine,
Upon the sainted brow to shine,
Or burn its fearful, livid stain,
Into the woe-doomed rebel's brain.

Oh, that can be no trivial thing,
 However rapidly it fly,
Which bears our souls upon its wing,
 And fashions our eternity!
Though small the seedling, from it grow
Heaven's boundless bliss, and hell's black
 woe.

Life leads to one dark spot—the grave;
 And though the path be strewed with
 roses,

Or moaning yew-trees o'er it wave,
What boots it when the daylight closes?
What even if through the dubious gloom
Of centuries, men point and say,
"The mouldering bones, in yonder tomb,
Once held high rank with honored clay,—
I think scarce rivalled at that day?"

Ah! we will ask no boon of fame,
No soft, luxurious path will claim,
We will not falter, will not weary,
Though difficult our way and dreary,
Though sufferings rack and tempests rage;
But strive that on one living page,
The angel, stooping from above,
Against our names shall pencil—LOVE.

Through all our frailty darkness, weakness,
We'll lift our eyes in faith and meekness,

To Him who bore our suffering,
And shields us with his loving wing ;
And while some brother man may borrow,
From deed of ours surcease of sorrow,
In patience labor—patient wait,
Th' unfolding of the glorious gate,
Remembering every thought that springs,
Is freighted with eternal things.

Peter.

PART I.

NIGHT on the chamber lay,
Dull was the lamp's red ray,
Fitful its stealthy play,
 On the carved ceiling;
And without speech or sound,
Dim, curious shadows round
Men, in amazement bound,
 Came slowly stealing.

Back from the stair-case head,
Echoed a quivering tread,
As the scared traitor sped
 Swift toward the valley.

Then while a tide of woe,
Surged through the breast below,
One voice in melting flow,
 Rose musically.

“Comes my full glory now ;
And round my Father’s brow,
As to His will I bow,
 That glory shineth ;
No longer here I stay,
To seek me ye will stray,
But will not find the way,
 Ere life declineth.



“Leave I a new command :
In one unbroken band,
Firmly together stand,
 Brother by brother ;
Would ye all men should know,
From the same Root ye grow,

From the same Fountain flow,
Love one another."

Peter, with anxious brow,
"Whither, Lord, goest Thou?"
"Thou canst not follow now,"
Said the loved Master,
"But thou shalt come to me;"
Peter, in answer free,
"Nay, but I'd *go with* Thee,
Spite of disaster;

"Go with Thee, e'en to die,
With Thee in prison lie,
And though all these should fly,
Yet will *I* never!"

Clearly the warm words rang,
As to the lip they sprang,
Born of that bitter pang,
With which hearts sever.

Dumbly the shadows swayed,
And the dim lamp-light played,
In ghostlier twist and braid,
 From floor to ceiling ;
Each clumsy, mottled fold
Of hangings quaint and old,
Now gray with dust and mould,
 Wildly revealing.

Earnest was Peter's vow,
But on his Master's brow,
Solemnly gathered now,
 Pity and sorrow ;
In its strong fervor true,
That throbbing heart He knew,
But a quick glance He threw,
 On the stern morrow.

Mournfully answered He,
" Say'st thou wilt die for me ?

Ere yet the night shall flee,
Morn's light be shown thee,
Ere to the waking sky,
Shrills forth the watch-cock's cry,
Thrice will those lips deny,
That thou hast known me."

"Never!" Quick burst the word,
Slowly the hangings stirred,
Young muffled Echo heard,
And half-sighed "ever;"
Broke was the shadows' rest,
Heaved every listener's breast,
All round the Master pressed,
High rang the "NEVER!"

PART II.

Midnight lamps streamed with light,
Fagots with blaze were bright ;
Hushed Heaven marked the sight
 In that proud palace ;
Traitor, thy work was done !
There stood the Holy One,
God's own Eternal Son,
 Sport for base malice.

Gathered the false-lipped there,
By the bold villain's glare,
And the proud bigot's stare,
 Was the hall bordered.
While the priests circled round
Him with the mitre crowned,
And sacred ephod bound,
 Jewelled and broidered.

In his black enmity,
Strutted the Pharisee,
Pompous phylactery,
 On wrist and forehead ;
Sadducees gathered near,
Wearing the skeptic sneer ;
Scribes bandied jest and jeer,
 Round Heaven's Adored.

Back from the flaming wood,
In shaded corner stood
Young John, the mild and good,
 For boudoir meeter ;
And by the ruddy blaze,
With frantic mien and gaze,
Lost in a dread amaze,
 Trembling sat Peter.

“Judea's king art thou?”
Caiaphas questioned now,

“Christ, to whom angels bow,
In glory seated?”

“I am.” From wall to wall,
Throughout that palace-hall,
Echo, to echo’s call,
“I am,” repeated.

“Me ye’ll hereafter see,
Throned with the Deity,
Glory encircling me,
God’s power and glory;
See me in clouds descend,
Time’s measured reign to end,
While round me angels bend,
And go before me.”

Wild rang the clattering staff,
High rose the scornful laugh,
As when the demon’s quaff,
Soul’s blood in wassail;

And with a leering head,
Or scowl of hate instead,
Swaying in mockery dread,
 Did the crowd jostle.

Priests the rich tunic rent,
Bigots in horror bent,
All one deep cry upsent,
 “Hear his blaspheming!
Guilty! To death with Him!”
Waxed Peter's vision dim,
Sights ghastly, bloody, grim,
 Around him swimming.

“Thou too hast been seen,
With this vile Nazarene;”
“Thou art art a Galilean,”
 Came the dread sally;
“Sure, of His band art thou,
I marked thee even now,

Where bends the olive bough,
In yonder valley."

Thrice the accusing knell,
Thrice the denial fell,
Then, with the crowd's mad yell,
Came oaths and scorning;
Even as the sounds did flow,
One silver gleam, and lo!
Shrilled high the clarion crow,
Ushering morning.

As rose the warning sound,
Slowly the Lord turned round,
His mild eye from the ground,
Raising to Peter;—
Cowering, the bold man crept,
Where darkest shadows slept,
Covered his face, and wept
Tears large and bitter.

Remember thy Creator.

TO ABBY.

REMEMBER thy Creator,
Now in thy morning hour ;
For know He hath but lent thee,
From his own Eden bower,—
A little dewy blossom,
All tremulous with light,—
Still, in His bosom folded,
Hide from the gathering night.

Remember thy Creator!
When trials throng thy way,
Go meekly to thy chamber,
And for His guidance pray.

His ear is never weary,
His heart is never cold,
And softly doth He welcome
The lambkin to His fold.

