

Miscellaneous Poetry 2
Circa 1820

By

Felicia Hemans

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by

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THE FEVER DREAM.

[Amongst the very few specimens that have been preserved of Mrs Hemans's livelier effusions, which she never wrote with any other view than the momentary amusement of her own immediate circle, is a letter addressed about this time to her sister who was then travelling in Italy. The following extracts from this familiar epistle may serve to show her facility in a style of composition which she latterly entirely discontinued. The first part alludes to a strange fancy produced by an attack of fever, the description of which had given rise to many pleasantries—being an imaginary voyage to China, performed in a cocoa-nut shell with that eminent old English worthy, John Evelyn.]

APROPOS of your illness, pray give, if you please,
Some account of the converse you held on high seas
With Evelyn, the excellent author of "Sylva,"
A work that is very much prized at Bronwylfa.
I think that old Neptune was visited ne'er
In so well-rigg'd a ship, by so well-matched a pair.
There could not have fallen, dear H., to your lot any
Companion more pleasant, since you're fond of
 botany,
And his horticultural talents are known,
Just as well as Canova's for fashioning stone.

Of the vessel you sail'd in, I just will remark
That I ne'er heard before of so curious a bark.
Of gondola, coracle, pirogue, canoe,
I have read very often, as doubtless have you ;
Of the Argo conveying that hero young Jason ;
Of the ship moor'd by Trajan in Nemi's deep basin ;
Of the galley (in Plutarch you'll find the description)
Which bore along Cydnus the royal Egyptian ;
Of that wonderful frigate (see "Curse of Kehama")
Which wafted fair Kailyal to regions of Brama,
And the venturous barks of Columbus and Gama.
But Columbus and Gama to you must resign a
Full half of their fame, since your voyage to China,
(I'm astonish'd no shocking disaster befel,
In that swift-sailing first-rate—a cocoa-nut shell !

I hope, my dear H., that you touch'd at Loo Choo,
That abode of a people so gentle and true,
Who with arms and with money have nothing to do.
How calm must their lives be! so free from all fears
Of running *in* debt, or of running *on* spears !
Oh dear! what an Eden!—a land without money !
It excels e'en the region of milk and of honey,
Or the vale of Cashmere, as described in a book
Full of musk, gems, and roses, and call'd "Lalla
Rookh."

But, of all the enjoyments you have, none would
e'er be
More valued by me than a chat with Acerbi,
Of whose travels—related in elegant phrases—
I have seen many extracts, and heard many praises,
And have copied (you know I let nothing escape)
His striking account of the frozen North Cape.
I think 'twas in his works I read long ago
(I've not the best memory for dates, as you know,)
Of a warehouse, where sugar and treacle were stored,
Which took fire (I suppose being made but of board)
In the icy domains of some rough northern hero,
Where the cold was some fifty degrees below zero.
Then from every burnt cask as the treacle ran out,
And in streams, just like lava, meander'd about,
You may fancy the curious effect of the weather,
The frost, and the fire, and the treacle together.
When my *first* for a moment had harden'd my *last*,
My *second* burst out, and all melted as fast ;
To win their sweet prize long the rivals fought on,
But I quite forget which of the elements won.

But a truce with all joking—I hope you'll excuse
me,
Since I know you still love to instruct and amuse me,
For hastily putting a few questions down,
To which answers from you all my wishes will crown;

For you know I'm so fond of the land of Corinne
That my thoughts are still dwelling its precincts
within,

And I read all that authors, or gravely or wittily,
Or wisely or foolishly, write about Italy; [tour,
From your shipmate John Evelyn's amusing old
To Forsyth's *one* volume, and Eustace's *four*,
In spite of Lord Byron, or Hobhouse, who glances
At the classical Eustace, and says he romances.
—Pray describe me from Venice, (don't think it
a bore,)

The literal state of the famed Bucentaur,
And whether the horses, that once were the sun's,
Are of bright yellow brass, or of dark dingy bronze;
For some travellers say one thing, and some say
another, [pothor.
And I can't find out which, they all make such a
Oh! another thing, too, which I'd nearly forgot,
Are the songs of the gondoliers pleasing or not!
These are matters of moment, you'll surely allow,
For Venice must interest all—even now.

These points being settled, I ask for no more
hence, [Florence.
But should wish for a few observations from
Let me know if the Palaces Strozzi and Pitti
Are finish'd; if not 'tis a shame for the city
To let *one* for ages—was e'er such a thing!—
Its entablature want, and the other its wing.
Say, too, if the Dove (should you be there at Easter,
And watch her swift flight, when the priests have
released her)
Is a turtle, or ring-dove, or but a *wood-pigeon*,
Which makes people *gulls* in the name of Religion!
Pray tell if the forests of famed Vallombrosa
Are cut down or not; for this, too, is a *Coss*
About which I'm anxious—as also to know
If the Pandects, so famous long ages ago,
Came back (above all, don't forget this to mention)
To that manuscript library called the Laurentian.

Since I wrote the above, I by chance have
found out, [doubt;
That the horses are bright yellow brass beyond
So I'll ask you but this, the same subject pursuing,
Do you think they are truly Lysippus's doing!
—When to Naples you get, let me know, if you will,
If the Acqua Toffana's in fashion there still;
For, not to fatigue you with needless verbosity,
'Tis a point upon which I feel much curiosity.
I should like to have also, and not written shabbily,
Your opinion about the *Piscina mirabile*;
And whether the tomb, which is near Sannazaro's,
Is decided by you to be really Maro's.

JEU-D'ESPRIT ON THE WORD "BARB."

["It was either during the present or a future visit to the same friends,¹ that the *jeu-d'esprit* was produced which Mrs Hemans used to call her 'sheet of forgeries' on the use of the word Barb. A gentleman had requested her to furnish him with some authorities from the old English writers, proving that this term was in use as applied to a steed. She very shortly supplied him with the following imitations, which were written down almost impromptu: the mystification succeeded perfectly, and was not discovered until some time afterwards."—*Memoir*, p. 43.]

THE warrior donn'd his well-worn garb,
And proudly waved his crest,
He mounted on his jet-black barb,
And put his lance in rest. PERCY'S *Reliques*.

Eftsoons the wight, withouten more delay,
Spurr'd his brown barb, and rode full swiftly on
his way. SPENSER.

Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
The soul of battle is awake within me!
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour. Why am I not in arms?
Bring my good lance, caparison my steed!
Base, idle grooms! are ye in league against me?
Haste with my barb, or, by the holy saints,
Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow!
MANSINGER.

No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of the young Aurora tremulously unlocked the oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the graceful flower of chivalry and the bright cynosure of ladies' eyes—he of the dazzling breastplate and swanlike plume—sprang impatiently from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted the noble barb presented to him by the Emperor of Aspramontania. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*.

See'st thou yon chief whose presence seems to rule
The storm of battle! Lo! where'er he moves
Death follows. Carnage sits upon his crest—
Fate on his sword is throned—and his white barb,
As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,
Seems breathing fire. POTTER'S *Æschylus*.

Oh! bonnie look'd my ain true knight,
His barb so proudly reining;
I watch'd him till my tearfu' sight
Grew amaist dim wi' straining.
Border Minstrelsy.

¹ The family of the late Henry Park, Esq., Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool.

Why, he can heel the lavolt, and wind a fiery
barb, as well as any gallant in Christendom. He's
the very pink and mirror of accomplishment.

SHAKSPEARE.

Fair star of beauty's heaven ! to call thee mine,
All other joys I joyously would yield ;
My knightly crest, my bounding *barb* resign,
For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied field ;
For courts or camps no wish my soul would prove,
So thou wouldst live with me, and be my love !

EARL OF SURREY'S *Poems*.