A Reply.

“Does she deem that stern duty calls her to resign the home and friends of her heart—the fame which she has so gloriously won—nay, perhaps even life itself, for the far-off heathen? Methinks, the ‘orphans of the heart’ are gathered in crowds about our very doors.”—NATIONAL PRESS.

“**STERN** duty?”—Why nest on the breast of
thy mother?

Why follow in joy the proud steps of thy
brother?

Why flutters thy heart at the voice of that
other,

Who calls thee from mother and brother
away?

When the lip clings to thine, why so fondly
dost press it?

When the loved arm encircles, why smile and
caress it?

Each glance of that fond eye—why does thy
heart bless it?

Why love, trust, or labor for loved ones, I
pray?

There's a Dearer than mother, whose breast
is my pillow,

A Truer than brother's foot guides o'er the billow,
There's a Voice I shall hear at the grave-
guarding willow,

When they leave me to sleep in my turf-
covered bed;

There's a Lip with soft love-words forever
o'erflowing,

An Eye in which love-thoughts forever are
glowing,

A Hand never weary of guarding, bestowing,

A Heart which for me has in agony bled.

“Stern duty!” No; Love is my ready foot winging;

On Duty’s straight path Love sweet roses is flinging;

In love, to the “FRIEND of my heart” I’m still clinging;

My “home” is HIS smile—my “far-off” is HIS frown:

HE shaped the frail goblet, which Death waits to shiver,

HE casts every sun-ray on life’s gloomy river,
They’re safest when guarded by Maker and Giver,—

My laurels and life at HIS feet I lay down.

“Stern duty!” Stalked Death to thy door a
prey-seeker,

Markedst thou the eye glazing, the pulse
growing weaker,

And in thy hand clasped were a life-brimming
beaker,

In duty, “stern duty,” the draught wouldst
thou bring?

Sawest thou a rich crown, to thy brother’s
brow bending,

At his feet a black pit, its death-vapors
upsending,

As thou sprang’st to his side, thy voice, eye,
and hand lending,

Would only “stern duty” thy fleet footsteps
wing?

Away to my brother, the orphaned of Heaven!
Away with the life-draught my Saviour has
given!

Away till the web Time is weaving be
riven!

Then my wings, and my harp, and my
crown evermore!

I go,—but one prayer my full heart is back-
throwing,—

By these warm gushing tears that I leave
thee in going,

By all that thou lov'st, by thy hopes ever-
glowing,

Cheer *thou* the “heart-orphans” that throng
round thy door!

1846.

Impromptu Verses.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE SHIP FANEUIL HALL.

OUR "Cradle" rocks upon the tide;—
My heart is rocking too;
And warm tears gather blindingly,
And shut the shore from view.

I scarcely know why I should weep;
But 'tis so strange to be
An exile from my native land,
Upon the stormy sea!

Not that I leave my *home* behind;
For wheresoe'er thou art,
I know forever more will be
The dear home of my heart.

But still I hear my father's voice ;—
 Bend to my mother's kiss ;—
I never dreamed, in other days,
 Of such a love as this !

And yet it looses no true tie,
 Knit 'mid those dreams of yore ;
I even seem in loving thee,
 To love the whole world more.

But cheerfully I yield it all,
 (Would it were more) for thee ;—
So bear me, Love, on thy strong heart,
 Far o'er the billowy sea.

BOSTON HARBOR,
July 10, 1846.

A Tribute.

WRITTEN OFF ST. HELENA.

Blow softly, gales! a tender sigh
Is flung upon your wing;
Lose not the treasure as ye fly,
Bear it where love and beauty lie,
Silent and withering.

Flow gently, waves! a tear is laid
Upon your heaving breast;
Leave it within yon dark rock's shade,
Or weave it in an iris braid,
To crown the Christian's rest.

Bloom, ocean isle ! stern ocean isle !

Thou keep'st a jewel rare :

Let rugged rock and dark defile,

Above the slumbering stranger smile ;—

Deck her lone couch with care.

Weep, ye bereaved ! a dearer head,

Ne'er left the pillowing breast ;

The good, the pure, the lovely fled,

When, mingling with the shadowy dead,

She meekly went to rest.

Mourn, Burmah, mourn ! a bow, which spanned

Thy cloud, has passed away ;

A flower has withered on thy sand,

A pitying spirit left thy strand,

A saint has ceased to pray.

Angels, rejoice ! another string

Has caught the strains above ;

Rejoice! rejoice! a new-fledged wing,
Around the Throne, is hovering,
In sweet, glad, wondering love.

Blow, blow, ye gales! wild billows, roll!
Fling out the canvas wide!
On!—where she labored lies our goal.
Weak, timid, frail, yet would my soul,
Fain be to hers allied.

Samson.

Noon glowed on the hills, and the temple of
Dagon,
Now shook 'neath the joy-maddened rev-
ellers' tread ;
For the champion of Israel had bowed to the
Pagan,
And the blood of the crushed grape flowed
sparkling and red.

Feet chased flying feet, as in wild mazes
bounded,
Like roes of the mountain, Philistia's fair
girls ;

Glad gushes of music from ruby lips sounded,
There were wreathing of white arms, and
waving of curls.

Enthroned in the clouds rolling up from the
altar,

The giant-like god of the proud nation
stood;

There the flesh did not fail, nor the scorching
flames falter,

And the still air was faint with the incense
of blood.

And short prayers were muttered, and censers
went swinging,

In gorgeous piles matted, lay offerings of
flowers;

Wild harps were complaining, gay minstrels
were singing,

While agony noted the captive's lone hours.

But now comes a mock-mournful sound of
condoling,
And forth, in his darkness all haggard and
wild,
His shaggy brow lowering, his glazed eye-
balls rolling,
The strong man was guided, as lead they
a child.

Now higher the laugh and the rude jest are
ringing,
As throng the gay revellers round the sad
spot,
Where the captive's shrunk arms to the pillars
are clinging,
And altar, and wine-cup, and dance are
forgot.

His right arm is lifted : they laugh to behold it,
So wasted, and yellow, and bony, and long,

His forehead is bowed, and the black locks
 which fold it,
Seem stirring with agony, wordless and
 strong.

His right arm is lifted, but feebly it quivers,
 That arm which has singly with multitudes
 striven ;
Beneath the cold sweat-drops his mighty frame
 shivers,
And now his pale lips move in pleadings
 to heaven.

“ God of my sires, my foes are Thine ;
 Oh, bend unto my last, faint cry !
The strength, the strength that once was mine !
 Then let me die.