For thy dear love my weary soul hath grown
Heedless of youthful sports : I seek no more
Or joyous dance, or music's thrilling tone,
Or joys that once could charm in minstrel lore,
Or knightly tilt where steel-clad champions meet,
Borne on impetuous *barbs* to bleed at beauty's feet.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Sonnets*.

As a warrior clad
In sable arms, like chaos dull and sad,
But mounted on a *barb* as white
As the fresh new-born light,—
So the black night too soon
Came riding on the bright and silver moon,
Whose radiant heavenly ark
Made all the clouds, beyond her influence, seem
E'en more than doubly dark,
Mourning, all widow'd of her glorious beam.

COWLEY.

DARTMOOR.

A PRIZE POEM.

[In 1830, the Royal Society of Literature advertised their intention of awarding a prize for the best poem on "Dartmoor;" and, as might have been expected, many competitors entered the field. In the following June, the palm was awarded to Mrs Hemans for the composition which follows.

She thus writes to the friends who had been the first to convey to her the pleasing intelligence of her success:—

"What with surprise, bustle, and pleasure, I am really almost bewildered. I wish you had but seen the children, when the prize was announced to them yesterday. . . . The Bishop's kind communication put us in possession of the gratifying intelligence a day sooner than we should otherwise have known it, as I did not receive the Secretary's letter till this morning. Besides the official announcement of the prize, his despatch also contained a private letter, with which, although it is one of criticism, I feel greatly pleased, as it shows an interest in my literary success, which, from so distinguished a writer as Mr Croly, (of course you have read his poem of *Paris*,) cannot but be highly gratifying."]

"Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime.
Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore." CAMPELL.

"May ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
That can perceive, not less than heretofore
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
. . . . the charm
Of pious sentiment, diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love." WORDSWORTH.

AMMER the peopled and the regal isle,
 Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty, smile;
 Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,
 And send on every breeze a voice of power;
 Hath Desolation rear'd herself a throne,
 And mark'd a pathless region for her own?
 Yes! though thy turf no stain of carnage wore
 When bled the noble hearts of many a shore;
 Though not a hostile step thy heath-flowers bent
 When empires totter'd, and the earth was rent;
 Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind
 Had still'd life's busy murmurs on the wind,
 And, flush'd with power in daring pride's excess,
 Stamp'd on thy soil the curse of barrenness;
 For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,
 In vain the sunbeam and the shower are given,
 Wild Dartmoor! thou that, midst thy mountains

rude,

Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
 As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky,
 A mourner, circled with festivity!
 For all beyond is life!—the rolling sea,
 The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.
 Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare
 But man has left his lingering traces there?
 E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,
 Where noon with attributes of midnight reigns,

In gloom and silence fearfully profound,
 As of a world unwoke to soul or sound.
 Though the sad wanderer of the burning zone
 Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
 And naught of life be near, his camel's tread
 Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!
 Some column, rear'd by long-forgotten hands,
 Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—
 Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene,
 And tells that glory's footstep there hath been.
 There hath the spirit of the mighty pass'd,
 Not without record; though the desert blast,
 Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away
 The proud creations rear'd to brave decay.
 But *thou*, lone region! whose unnoticed name
 No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,
 Who shall unfold thine annals?—who shall tell
 If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
 In those far ages which have left no trace,
 No sunbeam, on the pathway of their race?
 Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
 Of kings and chiefs who pass'd without their praise,
 Thou mightst have rear'd the valiant and the free,
 In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild,
 Still rise the cairns, of yore all rudely piled,¹

¹ "In some parts of Dartmoor, the surface is thickly strewed with stones, which in many instances appear to have been collected into piles, on the tops of prominent hillocks, as if in imitation of the natural Tors. The Stone-barrows of Dartmoor resemble the cairns of the Cheviot and Grampian hills, and those in Cornwall."—See COOK'S *Topographical Survey of Devonshire*.

But hallow'd by that instinct which reveres
 Things fraught with characters of elder years.
 And such are these. Long centuries are flown,
 Bow'd many a crest, and shatter'd many a throne,
 Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust, [dust.
 With what they hide—their shrined and treasured
 Men traverse Alps and oceans, to behold
 Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould;
 But still these nameless chronicles of death,
 Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
 Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
 The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
 Th' eternity of nature, with the forms [storms.
 Of the crown'd hills beyond, the dwellings of the

Yet what avails it if each moss-grown heap
 Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,
 Guarding the dust which slumbers well beneath
 (Nor needs such care) from each cold season's
 breath?

Where is the voice to tell *their* tale who rest,
 Thus rudely pillow'd, on the desert's breast?
 Doth the sword sleep beside them? Hath there been
 A sound of battle midst the silent scene
 Where now the flocks repose?—did the scythed car
 Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war?
 And rise these piles in memory of the slain,
 And the red combat of the mountain-plain?

It may be thus:—the vestiges of strife,
 Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,
 And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell¹
 How by its stroke, perchance, the mighty fell
 To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,
 The chieftain's power—they had no bard, and died.²
 But other scenes, from their untroubled sphere,
 The eternal stars of night have witness'd here.
 There stands an altar of unsculptured stone,³
 Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone,
 Propp'd on its granite pillars, whence the rains
 And pure bright dews have laved the crimson
 stains

Left by dark rites of blood: for here, of yore,
 When the bleak waste a robe of forest wore,
 And many a crested oak, which now lies low,
 Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe—

¹ Flint arrow-heads have occasionally been found upon Dartmoor.

² "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 Multi; sed omnes ilachrymabiles
 Urgentur, ignotique longa
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."—HORACE.

"They had no poet, and they died."—POPE'S Translation.

³ On the east of Dartmoor are some Druidical remains, one

Here, at dim midnight, through the haunted
shade,
On druid-harps the quivering moonbeam play'd,
And spells were breathed, that fill'd the deepening
gloom
With the pale, shadowy people of the tomb.
Or, haply, torches waving through the night
Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every height,⁴
Like battle-signals, whose unearthly gleams
'Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills and streams,
A savage grandeur ; while the starry skies
Rang with the peal of mystic harmonies,
As the loud harp its deep-toned hymns sent forth
To the storm-ruling powers, the war-gods of the
North.

But wilder sounds were there : th' imploring cry
That woke the forest's echo in reply,
But not the heart's ! Unmoved the wizard train
Stood round their human victim, and in vain
His prayer for mercy rose ; in vain his glance
Look'd up, appealing to the blue expanse,
Where in their calm immortal beauty shone
Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and fainter
moan,
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,
Till, drop by drop, life's current ebb'd away ;
Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,
And the pale moon gleam'd paler on the dead.
Have such things been, and here ?—where stillness
dwells

Midst the rude barrows and the moorland swells,
Thus undisturb'd ? Oh ! long the gulf of time
Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of crime,
And earth no vestige of their path retains,
Save such as these, which strew her loneliest plains
With records of man's conflicts and his doom,
His spirit and his dust—the altar and the tomb.

But ages roll'd away : and England stood
With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood ;
And with a lofty calmness in her eye,
And regal in collected majesty,
To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas ;
And other lands, redeem'd and joyous, drank
The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank

of which is a Cromlech, whose three rough pillars of granite support a ponderous table-stone, and form a kind of large irregular tripod.

⁴ In some of the Druid festivals, fires were lighted on all the cairns and eminences around, by priests, carrying sacred torches. All the household fires were previously extinguished, and those who were thought worthy of such a privilege, were allowed to relight them with a flaming brand, kindled at the consecrated cairn-fire.

On the red fields they won; whose wild flowers
wave
Now in luxuriant beauty o'er their grave.

'Twas then the captives of Britannia's war¹
Here for their lovely southern climes afar
In bondage pined; the spell-deluded throng
Dragg'd at ambition's chariot-wheels so long
To die—because a despot could not clasp
A sceptre fitted to his boundless grasp!