“ The course Thy finger marked I’ve run,
 And now I would no longer stay.—

They've shut me from the glorious sun,
In mine own clay.

“ I stand, the heathen's jest and scorn,
A sightless, desolate old man ;—
My country's blessing was I born,
Philistia's ban.

“ I've been the terror of Thy foes,
I've ruled Thy people at Thy call,
Now, sunk in shame, oppressed with woes,
Thus must I fall ?

“ Oh, give me back my strength again !
For one brief moment let me feel
That lava-flood in every vein,
Those nerves of steel.

“ My strength ! my strength ! Great God of
Heaven !
In agony I raise my cry ;

One triumph o'er my foes be given!
Then let me die!"

A light from the darkened orbs stole in quick
flashes,
The crisp, matted locks to long sable wreaths
sprung,
The hot blood came purpling in fountain-like
dashes,
And to the carved pillars his long fingers
clung.

His brawny arm straightened, its muscle
displaying,
Like bars wrought of iron the tense sinews
stood,
Each thick, swollen vein o'er his swarthy
limbs straying,
Was knotted, and black with the pressure
of blood.

One jeer from the crowd, one long, loud peal
of laughter,—

The captive bowed low, and the huge
columns swayed,

The firm chaptrel quivered,—stooped arch,
beam, and rafter,

And the temple of Dagon, a ruin was laid.

Earth groaned 'neath the crash, and rose
circling to heaven,

Fierce, half-smothered cries, as the gurgling
life fled;—

Day passed,—and no sound broke the silence
of even,

Save the jackal's long howl, as he crouched
o'er the dead.

Lobe's Last Wish.

THOU say'st I'm fading, day by day,
And in thy face I read thy fears;
It would be hard to pass away,
So soon, and leave thee to thy tears;
I hoped to linger by thy side,
Until thy homeward call was given,
Then silent to my pillow glide,
And wake upon thy breast in heaven

And still I can but hope to stay;
But if the arrow should be sped,—
If I must weary by the way,
And rest so soon among the dead,—

I know thou needs must grieve to part
 With one whom thou hast loved so well ;
But oh ! let not thy living heart
 Go with me to my silent cell.

I do not ask to be forgot,
 I've read thy heart in every line,
And know that there one sacred spot,
 Whate'er betide, will still be mine ;
For death but lays its mystic spell,
 Upon affection's earthliness,—
I know that though thou lov'st me well,
 Thou lov'st thy sainted none the less.

And when I join that group above,
 I would not leave thee here alone,
To struggle on, while trust and love,
 Lie confined where they had their throne ;
'Twould make me happy, even now,
 To know a lip as true as mine,

When dust was gathering on my brow,
Should kiss the agony from thine.

It would be sweet to hover near,
And watch till thou again should'st smile
And think'st thou not she would be dear,
Who could thy loneliness beguile?
And when at last we met above,
Where marriage-vows are never spoken,
We all would form one chain of love,
Whose spirit-links could ne'er be broken.

To my Husband.

'Tis May, but no sweet violet springs,
In these strange woods and dells;
The dear home-lily never swings
Her little pearly bells;
But search my heart, and thou wilt see
What wealth of flowers it owes to thee.

The robin's voice is never heard,
From palm and banyan trees,
And strange to me each gorgeous bird,
Whose pinion fans the breeze;
But love's white wing bends softly here,
Love's thrilling music fills my ear.

The heavy rain unceasing falls ;
 Winds hurry to and fro ;
The damp mould gathers on our walls,
 So dreary, dark, and low ;
Dull shadows throng my aching brow,—
My heart is never shadowed now.

Sometimes we tread the busy street ;
 Dark, bold eyes on us gleam,
As patter onward sandaled feet,
 In one continuous stream,—
The conquered sons of old Pegu,
The rich Mogul, the cringing Jew,

The subtle, soft Armenian,
 The Parsee in his pride,
The quaint “celestial” artisan,
 The slave from Cassay’s side,
The Burman in his pomp and power,
Whose jealous brows upon us lower ;—

None, none to greet us kindly here !

 Their ban is on our door ;
Of Jesus Christ, with frown and sneer,
 They speak like men of yore ;—
Not mine to brave the glance of hate,
But bravely will I share thy fate.

The pure, the beautiful, the good,
 Ne'er gather in this place,
None but the vicious and the rude,
 The dark 'of mind and face ;
But all the wealth of thy vast soul,
Is pressed into my brimming bowl.

Where fragrant cocoa blossoms hang,
 Or in the citron's shade,
My brothers' voices never rang,
 My sisters never played ;—
I love them none the less, that thou
Canst make me scarcely miss them now.

Yet think I oft of one sweet home,
My father—mother—Kate ;
And tender, tearful memories come,
And clinging round me wait ;
But at one sound they vanish all—
Thy footfall in the dim, old hall.

Here closely nestled by thy side,
Thy arm around me thrown,
I ask no more. In mirth and pride,
I've stood—oh, *so* alone !
Now, what is all this world to me,
Since I have found my world in thee !

Oh, if we are so happy here,
Amid our toils and pains,
With thronging cares and dangers near,
And marred by earthly stains,
How great must be the compass given
Our souls, to *bear* the bliss of heaven.

RANGOON, May, 1847.

My Bird.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,—
Broad earth owns not a happier nest
Oh God! Thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters nevermore shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird, with the immortal wing,
To me—to *me*, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine ;
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear ;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity, is here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult, rise—
Hear, oh my God, one earnest prayer !
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there !

MAULMAIN, January, 1848.

Song of Maulmain.

PLY the lever, pioneers !
Many a waiting angel cheers ;
Christ above is interceding,
Here the Holy Ghost is pleading,
 And the promise of Jehovah,
 Stands upon his blessed book.
Cheerly, cheerly ply the lever !
Pause not—faint not—falter never
Course the river, thrid the alley,
From the hill-top to the valley,
 Go this barren border over,
 Scattering seed in every nook.

Gifted with a little wing,
Far the seed shall float and spring,
Spring and bloom in Burmah's centre,
Till life-giving fragrance enter,
 Even the sacred groves of Boodha,
 And the monarch's golden hall.
Plant the seed, and ply the lever!
Pause not—faint not—falter never!
With a trusting heart and humble,
Toil till Boodha's throne shall crumble
 Monastery and pagoda
 Reel before the Cross and fall.

My three Treasures.

I HAVE a steed—a bounding steed,
With a form as lithe as a bending reed,
 And limbs like the petrel's wings,
With his airy form, and his step of grace,
His eye of love and his beaming face,
 Oh, he is a beautiful thing!