Yes! they whose march had rock'd the ancient
thrones
And temples of the world—the deepening tones
Of whose advancing trumpet from repose
Had startled nations, wakening to their woes—
Were prisoners here. And there were some whose
dreams [streams,
Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain-
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain
And festal melody of Loire or Seine;
And of those mothers who had watch'd and wept,
When on the field the unshelter'd conscript slept,
Bathed with the midnight dews. And some were
there
Of sterner spirits, harden'd by despair;
Who, in their dark imaginings, again
Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,
Drank in their victim's shriek, as music's breath,
And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death!

And there was mirth, too!—strange and savage
mirth,
More fearful far than all the woes of earth!
The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that spring
From minds for which there is no sacred thing;
And transient bursts of fierce, exulting glee—
The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree!

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were worn,
If from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,
Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,
Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—woe.

Yet, was this all? Amidst the dungeon-gloom,
The void, the stillness of the captive's doom,
Were there no deeper thoughts? And that dark
power
To whom guilt owes one late but dreadful hour,
The mighty debt through years of crime delay'd,
But, as the grave's, inevitably paid;

¹ The French prisoners, taken in the wars with Napoleon, were confined in a depot on Dartmoor.

Came he not thither, in his burning force,
The lord, the tamer of dark souls—Remorse !

Yes ! as the night calls forth from sea and sky,
From breeze and wood, a solemn harmony,
Lost when the swift triumphant wheels of day
In light and sound are hurrying on their way :
Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,
The voice which sleeps, but never dies, might start,
Call'd up by solitude, each nerve to thrill
With accents heard not, save when all is still !

The voice, inaudible when havoc's strain
Crush'd the red vintage of devoted Spain ;
Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop rung,
And the broad light of conflagration sprung
From the south's marble cities ; hush'd midst cries
That told the heavens of mortal agonies ;
But gathering silent strength, to wake at last
In concentrated thunders of the past !

And there, perchance, some long-bewilder'd
mind,
Torn from its lowly sphere, its path confined
Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,
Where nature cast its lot midst peasant men ;
Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce ruler blent
The earthquake power of each wild element,
To lend the tide which bore his throne on high
One impulse more of desperate energy ;
Might—when the billow's awful rush was o'er
Which toss'd its wreck upon the storm-beat shore,
Won from its wanderings past, by suffering tried,
Search'd by remorse, by anguish purified—
Have fix'd, at length, its troubled hopes and fears
On the far world, seen brightest through our tears ;
And, in that hour of triumph or despair,
Whose secrets all must learn—but none declare,
When, of the things to come, a deeper sense
Fills the dim eye of trembling penitence,
Have turn'd to Him whose bow is in the cloud,
Around life's limits gathering as a shroud—
The fearful mysteries of the heart who knows,
And, by the tempest, calls it to repose !

Who visited that deathbed ? Who can tell
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul might dwell,
And learn immortal lessons ? Who beheld
The struggling hope, by shame, by doubt repell'd—
The agony of prayer—the bursting tears—
The dark remembrances of guilty years,
Crowding upon the spirit in their might ?
He, through the storm who look'd, and there was
light !

That scene is closed !—that wild, tumultuous
breast,
With all its pangs and passions, is at rest !
He, too, is fallen, the master-power of strife,
Who woke those passions to delirious life ;
And days, prepared a brighter course to run,
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the sun !

It is a glorious hour when Spring goes forth
O'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy north,
And with one radiant glance, one magic breath,
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep of death ;
While the glad voices of a thousand streams,
Bursting their bondage, triumph in her beams !

But Peace hath nobler changes ! O'er the mind,
The warm and living spirit of mankind,
Her influence breathes, and bids the blighted heart,
To life and hope from desolation start !
She with a look dissolves the captive's chain,
Peopling with beauty widow'd homes again ;
Around the mother, in her closing years,
Gathering her sons once more, and from the tears
Of the dim past but winning purer light,
To make the present more serenely bright.

Nor rests that influence here. From clime to
clime,
In silence gliding with the stream of time,
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a breeze
With healing on its wings, o'er isles and seas.
And as Heaven's breath call'd forth, with genial
power,
From the dry wand the almond's living flower,
So doth its deep-felt charm in secret move
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love ;
While round its pathway nature softly glows,
And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

Yes ! let the waste lift up the exulting voice !
Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice !
And thou, lone moor ! where no blithe reaper's
song
E'er lightly sped the summer hours along,
Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain-source
Rushing in joy, make music on their course !
Thou, whose sole records of existence mark
The scene of barbarous rites in ages dark,
And of some nameless combat ; hope's bright eye
Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy !
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast !
Yet shall thy cottage smoke, at dewy morn,
Rise in blue wreaths above the flowering thorn,

And, midst thy hamlet shades, the embosom'd spire
Catch from deep-kindling heavens their earliest
fire.

Thee, too, that hour shall bless, the balmy close
Of labour's day, the herald of repose,
Which gathers hearts in peace; while social mirth
Basks in the blaze of each free village hearth;
While peasant-songs are on the joyous gales,
And merry England's voice floats up from all her
vales.

Yet are there sweeter sounds; and thou shalt hear
Such as to Heaven's immortal host are dear.
Oh! if there still be melody on earth
Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew birth,
When angel-steps their paths rejoicing trode,
And the air trembled with the breath of God;
It lives in those soft accents, to the sky¹
Borne from the lips of stainless infancy, [sprung,
When holy strains, from life's pure fount which
Breathed with deep reverence, falter on his tongue.

And such shall be thy music, when the cells,
Where Guilt, the child of hopeless Misery, dwells,
(And, to wild strength by desperation wrought,
In silence broods o'er many a fearful thought,)
Resound to pity's voice; and childhood thence,
Ere the cold blight hath reach'd its innocence,
Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be fled,
Which vice but breathes on and its hues are dead,
Shall at the call press forward, to be made
A glorious offering, meet for Him who said,
"Mercy, not sacrifice!" and, when of old
Clouds of rich incense from his altars roll'd,
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes, and laid bare
The heart's deep folds, to read its homage there!

When some crown'd conqueror, o'er a trampled
world
His banner, shadowing nations, hath unfurl'd,
And, like those visitations which deform
Nature for centuries, hath made the storm
His pathway to dominion's lonely sphere,
Silence behind—before him, flight and fear!
When kingdoms rock beneath his rushing wheels,
Till each fair isle the mighty impulse feels,
And earth is moulded but by one proud will,
And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are still;
Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay,
The earthquake homage on its baleful way!

¹ In allusion to a plan for the erection of a great national school-house on Dartmoor, where it was proposed to educate the children of convicts.

Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains
O'er burning cities and forsaken plains?
And shall no harmony of softer close
Attend the stream of mercy as it flows,
And, mingling with the murmur of its wave,
Bless the green shores its gentle currents lave?

Oh! there are loftier themes, for him whose eyes
Have search'd the depths of life's realities,
Than the red battle, or the trophied car,
Wheeling the monarch-victor fast and far;
There are more noble strains than those which swell
The triumphs ruin may suffice to tell!

Ye prophet-bards, who sat in elder days
Beneath the palms of Judah! ye whose lays
With torrent rapture, from their source on high,
Burst in the strength of immortality!
Oh! not alone, those haunted groves among,
Of conquering hosts, of empires crush'd, ye sung;
But of that spirit destined to explore,
With the bright day-spring, every distant shore,
To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,
To make the home of peace in hearts that bleed;
With beams of hope to pierce the dungeon's gloom,
And pour eternal star-light o'er the tomb.

And bless'd and hallow'd be its haunts! for there
Hath man's high soul been rescued from despair!
There hath th' immortal spark for heaven been
nursed;
There from the rock the springs of life have burst
Quenchless and pure! and holy thoughts, that rise
Warm from the source of human sympathies—
Where'er its path of radiance may be traced,
Shall find their temple in the silent waste.