I have a lamb—a household pet,
Like the blue of June, when the sun is set
 Is his soft and dreamy eye ;
He frolics through the live-long day,
And at evening, lisping, asks the way,
 To the Shepherd's fold on high.

I have a bird—life's dawning light,
Just glancing, beautiful and bright,
 Upon her radiant wing ;
And sweet as the chime of silver bells,
Or voices of Spring in their woodland dells,
 Do her broken carols ring.

Rare, rare the gems in my love-crown set,
But sin hath a poison to canker and fret,
 And its stain even now they wear ;
With trembling heart and bended knee,
I bear them, Son of God, to Thee,
 Oh, heed a mother's prayer !

1848.

The King and the Envoy.

PROUD the monarch in his palace,
In his golden palace sat ;
Girt as with the borealis,
Sandalled foot on jewelled mat.
Slaves to him and his opinions,
Swart old courtiers round him knelt
And throughout his broad dominions,
Even his slightest nod was felt.

Now there bowed a courtly stranger,
Fair of face and smooth of speech ;
“If—oh, glorious king, if danger,
To the golden city reach,
Owns thy brother power unbounded,
On the winds his tall ships fly ;

Where his thunders have resounded,
Foes like jungle blossoms lie."

Then the stern king, slowly baring
One dark, brawny, sinewy arm,
As a gladiator, daring
Man and beast to work him harm,
Stretched it to the wondering Briton,
Stretched it with a scornful laugh,
"Kyee-san, nen! dare foes to threaten,
Burmah needs no foreign staff!"

Wild eyes gleamed, proud words were uttered,
Bearded lips with smiles were gay;
Low the baffled stranger muttered,
As he turned and strode away.
Like the gull her white wings spreading,
Seaward wheeled his barque once more,
Restless feet her fair decks treading,
Dark eyes laughing from the shore.

Contentment.

I THANK Thee, Father, for so much of bliss,
As makes my heart o'erflow,
The fulness of content, the peacefulness,
Which from Thy blessings grow.

Thanks for those sweet foreshadowings of
heaven,
Each passing hour new-born,
Bowling my soul, as added richness given,
Unto the ripening corn.

My life is like a river full and deep,
And glowing with the light,

My other life submerging in its sweep,
As morning buries night.

The pulses of the expanding soul are now
The sands which tell my hours ;
And Time's soft hand rests gently on n
brow,
As dew upon the flowers.

I know such depth of blessedness as this,
Must even as dew depart,
But still a rich inheritance of bliss,
Lies folded in my heart.

Against no arrow is my bosom steeled,
But one sweet truth I know,—
These hidden waters, day by day unsealed,
Eternally must flow.

Watching.

SLEEP, Love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep,
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,

With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun ;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, Love, sleep !
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much ?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee :
 now,
Or, with its mute caress,
The tremulous lip, some soft nepenthe press,
Upon thy weary lid and aching brow,
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, Love, sleep !

On the pagoda spire,
The bells are swinging,

Their little golden circlet in a flutter,
With tales the wooing winds have dared to
utter,
Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds, in heaven were
singing ;
And with a lulling sound,
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear ;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn ;
So silent, that I sometimes start,
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise,
At such strange quiet, after day's harsh din
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet,
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey,
In such a tricky, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly ;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky ;
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall ;
The candles flare,
With fresher gusts of air ;

The beetle's drone,
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan ;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt
alone.

Prayer for an absent Father.

Poor and needy little children,
Saviour God, we come to Thee ;
For our hearts are full of sorrow,
And no other hope have we.
Out upon the restless ocean,
There is one we dearly love,—
Fold him in Thine arms of pity,
Spread Thy guardian wings above.

When the winds are howling round him
When the angry waves are high,
When black, heavy midnight shadows
On his trackless pathway lie ;

Guide and guard him, blessed Saviour,
Bid the hurrying tempest stay,
Plant Thy foot upon the waters,
Send Thy smile to light his way.

When he lies, all pale and suffering,
Stretched upon his narrow bed,
With no loving face bent o'er him,
No soft hand about his head ;
Oh, let kind and pitying angels,
Their bright forms around him bow,
Let them kiss his heavy eyelids,
Let them fan his fevered brow.

Poor and needy little children,
Still we raise our cry to Thee ;—
We have nestled in his bosom,
We have sported on his knee ;—
Dearly, dearly do we love him,
—We who in his breast have lain,—

Pity now our desolation!

Bring him back to us again!

Let it please Thee, Heavenly Father

That he come to us once more,

With his olden step of vigor,

With the love-lit smile he wore.

Leave us not to tread life's valley,

In our waywardness alone,

Lest we lose amid the shadows,

His dear footmarks to Thy throne.

MAULMAIN, April, 1850.

Sweet Mother.

THE wild South-west monsoon has risen
On broad, gray wings of gloom,
While here from out my dreary prison,
I look, as from a tomb,
Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low, thatched roof, the rain,
With ceaseless patter falls ;
My choicest treasures bear its stain,
Mould gathers on the walls—
Would Heaven,
'Twere *only* on the walls !

Sweet Mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown,
It feels the driving rain,
Ah me!
The chill, the mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round
Since love upon it smiled;
And every thing of earth has frowned
On thy poor, stricken child,
Sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched him, Mother, night and day,
Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
I'd in' his bosom wept,
Oh God!
How had I prayed and wept!

They bore him from me to the ship,
As bearers bear the dead ;
I pressed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed,—

Alas !

It seemed a coffin bed.

Then, Mother, little Charley came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name,—
But oh, he brought no joy,—

My child

Brought mourning and no joy.

His little grave I may not see,
Though weary months have sped,
Since pitying lips bent over me,
And whispered, "he is dead!"

Ah me !

'Tis dreadful to be dead !

I do not mean for one like me,
So weary, worn and weak ;
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be,
Even now, upon my cheek,
His seal
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him,
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
Join Death's pale, phantom throng—
My boy
To join that grizzly throng!—

Oh, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day !
It was so exquisitely fair,
—That little form of clay—
My heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
Come thickly gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears,
Sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

Oh, should he not return to me,
Drear, drear must be my night;
And, mother, I can almost see,
Even now, the gathering blight,
I stand,
As stricken by the blight.

Oh, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain,
Might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms,
I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, cowering little forms
Cling trustingly to me,—
Poor babes!
To have no guide but me!

With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more,
Thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for the exile pray,
That loftier faith be given,
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may lean on Heaven,
Her soul
Grow strong in trust of Heaven.

All fearfully—all tearfully,
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the cross I cling,—
Oh, Christ!
To Thy dear cross I cling.

August, 1850.

Little Children in Heaven.

I.

“THE ONLY CHILD OF HIS MOTHER.”

Not to the dim, cold churchyard,
Not to the narrow grave,
But give the mother's treasure,
To the keeping of the wave—
The wave, so soft and sunny,
So beautiful and free,—
Oh, sweetly will he slumber,
In the bosom of the sea!

Yet look not there, young mother,
Strange shadows thron'g the way,

And faithful is the Warden,
That guards his precious clay ;
But ask a clearer vision,
Then turn thine eye above,
And seek among the blessed,
The darling of thy love.

Not by those pale, sad features,
Thou'lt know thy treasure now,
Nor by the look of suffering,
On his sweet, patient brow ;
Life, life is springing round him,
Joy flashes from his eye,
And his little form is radiant,
With the beauty of the sky.

Yet thou art sad and lonely,—
But now he seemed thine own,
And treasured in thy bosom,
Thy heart to him had grown ;

Weep on, young, mourning mother!
 Thy Saviour wept in love,
 And He looks in pity on thee,
 From his glorious courts above.

Bow meekly, in thy sorrow,
 Before the Mourner's Friend;
 That His loving hand may lead thee
 On to thy journey's end;—
 On and forever upward,
 Till in the realms of joy,
 Thou'rt welcomed by an angel,
 Thy beautiful, fair boy.

II.

LITTLE LINCOLN.

A mound is in the graveyard,
 A short and narrow bed,
 No grass yet springing on it,
 And no marble at its head;

Ye may go and weep beside it,
Ye may kneel and kiss the sod,
But you'll find no balm for sorrow,
In the cold and silent clod.

There is anguish in the household,
It is desolate and lone ;
For a fondly cherished nursling,
From the parent nest has flown ;
A little form is missing,
A heart has ceased to beat,
And the chain of love lies shattered,
At the Desolator's feet.

Remove the empty cradle,
His clothing put away,
And all his little playthings
With your choicest treasures lay ;—
Strive not to check the tear-drops,
Which fall like summer rain,

For the sun of hopes shines through them
 Ye shall see his face again.

Oh, think where rests your darling!—
 Not in his cradle bed ;
 Not in the distant graveyard,
 With the still and mouldering dead ;
 But in a heavenly mansion,
 Upon the Saviour's breast,
 With his brother's arms about him,
 He takes his sainted rest.

He has put on robes of glory,
 For the little robes ye wrought,
 And he fingers golden harp-strings,
 For the toys his sisters brought ;—
 Oh, weep ! but with rejoicing,—
 A heart-gem have ye given,
 And behold ! its glorious setting
 Is the diadem of heaven !

III.

ANGEL CHARLEY.

He came—a beauteous vision—
Then vanished from my sight,
His wing one moment cleaving
The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
Then, sweeping by, he stole
The dew-drop, that his coming,
Had cherished in my soul.

Oh, he had been my solace,
When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being,
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night-watches,
'Twas ever by my side.

He came ;—but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest,
Within its sheltering cup ;
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah me ! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word !
My boy, when in strange night-dreams,
My slumbering soul is stirred,
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, is it thou ?

I know, by one sweet token,
My Charley is not dead ;

One golden clue he dropped me,
As on his track he sped ;
Were he some gem, or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish,
With his dissolving clay.

Oh, by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given,
By the delicious nearness,
My spirit feels to heaven,
By dreams that throng my night-sleep,
By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm erring,
By promptings when I pray,—

I know this life, so cherished,
Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being,
So beautiful a part,—

This little precious creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
Sings lays of deathless love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,
My glorious, angel-boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
Rare bird of life and joy!
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
Still gathering in my eyes;
Enough that I have added
A seraph to the skies!

To the Southern Cross.

SWEET Empress of the Southern Sea,
Hail to thy loveliness once more!—
Thou gazest mournfully on me,
As mindful we have met before.

When first I saw the Polar Star
Go down behind the silver sea;
And greeted thy mild light from far,
I did not know its mystery.

My Polar Star was by my side,
The Star of Hope was on my brow
I've lost them both beneath the tide,
The cross alone is left me now.

Not such as Thou, sweet Thing of Stars,
 Moving in queenly state on high ;
But wrought of stern, cold iron bars,
 And borne, ah me ! so wearily !

Yet something from these soft, warm skies,
 Seems whispering, "Thou shalt yet
 blest !"

And gazing in thy tender eyes,
 The symbol brightens on my breast.

I read, at last, the mystery,
 That slumbers in each starry gem ;—
The weary pathway to the sky—
 The iron cross—the diadem.

INDIAN OCEAN, April, 1851.

Alone upon the Deep.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

THE song is on my lip, Love,
The sunlight in my eye,
But there's a shadow at my heart—
I need not tell thee why ;
For could I steal some fairy's power
To wing the upper air,
I'd look into thy heart and find
Its fellow nestled there.

Alone upon the deep, Love!—
The low winds softly call,
And solemnly, upon the waves,
Dark shadows rise and fall ;—

I watch the twilight gathering round,
I list the billows' moan,
And wonder if thy heart, like mine,
Is desolate and lone.

I'll sing the song thou lovest,
I'll kneel in solemn prayer;
—'Tis sweet to know the same high Power
Hath both of us in care;—
I'll ask rich blessings on thy head,
Then seek my silent rest,
And try to dream my pillow still
Thy true and loving breast.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, June, 1851.

Wayside Friends.

TO THE ———S.

“A STRANGER and ye took me in ;”
A stranger sad and lone,
By Time’s cold, ever-beating surf,
One moment hither thrown ;
And by your gentle ministry,
And by your words of love,
Ye’ve forged a chain whose golden links
Will gather strength above.

Oh, oft my weary feet grow faint,
With longings for that strand ;
So very dear and beautiful
Is yonder spirit-land !

But howe'er long your homeward path,
 Whatever tide ye breast,
Our Father's love-smile light the way!
 His blessing on ye rest!

1851.

The Wan Reapers.

I CAME from a land where a beautiful light
Is slow creeping o'er hill-top and vale ;
Where broad is the field and the harvest is
white,
But the reapers are haggard and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil,
Still they pause not—that brave little band ;
Though soon their low pillows must be the
strange soil,
Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

For dangers uncounted are clustering there,—
The pestilence stalks uncontrolled ;

Strange poisons are borne on the soft, languid
air,
And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's
wan cheek,
But there's beautiful light in her eye;
And the smile that she wears is so loving
and meek,
None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bowed in his youth's
golden prime,
But he cheerily sings at his toil,
For he thinks of his sheaves, and the garner-
ing-time
Of the glorious LORD of the SOIL.

And ever they turn—that brave, wan little band,
A long, wistful gaze on the West;—

“Do they come—do they come from that dear
distant land,
That land of the lovely and blest ?

“Do they come? do they come?—Oh, we’re
feeble and wan,
And we’re passing like shadows away ;
But the harvest is white,—and lo ! yonder the
dawn !—
For laborers—for laborers we pray !”

1851.

Submission.

STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,
Saviour, to Thy cross I cling ;
Thou hast every blow directed,
Thou alone canst healing bring.

Try me till no dross remaineth,
And whate'er the trial be,
While Thy gentle arm sustaineth,
Closer will I cling to Thee.

Cheerfully the stern rod kissing,
I will hush each murmuring cry ;
Every doubt and fear dismissing,
Passive in Thine arms will lie.

And when through deep seas of sorrow,
I have gained the heavenly shore,
Bliss from every wave I'll borrow,
And for each will love Thee more.

1852.

The Children's Friend.

IN the tales of the apostles,
Learn we how the Son of God,
Our poor earth in other ages,
As a sorrowing stranger trod.
And full many a thrilling story,
Of His wondrous deeds is told,
When He left His Father's mansions,
His lost, scattered flock to fold.

But there's one so full of beauty,
That it seems forever new,
Of the day He rode in triumph
Zion's hostile city through;

And while scribe and priest derided,
Dauntless children raised the voice,
And with echoing hosannahs,
Made the palmy plains rejoice.

Oh, He loved the little children !
They had gathered round His knee,
And the Saviour who had blessed them,
Now they followed fearlessly.
Us He loves, and He has blest us,
And through danger, scorn, and shame,
Like the ancient Jewish children,
We will ever praise His name.

1852.

Watch and Pray.

WHILE in cot, in hall, and castle,
Ruined man is holding wassail,
Christian, rouse thee from thy slumber,
Here are omens without number:—

Watch and pray.

Babble not of things mysterious,
But with humble heart and serious,
Treasure each successive wonder,
And like Mary, on it ponder:—

Watch and pray.

See! the harlot sits a queen,
In her royal, jewelled sheen;
“I,” she saith, “shall see no sorrow,
As to-day will be my morrow:”—

Watch and pray.

See her press her golden chalice,
On the once dismantled palace;
Northward over vale and river,
See her scarlet banner quiver:

Watch and pray.

Wider still its folds outspread,
Till it floats above *our* head;
And its bloody hues are falling
On our hearths, while Mercy’s calling,

“Watch and pray!”

Hark! above the roar of ocean,
Rises one deep, wild commotion;—

Oh, while Freedom's footsteps totter,
 In old lands beyond the water,
 Watch and pray!

From the frozen Arctic river,
 To the Po and Gaudalquiver,
 Serf and noble all are mustering,—
 Death in purple ripeness clustering:—
 Watch and pray.

* * * * *

Lightning chains the earth are linking;
 Thought bears action in the thinking;
 Spirits from above are bending,
 Thither, from below, are wending:—
 Watch and pray.

In the midst of heaven crying,
 See the gospel-bearer flying,
 Far, through unexplored dominions,
 Light and life upon his pinions:—
 Watch and pray.

Every signal hath its meaning,
Golden grains well worth the gleaning ;
But till called to read the story,
Traced in fadeless lines of glory,
 Watch and pray.

1852.

THE CHOICE.

THE following fragment, which, as it now stands, is given merely to connect the minor pieces, was originally intended as an introduction to something of higher aim, and greater length, if not of more merit. The finished portions of it were pencilled on scraps of paper, during a solitary illness, when some employment became almost a necessity; and the prosecution of the plan was interrupted by returning health.

The Choice.

THE sultry day was almost done,
The grand old Myouk-ben hid the sun,
The fainting flowers looked cheerily up,
To catch the dew on lip and cup ;
While from the rustic hall the sound
Of busy voices floated round,
And as with dream-inspiring swell,
Monotonous they rose and fell,
Though all unçouth the words and tone
They softly melted into one,
As musically sweet and clear,
As ever soothed a sufferer's ear.
While wearily I strove to listen,
The evening star began to glisten ;

Rippling the Salwen's silvery tide,
From Zwai-ga-ben's wild mountain side,
Deliciously the breezes crept,
Across my forehead, and I slept.
Then on the border of a wood,
Amid old moss-grown rocks I stood,
Where long and still the shadows lay,
Where closed the flower, and drooped the bird,
For 'twas a slumberous summer day,
And not a tiny leaf was stirred.
The rill, to gain a statelier tide,
Had leaped the distant mountain-side,
And seaward, with a silvery sweep,
Now rolled, a river broad and deep.
On this majestic flood afloat,
I marked full many a gallant boat;—
Some sculptured of the gems which glow,
In dim-lit palaces below;
Some, linked of stainless ocean-pearls,
Steered by pale, snowy-fingered girls;

And rose-lipped shells danced gayly there,
With children rosier and more fair.
The silver covering of the birch,
Was fashioned to a light canoe,
The ring-dove's, and the eagle's perch,
Alike to naval structures grew,
And oak, and elm, and cypress wood,
All balanced on the buoyant flood.

There waited many a child of Hope,
Now in that radiant morning hour,
When glows her gay kaleidoscope,
With fulness of warm life and power,
When every sense is in its flower,
When, overhead, bright skies are bending,
With earth, in glorious beauty, blending.
Among them stood a stripling slight,
The dark brown masses of his hair,
Flung backward from a forehead white,

And on his face a beauty rare,
The soul new-fledged and hovering there ;
An eye whose soft, love-beaming ray
Was caught from seraph lamps above,
And seemed forever back to stray,
As nestward turns the exiled dove.
Sweet is that hour when rosy dawn,
All earth in new-born life is steeping,
Just as the last gray mists are gone,
And still the flowers in dew are sleeping,—
Such dawn seemed o'er his clear brow
creeping,
While beautiful the spirit lay,
In the first chastened beams of day.
Scarce more than child in form and face,
With all a child's unconscious grace,
He stood, as exquisitely bright
A thing, as ever Time may blight.
And yet, withal, he seemed to wear,
A more than dawning manliness,

A solemn thought, which was not care,
But deepened till 't was scarcely less ;
And bending thus his bright young head,
Like flowers with glittering night-dews
crowned,
A ray of light across it sped,
And circled in a halo round.

While still he mused, a deep, rich note
Swelled out upon the startled ear,
And where he stood, a curious boat,
In graceful curves came circling near ;—
A strangely wrought and laden thing,—
There heavy tomes, half-mildewed lay,
With things of nameless fashioning,
All wetted by the careless spray.
O'er curious mechanism, wrought,
With dainty skill, through years of thought,
Hovered a swarm of golden stars
From heaven, and golden blocks and bars,

Ripped up from earth, and rainbows rare,
Torn hue from hue, were lying there.
All things o'er which the billows bound,
All that lie bedded in the ground,
All shapeless phantoms of the sky,
Things that ne'er lived, and things that die,
Or rich, or rare, or seeming mean,
Heaped strangely, pile on pile, were seen.

I said the voice was rich and deep,
 And with a soft, enchanting swell,
It floated over vale and steep,
 Till Nature quivered 'neath the spell,
And young Hilarion's pulses thrilled,
To visions that his bosom filled,
 As eagerly he bent his ear,
 The magic minstrelsy to hear.

 "Come, take thy way with me!
My hand guides not a pleasure-laden boat,

And dull may seem its noiseless track to thee,
Though by cool, shadowy islands it doth float,
Gems of the sea.

“With me the blue deep skim!
There is no pomp, no glitter in my way;
From solemn groves, in ancient grandeur dim,
Where murmuring brooks o'er mossy pebbles
stray,
Upswells my hymn.

“I pierce to mysteries deep;
Fair Nature track through all her winding
halls;
In subtle, quaint philosophies, I steep
My spirit, and in these Elysian thralls,
I sink to sleep.

“But, as the eagle shakes
The dust of drowsiness from his strong wing,

My spirit from its slumberous fetters breaks,
My finger touches some deep-hidden spring,
Earth answering quakes.

“Then from my glory’s blaze,
I shrink back to my solitary nooks,
Where the faint echoes of men’s clamorous
praise
Come mingled with the sounds of birds and
brooks,
In mellowed lays.

“If thou wouldst go with me,
First tune thy spirit with a child’s meek hand,
For gentle feet will tread my groves with thee,
By no proud wing the soft pure airs be fanned,
No glare thou ’lt see.

“Then to my leafy cells!
Yon misty isles that purple the deep sea;—

In those dim solitudes where Wisdom dwells,
Tread reverently, and she shall cast for thee
Her deepest spells."

The voice was hushed ;—the listener's eye,
At first no seeming answer bore,
But soon the lid drooped quiveringly,
And warm tears gushed its fringes o'er.
I knew some secret string was stirred,
But ere his lips had framed a word,
There gayly danced athwart his way,
A shallop of a lighter mould,
And trembling on the ripples lay,
While thus its glittering course was told.

“ Come to my little boat,
My crimson shell !
Oh, bravely will it float,
Where breakers swell,
And wild wings dip ;

There we will wreath the pearls,
Dropped in their fleecy whirls,
With the rosy foam that curls
 Each billow's lip.

“In paths of amber light,—
 Far o'er the blue,
Where mirrored stars, at night,
 Look smiling through,—
 Where shadows play,—
Where beds of coral lie,
Where sea-maids peep and pry,—
Where caverned breezes sigh,
 We'll take our way.

“Wide o'er the glorious deep,
 In calm or storm,
And wide o'er earth, we'll sweep;—
 When stars are warm
 With midnight fire,

When clouds in moonlight swing,
When birds fold up the wing,
We'll soar away and sing,
 Sweeter and higher.

“ We'll nestle in the heart,
 Simple and pure ;
Wherever tears may start,
 Where follies lure,
 Where woes are felt.—
We'll weave an airy charm,
A shield from grief and harm,
Cold spirits we will warm,
 The hardened melt.

“ Mine is a gentle art,
 And wisdom lies,
Most in the simplest part
 My finger tries ;
 Yet hath it power ;

Small are my lyre's light strings,
But high it sometimes rings,
As when a church-bell swings
 In some far tower.

“Then come! my shallop stays.
 If Poesy
Wreath thy young brow with bays,
 All lovingly,
 Thy heart shall hold
Through life, its morning bloom,
Thy memory shall perfume
Thy hoary, moss-grown tomb,
 When thou art mould.”

As with his morning wings half spread,
 The sky-lark, from his leafy nest,
Glad showers of music waits to shed
 Upon the fragrant couch he's pressed
Flinging each wild, entrancing note,
Like molten silver, from his throat;

So fell this ringing silver shower,
On river's marge, and forest bower,
And trilled along the dimpling deep,
To barren wold and rugged steep.
So fell it on one waiting heart,
 But with a more enchanting spell ;
For young Hilarion sat apart,
 Nor spoke but by the breathing swell
And quiver of his boyish frame,
As, with delicious tumult, came
A passionate, resistless throng
Of impulses, imprisoned long,
O'er-mastered by one mighty thought,
That with remoulding power had brought
A soul imperious, and wild,
Back to the meekness of a child.

But soon another voice was heard,
Now low, and warbling, like a bird,

Now swelling, as an anthem, high,
Now like a falling rose-leaf's sigh,
Anon, like some lone fountain gushing,
Then like the cataract, bounding, rushing,
Now tremulous, with love, or fears,
Triumphant now, then lost in tears.
At last it settled in a strain,

 Wild, bold, yet musically sweet,
Such as once heard we strive in vain,
 The lightest accent to repeat,
The fragment of a sound to save ;
 And thus (as lisping echo's tell)
High o'er the sounding, emerald wave,
 Uprose its proud, impassioned swell.

“ My voice in the forum ! my voice in the
 hall !

In the green of proud nations—the rime of
 their fall—

Where golden spurs glitter—where moccasins
tread,

As lightly as leaves from the autumn bough
shed,—

My voice where the wise in their heaviness
plod!

My awe-tempered voice at the altar of God!

My voice on the mountain—my voice o'er the
lea—

A wail for the slave, a huzza for the free.

“When wavers the council, my foot on the floor,

My finger uplifted,—it wavers no more.

I speak, and the fate of a nation is sealed,—

Quick flashes the blue steel, and purples the
field;

Then, when blood bubbles hottest, and reels
the mad brain,

My cooling words fall like the soft summer
rain,

The sword to the smithy, the ox to the plow,
And the garland of peace on a nation's free
brow!

“’T was the cry of my spirit—‘Give freedom
or Death!’

And noble the structure, which rose on the
breath,

All Grecian in beauty,—the Saxon's stern
power,

Joined the strength of the rock, to the grace
of the flower.

When from her proud purity Liberty stoops,
When Virtue's foot falters, when Glory's
plume droops,

I rend the soiled mantle, th' alarum I ring,
Give light to the spirit, and life to the wing.

“I seek not the silence of forest and bower;
I tread where men gather at day's stirring hour;

In the world's ceaseless battle, the struggle
of life,

I sound to the charge, and I cheer through
the strife.

I speak, and proud multitudes gather to
hear,

My thunder-tones quicken the dullard's cold
ear ;

The throng sways and murmurs, when breathed
on by me,

Like the storm-wakened waves of the terrible
sea.

“Wouldst thou shake mighty spirits, as night-
blasts may stir,

The lightly poised aspen, or cone of the fir,
Wouldst thou reign, in true glory, the monarch
of mind,

The darkness to scatter, the shackle unbind ;

Wouldst thou shine, through all time, a magnificent star,
Whose light never dims though it travels from far,—
Thy hand, and away to proud cities we glide,
On the wings of the wind, in the lap of the tide !”

Back from bold cliff and mountain side,
The wild strain rang and ringing died.—
The youth arose, nor trembled now,
Though still his cheek was flushed and wet ;
The beauteous calmness of his brow,
Was as the mark by angels set,
When first they bent the glittering wing,
To Eden’s yet untrodden bowers,
And gazed upon the wondrous thing,
Laid fast asleep among the flowers.
Calmly he spoke, though still a sigh,
Seemed on his breathing lip to lie :

"I know thy liquid track must be
 Scarce earthly in its gloriousness ;—
 Sweet were it to be blest with thee,
 Sublime, with thee, the world to bless ;—
 But I have seen woe's pallid hand,
 Reach, beckoning, from a distant strand ;
 And o'er the dim, untrampled sea,
 I mark, in faintest tracery,
 Another pathway meant for me."
 And then across his fair young face,
 Stole back the shadowing weight of thought ;
 But lovelier, as some fresher grace,
 On the soul's tablet had been wrought ;
 Or as again the angels, bending,
 The brightness of their wings were lending.

* * * * *
 * * * * He starts ;

What wild sound rides the distant gale,
 Like the last cry of anguished hearts,
 A shriek in part, in part a wail ?

“Woe! woe! oh, woe!
Black graves below!
The foam for a shroud, and the billow a bier!
Death, death on the wave,
And no finger to save,
The blind at the rudder and wild breakers
near.

“There ’s a blush of blood,
On the raging flood,
For cruel the sharp rocks that jut from the
shore;—
Death, death on the wave,
And no finger to save!
Oh, who hath a heart let him bend to the oar.”

“Show me, oh God! the highest good!”
Hilarion groaned, and doubting stood
A moment, then in doubt no more,
He waved his hand and grasped the oar,

And with his lithe arms' nervous sweep,
Went bounding o'er the billowy deep.
Oh, who can paint the strange surprise,
On parted lips, in lifted eyes,
As dashed the boat toward storm and brine,
While on each side a yeasty line
Curved from the prow, and foamed and curled,
Like snows by wanton breezes whirled.
But sternly, fearlessly, away,

 Away, where still the cry was heard,
Though many strove his course to stay,

 He skimmed the waters like a bird ;
While to his passing boat was flung
A chain of pearls by Science strung ;
Fair Poesy, her perfume sweet,
In clustering buds cast at his feet ;
And Eloquence made haste to bring
A rich, but chastened offering.
On, on he sped, till small and dim,
A speck upon the water's rim,

He paused a moment hoveringly,
A moment more, and he was gone,
And he and his strange fantasy,
Like dews that vanish at the dawn,
Or shadows on the brow of May,
Passed from the minds of men away.
On, on from all that youth ere wiled,
 From joys that seemed with life-strings
 braided,
From hearts that loved, from lips that smiled,
 From earth's sweet hopes, ere one had faded ;
Away to scenes of toil and care,
 He passed to do, and dare, and die,
While few the knees that bent in prayer,
 And many lips curled mockingly,
And darkness grim and shadowy lay,
 On his stern, solitary way.

NOTES.

Page 65. THE KING AND THE ENVOY.

This tale of the palmy days of Burmah comes well authenticated. The monarch, who thus contemptuously refused to enter into a commercial treaty with the now all-conquering English, was Bo-dan-parah, the youngest son of the brave Alompra, and grandfather to the weak successor whose ignorance and vanity precipitated the war with the English in 1824. His memory is held in great veneration; and the story of his having presented his own arm as the support of his country, while his merry courtiers, delighted with his spirit, fairly laughed the disconcerted Envoy from the "golden presence" and from the shore (with many other similar anecdotes), is related with a rare relish. It is eminently characteristic of a people narrow in their national policy, though brimming over with their exalted notions of national glory and grandeur; and who, notwithstanding the

cruelties practised to a greater or less extent by every unchristianized people, are naturally good-natured, social, and witty, as well as inordinately vain.

Kyee-san, nen! "Look [at this] you!

The pronoun involves a contemptuous diminutive, for which our language has no word.

Page 71. PAGODA BELLS.

The beautiful pagodas of Burmah terminate in a spire, which is surmounted by an inverted basket of gilded iron net-work, called a *tee*, or umbrella. The umbrella is fringed with a large number of small bells, placed so near together and hung so lightly, that even in the stillest atmosphere they keep up a perpetual vibration. During the bustle of day they are scarcely heard, but at night the whole air is filled with their pleasing melody.

Page 72. THE LIZARD.

The gecko, or little house-lizard, hides itself in every crevice of an Indian bungalow (which is by no means wanting in crevices); and comes out more especially at evening, when the mosquitoes, which it catches with the most comical adroitness, afford it a full banquet, as well as an agreeable pastime. The little creature is perfectly

harmless, and after the first natural feeling of disgust has been overcome, it is impossible not to feel a patronizing sort of interest in the bright-eyed visitor, which takes up the same position every evening, and wages deadly war with our most troublesome enemy.

Page 93. THE MYOUKBEN.

I do not think that the curious tree called in the Burmese tongue the Myouk-ben, has ever come sufficiently under the notice of Europeans to be classified or even named. The gigantic specimen growing in our compound, and spreading its long green arms so protectingly over our tinder-like thatch, was said by the natives to be the only one in the Tenasserim Provinces, and from its size a remarkably fine specimen for its native soil, Burmah Proper. Any attempt on my part to describe its properties, except to say that it had luxuriant foliage, large, thick, and somewhat resinous leaves, bore a palatable fruit once in three or four years, &c., would only betray a lack of observation, under ordinary circumstances unpardonable, without making the reader wiser. To dilate on its associations, would be still less desirable; though its existence was coeval with that of the Native Christian Church, and it was *our roof-tree*.

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